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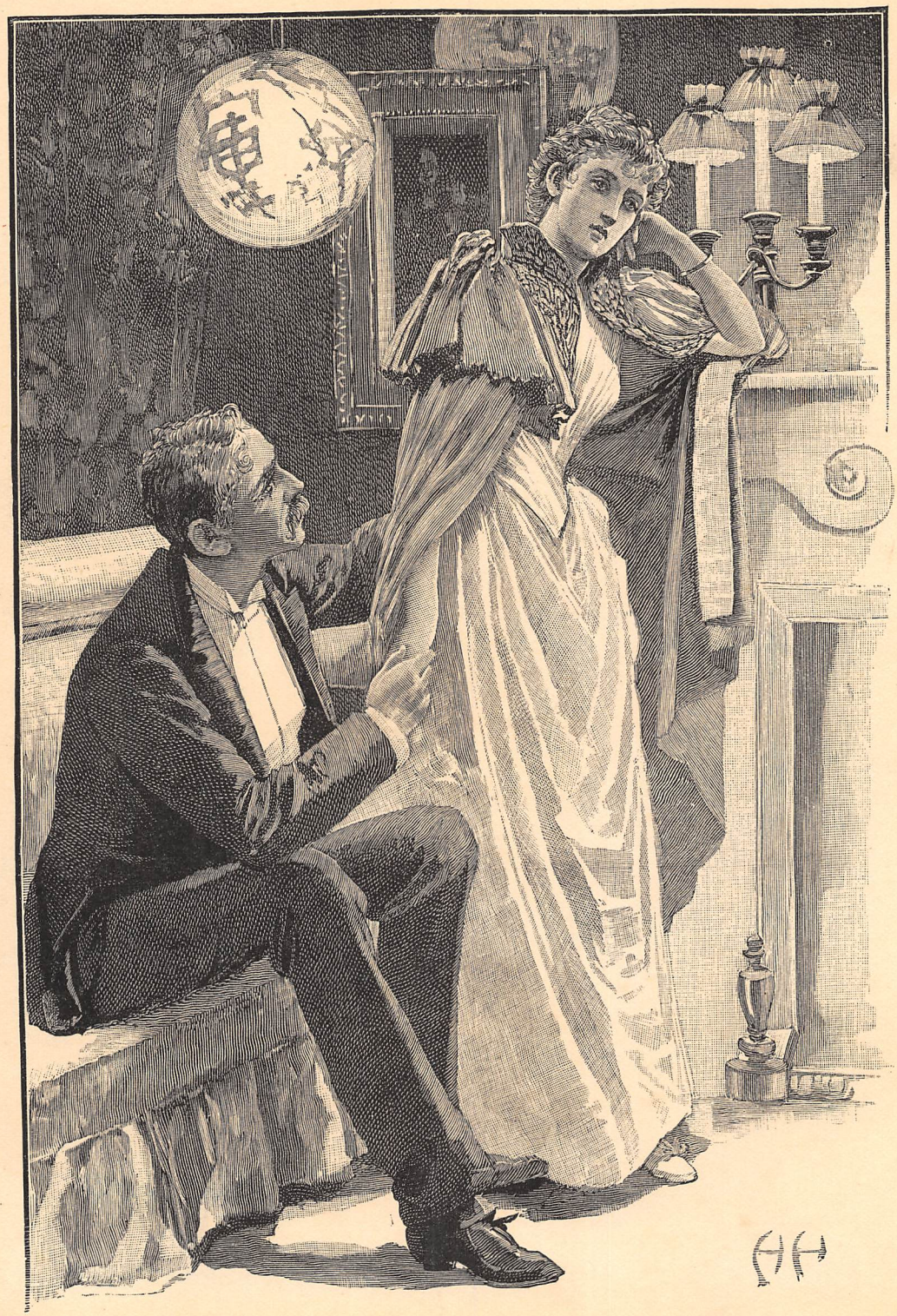

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THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

(See p. 45.)

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FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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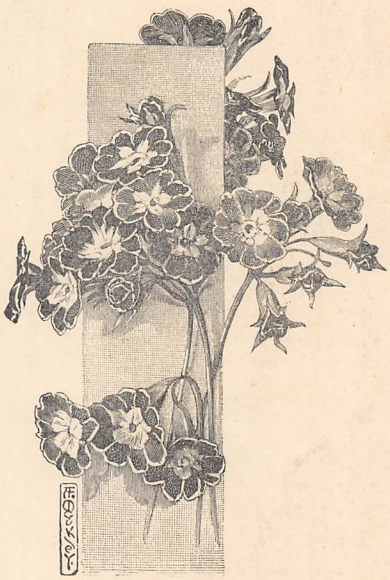

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

1891.

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CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

A SHARP EXPERIENCE.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "For the Good of the Family," "To be Given Up," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

JACK'S OFFER.

"I DON'T believe you realise, in the very least, what a terrible disappointment this is to me, Olga. I never dreamt you didn't care for me."

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying I don't care for you, Jack. It isn't true, you know."

"All the time I've been working so hard, I've had you in my mind. I thought you understood."

I shake my head despondingly.

"I had no idea you had any feeling of that kind for me. I can hardly realise that it is so even now."

The speakers are myself, Olga Vesey, and Jack Bassett, my old playfellow. We are seated on Southsea Common, and Jack has just asked me to be his wife, pouring forth a tale of love with a vehemence of which I have hitherto believed him to be incapable.

"The partnership is nothing to me now," he says gloomily.

"Oh, Jack, don't say that! I can't bear to hear you say that, after you have worked so hard for it."

"Olga, don't you think you could try to love me—just promise to try, you know?" suggests Jack, brightening perceptibly.

"I do love you very dearly, Jack."

"But in the right kind of way, I mean. Just try, you know. There couldn't be any harm in trying, could there?"

For a moment I am sorely tempted, Jack is so dear a friend, and his disappointment is so terrible to me. Every nerve in my body is tingling with conscious pain because of the blow I have dealt my dear old playfellow. Yet I *dare* not fall in with his suggestion.

"Oh, Jack, I do feel I'm being such a wretch to you!"

"But couldn't you try, dear? Surely you could promise that much? I would wait patiently: I wouldn't bother you or anything of that kind."

"Jack, would you like to marry a woman whom you had to *try* to love?"

"Of course not."

"Then how could I promise to try to love you in that way?"

"Oh, but girls are different."

"I don't much think they are, Jack."

"Then you won't promise?"

"No, I mustn't; I daren't! But, oh, Jack! I'm so sorry. I would do just anything in the world to comfort you. If I could only make you understand how little you are losing!"

"I am losing just the one thing I really care for in the whole world, Olga."

"I am so sorry—so dreadfully sorry, Jack!" is all that I can murmur.

"It isn't your fault, dear."

Then we get up and walk towards my home, saying hardly another word.

At the gate we meet my step-mother, equipped for walking. She shakes hands with Jack, who is a great favourite of hers.

"I suppose I shall find you at home when I return? I shan't be more than half an hour."

"Thank you, Mrs. Vesey; but I don't think I'll go in."

"Not go in, Jack?"

"Not this afternoon, thank you."

Then there is a slight pause, while a rather puzzled expression steals over my step-mother's face.

"Jack has been taken into partnership, mamma," I say, by way of filling up the pause.

"My warmest congratulations, Jack! I am very pleased, but not in the least surprised."

"Thanks, very much," murmurs Jack, nonchalantly.

Then I turn towards the house. My step-mother and Jack walk off together as far as the end of the terrace. When that point is reached, they stand talking for some minutes, and I, who am watching them from the doorstep, feel convinced that Jack is pouring

out his tale of woe. Some men in Jack's position would, I fancy, keep their defeat to themselves, but Jack, dear, simple-minded Jack, is quite free from conceit, and my refusal, therefore, however much it may have pained him, has not wounded his vanity.

I am twenty-six, and Jack is the same age; but I have always regarded him as much younger than myself—so, in fact, he is in all but years. But although my girlhood is past, this is the first offer of marriage I have ever received. Eligible young men are scarce in Southsea. By eligible young men, I mean young men who are in a position to marry penniless brides. I do not know how other women may feel when they are forced to refuse men who love them; but, judging by the way in which they sometimes speak of such refusals, I am led to believe that they rather glory in their power. I, however, am conscious of no triumph, as I think over poor Jack's offer; rather do I feel humiliated. Surely I must have erred in some way, or I should never have been called upon to inflict such pain on one for whom I have so deep a regard.

I have removed my outdoor garments, and am still sitting in my bedroom, grieving over what has occurred, when my step-mother taps at the door.

"Come in," I say dejectedly. I feel convinced she is going to speak to me about Jack, and I would so much rather she observed a discreet silence on the subject.

"Olga, what is this about Jack?"

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"He tells me you have refused him."

"Yes, I have. And I would rather not say anything more about it."

"But I would rather that you did say something more about it."

Then my step-mother seats herself opposite to me. She so seldom comes into my bedroom for more than a minute that I am much impressed by this preparation for a prolonged talk.

"What can I say, mamma?"

"If you are a sensible girl, you will say you are sorry for what you have done."

"So I am, mamma; more sorry than I can tell."

"Very well, then; you had better tell Jack so."

"I have told him so already."

"You know very well what I mean, Olga."

"If you mean that I ought to marry Jack, it is quite impossible, mamma."

"And why is it impossible, Olga? Jack is in an excellent position, he is of suitable age, and is a thoroughly good fellow. What more can you possibly want?"

"He is all that you say he is; but he is just like a brother to me—a very dear brother, and I can never bring myself to think of him in any other way."

"That is sheer nonsense, Olga; Jack is no brother of yours. It always irritates me when I hear girls declaring that young men are like brothers to them. It is such arrant rubbish!"

I remain silent. What is there for me to say? If my step-mother will not understand me, I cannot make her do so.

"I should like to know what you expect, Olga? You will never have a more eligible offer than this."

"I dare say not, mamma."

"Then what is to become of you, I should like to know?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I reply, and my eyes fill with tears.

"He's most dreadfully cut up about it, poor fellow! And well he may be, after all the years he has been dancing attendance on you."

"I'm very sorry, mamma."

And now the tears are trickling down my cheeks.

"If you were really sorry, Olga, you would act differently."

I cry on in silence.

"Well," says my step-mother, rising, "you may be possessed of very high principles, Olga: you always speak as if you were; but for my part, I don't think much of a girl who will lead a young man on just for the pleasure of refusing him.

"Mamma!" I exclaim.

But my step-mother has gone out of the room, shutting the door noisily behind her.

What is to become of me? Yes, that is the question; for there is much truth in what my step-mother says, or, more correctly speaking, hints. We—that is, the family of which I am a member—are poor; distressingly so, considering the style in which we attempt to live. My father, who is a captain in the navy, has only his pay, while my step-mother's private means are very small. And then I have so many step-sisters. Nor am I altogether happy at home, especially now that my father has been ordered away on foreign service for three or four years.

It is needless to enter into all the causes that combine to render my home-life unsatisfactory. I am certainly not the victim of a step-mother's relentless cruelty. I do not think I can honestly say she is wanting even in consideration for me, except in this matter of Jack's offer; or that she shows any very marked preference for her own daughters. Certainly, as far as material comforts are concerned, there is no distinction made between my step-sisters and myself, my step-mother's private means being devoted to the satisfying of our necessities indiscriminately.

But now that an opportunity for establishing myself in life is offered me, my step-mother is evidently of opinion that, if only out of consideration for her and my step-sisters, I ought to embrace it. And after all, there is something to be said on her side. It *is* a little hard that she should be called upon to help to support her husband's daughter, when that daughter is twenty-six years of age.

Then the bell rings, and I dress for dinner.

When I descend to the dining-room, I am painfully conscious of red eyelids; but they call for no remark from my step-sisters, from which I gather that my misdeeds have already been made the subject of a family consultation.

Nothing further is said about Jack during the evening, but everyone is more or less ill at ease.

At half-past nine I plead a headache, and go to my

room: an unwise move on my part, because it gives the family an opportunity of discussing my shortcomings in full conclave.

Although I am twenty-six years of age, I cry myself to sleep, and, as a matter of course, wake up the next morning with a violent headache.

I come down to breakfast both looking and feeling wretched. The salutations of my step-mother and step-sisters are very formal. Evidently I am to be sent to Coventry until I have regained my reason sufficiently to become Jack's promised wife. I take my seat at the table, feeling that years have passed over my head since yesterday morning. The whole tenor of my life seems changed. I have dreamed of the coming of a lover sometimes, as all women do; but to wake up and find that for years he has been at my elbow, is too great a shock. And to be badgered into taking him, whether I will or no! Poor Jack! it isn't his fault; *he* would be indignant enough if he knew the treatment to which I am being subjected. A wild idea of asking him to write to my step-mother, declaring he would not have me now at any price, suggests itself to my mind, only to be rejected.

All the time I am painfully conscious of what the end of it will be: I shall stand firm for a time; then my spirit will become broken and I shall yield to the importunities of my family. Poor me! Poor Jack, too, for the matter of that. He deserves a better fate than an unloving wife.

We are early people, and the postman comes just as we have finished breakfast.

There are two letters for me: one is from my old schoolfellow, Gracie Ogilvy; the other is in an unknown handwriting.

I carry them both upstairs, in order that I may read them in the sanctity of my own room.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MY TWO LETTERS.

GRACIE'S letter takes me entirely by surprise. She has written to ask me to live with her in the capacity of a companion. Gracie is much younger than I am; not more than about nineteen, I fancy.

But I must offer a word of explanation as to why Gracie needs a companion, and her reason for inviting me to fill that position.

We were schoolfellows for a short time, and although when first we met Gracie was only a little girl, while I was one of the senior boarders, she attached herself warmly to me, instead of selecting a companion of her own age. Her reason for doing so I could never understand. However, her preference gratified me, and as she was an exceptionally attractive child, I petted her to an injudicious degree.

Since leaving school, I have seen Gracie only on those rare occasions when my step-mother has allowed me to invite her to spend her holidays with us here in Southsea.

When she did not come to us, she used to go to her uncle and aunt, a Mr. and Mrs. Fane, who lived on their estate in St. Leger Minor, a small town in Surrey. Gracie gave very dismal accounts of these visits, declaring it to be so dull at the Manor House that, rather than go there, she would almost sooner have remained at school during the vacation.

About two years before Gracie left school, and a few months after the date of her last visit to us, her aunt, Mrs. Fane, died. I well remember receiving the letter containing the sad intelligence, and the faint suspicion of the writer's insincerity which was borne in upon me as I read it. This faint suspicion must, I think, have been aroused by the easy manner in which, after having expressed her grief for her aunt's death, in somewhat exaggerated terms, Gracie went on to speak of the importance of the position she would, in the near future, be called upon to assume, as mistress of her uncle's household.

The realisation of her dream must, however, have proved very disappointing, for only one year has elapsed since she left school, and three since her aunt's death, and now she has written to me stating that, as she is moped to death at the Manor House, her uncle has consented to allow her to have a companion; but that she can think of no one whom she would care to have with her but her own dear Olga. Can I, will I, come to her? If not, she will be the most disappointed girl in all England.

My second letter is from Mr. Fane, Gracie's uncle. I will give it in full:—

"The Manor.

"*May* 13th, 18—

"Dear Madam,—As my niece professes to feel the need of congenial feminine society, she has expressed an earnest desire that you should come to her on a visit of indefinite duration.

"I do not know on what ground my niece bases her hope that it is possible you may gratify her whim, but in the event of your feeling disposed to do so, I should esteem it a favour if you would permit me to offer you, during the continuance of your stay here, a sum corresponding to that which I allow her for pin-money, viz., one hundred pounds per annum.

"I remain, dear Madam,

"Faithfully yours,

"Miss Vesey." "Clarence Fane."

The offer of a situation as companion to a lady, with a salary of a hundred a year! That is the gist of the two letters I have just received.

My first feeling on realising the nature of the offer, that has been made to me is one of wounded pride. The "service people" at Southsea constitute a very exclusive clique, and those who are in the "right set" are expected to abstain from the doing of certain things as a silent expression of gratitude for the privileges they enjoy. And one of the things most sternly prohibited is the earning by a woman of her daily bread. Why, then, as Mr. Fane very properly hints should Gracie imagine I could be induced to accept a situation in her uncle's household? As I turn this matter over in my mind, I come to the conclusion that I must have dropped a word or two in Gracie's hearing about my home life, which would, perhaps, have been better left unsaid. But even on the last occasion when Gracie and I were together, she was such a mere child that talking to her had seemed merely like giving expression to one's thoughts without incurring the responsibility of sending them forth, for better or for worse, in the form of intelligible utterances. She

must, however, have been possessed of greater receptive faculties than I credited her with, for in thinking that independence would be sweet to me she has approached very near to the truth.

And then I suddenly remember poor Jack's offer, and all the consequent unpleasantness. Should I not be doing wrong were I not to embrace this means of escape? True, I should lose caste by becoming Gracie Ogilvy's paid companion, but what would that signify in comparison to being forced into an uncongenial marriage?

Thus, when the first shock of having had a situation offered to me has worn off a little, I begin to take to the idea somewhat kindly.

Then I carry my two letters to my step-mother.

As I hand them to her she lays aside, rather reluctantly, a bonnet she is trimming. She is a handsome woman still, and a pretty bonnet is a matter of paramount importance to her.

She reads Gracie's letter first, I watching her face narrowly the while. There are two little lines down by her mouth, which deepen when she is annoyed. I observe that they do so now.

"I always thought you made too much of Gracie Ogilvy, Olga," is all she says, as she replaces the letter in its envelope.

Then she takes up her bonnet again, and having pinned in a bunch of flowers, holds it at a little distance from her to note the effect. She has evidently forgotten Mr. Fane's letter, which is lying on the table beside her.

"Why do you say that, mamma?" I ask, with a chilled feeling at my heart. I have worked myself up into a frame of mind in which Mr. Fane's offer has assumed grave importance, and my step-mother's indifference wounds me. How different was her manner yesterday when she was urging me to become Jack Bassett's wife!

"Well, the offer she makes you is not much of a compliment, is it?"

"I think Gracie means it to be complimentary, at any rate."

My step-mother is so absorbed in the arrangement of her flowers that she does not reply to this remark: I doubt if she even hears it.

"Dear me, I wish that mignonette wouldn't look so stiff!" she murmurs.

"*Why* do you think it is not complimentary, mamma?" I ask at length.

"Why do I think it is not complimentary?" repeats my step-mother in a far-off tone. "Oh, I don't know." Then she adds, with sudden access of energy, "It's no use; they must come out!" and forthwith the partnership between the bonnet and flowers is dissolved.

"But, mamma, why is Gracie's offer not complimentary?" I persist.

"Gracie Ogilvy has never asked you to visit her; but directly she wants a sort of upper servant, someone to work hard and get nothing for it, then she can write to you. Surely you must see for yourself, Olga, that she is paying you a very poor compliment."

My step-mother does pause in her undertaking to deliver herself of this opinion, being induced to do so by my persistency. But having delivered it, she resumes her millinery with the manner of one who feels she has pronounced an infallible judgment.

"But Gracie *did* invite me at Christmas, only I was going to the Draysons'," I reply in vindication of my friend's treatment of me.

I wait a minute or two longer, hoping my step-mother may yet have a further word to say; but she does not revert to the subject.

I pick up Gracie's letter. As I do so, my eyes fall on Mr. Fane's, which is lying just underneath it.

"I suppose you don't care to see Mr. Fane's letter, then, mamma?"

"Mr. Fane—Gracie's uncle, do you mean? Why, has *he* written to you?"

As I explain that such is indeed the case, my step-mother holds out her hand rather eagerly for the letter. She has always taken an interest in Mr. Fane. As she reads his communication, the two little lines, which have been called into play round about her mouth by Gracie's offer, and kept there by the refractoriness of the bonnet she is trimming, become less clearly defined, until, as she reaches the end, they almost disappear.

"A hundred a year! That is a great deal. A very courteous letter, too! Mr. Fane must be a charming man, I should say."

I, too, think Mr. Fane's letter courteous, but it does not lead me to imagine the writer to be a charming man. On the contrary, the forced politeness of its tone chills me, leaving an impression on my mind that were Mr. Fane ordering a sweep to wait on him, he would so word his letter as to seem to imply that, should the sweep chance to be passing the Manor House during a morning ramble, he would, by calling in and exercising his professional art, be laying its master under a lasting obligation.

My step-mother re-reads Gracie's letter, the half-trimmed bonnet now lying unheeded on her lap.

"Poor child! she must be dreadfully dull. I really don't know how to advise you for the best, Olga."

"Suppose I try it for a time, mamma? I could throw it up if I didn't like it."

"I almost think you might. As Mr. Fane says, you would go merely on a visit."

"That is only Mr. Fane's polite way of putting it, mamma. Visitors don't receive salaries," I reply with much energy.

"Mr. Fane's idea is evidently to treat you and Gracie exactly alike by allowing each of you the same amount for pin-money."

"Gracie has a claim on her uncle, while I have none on Mr. Fane."

"It seems to me, Olga, you take a delight in making difficulties where none exist."

"I don't think I am making difficulties, mamma. I will go to St. Leger Minor if you think it advisable; but I may as well call a spade a spade, and say I am going there to earn my living."

"You seem to imagine, Olga, that there is some-

thing clever in being blunt and unladylike. You must know I should not allow you to do anything derogatory."

"Had I better accept the offer at all, then, mamma?" I ask, feeling that this unprofitable discussion over the use of terms has lasted long enough.

"You might offer to go for a time, since you are so eager to try it."

"I don't know that I am particularly eager about it."

I am afraid Jack wouldn't like you to leave home for so long."

"What can my movements matter to Jack, mamma?" I ask sharply.

"It is affectation to talk like that, Olga. You know very well that everything which concerns you is of the utmost importance to him."

"Then I had better go away."

"I cannot understand you at all, Olga. You have

"SHE VIEWS, WITH MUCH APPARENT SATISFACTION, OUR DOUBLE REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR" (*p.* 6).

"But mind, Olga," adds my step-mother impressively, taking no notice of my last remark, "you are going on a visit, and a visit only. Your father would never forgive me if I allowed people to think you had taken a situation."

"I don't see that it matters much what people think; and I don't believe my father would mind either."

"How different we are, Olga! *I* like to be guided by the opinion of my friends."

"Well, I suppose I may as well write to Gracie at once," I observe, as I make for the door.

But my step-mother calls me back.

"There is one point we have both overlooked, Olga. always appeared to be so fond of Jack. I am sure your dear father looked upon it as a settled thing before he went away. I do not know what you want, and I don't believe you know yourself. Jack always seems to me to be such a thoroughly good fellow."

"So he does to me, mamma."

"Then why, in the name of all that's reasonable, cannot you bring yourself to marry him, Olga? It would be far better for you than going to stay with Gracie Ogilvy."

"A man should be something more than a thoroughly good sort of fellow in the eyes of the woman who marries him," I reply, rather too hotly I fear.

"All true love springs from regard, Olga."

"But regard does not necessarily ripen into love, mamma; and in this case there is no possibility of its ever doing so."

Sore and angry, I withdraw. My mind is made up. I will solve the problem of what to do with myself by accepting Mr. Fane's offer of a situation as paid companion to his niece.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A MECHANICAL STATUE.

A FEW days before the date fixed for my departure, I present Jack with a pair of wool-work slippers, which, in the midst of my preparations, I have struggled hard to finish for him. I don't quite know why I am giving them to him, unless it is to prove my friendliness towards him.

I never can present things gracefully, and on this occasion I am even more awkward than usual. I just thrust them into his hands, saying—

"Here, Jack, these are for you, if you'll take them."

He looks rather surprised, and I notice even through his tanned skin that his colour has deepened a little.

"Thank you, dear. They are your own work, are they not?" he says, in a voice which for him is wonderfully subdued.

"Yes," I say, longing to get away from him. Flight is always a natural instinct with me directly I have offered my gift.

"It is awfully good of you to have taken all this trouble for me."

I fancy, as he speaks, that it is an effort to him to keep his voice steady.

"I would take any amount of trouble for you, Jack, if I could do you the least good in the world."

"Olga," says Jack, coming up quite close to me, and looking me full in the face, "it isn't I who am driving you away from home, is it? Tell me the truth, dear."

"No, Jack, no."

"Because if you would rather not see me about the place, I would keep away altogether. Only give me a hint and I won't be slow to take it."

"Why should I wish to banish you like that?"

"I thought, perhaps, the sight of me might have become hateful to you after what passed between us the other day."

"If you would only forget it, Jack!"

Jack shakes his head. "I don't think I am the kind of fellow to forget such a thing in a hurry."

"Jack, if you could only realise how worthless I am!"

"I never find that trying to persuade myself of the sourness of the grapes hanging out of my reach makes me long any the less ardently to possess them."

"Nevertheless, in this instance they are sour."

"To me they are all that grapes should be—sound, sweet, and with a delicate bloom on them. I don't think I shall ever feel differently on that point."

I have nothing to say to this.

"And you are quite certain, Olga, that it is your own wish to go to St. Leger Minor?"

"Quite, Jack."

After this, nothing of any importance passes between Jack and myself. He looks a little gloomy at times, but is ever ready to help me with my preparations.

The last moment has come. My step-mother and step-sisters are crowding round the door of the carriage in which I am seated, saying words of farewell, when the former slips a tiny parcel into my hand, bidding me not open it until after the train has started.

Then, just as the signal is given, Jack throws a dozen or so of newspapers and periodicals into my lap.

Poor Jack! His is the last familiar face that my eyes rest on as the train moves out of the station. A smiling face it is, too, only the smile is a little too broad to be quite natural.

My tiny parcel contains a pretty little trinket, which I admired a day or two ago, when it was exposed for sale in a jeweller's shop in Palmerston Road. I divine its meaning at once: it is a peace-offering for all the hard things my step-mother has said to me since Jack made his unfortunate offer. Then I think very kindly of my step-mother.

The Manor House is an irregular white, or rather grey, building, situated on the brow of a hill, with a wood rising up behind it, and a velvety lawn, shaded by majestic trees, sloping down to the roadway in front.

But I must hasten on to speak of Gracie Ogilvy.

She comes dancing into my room just as I am putting the finishing touches to my dinner toilet. She was always pretty; but she is prettier than ever now. In her own particular style, I think she is perfect; at any rate, *I* can detect no flaw in her beauty. She is rather small, but perfectly formed. Her eyes, which are soft and brown, mirror every passing fancy; her rippling hair is golden-brown, and full of the richest tints; while her complexion is like apple-blossom, the delicate colour going and coming at a word. She is very conscious of her beauty, and very frank about it. But her delight in her own sweetness is expressed in a manner so thoroughly natural, that it constitutes only an additional charm.

"Why, you dear, grave old Olga, how nice you have made yourself look! Do you hope to captivate Uncle Clarence?" she exclaims.

"Gracie!"

"Now, it's no use pretending to be shocked by anything I may say, because I always say whatever comes into my head first."

I have a half-formed plan in my mind for moulding Gracie's character to my liking, having a hazy but pleasant impression that I am peculiarly adapted for such a task. However, I reflect that it would never do to be premature in my attempt, so I refrain from reproving her for her frivolity.

She puts her arm about my waist.

"We are the long and short of it, Olga," she laughingly remarks in allusion to the difference in our respective heights, as she views, with much apparent satisfaction, our double reflection in the mirror, before which we are standing.

I draw her sunny head down on my shoulder, and kiss her dainty cheek.

"Dear Gracie, I do so hope we shall be happy together!" I murmur.

Although I am outwardly calm, I feel that I have reached a crisis in my life. This coming to the Manor House as a paid dependent is so different from anything to which I have ever looked forward. Not that the difference has at present been brought home to me by any outward sign. My reception has been such as might well have been accorded to an honoured guest. Gracie drove over to the station to meet me, and welcomed me with much warmth; while the bedroom appropriated to my use could hardly be more charmingly situated, or more elegantly furnished. Mr. Fane I have not yet seen, and I am just conscious of rather dreading the introduction. And then, as I glance down at Gracie, I feel as if I had almost made myself responsible for the future well-being of a lovely wayward child—for to me she seems little more than a child, despite her nineteen years.

"Oh, yes, I shall be quite happy now you have come. It has been so dreadfully dull and stupid here, without a creature to speak to!" she answers, almost too lightly, as it seems to me, considering the solemnity of the occasion.

"But your uncle, Gracie?"

"Oh, uncle! He's no good."

She seats herself on the arm of an easy-chair, and swings one dainty little foot backwards and forwards.

"Why is he no good?"

She shakes her bright curls. "I can do nothing with him, absolutely nothing; I can't even make him cross."

I smile. "He is not so deeply impressed as he ought to be, then, by the charming society of his niece?"

"Impressed! As if anybody, or anything, could ever make the least impression on Uncle Clarence!"

"Is he so very stoical?"

"Olga, I solemnly assure you I have sometimes wondered if he is a human being at all. I have never seen anyone in the least like him."

"At all events, it is very kind of him to allow you to have me here."

From the first moment of my arrival I have known that some such word of acknowledgment as this had to be said. Nevertheless, the saying of it is not easy to me.

"As far as that goes, your being here won't make any difference to him," answers Gracie airily.

A feeling of resentment against Mr. Fane comes into my heart. Yet I feel how irrational I am. Why should I mind being told that my advent will be a matter of supreme indifference to the master of the Manor House? He has never seen me, and since there seems to be so little confidence between the uncle and niece, has probably heard very little about me.

Then the dinner-bell rings.

Mr. Fane is in the dining-room when we enter. Gracie introduces us, and we shake hands. Even at a glance I can see Mr. Fane's features are not wont to proclaim that which is passing in his mind. Nevertheless, I fancy he is somewhat surprised at my appearance. For my own part, I am lost in astonishment, and am fearful that my face is expressing as much. I have always thought of Mr. Fane as an elderly man, with grey hair, a bald head, and a fully developed figure. But the man I see before me is certainly not much over forty, may even be under that age.

A few words from Gracie soon explain the cause of Mr. Fane's surprise. With that disregard to detail which so often characterises her utterances, she has evidently mentioned that I am years and years older than herself, and has given Mr. Fane the impression, probably quite unintentionally, that when we were at school together we were in the relative positions of teacher and pupil. Perhaps, had Mr. Fane realised my comparative youthfulness, he might have bidden his niece select some older person.

"You have had a pleasant journey, I hope?" says Mr. Fane, as we take our places at the table. But his tone is so coldly polite that it chills me through and through.

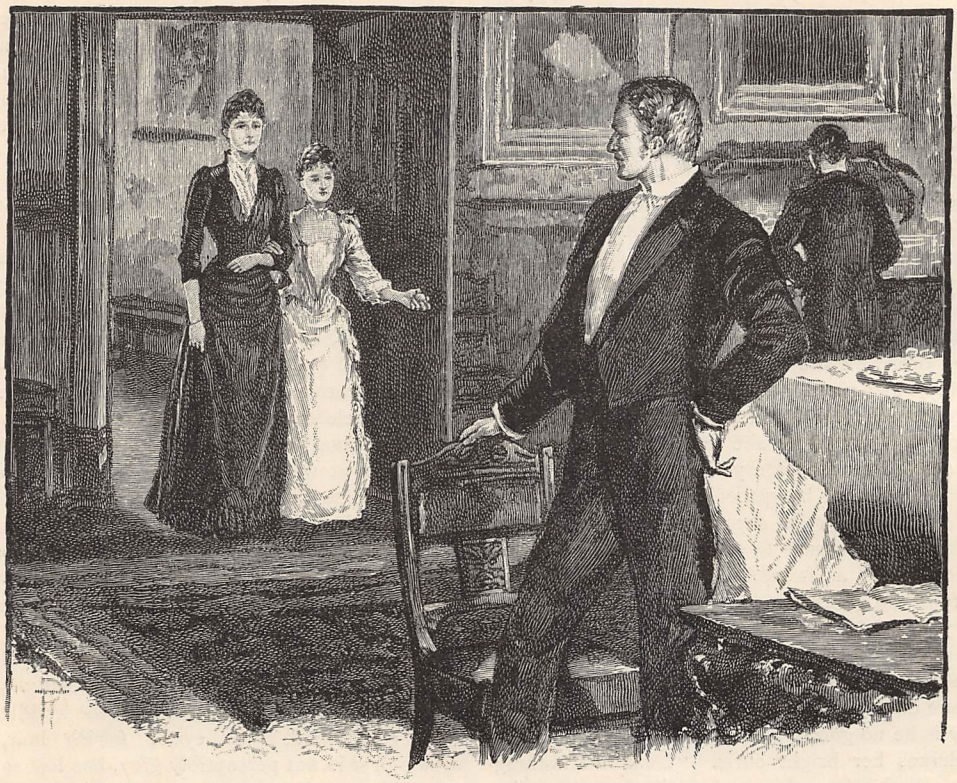
"Thank you; yes," I murmur, endeavouring to render my manner as distant as his own. The realisation of my dependence is making me abnormally sensitive.

Although rather distinguished-looking, Mr. Fane is possessed of but little masculine beauty. He is a powerfully-built man, rather above the middle height; with cold, tired, blue eyes; fairish hair, which, although it is not perceptibly grey, has lost something of its lustre, and is getting a little thin; scanty whiskers; square chin; tightly closing lips; strong teeth; and numerous little lines intersecting each other—especially round about the outer corners of the eyes—which lend a careworn expression to his face. His manner of speaking is slow; his choice of words excellent; his pronunciation perfect. In the course of the few remarks we have exchanged, I have discovered that he has acquired a habit of making a long pause before vouchsafing a reply to any question that may be addressed to him. I find this somewhat disconcerting.

The Mr. Fane who lived in my imagination was elderly, stout, and bald; he would probably have thought something of his wealth, and much of his dinner, and would in my eyes have been an intensely uninteresting person: still, I should not have actively disliked him. The master of the Manor House, the squire of St. Leger Minor, however, has excited my interest at a glance. On three points I have already made up my mind: he is a gentleman; he is supercilious; and I cordially dislike him. His individuality opens out a wide field over which my fancy roams. Has either love or hatred ever had dominion over him? Could anything under the sun interest him? Has he ever been a child? Is it not more probable that he has been hewn out of a rock, and supplied with certain mechanical contrivances whereby to imitate the actions of a human being?

Here I am recalled from dreamland. The mechanical statue is addressing me.

"It is very good of Mrs. Vesey to spare you to us,



"MR. FANE IS IN THE DINING-ROOM WHEN WE ENTER" (*p.* 7).

if only for so short a time. I trust, however, she may be induced to allow you to remain longer than the period named by her."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Fane," I falter. The repelling politeness of this man freezes the blood in my veins.

"Mrs. Vesey has limited your stay to three months."

"Surely she has not written to you?" I gasp.

"Were you not aware she had done so? Yes; she assures me that nothing but her—affection, I think she specifies—for my niece would have induced her to allow you to leave home for even so short a time as three months."

"I knew nothing whatever about it. Indeed, I did not."

Mr. Fane regards me rather earnestly for a few seconds as he makes his habitual pause before replying.

"I can only say that I am deeply conscious of the obligation under which Mrs. Vesey has placed me, and very grateful to Gracie for having inspired the affection which prompted Mrs. Vesey's self-sacrifice."

"The obligation is all on the other side, Mr. Fane; and my step-mother must be as well aware that it is so as I am," I reply with much energy.

"Pardon me, Miss Vesey, but I cannot allow that."

"I am more vexed than I can tell that Mrs. Vesey should have written to you in such a strain!"

Again that long pause, which I find so peculiarly trying.

"Pray do not disturb yourself, Miss Vesey. It is of no consequence," he says at length, in a tone which seems to imply that I am making myself out to be of too much importance.

"But we won't let Olga go at the end of three months, will we, Uncle Clarence?"

Gracie had assumed a naïve manner which is not quite natural to her. I cannot help fancying that she stands in awe of her uncle, and affects childishness to disarm criticism.

"I think we must allow the length of Miss Vesey's visit to rest with herself. We can, however, do our utmost to make the Manor House attractive to her." There is a shade more warmth in Mr. Fane's tone as he speaks, and for a second or two his eyes rest not unkindly on his niece's face.

She brightens perceptibly. "Well, then, Uncle Clarence, we mustn't let her be dull, must we?" There is an eagerness in Gracie's manner that would seem to suggest she has some project in her mind for which she is anxious to secure Mr. Fane's approval.

"I fear St. Leger Minor has not much to offer in the way of amusement."

"Country life will be a change to me, Mr. Fane. I am so ignorant of everything appertaining thereto," I venture to observe.

Then we talk much of the neighbourhood and a little of the neighbours, but only of the latter as they affect the former; or rather, Mr. Fane talks, while Gracie and I listen.

I observe Gracie narrowly as the dinner proceeds; and I notice that she often pretends to knowledge which she does not possess. This, I fancy, is due to the awe with which she regards her uncle. Her little affectations are not lost on Mr. Fane; in fact, the faint but irritating smile with which he listens to her when she makes a particularly glaring blunder, leads me to suppose that, notwithstanding his frigid politeness, he is amusing himself at her expense. This rouses my indignation, and I determine to give him no such opportunity of laughing in his sleeve at me. I will *not* be afraid of him; I will be my natural self, and he may like me, or dislike me, as he pleases. So I blurt out my ignorance boldly. He smiles now and again at the extent of it, but he takes great pains to explain those matters about which I am so sorely in need of information.

When Gracie and I rise to leave the dining-room, I have made up my mind on a fourth point: Mr. Fane is a good conversationist.

"Well, Olga, and what do you think of Uncle Clarence?" asks Gracie when we are in the drawing-room.

"Is it not rather early days for me to express an opinion on that point?"

"What exemplary discretion! *I* always take violent likes or dislikes at first sight, and then pine for someone to confide in."

I smile. "Do you not sometimes have cause to regret your impulsiveness, then?"

"Don't be superior, Olga. Uncle Clarence is always superior, and I generally feel as if I should like to shake him for it."

"You are quite welcome to shake me if it would afford you any satisfaction to do so."

"But, seriously, what do you think of uncle? Do you like him?"

"I think he wants a great deal of knowing."

"Well, I only hope you will be able to make something of him. I have given up the attempt."

"But he is very good to you, Gracie?"

"Yes, that's just it; he's very good to me, and very good to everyone; but nobody cares a bit about him."

"That is surely rather hard on him?"

"I don't think he minds."

Gracie chatters on, while I sketch out my future line of conduct. I must bring these two together; I must endeavour to establish a bond of sympathy between them. Mr. Fane must be made to see that Gracie is something more than a wayward child who needs to be surrounded only with creature comforts; while Gracie must be convinced that her well-being is really a matter of paramount importance to her uncle. This I feel to be my mission.

"What a long time uncle is staying in the dining-room!" exclaims Gracie at length. I have observed her glancing at the clock somewhat impatiently now and again. For my own part I am well pleased that Mr. Fane is in no hurry to join us. "Shall we have some music?" and Gracie leads the way to the piano.

Gracie sings a ballad, very sweetly as it seems to me; and then begs me to fetch my music down.

I have just finished one of Pinsuti's songs, when Gracie exclaims—

"Hark! I can hear Uncle Clarence coming. I thought that song would bring him."

"Gracie, you surely did not ask me to sing on purpose to——" I am just beginning, when Mr. Fane's entrance causes me to stop short.

For a moment I feel seriously annoyed with Gracie. Her conduct also puzzles me a little: she professes to derive no pleasure from her uncle's society, and yet she is all impatience for him to join us.

Mr. Fane turns over my music very leisurely.

"Will you try this, Miss Vesey?" he says at length, selecting another of Pinsuti's.

"Gracie was just going to sing 'Waiting' as you came in, Mr. Fane."

"Uncle Clarence would rather listen to you, Olga. He always gives the preference to a contralto," says Gracie eagerly.

But I am in no hurry to perform before Mr. Fane, and so Gracie carries out her original intention.

To my way of thinking, Gracie, who has a sweet voice, sings very pleasingly. But Mr. Fane is critical, and does not hesitate to find fault with his niece's performance.

"Now, Miss Vesey," he says, as he opens the song he has already selected for me, while Gracie retires a little into the background, and takes up her crewel-work.

I am horribly nervous, and very disgusted with myself for being so. Therefore I am not surprised when Mr. Fane says—

"If you will pardon me for saying so, you have hardly done either yourself, or your composer, justice."

Then he turns back the leaves of the song, making several suggestions as he does so. There is something cold-blooded in his manner of discoursing on the best method of giving due expression to the words. Even from a musical standpoint, I do not always agree with him. Still, it is evident that he knows what he is talking about.

"Try it through again, Miss Vesey, and I will play the accompaniment."

As Mr. Fane seats himself at the piano, Gracie lays down her work. "I am only going upstairs to fetch some more crewel silks," she says, by way of explanation.

But when I have sung a second, and even a third, song, Gracie has not returned.

"It is too dark to see any longer, and yet it seems a pity to have the lamps brought in this lovely evening;" and Mr. Fane goes over to one of the French windows.

The stars are just beginning to peep out, and he stands watching them in silence for a few minutes.

"Do you know anything of astronomy, Miss Vesey?" he asks at length.

I reply in the negative, feeling very uneducated and apologetic.

He points out one or two planets, telling me their names and a few other particulars about them, to which I listen in almost unbroken silence. What a time Gracie is fetching those crewel silks!

"Come out for a stroll," suggests Mr. Fane. "But had you not better fetch a wrap?"

I am about to say I do not need one, when I remember that if I have an excuse for going upstairs, I may possibly meet Gracie, and induce her to accompany us.

However, I see nothing of her, so Mr. Fane and I pass out on to the terrace alone.

I care very much about the heavenly bodies, they are so beautiful; but about their distance from the earth, the figures they describe in their motions, &c., I am as indifferent as I am ignorant. So I walk by Mr. Fane's side as he attempts to explain a few of these scientific facts to me, feeling dreadfully bored, while, womanlike, I am most anxious to appear deeply interested.

Suddenly my heart beats quickly, and then almost stands still. Two figures are standing not many yards in front of us in the bend of a winding pathway, partitioned off by a high well-kept hedge on either side. One is that of a woman, and although, seen in the gloaming, she appears to be draped in black, I cannot help thinking it is Gracie, with a cloak thrown over her white dress. Her companion is an exceptionally tall man, and he is standing close, very close, to her. They have their backs towards us, and as we are walking on the grass, they do not hear our approach.

Mr. Fane proceeds with his account of Venus—evidently having at this moment no thought beyond the synodic period of that planet, which he is in vain endeavouring to make clear to me. Where can his eyes be, I wonder, until I remember that Gracie told me he was short-sighted.

In another moment, however, he steps off the grass on to a gravel walk, and the sound of his footfall causes the two figures to spring apart.

In an instant the man disappears, having, as I imagine, gone farther up the pathway, while Gracie, for it *is* she, comes towards us.

"To whom were you speaking?" asks Mr. Fane.

"Only to Kershaw, uncle," replies Gracie, but I fancy that her voice trembles slightly.

"Who is Kershaw, Gracie?" I inquire, almost sternly, as Mr. Fane makes his habitual pause before again speaking.

"Kershaw is the head gardener, Olga," and her tone is rather defiant, as if she resented the question.

The head gardener! And yet I could be almost certain that the man was in evening dress, with a light grey overcoat.

"That reminds me: I must speak to Kershaw about those peaches," and Mr. Fane takes a step or two in the direction from whence Gracie has come to us.

"Not to-night, uncle, surely?"

"Why not? I shall probably forget it again if I leave it till the morning. Kershaw was on his way to the greenhouse, I suppose?"

"Yes, uncle. But if you will leave it till to-morrow, I will be sure to remind you."

"No; I won't put it off any longer. But you and Miss Vesey need not come with me, unless you like."

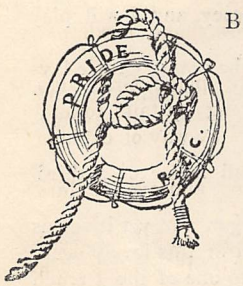
So saying, Mr. Fane goes briskly up the narrow pathway.

For a moment Gracie stands quite still, and I fancy she clasps her hands together under the cover of her cloak.

Then, without a word, she follows her uncle.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SEA BELLES.



BRIGHT September sun is killing the southerly breeze, and the bonnie "Skipper," at the tiller of the *Pride*, is doing all she knows to keep the white sails filling as that smart little cutter drops with the ebb tide down the upper reaches of Morecambe Bay. To southward the low land is wavering like some uneasy serpent, with the Yorkshire hills beyond hidden in a misty haze. Abaft, the Westmoreland Fells are slumbering in the heat, their limestone fronts gleaming dusty white; ahead the open sea heaves gently like molten silver, flecked here and there with solitary fishing craft, or the indistinct outline of some far-away coaster; whilst hard by, on the starboard hand, the boulder-dotted beach and copse-fringed shores slide past like a painted picture, to the low musical hum of waters dancing along the yacht's side, swirling under the bows of the dinghy and against the sharp stem of a Rob Roy canoe which are towing astern.

"We ought to be standing across for Carnforth now," says the "Bos'un" coming aft.

"Let us try and run over the banks, it will be so much jollier than working along that old channel," answers the fayre "Skipper" with a bright look in those bewitching brown eyes of hers.

"We are half an hour too late, and shall get 'banked' to a dead certainty if we do."

"Oh, never mind," chimes in the "Mate" as she tosses back a ripple of dark waving hair which will

every now and then escape from under her straw sailor hat. "It will be no end of fun if we do, and we can go on shore and picnic on Humphrey Head."

The "Bos'un" pauses irresolute. "What do you say, Admiral?"

"Let the girls do as they like," is the good-natured reply from the best of fathers, smoking peacefully under the shade of the foresail.

So, as usual, the fairer half of the crew get their way, and the *Pride* holds on her course past the one deep channel which here turns sharp across the bay to southward. For a real *dolce far niente* effect there is nothing like being afloat on a bright warm day, when the lazy breeze just keeps the boat going, and the smooth water sings a lullaby as it ripples at the stern; when the sun shines full upon the warm deck, and the tiller needs but the gentlest finger-touch; when the land glides majestically astern, and the sounds of its life float, softened by distance, over the tide.

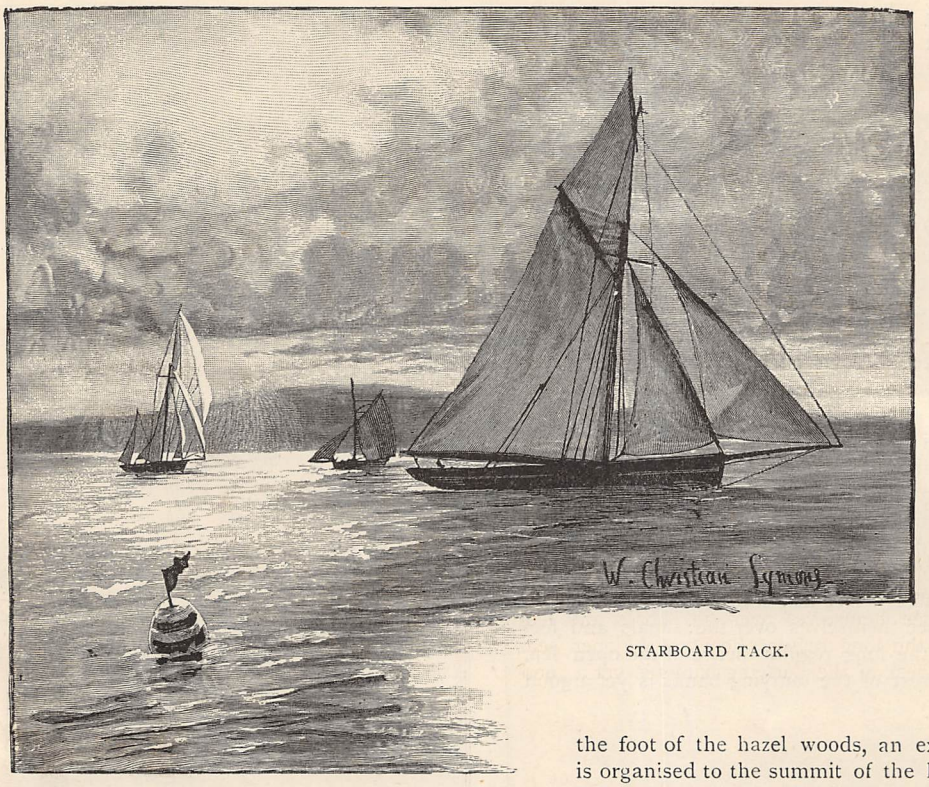
The ebb is running harder and bearing the yacht quickly onward, and sanguine voyagers already see themselves over the shoals and feel in fancy the long regular heave of the open sea. But the crest of the outlying banks is yet a good

'BOUT SHIP.

FULL AND BY.

mile off, the wind has died completely, and there is a spiteful hiss in the faster run of the tide which means mischief. Suddenly there is a bump, a shiver, a peculiar grating, and a jar, as when the brakes are biting hard upon an express train, and then a dead stop. The cutter is fast aground, with the dinghy and canoe drifting gaily past until their painters bring them up short and they begin to waltz on either quarter.

To most yachtsmen this would be a disagreeable and undignified state of affairs, but boat-sailors hereaway soon get used to being "banked" and think lightly of it; the crew of the *Pride* especially so, for she is much given to experimental cruising, and ignoring of proper channels in these shallow waters. One result of this constant practice is that they know exactly what to do when their ship takes the ground, and they set about it without any fuss or confusion. First the dinghy is hauled alongside and the luncheon baskets and three lady passengers put under the charge of the "Quartermaster," who has orders to scull them to



STARBOARD TACK.

the nearest point of land and then return to the stranded bark. Then comes the command, "Stand by, tops'l halyards. Lower away!" and the white canvas comes fluttering down and is neatly stowed by the quick fingers of "Skipper" and "Mate." The mainsail and big foresail are got off, and by the time that everything is made snug and the cutter is listing heavily to port, the dinghy is almost alongside again.

"Hurry up there, we've not a second to spare, I have hardly had enough water to float me back," hails the "Quartermaster" as he stands on the after thwart and poles the little boat along.

Not a moment is lost, and before the proverbial "Jack Robinson" can be said, an anchor has been laid out ahead of the yacht and the shipwrecked mariners are punting and sculling "hard all" for the shore. But the tide is not going to be beaten, it will have a complete triumph; and so before a quarter of a mile has been covered the dinghy's keel is deep in the sand. It is now a question of either wading to land, or else sitting in the hot sun for half an hour till the sands are bare. So overboard all hands jump into a foot of tepid water, and begin splashing gaily towards the shore, derisively cheered by the "Skipper," who is deftly navigating the canoe and slipping easily over the long ripples. But her triumph is short-lived, for very soon the *Volsung* is fast aground and she too joins the procession of watery pilgrims.

After luncheon and a lazy basking upon the mossy rocks, which slope like a breakwater from the shore to the foot of the hazel woods, an expedition is organised to the summit of the headland above for a breath of fresh air and a peep at the Lakeland hills. Truly a glorious view is there from Humphrey Head of golden sands and smiling lowlands, of far-off sea and rugged mountain peaks, swelling hills and tumbled fells; a view that fully repays the ship's company for the long, blind scramble through the tangled copse, at the heels of a fair maid, who proved somewhat wanting as a reliable pioneer.

The afternoon wears on and a longing for tea drives the castaways down to the shore by a circuitous course which avoids the thick underwood. A pile of drift-wood is soon alight and the kettle, filled at a bubbling spring and cunningly suspended from a stick wedged into a crevice of the overhanging rock, begins its soothing, hissing song. It is quite an *à la* Smugglers' Cave picture—the grey jutting rocks, the dark thicket, the leaping fire, and the group clustered picturesquely around it; though no bearded desperadoes quaffing strong duty-free liquors are here, but sweet maidens and dilettante yachtsmen sipping the fragrant growth of far Cathay. At last the sun dips below the glowing western sea and his parting kisses have left the heavens blushing rosy-red; a purple light is over the Cumberland hills, and the golden sands of Morecambe Bay have rusted to a deep-toned copper-colour. The flood tide must be already making over yonder on the dim shore opposite. So the crew of the *Pride* are piped away and set off to walk to the ship, taking the canoe on the way. The "Admiral" remains behind in charge of a quartet who elect to be picked up by the dinghy, later on, and thereby avoid the long tramp over the

yielding sands and the bustle of floating and of hoisting gear. The cutter looks lonely enough lying over as though longingly watching for the incoming waters, but once aboard all air of melancholy is dispelled. The evening breeze is freshening fast and the harvest moon, rising majestically over the bowed head of Arnside Knot, is every now and again hidden by masses of scud flying up out of the south-west. There is no sign of the tide, so "Bos'un" and "Quartermaster" decide to employ the time in getting the dinghy alongside and thus save the trouble of having to pick her up when the sea is pouring in over the banks. At first sight it would appear no easy task to drag her over the quarter of a mile of sand, but by using the stretchers as skids along which to run the keel it is soon done, and she lies a couple of fathoms astern of the cutter with painter belayed aboard.

"Here comes the tide; stand by!"

The sands around begin to glisten and gleam wet in the moonlight; there is a low dull hiss in the distance, and a line of white which heaves and tosses and sweeps rapidly nearer; a rush and a bubbling swirl, a fiercer slapping at the bows, and in a moment the *Pride* is surrounded by leaping, dancing waters, and the curling crest of the "bore" is driving far onward up the bay. Now the full force of the sea is rushing past, and yet the yacht shows no sign of lifting; already the waves are breaking and leaping to get into the well, so the mainsail is quickly hoisted to help her up, and with a heave, a slip, and a stagger, she sits on an even keel, then floating clear she gives a joyous start and dashes away. But the anchor ahead checks her mad rush, and with a wide sheer she doubles back, with the dinghy springing excitedly round like a terrier at a horse's heels. The "Skipper" meets her with the helm, and the head sails being smartly run up steady her at once, and she rides easily to the rolling surges. The cable is hauled steadily inboard, and she comes short over the anchor; the tiller is put gently to port, and with a "Yo-ho-hoi," the little "Trotman" comes clanking to the bowsprit bits.

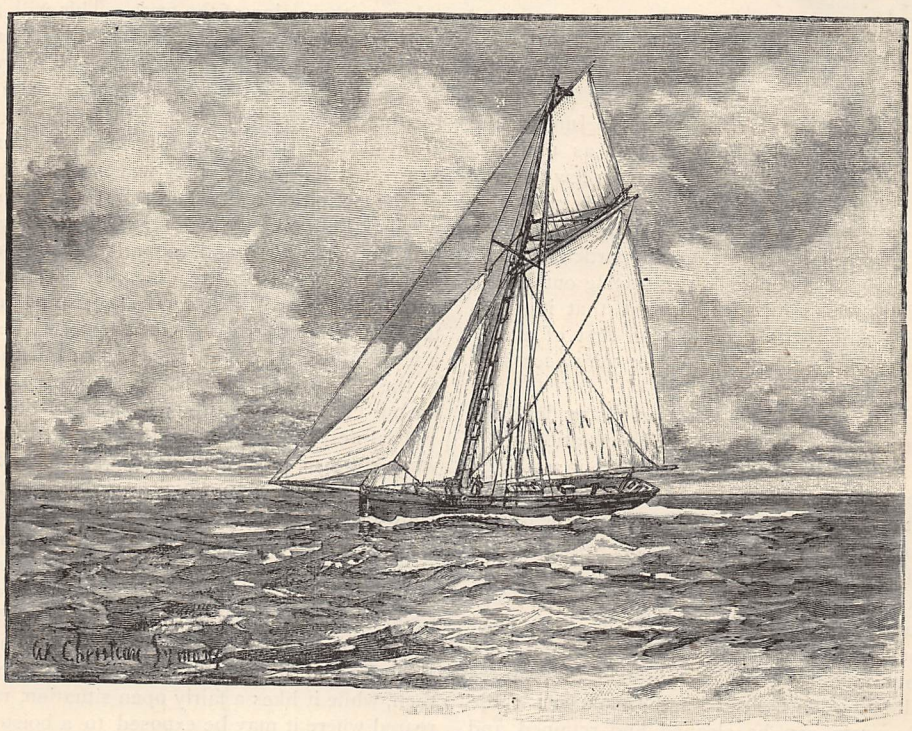
"All clear there forrard?"

"Aye, aye."

"Let draw!"

The jib sheet is hauled a-weather for a second, the mainsheet slacked off, and her head pays off handsomely, then jib and foresail are sheeted home and the boom rounded in, and with a coquettish start and a saucy lift of her counter, the *Pride* is away, close-hauled on the port tack. The wind comes sweeping across the bay, whitening its waters, and the cutter heeling over until her lee scuppers are awash, hums through the rising seas, working steadily inshore. The land is wrapped in thick gloom, for the moon is hidden and the sky is dark with cloud, so the whereabouts of the "Admiral" and his party is a thing only to be guessed at.

"Luff a bit, Skipper! we are quite close enough," comes the hail from the look-out forward, and the yacht is squeezed well to windward and almost starved of wind. Suddenly out of the darkness abeam a spark of light flashes for a second, then another and another. It is the shore party burning matches to show their whereabouts, and at once the dinghy's crew are piped



CLOSE-HAULED.

away and sent to fetch them, whilst the yacht stands off and on.

Five minutes later the hail of "*Pride* ahoy!" comes out of the night from a tossing shadow to leeward, and running past, the cutter rounds-to, and with head sheets flying, picks up her boat; then sheets are hauled in, and away seawards like a duck.

A whole breeze is blowing fresh, and the little ship lays herself bodily down and flings the leaping surges left and right as she drives through them, and they stream away aft in a long line of bubbling foam. Every stretch of canvas is drawing, the cordage whips and rattles cheerily, and bright glints of moonlight sweep over the waters, lighting up the deck from stem to stern, and wrapping the group of fair maidens in golden glory. There is a wild feeling of exhilarating freedom in swishing through moonlit seas with a steady whole sail wind piping merrily; and a mysterious gladness seems to pass from the soul of the staunch craft into one's own as she rushes through billowy hollow after hollow, and leaps the foam-capped ridges gallantly.

Fast the minutes fly, and onward the *Pride* sails tirelessly to the soft rhythmic cadences of sweet girlish voices; and the "Skipper" and the "Mate" relieve each other regularly at the helm, whilst the laughing burgee up aloft whispers to the truck that the tiller is in love with bonnie Laura and with winsome Clare.

But the night is wearing, the tide is turning and will soon be ebbing fast, and it is time to run for port. A last few minutes' dashing at the tumbling waves, and then the "Admiral" gives the order—

"'Bout ship!"

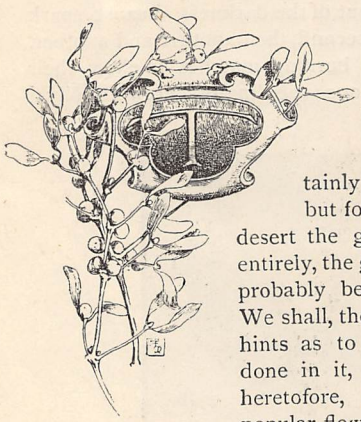
The "Mate" puts down the tiller, and with a generous shoot the yacht comes up into the wind; head sails lift; the boom swings over; and then sheets come home, and away she plunges northward-ho! for the distant lights of Grange! Up over the slack tide she runs a clean "full and by," and the gurgling waters sliding past softly kiss their good-nights and float away sadly seawards.

And now, as the *Pride* reaches her moorings, the September moon comes out in unclouded splendour, and those beauteous shores sleeping in the soft golden light seem those of the legendary Vale of Avilon—

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

G. VICKARS-GASKELL.

THE GARDEN IN DECEMBER.



"THE Garden in December" is, in its general aspect, certainly not a lively theme, but for all that, were we to desert the garden in December entirely, the garden in June would probably be almost as unlively. We shall, then, give a few general hints as to what is *now* to be done in it, and then select, as heretofore, one particular and popular flower, tracing out rather more in detail the kind of treatment that it needs from its seed-time to its decay. And first of all for that uninteresting—some will say, not very necessary—general December gardening.

This is a grand month for attention to any defective garden drainage—a dismal and untidy operation, most certainly; but recollect, nothing will thrive in a swamp. Next, take and sweep together all fallen leaves (and by the end of November they are certainly nearly all down) into one large heap, where they will rot into leaf-mould, or you can utilise them in a hot-bed or pit. Take away or dig in all decaying vegetation, crops that are unsightly and done with, or in the flower garden the stems and nearly decayed leaves of your plants; but all sticks and supports in the way of stakes had better be collected and gone over: those that will do again can be cleaned and retained, and the worthless can be burnt. A rough trenching should be made in the kitchen garden, and the soil left in ridges to the action of the frost. This will afterwards render the soil pliable, besides ridding you of many garden pests, in the way of slugs, &c. And, further, the garden walks should be well rolled after damp weather, and more particularly after every frost, which always leaves the surface of the paths in a more or less rotten state, when they will the more easily yield to the action of the roller. But if damp and soft weather be well adapted for work along your walks, it is, on the other hand, *not* adapted for much work on the borders, where treading alternately upon them and upon the walks is certainly productive of much untidiness, not to say actual mischief. We may have a few more general hints to give, but must now advert to the cultivation of one flower in particular, selecting for our consideration this month the gladiolus.

This deservedly popular flower is a very showy one, while some of its specimens are exceedingly fragrant. The natural order to which it belongs is that of the Iridaceæ, while the *sword-like* shape of its leaves gives it the name of *gladiolus*. Indigenous, for the most part, to the Cape of Good Hope, the period of its bloom there must surely afford a most glorious sight when we remember how very much set off our English gardens are by merely a few specimens in the summer and early autumn months. The gladiolus, then, while it likes a fairly open situation, must not be reared where it may be exposed to a boisterous wind,

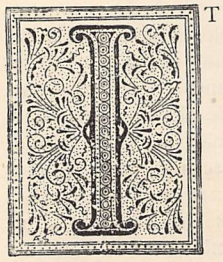
for we can readily imagine by the very shape of its bloom that unless protected it might break off; and, fortunately for us general gardeners, the large majority of the genus *Gladiolus* are hardy. Any moderately good garden soil, again, is good enough for its culture, though of course, as with many other plants, a soil in which stiff clay predominates is a decided obstacle in the way. The gladiolus, indeed, is simply a bulb, and we must therefore treat it much as we do our other bulbs. All bulbs, we know, require a long period of simple *rest:* this, after planting, is followed by a period of vigorous growth and speedy development. To begin, then, shall we say, with the period of rest. Some people say that the bulbs may be allowed to remain in the ground through the winter; and, indeed, where a very sandy soil exists, and where the situation and circumstances all favour their growth, there may be not much objection to allowing them to remain. One most important thing, however, is that your gladiolus bed be thoroughly well drained. To form a bed for this noble flower, and especially where the soil and surroundings are not so very favourable for its growth, remove the natural soil to the depth of some eighteen inches. Fill up the lower six inches of the space with brick-bats and crooked stones, &c., or, indeed, with any such material that will form for you a basis of thoroughly good drainage. Upon this next lay some chopped-up turfy loamy soil for some four inches: this would have the advantage of being a sort of reservoir of moisture in any very dry weather. Lastly, fill up the remainder of your space with a properly prepared compost, made up as follows:—One part of your original soil—if, that is, it be of a fairly good quality—another part of sandy loam, another of turfy peat, and another of some coarse drift sand. Now, it so happens that this is a thorough winter operation, and a December day is one well suited for this preparation of a gladiolus bed. During the winter months, too—that is to say, between now and the end of March—turn over this upper layer of soil, so as to expose it thoroughly to the action of the frost and weather. And then, on a dry April day, plant out your gladiolus bulbs, some three or four of them together, making a little hole in your soil first, and placing a little sand once again at the bottom of your holes as you make them. Your little patches of bulbs should be planted a little over a foot or some eighteen inches apart. Here, then, you can quietly let them rest, saving only, of course, that a little water must be given them in very dry weather. In seasons, however, of excessive heat, some have recommended placing moss on the surrounding surface of the soil. But one thing we must certainly not omit, and that is to give a stake to each plant as soon as it attains nearly a foot in height. If you intend to lift your bulbs, do this early in November, and stow them away in a dry locality, say in pots with sand in them; and when the foliage has thoroughly died down, it can be cut off pretty close to the bulb. But if you intend to allow the bulbs to remain in the ground through the winter, when the decayed stems have been cut away, spread a good two inches of leaf-mould over the surface of your bed. And now to enumerate many varieties of the *Gladiolus* is hardly, perhaps, possible in our limited space, but one or two we can notice. *Gladiolus blandus* is a flesh-coloured specimen, and flowers in June; *G. byzantius*, a native of Turkey, is a rich red, and flowers in July; *G. cardinalis* is a native of the Cape, a superb flower of a brilliant scarlet, which grows some two feet in height, and flowers in July and August.

WHEN THE LEAVES HAVE FALLEN.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" "MISS HILARY'S SUITORS," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



"IT never rains but it pours!" Well, whatever that saying may be worth meteorologically, one hears often enough that, figuratively, there is truth in the old proverb.

Truth in it there seemed to be—rather too much for the liking of a certain little household which gathered round their breakfast-table one bleak March morning a few years back: mother, daughter, and son.

It was post-time, and from three just opened letters had tumbled forth three distinctly bad pieces of news.

John Morris, an elder son, wrote that he had knocked up over his Yorkshire curacy. He was ordered rest. He wouldn't have given in if he could anyhow have helped it, but—should he come home?

A very brief epistle from Dick, the next in the family, a young fellow just earning his salt in the Hudson Bay Company, told of a nasty accident—"not dangerous, but must shelve me for a bit. I'm awfully sorry to mention it, but if you could spare a few pounds, mother——" and so forth.

And the third letter contained the announcement from an agent in the Eastern counties that from a small farm owned there by Mr. Morris the tenant had decamped, leaving his family minus means and his landlord minus rent; and, "owing to depression in agricultural districts, the prospect of re-letting was extremely bad."

Now, this coming on the top of the facts that Mr. Morris had never entirely rallied from the terrible bout of rheumatic fever which had attacked him two years earlier, that probably his life for long to come would be more or less of an invalid's, active work in his profession as an engineer being absolutely impossible; that his wife, brave but not strong, was beginning to give way under the strain of much care; and finally, that Rob, the youngest lad, had now to leave school just as his wits were sharpening to work, because they could not afford his term's bills after Easter — all this depressing array of circumstances was surely enough to make the trio at Acton Cottage the reverse of lively, and the morning meal as gloomy as gloomy could be.

"Your father's had a dreadful night, and my head does ache so," said poor Mrs. Morris tremulously, giving up her pretence of eating. "I dare say when I feel better I shan't mind quite so much; but really everything does seem to go so wrong with us."

"We're as bad as that afflicted old woman who found a silver sixpence and bought a pig, and then couldn't get the brute over a stile," said Rob, a cheery sort of boy, who extracted fun from every situation. But his mother's eyes filled with tears; his sister gave him a warning look. So Rob subsided behind his coffee-cup, and silence reigned till Mrs. Morris went off upstairs with her invalid's tray.

Then said Bessie firmly—

"Things can't go on like this, and I've settled what I shall do."

"What's that?" said Rob.

"Be a governess."

"A—governess! Oh, Bess, you mustn't. I'd rather go into a shop."

"No, Rob. You ought to be at school another year, and you shall if I can manage it. If I were"—swallowing a nasty sensation in her throat—"out of the way, earning my bread, why, it must set some funds free here at home. Susan"—nurse once, now family factotum—"attends to father better than I can. He seems vexed when I try to lift him. I've talked it all out with Susan. First she was cross; then she said I was right. So I—will go away."

Rob looked askance at the speaker: the one daughter of the house. Not a remarkable beauty, perhaps, but with dark hair, hazel eyes, and a slender, well-built figure, an altogether pleasant-faced and pleasing girl. Fairly strong and full of courage, Bessie was generally about the happiest spirit of the home party. But this morning she looked harassed—her eyes darkened and large with much thinking. Rob cogitated a moment, then shook his head.

"You can't go out slaving, Miss Morris. Couldn't stand it. We must devise something else. I always—had a—sort of—notion—you and Mr.——"

"Rob," Bessie broke in hastily, "I've quite made up my mind. I *can* stand it, and I will. Yesterday in Fuller's shop I saw a notice of somebody wanting a governess. I shall go and see about it this morning. Don't say a word to mother about it yet, though."

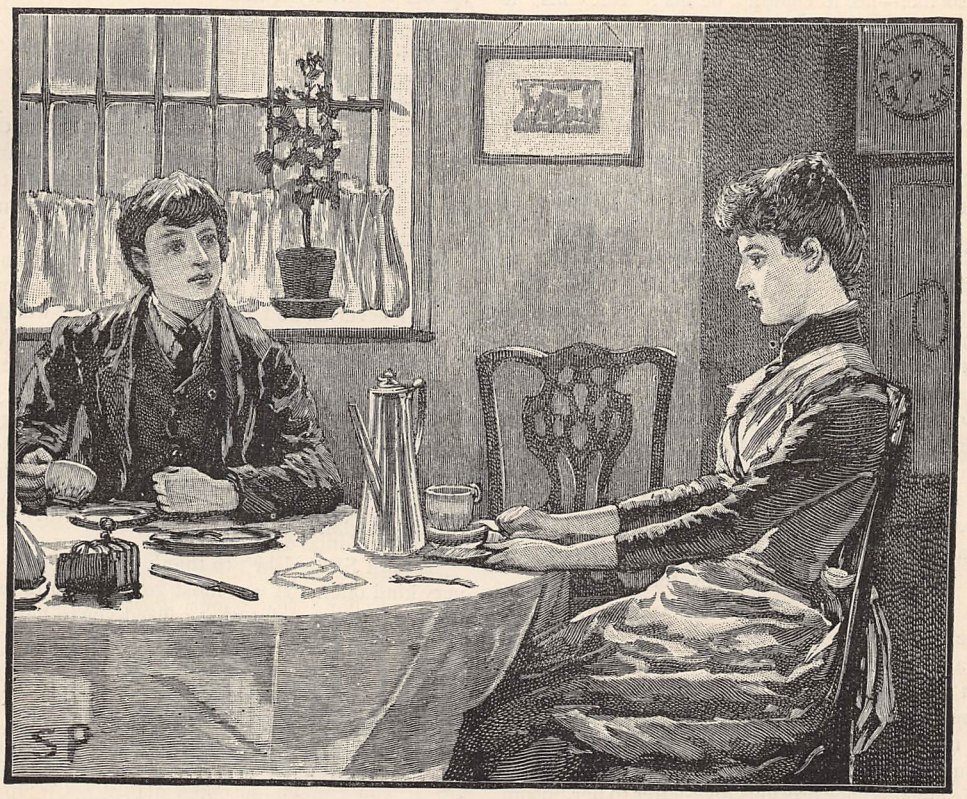
Mr. Rob was just going to check his sister for having secrets when he recollected that he, too, had a small one on the way, so held his tongue.

Mrs. Morris, re-appearing with the remark that their father was terribly upset by his letters, made everyone a shade more dismal than ever. The March wind howled and the rain dashed against the window, as if in keeping with this domestic melancholy, and Acton Cottage seemed very much under a cloud indeed!

The weight seemed very heavy on Bessie Morris's heart a little later, when she was buffeting the fierce breezes on her way to the chief bookseller's in Harborough, tempted thither by the "Wanted.—Resident Governess for two little Girls," &c. That hint of Rob's had made it heavier. Months ago, before home affairs had settled into such permanent blackness, she, too, had fancied brightness lay before her. Gerald Selwyn, a young lawyer in the firm of Ryle and Ryle, had met her very frequently at mutual friends'; had always sought her out; had seemed to like her as

well as—alas!—she had grown to like him. But somehow of late, notably the last month, all this had changed: people, perhaps, were growing to know how very poor they were. She had seen Mr. Selwyn but rarely. He had ceased to come often, inquiring, as he used to do, after Mr. Morris. She had fancied he was so generous, so kind, well, yes—so fond of her! It was bitterness to find herself mistaken.

But life was full of bitterness and all sorts of contrariness, thought poor Bessie, wrestling with a March squall that turned her umbrella inside out just opposite Mr. Selwyn's office. There he was, looking at her over the blind, too. She furled her dislocated shield up as fast as she could, shyly returned his bow, and with heightened colour and all the dignity she could assume, hurried forward on her errand.



"'I'VE SETTLED WHAT I SHALL DO'" (*p.* 16).

It was successful, or seemed likely to be so. The note of application she left with Mr. Fuller was answered next morning. Strangely enough, the post she had sought was with Mr. Ryle, the widower head of Mr. Selwyn's firm. Bessie winced a little at that, then scoffed at her own folly. Mr. Ryle's home was four miles out from Harborough; she could be no likelier to see Mr. Selwyn there, than at any other house of the neighbourhood. And then she was nothing to Mr. Selwyn, and Mr. Selwyn should be nothing to her. So she read Mr. Ryle's letter again:—

"WHITE LODGE.

"Monday Evening.

"DEAR MISS MORRIS,—I am sorry to find your father's sad state of health makes exertion on your part needful, but I lose no time in assuring you that from all I know of you personally, I shall count myself fortunate if I secure your services for my children. As they are both under twelve, I think you will find educating them easy work. What I must, however, be candid about is this point: they will require your constant companionship. I cannot have them left with servants. I mention this lest you might be under the impression that with your home so near you could frequently be spared for a few hours or a day there. This could not be, except at stated—say, monthly—intervals. Kindly, therefore, consider this before replying. I will readily wait a short while for your decision. The salary I offer is forty pounds a year."

Then she braced up her forces; went valiantly to her mother with a bright face; told gaily her project; bore down the poor lady's pained remonstrances; soothed her father's irritable objections; convinced all, herself nearly included, that the chance before her was a splendid one, and she ought to be happy indeed

in having secured it, and never knew how hard she was trying to cheat all round, nor how very hard exile from those home faces would have been to her, till all need of the trial was suddenly and marvellously removed.

Yes, removed! And for good and all! It was in the evening. Bessie's eyes ached and something made them look red. She was bathing them upstairs before going down to read to her father, when Rob tapped at her door with another note just left for her. Her pulse gave a jump when she saw the writing. It looked so like—no, it couldn't be his! But "his" it was, and this is what "he" said:—

"DEAR MISS MORRIS,—I was much concerned to see you in such a storm of rain yesterday. I hurried out to your assistance, but you were gone too far. I am not writing, however, merely to say this, but something of far more importance. Plainly, then, I trust you have seen and understood that the feeling I bear to you is a deeper one than of friendship only. You have long owned my warmest admiration and affection. I have desired to tell you this for weeks past, but recently my business relationship with Mr. Ryle (from outside reasons, on which I need not enter) have appeared insecure; this day only is my partnership with him assured. Until I had prospects worth your sharing, I could not ask you to leave your home, hence I have not trusted myself of late too much in your society. I fear this sounds very cold and business-like, but I dare not write more warmly till I have your leave. Fervently trusting I may be soon gladdened with this, I remain always

"Your sincerely devoted

"GERALD SELWYN."

There!

Stiff and lawyer-like, some might call it. Mr. Selwyn was not a boy, and he was never effusive. But every well-considered word she knew he meant. Her impatient misunderstanding of his reticence rolled away like a summer mist, and left her future gloriously fair.

Bessie clutched her precious love-letter to her bosom, nay, even laid a shy kiss upon the writer's name. Then she smoothed her dark locks, ran downstairs to Mrs. Morris, told her welcome news, laid her head on her mother's shoulder, and fairly cried for joy.

Mr. Morris must not know that night, they presently decided; excitement invariably drove all chance of sleep away. So Bessie should read her hour to him, then come down and write her answer, or rather, both answers; "for poor Mr. Ryle should know at once that I can't be his children's governess. Oh, mother!"—with an ecstatic hug—"what a relief that is!" and delight at that relief made her eyes so bright and her cheeks so pink that her father, watching her in the lamplight as she read, thought how pretty his poor Bessie was growing, and mourned within himself that her life had no outlook beyond one of grinding economies and weary need.

"I shall tell him all when Mr. Selwyn comes to-morrow," thought Bessie gleefully, as soon, alone in the dining-room, she began her first love-letter, which seemed so easy in prospective, but proved so very difficult because her phrases sounded all too formal or too forward, or too something!

Achieved at last, however, she was reading it over with sundry smiles and blushes, when Rob came down from his own room, where he often shut himself up for hours, since the tutoring they could not afford him had to be given up, and announcing that his head ached and he was going for a run before bed-time, asked, "Could he do anything for Bessie?"

"Yes indeed," she answered: "he could take a letter for her to Mr. Ryle, and one to"—stooping to hide her tell-tale colour—"to Mr. Selwyn."

"Mr.—Selwyn! I say, Bess," cried Rob, "what's the meaning of this? He does not want you to be his governess, does he?"

"Not exactly," laughed Bessie, keeping her delicious secret a little longer; "but be a good boy and don't worry while I'm writing, and I'll tell you something to-morrow. Get me some more envelopes out of mother's box, will you?"

"Two envelopes," mischievously quoth Rob, "for two letters—business, of course—for two gentlemen. Well, I never!" doing as he was bid. "I wonder if my sister has spelt her words all right. Think I'd better look over her correspondence to make sure!" pretending to grab at a close-writ page.

"Paws off, you wretch!" cried Bessie, seizing and holding fast one letter while she finished the other. "Now don't tease, there's a dear boy, or I shan't express my sentiments clearly. I think this will do," running a glance down the paper:—

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you extremely for your very kind offer. It was most good of you to explain so frankly the one point that caused you to hesitate over asking me to join your household. Whatever I may have felt at first, this would not have prevented my doing my utmost to deserve the confidence you proposed placing in me. But I must say at once I am no longer able to take the position which a short while ago I would have accepted gladly. Circumstances have arisen which quite alter my arrangements. Hoping you will meet someone"—("Rob, don't fidget about leaving school at Easter. Somehow I fancy you won't have to!")—"who will suit you better than myself, and apologising for any disappointment I may have caused you"—("Oh, won't it be nice having John home for a little while now!")—

"I beg to remain truly yours,

"E. MORRIS."

"Oh, and I know we can spare Dick a few pounds, for—envelope, Rob, please—'N. Ryle, Esq.'—for this would make all the difference. 'G. Selwyn, Esq., Friar's Gate'—and perhaps," folding her letters, so happy she really could not rest till she had made Rob the same, "if you're very quick indeed, I may tell you something to-night, as——"

"Miss Bessie! Oh, please, Miss Bessie! Do come here." A small scared face appeared at the door, belonging to a juvenile domestic whom Rob called "Scrub." "Susan went to the pantry and thought

the door was open, which it wasn't, and she put her hand through the glass window, miss, and have cut it shocking."

Bessie stayed but a moment to enclose and fasten down her letters. "Mr. Selwyn's first, Rob," she said to him, then ran quickly off to the servant.

She had wounded herself badly indeed. It took a long while to get the nasty gash strapped together. But Bessie had not been surgeon-sister to three brothers for nothing. Deftly she managed the delicate operation without disturbing her mother, sent Susan off to bed, then helped "Scrub" with all that remained to be done that night.

In the midst of this Rob returned and politely offered his services.

"Taken my letter to——" his sister began softly.

"Mr. Selwyn?" giving her cheek a brotherly pinch.

"Yes. I heard his landlady take it up to him."

"Good boy! Can you guess what it was about?"

"Rather! You have my blessing."

"Goose! Now take some coals up to mother's room, then put the dining-room lamp out, then I'll find you some cake, and we'll have a talk over the kitchen fire."

So in homely fashion, but as happy as she could be, Bessie sat with Rob, laying pleasant plans, till near midnight; and, light of heart, she was up again next morning ready to take Susan's duties, or those of half a dozen Susans. The day was fine, and she sallied into the little garden to find a tiny bunch of March violets in a sunny corner—just enough for a little button-hole for somebody if he came. It was ten o'clock when this preparation was made. The expected "somebody" might be there any minute now. She had said in her note "any time to-morrow." Probably he would come round on his way to the office. She furtively watched the window till that time and a full hour more were past. But Mr. Selwyn did not appear. Well, perhaps he would write and fix the time. A baker, a grocer, a postman, and two tramps sent the blood flying to Bessie's face with their knocks at the door, but nobody knocked with what she was waiting for.

The luncheon hour, then? Ah! that was it. He was coming at one o'clock. Bessie devised sundry small dainties, and cooked them her very own self. She might have eaten them, too, for no lover came upon the scene either to devour or commend her efforts. Luckily, Rob was not in from school, for she could not have borne any of his fun. Mrs. Morris looked at her daughter uneasily, but until Bessie herself confessed this conduct strange, *she* would not suggest its being so.

In the early afternoon Mr. Morris was wanting his *Standard* from Fuller's. Would Bessie fetch it as usual?

"Yes—oh, certainly; and," said the girl, jumping up with rather an uncertain laugh, "if—anyone should happen to call, mother, you know I shall be back very soon;" and away she went with all speed, nervously dreading lest the brief absence should make her miss her tardy visitor.

But instead of thus missing, it happened she thus met him.

Met him—but whatever did it mean? He was coming straight down High Street, a handsome rich young woman beside him, who, if report were true, would not have objected to this rising young lawyer as a *parti* for herself. Bessie, on the opposite pavement, half stopped as he approached, her heart throbbing gladly, a conscious rosiness in her cheeks. Now, would he leave yonder less lucky lady—come across—be with her in a moment? Would he call her "Bessie"? What should she first say to him? Timid, yet eager, she raised her eyes to his.

He bestowed on her about one instant's glance, turned to his companion again, and—walked on.

Bessie simply stood still with astonishment; she felt as if it were some ridiculous dream. Fuller's was close by. She went in automatically, took up her paper, and turned homeward, when, as if to stamp indelibly the cruel impression of their first encounter, once again she saw Mr. Selwyn approaching.

Now, would it be all different? No. He stared stonily before him, took no notice of her whatever, turned abruptly, and vanished down a side street.

Bessie had a sensation as if someone had suddenly stabbed her. Streets, chimney-pots, and carts seemed waltzing round together. Only the keen March wind kept her from fainting; and how she got home she never exactly knew.

———

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHATEVER the cause of Mr. Selwyn's curious conduct, it was presumably something which made him restless, uneasy, one might even say miserable.

He was a reticent man, however, who would be keenly annoyed at the idea of any change in his bearing exciting attention, so he quietly avoided giving anyone the chance of observing him.

Walking into his partner's private room at the office on the Thursday morning after he had met and all but ignored Bessie Morris, he inquired whether he could have two or three weeks now for an early spring holiday. He should prefer it to waiting later if it suited Mr. Ryle equally.

The senior partner was surprised—not over-pleased, but unable to object reasonably. Mr. Selwyn had been with him on a species of probation twelve months without any break in his work, so it could not be refused him now.

"Want to go next week?" he asked. He was a man of slow movements himself.

"To-night, sir, if possible," was the answer.

"Indeed! Any—particular engagement, or—destination?"

The younger man looked slightly confused, not having an answer ready for this.

"Oh—I may run over to Paris with a friend from the Temple," he said, determining instantly to do so if possible.

"Ah! H—m! Paris. Then is it 'Poste Restante' or 'Meurice's'? Or where, if I want to write?"

What persecutors these exact people are! Mr.

"'WHICH IS MINE?'" (*p.* 23).

Selwyn had not meant to tie himself to Paris or any other place.

"Perhaps," he said, "I may go to relations at Derby, or—to an old college friend in Wales. My movements really are not certain. If I'm stationary for a few days I'll wire word. I've a good deal to do now, so with your leave I'll be off."

"Well, good-bye, then," said Mr. Ryle curtly, somewhat mystified by these sudden and erratic movements; "I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

Unfortunately the senior partner's kind wish was not fulfilled. When men and women take to misleading each other in affairs of the affections, they don't always realise where the pain of such proceedings will end.

Mr. Selwyn left Harborough in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, and instead of finding cheerfulness as he journeyed on, lost the little he had at starting.

As it happened, nothing went right for his projected jaunt. Arrived in town too late to hunt up his friend that night, he went on that quest the first thing next morning—pushed on through dirty Fleet Street in a gale of sleet and snow, penetrated the frigid precincts of Pump Court, tramped up three flights of stairs, and instead of being received with a cheery "Hallo, old fellow! where have you turned up from?" was met by a small stoat-faced imp of fourteen, and "Mr. Scudamore, sir? out of town till Friday next. Left yesterday, sir. Wish to write a note, sir, or shall I take a message?"

"Neither," said Mr. Selwyn, and departed in disgust, which was irrational; for as he'd gone up without warning, he was out of court in resenting his friend's absence.

However, there was an end of the Paris expedition. He was in no mood to try it "accompanied by himself" alone. And perhaps it was all as well. The Channel would be uncommonly choppy under this wind; a land journey far preferable. London struck him as very empty and very dull. He would go straight on to Derby.

So Mr. Selwyn was whirled off through the Midlands

that afternoon, and on a dark blusterous evening rang the door-bell of an elderly second cousin's house. Here from boyhood he had always been made free to stop a few days when he chose. Mr. Nathaniel Selwyn never stirred from the solid comfort of his well-serviced home, and was always ready for him. Always till now. For——

"See master, sir?" said the old housekeeper, coming forward at the sound of Mr. Gerald's voice; "why, deary me, no! Didn't you know, sir, he'd a' something of a stroke in February, and the doctors won't let a' nobody go nigh him till he've got his strength again, 'ceptin' me and the nusses. Do come in, Mr. Gerald, and I'll send you up a bit of supper, sir. But with the nusses in one room and me not having time to see after the linen or air the spare beds, if—if——"

"If he could take himself away and not give any extra trouble, she'd be much obliged to him." That was how Mr. Selwyn rightly interpreted the old lady's hesitation, and on that he had no choice but to act. A lonely evening at the "Queen" did not go far to improve his spirits. It would be a comfort to get to someone he could talk to of old Trinity days, and so forth. Sewell, at whose nuptials he had been groomsman last April, was of course a fixture in his little Welsh living. To him then he would go, confident of a kind reception; but to make assurance doubly sure this time, he would telegraph his intention first. This wisely done, and no negative response received before noon, away went our wanderer towards his temporary haven.

But, by all that was exasperating, even that failed him!

Reaching the little stone-built rectory, thoroughly tired after a five-mile walk from the nearest station (a shock-headed boy whom he had met sauntering along had carried his Gladstone till within sight of Sewell's gate, then demanded his pay and decamped), he went boldly up the shingled path towards the porch. Knocked; no response. Knocked again; same result. Felt certain he could hear old Sewell's voice somewhere inside. Stepped gently to a window through which the firelight danced, and looked in.

Good patience! what did he see?

Sewell—who a few years back was by way of being a dandy, immaculate as to coats and cuffs—Sewell marching up and down a small apartment, chanting a sort of doleful dirge, to which issued a shrill little accompaniment from a long white bundle that he kept churning up and down in the air!

It was—a *baby!*

Mr. Selwyn shrank back with an exclamation of horror.

The happy father within caught the sound; stopped short; peeped out; hurriedly flung a woolly antimacassar over his infant's face, and rushed to the front door.

"My good fellow," cried he, seizing Gerald Selwyn by the hand, "come in, do. Pray make haste, or this blessed little mortal will catch her death of cold. How are you—sh-sh-sh!—but didn't you get my telegram? What made you come on?"

"Come on?" echoed this poor traveller, who could find no rest for the sole of his foot. "Why, of course when I had no answer from you I came on."

"No answer?" almost groaned the young rector. "Why, 'Baby a fortnight old, fractious, Amelia sadly, no spare room; kindly defer visit,' that's what I said, and sent it by the clerk's boy hours ago to Llanwyn station; we haven't an office nearer."

"Had that boy red hair? and did he limp?" said the young lawyer.

"That's the one."

"Then he was chasing cows about a mile this side of the station as I came along. Offered to carry my bag, got his pay close by here, and bolted back. I presume the telegram just occurred to him."

"The young scamp!" cried poor George Sewell, "to put us in this fix! But"—cheering up—"never mind. Though the maid's busy, I can get you some tea. And if you don't mind sleeping in a kind of attic, I think I could put you up till—well, till Monday. I don't *think* you'll hear baby up there. She mostly cries all night and keeps her mother awake: that's why I've got her downstairs now. But she'll get off that; and she's really a remarkably beautiful little thing"—proudly removing the antimacassar. "Wouldn't you like to look at her?"

Mr. Selwyn went through this ceremony like a man. He even complimented the fond parent, but he very properly declined to burden the establishment with his presence. Half an hour later saw him tramping back to Llanwyn, a very hole of dulness, from which he escaped to Denbigh, and there abode through the longest Sabbath he ever remembered in all his life.

It really seemed as if the presiding genius of holidays had a grudge against him.

"Perhaps," he thought, smoking his cigar in the best inn's best room late that evening—"perhaps he would be wise to take the hint this chapter of accidents offered him, and hie back to his daily work. To be sure, there was a person he didn't wish to meet just yet at Harborough. But that couldn't be helped. Maybe he had only himself to blame. He ought to have known what he was after before. Oh, yes"—knocking the fire about rather savagely—"he'd go back, face it out, and have done with it."

And while her recreant lover was wasting time and money in this very casual style, what was happening to Bessie Morris?

"Well, little enough—in fact, nothing at all seemed happening to her. She had gone home from that luckless afternoon walk feeling as though in a horrid nightmare, from which she must soon wake up. But there had been no waking out of her perplexity.

"Mother," she had said, answering Mrs. Morris's frightened "Why, Bessie, what is the matter with you?" when she went in, "I think—there has been—a mistake. Don't ask me any more just now, please, dear. When I understand it better, I will tell you;" and extremely white, but without any tears, she had gone about her home duties as nearly as she possibly could without letting anyone share her trouble.

"I'm so glad we hadn't told father," she said, with one small falter in her voice as she kissed her mother and said "Good night"; "now he hasn't to be disappointed. And—I'll go to work somewhere and help the boys if I can."

Puzzled and grieved, Mrs. Morris dared not press the girl for more without inviting a complete breakdown. So, ruefully silent, expecting every hour some explanation which did not come, she waited day after day. Bessie could not speak of her—rejection, was it?—jilting?—oh! what could it be called? Her cheeks burned with shame as she thought of it, though they were white enough at other moments. How could he have been so cruel?

Rob she silenced at the onset.

"Where's Mr. Selwyn?" asked he, as he raced in from school that Tuesday afternoon.

Bessie took her brother by the shoulders and looked full into his roguish face.

"Not here," she said; "nor ever likely to be. Unless you want to make me extra wretched, Rob, never mention him."

When Bessie spoke like that Rob always obeyed. He went his way sadly perplexed, and Bessie hers half broken-hearted.

Perhaps it was well for her that Susan was maimed still, for she had numberless things to do in the servant's stead. As hard as ever she could she worked, and as hard as ever she could she pretended; smiled when anyone looked at her; made believe to enjoy all her dusting and cooking; did her level best all day to cheat everyone into the idea that Tuesday's episode was of no particular importance. But to her very self when night came she dropped the mask, and fretted bitterly through weary, sleepless hours.

It was Tuesday again—just a week from the day she had been so briefly happy. Bessie sat down before the uncleared breakfast-table, almost wishing Susan well again; she began, somehow, to feel too tired to carry heavy trays about. Rob would have helped, but, late for school, he was lacing his boots up as fast as he could. Perhaps Scrub might manage it to-day. So Scrub—otherwise Matilda—was summoned, and, proud to show off her speed and strength, promptly overloaded herself, staggered up against the writing-table, and capsized a milk-jug over the leather blotter.

"Never mind! You sit still; I'll wipe it up," cried Rob, fishing out his handkerchief, school-boy fashion, for that purpose. "There! it's all right now: none got inside," giving the leaves a shake.

Something fell out.

"Oh, my goodness!" said the boy, startled. "I say, Bess, here's your letter to Mr. Ryle! I remember now: I never told you I didn't take it the same night I took the—er—er—the other one. We were upset, you know—with Susan's hand, I mean—I went off in a hurry, you recollect. Then I thought it didn't matter till next morning; and then I forgot every word about it. Does it signify?"

The dilemma planted a few more lines round Bessie's tired eyes. Actually, then, she had not lost the chance of that situation yet. Nevertheless, how could she now accept it? To be with Mr. Selwyn's partner must sometimes bring her in contact with Mr. Selwyn.

No. As soon as she was stronger she would go farther afield for employment. Last week's refusal must stand for this week too.

"Never mind; take the letter now, Rob," she said wearily; and as he dashed off his quickest, "I'll come and help you presently, Matty," she added to the little maid. "I'm only going into the garden a few minutes to try and make my headache better." And with that she went into the fresh air, as soft and balmy this morning as midsummer.

Now, at this very same time Mr. Ryle entered his office, and to his great surprise who should immediately walk in but his junior partner!

"Bless me! Not in Paris, nor yet Wales? How's this?" said he.

And Mr. Selwyn tersely explained that a series of *contretemps* had sent him home earlier than he intended.

"But not sooner than I wanted you," said Mr. Ryle; "for there are those cantankerous Le Maîtres" (clients involved in a family squabble), "the old man at Naples and the nephew at Vienna. *I* can't induce them to meet; one of us will have to go out after them this spring. Would you mind doing it?"

This suited Mr. Selwyn precisely. Waving aside all notion of delay, he arranged details in ten minutes. As he copied out a needed address before starting, in came a clerk with a note for Mr. Ryle.

"Young gentleman who brought it is very sorry it didn't come last week: it was mislaid by accident."

"Oh, I see," said the lawyer, opening the envelope, which had "Acton Cottage" on it—"thought she was taking her time to answer. Why"—puckering up his face—"er—h'm, upon my word!" with an astonished chuckle, "I don't think it can—'*your loving*'—no, of course it can't! How—" breaking into a tremendous fit of laughter—"how *ridiculously* awkward! Never came across anything so absurd in my life," and he fairly lay back in his chair, half choked with such a paroxysm of amusement as Mr. Selwyn had never before seen his grave partner indulge in.

"I beg your pardon. You must think me a lunatic!" he said, when he got his breath. "And I don't know that I've any right to explain the reason fully. But—let me see—ever met any of the Morrises? Nice family. Clever father: shelved, poor fellow. Happen to know them?"

"Slightly," said Mr. Selwyn, bending over his note-book.

"Ah, well! the daughter is a sensible, good girl. Hard thing for her to have to turn out and work. I wanted a governess; she wanted a berth; so we were corresponding, and I was expecting her decision when—oh!" breaking into another fit of laughter, "what a preposterous blunder, to be sure! Of course, you'll hold your tongue about it, Selwyn; but do you chance to know if Miss Morris had any—h'm—*love* business—offer, anything of that kind on the way?"

"L-l-ove business, sir?" stammered Mr. Selwyn,

turning violently red; "had Miss Morris a-any offer? Why—er—yes, I have heard—something of the sort—mentioned."

"Well then," said Mr. Ryle, "that's at the root of the blunder. All sweethearts are shanny. Miss Bessie has sent my letter—refusal of my post—to someone else, and has sent me the precious missive that was to make some man happy."

"Give it to me, sir!" cried Mr. Selwyn starting to his feet; and before Mr. Ryle could say a word he had captured and was reading Bessie's epistle as fast as ever he could. "Excuse me"—backing before his partner's outstretched hand, and "Come, this is too bad"—"Excuse me. I've a claim—I'll explain afterwards. I'll be in again soon. I don't think I shall start for Naples to-day, sir. It's all right now."

And so it was.

For a very few minutes after that, as Bessie sat tired and spiritless in a sheltered nook of the garden, a quick step came noiselessly over the grass. Two hands from some individual unseen held two letters before her startled gaze. A voice said—

"Oh, you foolish, foolish darling! Which is mine?"

and all the whole week's misery passed clean off these young people's sky, just like an April cloud.

Rob always declares it was exactly the same as that magic bit of the nursery tale. "The water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the rope," which carried the sequence triumphantly up to the old woman getting home in time to cook her husband's supper, for good fortune seemed to come bowling in full speed, and everything else in the shape of trouble reeled off so splendidly that spring.

The curate brother recovered faster than expected. Dick's accident led to speedy promotion, with higher salary. At Easter, Rob was pronounced winner of the school scholarship for which he had long been privately working. Even that Suffolk farm re-let fairly for five years. With so much to cheer him, Mr. Morris's health actually took a start in the right direction. And as for Bessie and Gerald Selwyn!

That gentleman took his bride with him when he went off on the Le Maîtres affair at the end of April—for he insisted on "happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," and they've certainly gone on proving the truth of the saying from that day to this.

GERMAN POTTERY.

FIG. 1.—VASE: OLD BERLIN WARE.

IT is one of the lessons of life which we do well to learn early—that no strong effort is ever wasted even when misdirected. Among other good things we owe to the studies of alchemists is the perfection to which German pottery has been brought. In the golden age, when Augustus the Strong ruled over Saxony, leaving behind him one of the most priceless art collections in Europe, a certain Fredrich Böttger, while endeavouring to make gold, discovered by accident how to bake china. As he himself said:—"God our Creator has made out of the gold-maker a potter." The far-seeing Elector, recognising the value of the discovery, established Böttger at Royal Meissen, where from 1708 to the present day Dresden china has been exclusively made. The originator would never have rendered it a financial success. Like most geniuses, he was no man of business, but he laid the

FIG. 2.—MEISSEN CUP WITH PALE YELLOW GROUND AND CRIMSON MEDALLION.

foundation by which others realised gigantic sums. There are still at Dresden some eighteen huge blue and white Chinese vases for which Augustus the Strong exchanged a regiment of dragoons with Frederick William I., and his offers for Chinese and Japanese specimens were most extravagant. But his policy was a wise one. The Meissen factory became the leading one, and so continued to the time of

Augustus III., when the Prime Minister, Count Bruhl, was the manager. It was Count Mareolini, Minister to Frederick Augustus, who lost its prestige, and made an opening for Berlin and other china works.

Some of the earliest specimens of Berlin ware, bearing date 1744, are to be found in the Märken Museum. Kaspar Wigely was the moving spirit then,

FIG. 3.—TEA-POT IN THE EARLIEST MEISSEN STYLE.

and his works are all valuable. Meissen exercised a powerful influence upon it, and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the two. The saying was that they differed like the two countries: while Prussia was reserved and strong of purpose, Saxony was light-hearted and aimless. Dresden china is more delicate and graceful; Berlin, inspired by antique models, heavier in style and clear in colour. Fig. 1 shows a vase in old Berlin, with the snowball pattern which no longer exists. Fig. 7, a tea service, demonstrates the lightness and brightness of Meissen ware, the design birds, with the scaled rim in pale lilac. Fig. 2, a cup with double handles, is of the favourite yellow tint, like the hunt service made for Augustus the Strong, but the medallion on the cup is crimson. A celebrated Berlin service was presented to the Duke of Wellington in 1819.

FIG. 4.—FIRST TRADE MARK OF MEISSEN, COPIED FROM THE JAPANESE.

FIG. 5.—MEISSEN CHINA: ONE OF A GROUP OF FIGURES.

If you have visited Cologne you will probably remember the Neven and Seligmann collection of Dresden figures, most of them designed between 1730 and 1759, under the rule of George Herold, a true artist, who called to his aid John Joachim Kandler, the sculptor, and he created most of the best-known groups and figures of those early days, which now fetch fabulous sums. Lord Hastings is the happy possessor of a collection of quaint and curious animals of this period.

Frederick the Great filled his palace at Potsdam with works of art, and even the mirrors were set in china frames. The famous Voltaire room at Sans Souci boasted of a liberal display of Dresden vases; and in another room were the famous white vases, created under Kandler's auspices.

This great monarch made many royal gifts from the Meissen factory. One of the most renowned was an entire service to Catherine II. of Russia, including even forks and spoons, all painted with scenes associated with the Russian and Prussian armies. If I mistake not, this has found its way to English keeping—if not in its entirety, at all events a great portion of it. His Majesty, in presenting a vase to the Countess Camas, speaks of the china as his most precious possession. "I hope," he says, "that those who receive it consider it as good as gold, for we are beggars, and only possess honour—and porcelain!" This monarch had a keen sense of humour which was not always generally appreciated. On the occasion of a visit to Meissen, he desired his generals to

FIG. 6.—A PLATE WITH THE YELLOW LION: OLD MEISSEN WARE.

choose what they liked, and thinking they were to receive a gift, they chose the best, having by-and-by the pleasure of paying for it.

The identifying marks on German pottery are a study in themselves. I am giving in Fig. 3, as a specimen in the earliest style of Meissen ware, a tea-pot, and the illustration will show how delicately the flowers are

FIG. 7.—MEISSEN CHINA TEA-SERVICE.

painted. Many artists have made their names famous in their execution. Lindner's birds and flowers are among the best-known, and some of the most priceless old pieces made in Böttger's time bear the names

FIG. 8.—BREAKFAST-CUP: MEISSEN WARE.
(*From the Von Dallwitz Collection at Berlin.*)

of H. & A. von der Milde. This tea-pot has the earliest existing mark (see Fig. 4), copied from the Chinese and Japanese models to which the German makers owed so much. Pieces for Augustus the Strong bore "A. R." in blue, while others of the same date had Mercury's wand, save a few beyond all price bearing the insignia of the Countess Anna Cosel, on whom the sovereign lavished not only his affection, but his treasure.

The crossed swords, the present Dresden mark, is of more recent date. A cut through these shows the piece is defective. Some time previously "K. P. M." showed that the article came from the Königliche Porzellan Manufaktur. Count Bruhl showed his supremacy by a "B"; Count Mareolini by a star. Nowadays there is a good deal of chicanery: old marks are skilfully copied and modern ones altered. A connoisseur judges also by the glaze, the colour, and other details. Even now it is possible to pick up veritable old treasures when they come into the market through misfortune or the demise of some of the old Saxon families, who rarely part with them save under pressure.

Among the best-known old Dresden are the Sulkowski service which Augustus the Strong gave to his son Prince Sulkowski, bearing exquisite floral sprays and the coat-of-arms; the Swan service, with the swans in relief surrounded by nymphs and Tritons, given by the same monarch to Count Bruhl, and now in possession of his descendants;

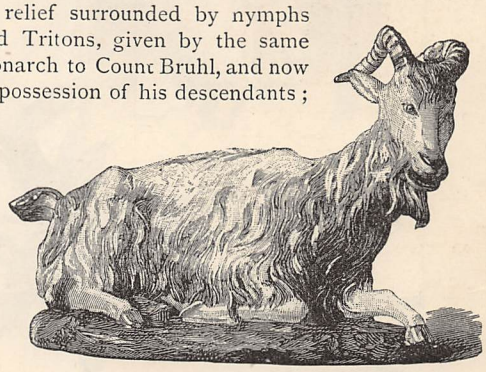


FIG. 9.—RAM: MEISSEN WARE.

and the service presented to Maria Joseph, his daughter, when she married the Dauphin of France, with the arms of Saxony and Navarre. But if you wish to study the progress of the Meissen manufacture, go to the Green Vaults at Dresden. There are Augustus the Strong's own service and many others. Then make your way to the Castle of Wilhelmsthal in Cassel, where only the very best German china is to be seen. Here is that well-known dainty figure in old Dresden of a lady wearing a Watteau-like dress over a distended hoop, and standing on high heels; and some enormous vases, together with an elephant with a tiger on its back, and a rhinoceros carrying a native Indian.

The Meissen factory is one of the sights which visitors to Dresden have an opportunity of enjoying. The vases with flowers in relief, the lace-like china, the wonderfully modelled animals, delight them still.

I should, however, advise a previous visit to the Tower of Dresden, rich with an unique collection of the old ware.

In the accompanying illustrations I have given some distinguished pieces, mostly taken from the Von Dallwitz collection at Berlin. Fig. 5 is one of a group of five female figures, each playing a different instrument—very graceful and life-like. Note Fig. 6, a plate with the yellow lion, curious and original, but hardly so delicate in design as Fig. 8, a breakfast-cup with well-formed handle. The ram (Fig. 9) is a favourite model to be seen in many varieties.

But Dresden and Berlin are not the only china factories of note in Europe. The first specimen of porcelain seen in the West was a jewelled plate brought by a Crusader. Portugal and Holland were the first to establish their fame, and for centuries the Dutch china presented to the first Queen of Prussia had been undisturbed at Charlottenberg, until Queen Victoria went there in 1888.

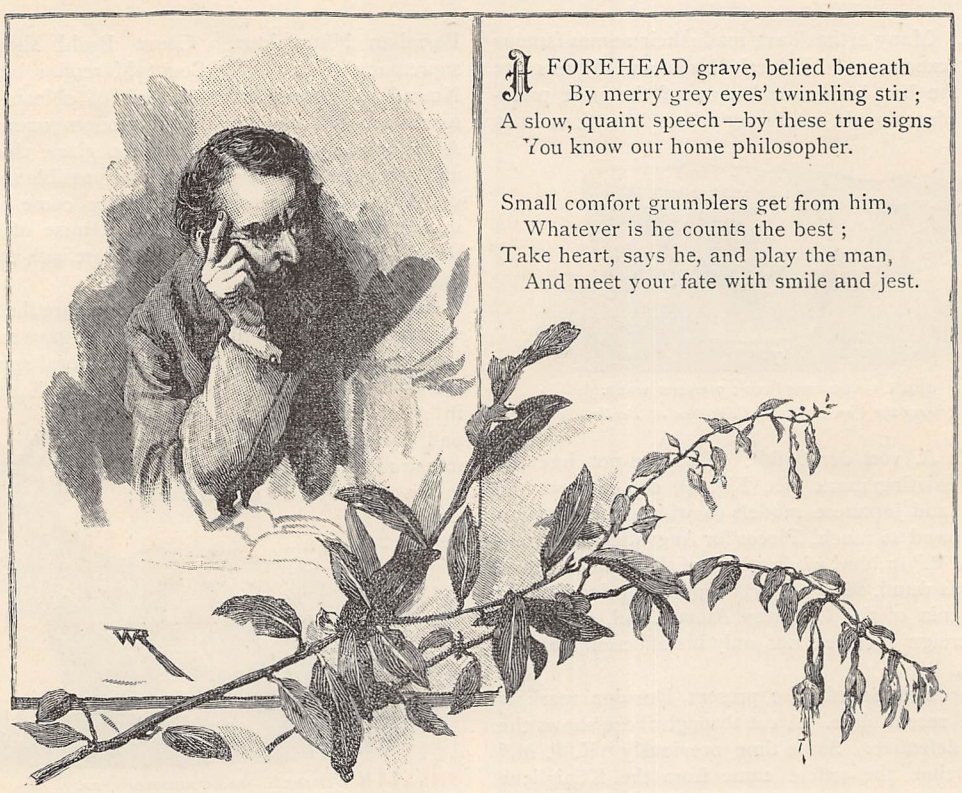
In the latter portion of the last century the Frakenthaler manufacture became celebrated. It is distinguished by the mark of a lion about to spring. Another, Höchst, in Mainz, flourished under the well-known modeller Melchin. It is marked with a wheel and a "D."

The Kronenburg china, with a crown for its distinguishing mark, was started in 1758 at Ludwigsburg. Baron Busch, early in the latter half of the last century, engraved china with a diamond, and any of his works are eagerly sought by collectors. There is a good specimen in Hamburg, date 1751, in the form of a large coffee-pot.

ARDERN HOLT.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

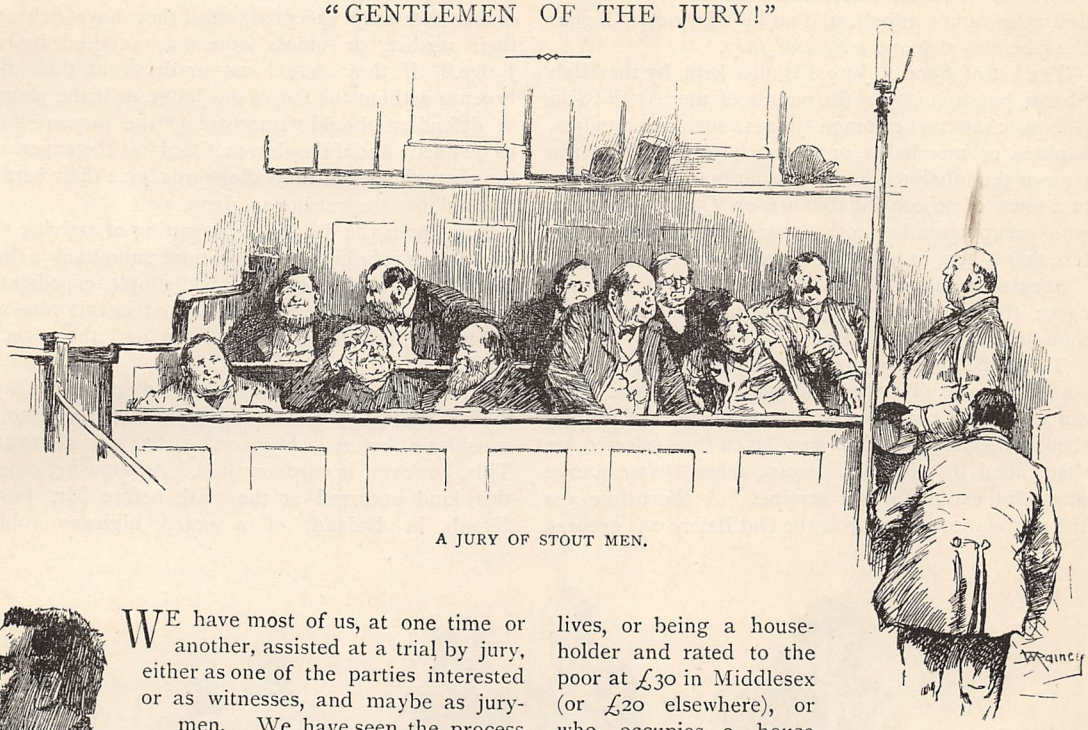
I.—OUR PHILOSOPHER.



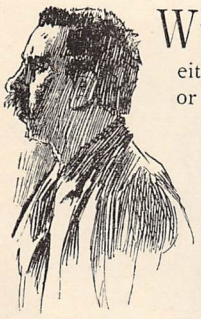
A FOREHEAD grave, belied beneath
By merry grey eyes' twinkling stir;
A slow, quaint speech—by these true signs
You know our home philosopher.

Small comfort grumblers get from him,
Whatever is he counts the best;
Take heart, says he, and play the man,
And meet your fate with smile and jest.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY!"



A JURY OF STOUT MEN.

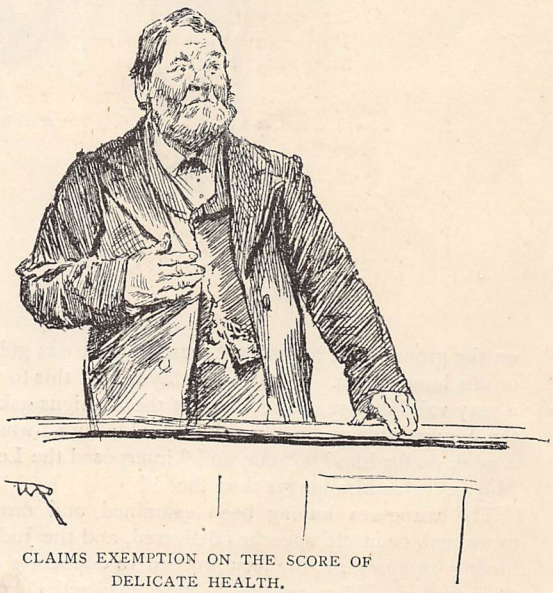


MUTE, OF MALICE.

WE have most of us, at one time or another, assisted at a trial by jury, either as one of the parties interested or as witnesses, and maybe as jurymen. We have seen the process of "empanelling" the twelve good men and true; have listened patiently to the examination and cross-examination of the various witnesses; and have most probably detected a large amount of cross-swearing (commonly called *perjury*), of which there is usually plenty in every doubtful cause. The evidence on both sides being finished, Mr. Silkworthy, Q.C., rises with "My Lud, and Gentlemen of the Jury," and does his best to convince the Court in general, and the jurors in particular, that his view of the case is the right one, and that of his opponent is utterly wrong. Having concluded his address, Mr. Speechly, Q.C., on the other side, endeavours to demolish whatever effect his learned brother's address may have had on the jury, and to put quite another complexion on the case. The two learned gentlemen having exhausted their forensic resources, the Judge proceeds to "sum up" the evidence, directing the jury as to the law of the case, and what *facts* they have to decide: for it must be remembered that the jury have to deal with questions of fact *alone*. The jury then consider their verdict, and deliver it, sometimes involving the life or death of one of their fellow-beings.

It is my present object to explain to such of my readers as have not served on a jury the law relating thereto in as simple a manner as possible.

Every natural-born subject, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, having an income of £10 from lands or tenements of freehold or copyhold, or £20 from leaseholds for twenty-one years, or for life or lives, or being a householder and rated to the poor at £30 in Middlesex (or £20 elsewhere), or who occupies a house with fifteen or more windows, possesses the privilege of being summoned as a juror. The High Sheriff of the county keeps a book called the *Jurors' Book*, containing the names of all persons eligible to serve as jurymen. From this book the *panel*, or list, is selected, which the High Sheriff sends to the Sittings or Assizes; and he summons those persons named therein to attend, under various pains and penalties, amounting to *not less* than forty shillings. By this means we arrive at a *Common Jury*.



CLAIMS EXEMPTION ON THE SCORE OF DELICATE HEALTH.

Should, however, either the plaintiff or defendant desire his rights adjudicated on by a jury of a higher class, he may demand a *Special Jury*.

The list of Special Jurors is also kept by the High Sheriff, but it contains the names of more well-to-do persons than the common jurors, such as esquires, bankers, or merchants, or those who are rated to the poor or the inhabited house duty at not less than £100 in a town of 20,000 inhabitants, or £50 elsewhere, or who occupy premises, other than a farm, rated at not less than £100, or a farm rated at not less than £300.

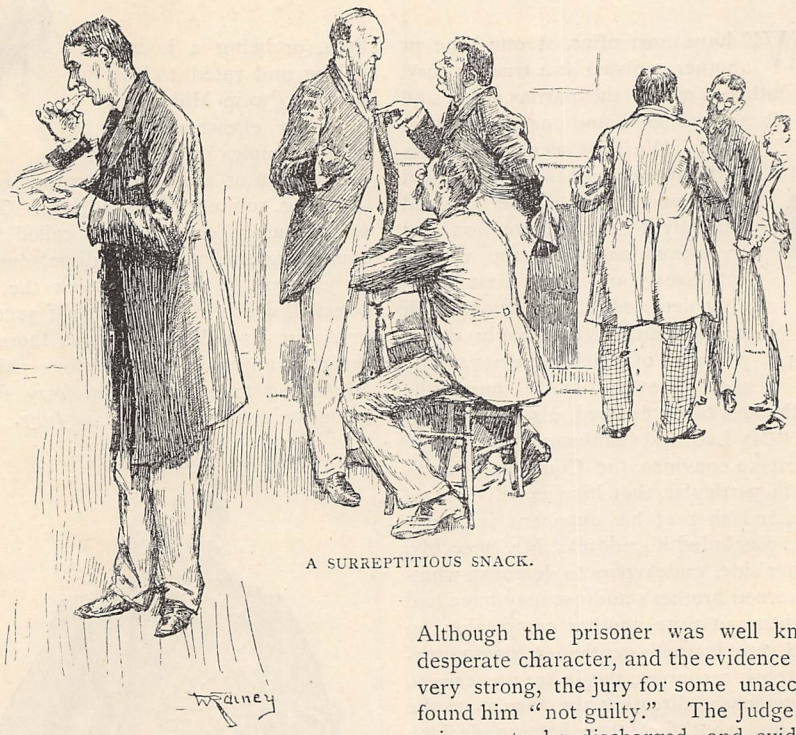
Special jurors used to be paid £1 1s. for each case; they now receive £1 1s. per day, and common jurors half-a-guinea per day.

The name of each juror summoned is written on a separate piece of paper and placed in a box. The officer of the Court then selects twelve at random, and these form the jury. The gentlemen thus selected are then called by name and sworn, unless they can urge any valid excuse for not serving. A short time ago the attendance of a juror at the Old Bailey was excused on the ground that he had got married, and was going on his honeymoon. The Lord Mayor held this to be a very valid excuse. The Clerk of the Arraigns asked the happy bridegroom when he would return—would a week do for him? "Oh, no!" interposed the Lord Mayor, "give him longer than that!"

The witnesses having been examined and cross-examined, counsels' speeches delivered, and the Judge having *summed up*, the jury proceed to deliberate on their verdict. They are then (should they retire) kept together, without meat, drink, or fire (the cheering rays of a *candle* only excepted), until they have delivered their verdict, or unless otherwise ordered by the Judge.* If they should eat or drink at their own expense without the fiat of the Judge, or if the plaintiff or defendant should "stand treat," the jury are liable to be fined; and if they have a "feed" at the expense of the party for whom they afterwards give their verdict, this nullifies the verdict so given.

Sometimes the jurymen, despairing of arriving at a unanimous solution of the questions submitted to them, resort to the old-fashioned but simple expedient of "tossing up" for their decision; but in this case also the verdict is liable to be set aside, and the offenders fined.

Should the jury find a verdict manifestly against the evidence, the Court may send them back to reconsider it before it is recorded, but not afterwards. This, however, is very unusual. An amusing case of this kind occurred at the trial before Mr. Justice Keogh, in Ireland, of a noted highway robber.

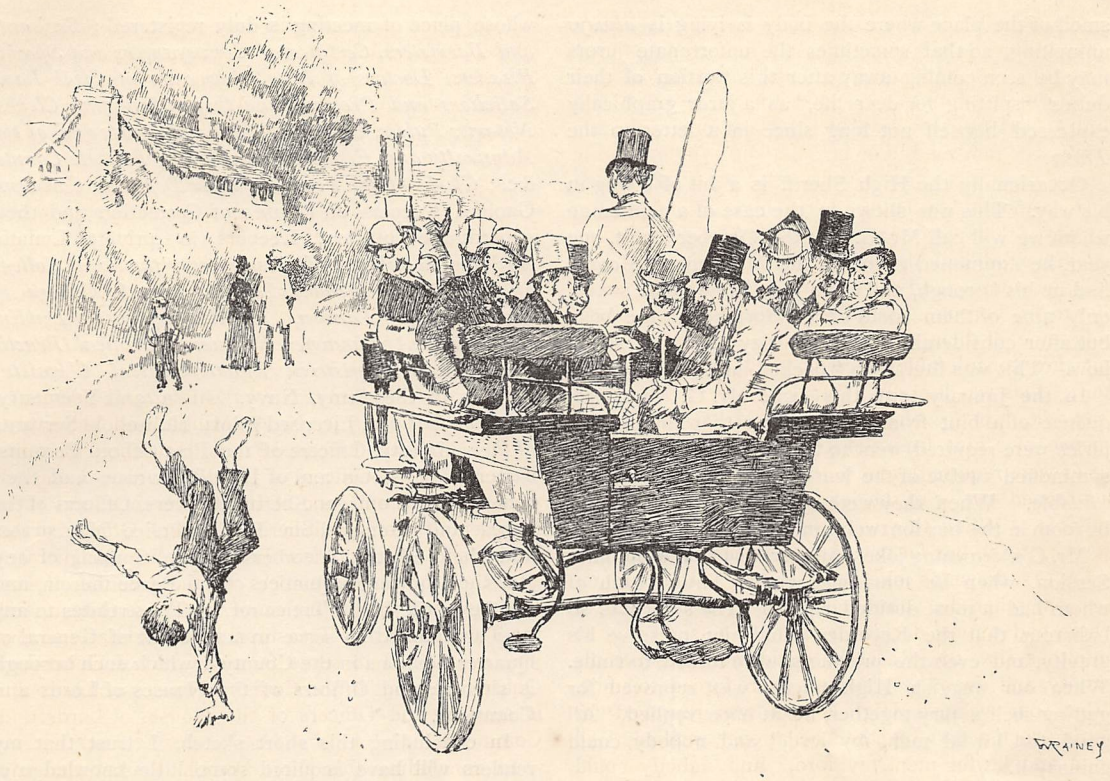


A SURREPTITIOUS SNACK.

Although the prisoner was well known as a most desperate character, and the evidence against him was very strong, the jury for some unaccountable reason found him "not guilty." The Judge in directing the prisoner to be discharged, and evidently being impressed by the details of the gentleman's antecedents as elicited at the trial, remarked to the High Sheriff: "The prisoner must be acquitted; but as I am leaving here to-day for —— at 1 o'clock, I shall feel obliged if you will detain him till three, *so that I may get two hours' good start of him.*"

The Court or Judge cannot punish a jury for their

* By 33 *and* 34 *Vict. c.* 77., *s.* 23, jurors after having been sworn may, in the discretion of the Judge, be allowed, at any time before giving their verdict, the use of a fire when out of Court, and be allowed reasonable refreshment, *such refreshment to be procured at their own expense.*



AN AIRING FOR THE TWELVE.

verdict, however erroneous. If they cannot agree, they may be discharged ; and if one of their number is suddenly taken ill, so as to be unable to remain until the verdict is agreed on, the Court may discharge that jury, and charge another with the case.

Should a juror be sworn as "John Brown," when his right name is "John Jones," there must be a new trial ; but not if he be sworn by a wrong *Christian* name.

The jury sometimes take it into their heads to give a *perverse* verdict, and in such a case a new trial will be directed, but generally without costs.

A good story of what may be called a perverse verdict is told of the trial of a certain prisoner, who, on being asked the usual question, pleaded "Guilty." The foreman of the jury thereupon immediately jumped up, and addressing the Judge, said: "We have found a verdict of *not guilty*, my lord !" The Judge remarked that this was at least singular, considering that no evidence had been heard either way ; but the foreman replied: "Ah, yes, my lord, but we all of us know the prisoner well, and he was never known to speak a word of truth in his life !"

The verdict must be the unanimous decision of the jury ; and it is either *general*, for the plaintiff or defendant, or *special*, stating all the facts of the case, and leaving it to the Court to pronounce the proper judgment.

If neither party feels sufficiently confident to persevere till verdict, the Judge frequently recommends the parties to *withdraw a juror*. If this is agreed to, a juror steps out of the box (generally with undisguised satisfaction), and the rest are discharged, thus putting an end to the case.

In Criminal causes, the prisoner occasionally thinks he will nonplus the Court by refusing to plead. A jury is then summoned to try whether he stands "mute of malice," or "by the visitation of God." If the former, a plea of "not guilty" is entered *for* him, so accommodating is the law in this respect. After the Indictment is read to the prisoner, the officer of the Court calls twelve jurors from the *panel* by their names and addresses in the same way as in Civil causes. They then stand up in the box and are sworn ; but before the oath is administered the prisoner has a right to *challenge*, or object to, any particular jurymen. *Challenges* are either (1) *to the array*, when exception is taken to the whole jury ; or (2) *to the polls*, when individual jurymen are objected to. It is not often, however, that a jury is challenged nowadays.

On a Coroner's Inquest the verdict must be with the concurrence of at least twelve jurors ; and the inquisition must be had *super visum corporis*—that is to say, the jury must "view the body." If the body cannot be found, the coroner cannot sit, except by virtue of a Special Commission for that purpose. The sights which coroners' juries have to inspect are generally extremely gruesome, and often hideous, and the

smell of the place where the body is lying is *always* uninviting, so that sometimes the unfortunate jurors may be seen coming away after this portion of their duties "spitting for dear life," as a juror graphically expressed himself not long since in a letter to the *Times*.

Occasionally the High Sheriff is a bit of a wag in his way. This was shown in the case of a gentleman whom we will call Mr. G. At the October Court, one year, he summoned twelve of the fattest men he could find in his borough, and when they came to be sworn, only nine of them could sit comfortably in the box; but after considerable squeezing they all got in somehow. This was literally a "packed jury."

In the January term this same Mr. G. (in consequence of a hint from the Recorder that no more fat juries were required) went to the opposite extreme, and summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men obtainable. When they were seated there appeared to be room in the box for twelve more of the same calibre.

Mr. G's. crowning joke, however, was at the Summer Session, when he summoned twelve jurors, each of whom had a most decided squint. The sight was so ludicrous that the Recorder could not preserve his gravity, and even the prisoners were forced to smile. When our waggish High Sheriff was reproved for getting such a jury together, he at once replied, "All good and lawful men, my lord," and nobody could gainsay it.

The following are totally exempt from serving on juries. In those professions printed in *italics*, the gentlemen must be in actual practice: Peers, Members of Parliament, Judges, Clergymen, Roman Catholic Priests, Ministers of Protestant Dissenters, and of Jews whose place of meeting is duly registered; *Serjeants and Barristers, Certificated Conveyancers and Special Pleaders, Doctors of Law, Advocates of Civil Law, Solicitors and Proctors and their Managing Clerks, Notaries Public, Officers of the Law Courts and of the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts, Probate Courts*, &c.; *Clerks of the Peace or their Deputies, Coroners*, Gaolers, Keepers of Houses of Correction and their subordinate officers, Keepers in private Lunatic Asylums, *Members and Licentiates of the Royal College of Physicians, Members of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, Certificated Apothecaries, Registered Medical Practitioners and Registered Pharmaceutical Chemists;* Officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, and Yeomanry, *while on full pay*, Licensed Pilots, Household Servants of Her Majesty, Officers of the Post Office, Commissioners of Customs and of Inland Revenue and their representative officers, Sheriffs' Officers, Officers of the Rural and Metropolitan Police, Police Magistrates and their officers, Members of the Council of any Borough and every Justice of the Peace therein, and the Town Clerk and Treasurer, as far as relates to any jury summoned to serve in any Court of General or Quarter Sessions in the County in which such borough is situate; and Officers of the Houses of Lords and Commons.

In concluding this short sketch, I trust that my readers will have acquired some little knowledge of the law relating to juries; and that in the event of their being called upon to serve their country in the capacity of jurymen their verdicts will be truly and impartially given, without fear or favour, no matter how great or how small the issue.

HERBERT E. BOYLE.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE CARRUTHERS FAMILY.

"DO-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do!" rang out the delicious voice of a young girl, breaking at times into trills and roulades, like a moonstruck nightingale singing out his heart on a summer's evening in the woods. She ran up the scale brilliantly, and ended with a triumphant bravura of fifths which displayed the marvellous powers of her voice.

"There, will that satisfy you—you exacting little mother?" she said, swinging herself round on the music-stool, and facing her audience.

"Oh, Dulce, Dulce!—gently, dearest. Remember how much depends on that precious organ of yours," said Mrs. Carruthers, with a half-sigh.

"Dulce, if I had a voice like yours, I should spend the whole day at the piano!" cried her younger sister, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"And ruin your voice completely, Marjorie mine? Ah, you see, the mantle of fortune was cast upon quite the wrong person when my fairy godmother bestowed my voice upon me, instead of giving it to you!"

"No; but a truce to jesting. Do be serious for once, and sing us something soothing, Dulce," laughed her mother.

"Well, I will sing you a quaint little melody that Signor Marios gave me the other day, before he went back to London." And Dulce turned to the piano once more, and let her fingers stray for a few moments aimlessly over the keys, then, gradually breaking into a low, minor melody, she began to sing—

"Did you think that the world was gay, sweet,
When the sun shone yesterday?
And the flowers that strewed your path, sweet,
Were rich with the life of May?

"Do you think that the world is sad, sweet,
Now the rose at your feet lies dead?
And the sun and the light are away, sweet,
And the perfume of May has fled?

"Will you think that the world is bright, sweet,
When the day of our youth is by—
When we wait for the night of death, sweet,
Together—you and I?"

Her voice was one of the perfect mezzos, which one only meets perhaps once in a lifetime—whose depths and heights are instinct with pathos and passion. She had evidently been well trained, and her singing was far more that of a professional than her simple, girlish manner seemed to warrant.

When her song was ended, she closed the piano and came forward to the window without speaking.

As she stood there in the May sunlight—with the shadows of the climbing roses flecking her white dress—it was evident that Dulce Carruthers was a very lovely girl. Not lovely in the ordinary commonplace way of the world, with a wasp-waist and a heavy fringe, but with a graceful figure, the noble curves of which even the well-worn poorly fitting gown could not disguise, and nut-brown hair—through which threads of gold waved and danced like lost sunbeams—that lay low on her white forehead and curled in bewitching little tendrils round her little ears, being finally caught up and fastened with a silver pin in a Grecian knot at the back of her shapely head.

Her delicately tinted oval face, with its peach-like bloom—her small sensitive mouth, and amethyst eyes under their heavy fringe of lashes, gave one a clear insight into her character. For she was like an April day, full of light and shade, and, like most artist souls, her sensitive nature was always strung up to concert pitch, so to speak.

Mrs. Carruthers must, in her young days, have been very like her beautiful daughter, for although time had marred the outline of her form and face, and had left on her the imprint of a life of anxious poverty—touching her sunny hair with grey—there was still left that great nameless charm of manner and expression that even without the gift of personal beauty will make the possessor, in the eyes of the world, seem rarely gifted.

The only other occupant of the room—sixteen-years-old Marjorie—was a complete contrast to her sister in every way. Her short, dark, curly hair, and mischievous brown eyes, were not more unlike Dulce's fair beauty than was the energetic, practical turn of her mind to her sister's sensitive, dreamy nature.

"Yes, darling," she said, meditatively pulling her darning-needle slowly in and out of the knickerbocker stocking she was mending; "the music is lovely, of course; but I must say that I prefer something more stirring — like 'Bonnie Dundee' or 'The Jacobite Boat Song'—something that makes you want to be up and doing great things. When I hear a song like the one you have just been singing, I feel inclined to sit and cry, like a silly little noodle!"

Dulce laughed, and Mrs. Carruthers said, smiling, "What are you going to sing at Trevithick next week, Dulce? Something, I hope, that will suit your voice as well as that love-song you have just sung."

"Do you think that Jack Mordaunt will be there?" said Marjorie, with a mischievous glance at her sister's back. "Dear me, Dulce! you are *actually* blushing—your ear has turned quite pink. Pray don't do anything foolish! What *have* I said?"

"Blushing!" cried Dulce indignantly. I am *not* blushing, you little torment!" and throwing the sash wide open, she sprang out on to the lawn and ran away laughing.

Marjorie, without waiting for her mother's gentle reproof, followed her, and they were soon chasing one another gaily round the old-fashioned flower-beds, and pelting each other with daisies.

Mrs. Carruthers, left alone, leaned back in her chair with a faint sigh, and gave herself up to thought. That her thoughts were not exactly pleasant ones was evident from the faint shadow on her face, that did not seem quite to be in harmony with the brilliant May sunlight and the flower-scented garden outside.

Trelorn House—the home of the Carruthers—was a long, low, old-fashioned building, the iron-clamped oak front door being in the centre, between two bays. The date, engraved on one of the stone mullions, and which was supposed to be the year in which the house was built, was 1559. It had evidently, at that period, belonged to some yeoman farmer, for the meadows that sloped upwards behind the house were rich pasture lands, and the east-lying orchard, with its gnarled fruit-trees, was large enough to have supplied cider to a whole army of retainers.

The kitchens that lay at the back were the largest and loftiest rooms in the house, and, as the present owner's establishment was far from large, were unused—the cooking being done in a smaller room leading out of those vast domains.

The garden, in front of the house, sloped down to the river, and was sheltered by a belt of trees from the road which ran immediately below. On the opposite bank of the river rose an undulating green slope, wooded in small ravines, where on a peaceful Sunday afternoon the sound of hidden church bells, with their unearthly music, swelled up into the quiet air and swung and echoed across the water.

No one can at all realise the beauty of Cornish scenery, unless he has an intimate acquaintance with that part of the world. It is so much more surprising than that of Devonshire—possessing, as it does, many of the beautiful characteristics of that county intensified by the wildness that is, above all, the *sine quâ non* of the land of King Arthur. To imagine Cornwall civilised and densely populated would be to imagine an impossibility. The ghosts of those fierce old kings that lie under their rudely carved gravestones on so many a lonely tract of Cornish land, would rise in horror at the very thought!

Trelorn village, with its squire's home buried in trees, and its own scattered houses, was a typical Cornish village.

It was peculiar only in this respect, that it did possess a little society of its own beyond the very

poor of the place. Besides the Carruthers, there were the bachelor clergyman, Mr. Emlin, and his widowed sister, and a rather eccentric naturalist brother who lived with them. Then at the Park, where the young squire was as yet under age and an Oxford undergraduate, dwelt his widowed mother, and her two unmarried sisters. Last, but not least, Jack Mordaunt, the rising young village doctor, owned a pretty cottage not far from the Carruthers' house, and was on close terms of intimacy with his neighbours.

The Carruthers had come to Trelorn very quietly rather more than twenty years back, and it was not everyone who knew the romantic story of the sudden appearance of the young bride and bridegroom, while to those who did know it, the halo of romance had been brushed off by the wings of time, and they were looked upon now as merely a quiet family party, who never went about save in their immediate neighbourhood, and would have been almost uninteresting, save for the fact that the beautiful eldest daughter was already beginning to earn her living by singing at small concerts and private houses, and was hoping before long to make her *début* in London, aided by the well-known Signor Marios, who had helped to train her magnificent voice during his frequent visits to Trelorn.

The Hon. Norman Carruthers, youngest son of Lord Spenhouse, had, in his early youth, fallen in love with beautiful Mary March, who was then making the world ring with the fame of her voice and style. She was, in the eyes of the world, on the high road to becoming the most famous operatic singer of her day; but thoroughly disgusted with the stage and its surroundings, she accepted the hand of her lover, and with him retired to the domestic happiness of married life in quiet Trelorn. Furious with the marriage, Lord Spenhouse refused to recognise his son's wife, and struck the name of his son out of his memory and his heart, requesting him to hold no communication with any member of the family, and to consider himself as dead to the illustrious house of Spenhouse—an outcast and an alien.

Matters might have gone very differently if Norman's own mother had been alive. But she had died when he was still a boy, and Lord Spenhouse, after a few years had elapsed, married again.

His second wife was a proud, cold woman, and regarded Norman's marriage as a blot on the family escutcheon, and her lamentations and recriminations did not tend towards reconciling father and son.

Norman, proud in his reserved way, retired to Trelorn with his beautiful wife, and there lived a very quiet life on the tiny fortune that had come to him from his dead mother. His health, never very robust, prevented him from actively attempting to earn his living, and he had sunk into a semi-invalid, whose sole interest in life was his books—his greatest happiness when a stray article from his pen found a refuge in the pages of some magazine.

It was of her husband that Mrs. Carruthers was thinking that bright May morning. The thought that she had been the innocent ruin of his life and hopes was often bitter to her, although never for one instant had she found cause to regret that quiet wedding following on the brief sweet days of their courtship. But her maternal mind was so full of the future of the children. There were Ted and Dick and little Duke, besides the two girls, to be provided for; and the two eldest, boys of nineteen and fifteen, had already developed strong ambitions of their own, which it only needed money to realise. Her dear, bright, clever boys—no one could tell how much she longed to be able to give them the chances of Oxford and the army for which they were longing.

But she knew that their future was in higher hands than hers, and, with a sigh that was half a prayer, she went off to her husband's tiny study to help him with his literary work.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"TWILIGHT AND LOVE."

MR. CARRUTHERS was sitting by the window of his little study when his wife entered. He was surrounded by volumes of all shapes and sizes, and was searching busily through an old folio—a rare black letter edition of Chaucer, with quaint black binding clamped with brass.

He was a man whose every feature and line of figure denoted his aristocratic breeding and education. His face, with its delicate pallor and pathetic brown eyes, reminded one forcibly of Vandyke's picture of the ill-fated Charles I., which impression was enhanced by the imperial and slight moustache that he wore. But his face wanted the energy of health and ambition to be, strictly speaking, handsome. Ill-health and separation from his family had brought that expression of settled melancholy which, when it was dispersed by one of his rare, beautiful smiles, made one realise that, under happier circumstances, Norman Carruthers might have become a very leader among men, by reason of the lofty beauty of his face.

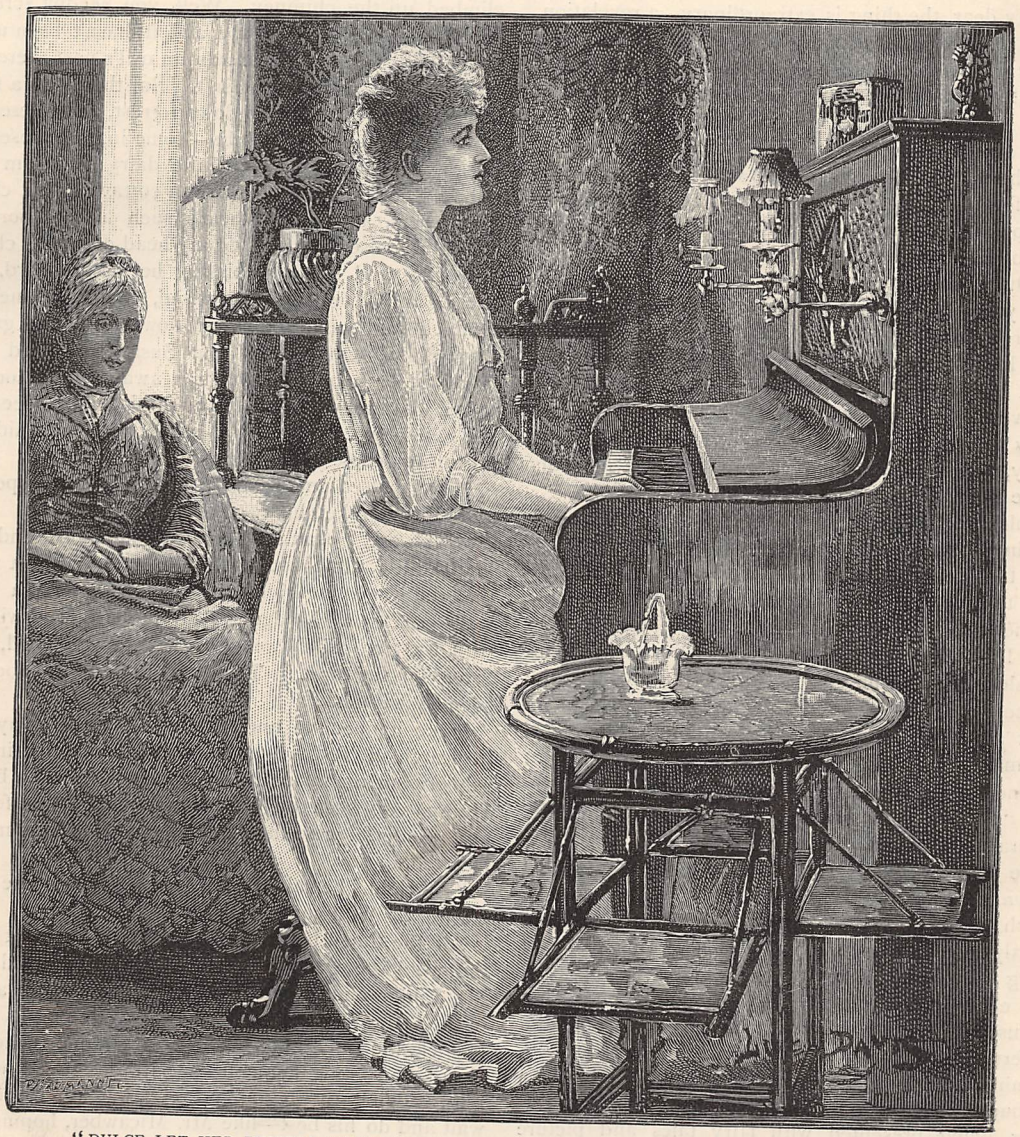
"Are you very busy, dear one?" said his wife softly, touching the long slender fingers that were playing absently with the leaves of his manuscript.

He looked up at her.

"Never too busy to talk to you, Mary. But this monograph on Cornish stones and crosses is a most absorbing subject to me. If it is only successful, and some editor is attracted by it, I feel sure that it will bring me a little fame."

His wife smiled down at him brightly. She believed in him so firmly that, during the whole of the twenty years of their married life, she had always imagined him to be on the very verge of achieving fame and success. It never seemed to strike her that fame was still a very long way off from her hero. It was the fault of the cruel editors who were leagued against her husband—it was a positive conspiracy! But what joy there was in her gentle heart when a proof-sheet did accidentally find its way down to Trelorn! The very children were hushed that their father might have every chance of correcting his treasure to the very pitch of perfection. She could not help the sad conviction that lay buried deep in

her heart—that she had spoiled his life. And perhaps in the great literary world of London, where he would have been surrounded by all that was best and worthiest among men, he might, by force of example, have risen to some slight eminence. But Norman Carruthers considered all well lost for love, and was



"DULCE LET HER FINGERS STRAY FOR A FEW MOMENTS AIMLESSLY OVER THE KEYS" (*p.* 30).

perfectly happy dreaming his great thoughts among the Cornish woods and hills.

"Have not you sometimes thought, dear," said Mrs. Carruthers, busying herself in arranging a confused heap of papers on a side table, "that Jack Mordaunt is very fond of Dulce?"

"He is fond of us all, I think," said her husband cheerfully. "And what an intelligent, clever boy he is! He deciphered the inscription on the Holy Well for me the other day in quite a remarkable manner, throwing quite a new light on the words. He has also promised to help me very efficiently with my article on 'The Dark Ages, as compared with Modern Times.' He has evidently taken a great fancy to me, and I often wonder at his good-nature in being so much with the young people, when I know so well what the bent of his mind really is."

Mrs. Carruthers smiled a little.

"Jack is a very clever young fellow," she said. "Has it ever struck you that some day he will come and ask you to give him our little Dulce?"

Mr. Carruthers took off his eye-glass deliberately, and folded it up. "My dear, you astound me," was all he said.

"And it would be quite a nice thing, too," went on his wife. "Our little girl would live quite near us, and in great comfort too, for Jack is fairly well off, and is a rising man, I am sure. Perhaps it is not quite the marriage she ought to have made, but then it will save her from becoming dependent on her voice."

"My dear, the thing is extraordinary—a revelation. I can hardly believe that the child is grown up, it seems so short a time since she was a baby. And is it really the case, my Mary, that we are to go courting again in our children?"

He stretched out his hand across the table to her, and she took it silently. There was no word spoken for a few moments, but one of those beautiful silences fell upon them that we can so well believe are broken only by the rustle of a passing angel's wing.

"Dulce is twenty now, no longer a child. So what shall you say to Jack Mordaunt?" said Mrs. Carruthers at last.

"That he had much better stick to articles on the Dark Ages than do anything so foolish as to fall in love. No! no! Mary, if the young people are really in love, there is no reason why they should not marry, but now leave me to my Chaucer and my 'Rare Ben Jonson.'"

Dulce and Marjorie were sitting in the garden that evening, reading and talking, in the delicious half-light that was beginning to steal over the world.

At their feet sat little Duke, the pet and the pickle of the family—the seven years' gap between him and Dick, representing two baby lives that had vanished into the unseen world, leaving a void in the mother's heart never quite to be filled up. He was a most attractive small boy, for whom the name of Marmaduke seemed far too great a mouthful. It had degenerated into "Marmalade" of course, and finally into "Daddles" for some untold reason, but to the general world he was known as Duke.

He had a round face with a slightly freckled *retroussé* nose and large blue eyes, while his hair, which persisted in growing, as his sisters told him, exactly like a door-mat, and was quite incapable of being brushed into anything resembling a top-knot, was exactly the colour of a barley-field on a hot August day. He was very backward for his age, and preferred being read aloud to by his devoted family to opening any book, however fascinating, on his own account. Notwithstanding this failing, he was always being presented with fairy tales and picture books in the hope of inculcating a love of literature, and it was one of these latest presentations that he was examining as he sat on the terrace, with his legs crossed under him like a Turk.

"What is this picture about, Dulce?" he said at last. "And what does s-t-o-r-k spell?"

Dulce explained at some length the fable of the Stork and the Fox, for it was Griset's beautifully illustrated edition of "Æsop's Fables" that he was holding.

"Dulce," he said again, with childish irrelevance, "do you ever kiss Jack or—or—Mr. Emlin?"

Much scandalised, Dulce gave an indignant denial, and Marjorie gave him a little shake, and asked him severely what he meant.

"Well, I don't know—is it wrong?" he replied, looking up with rather an injured expression. "And you needn't be so cross, Marjorie. Well, it was like this, you know. I went into the big kitchen and climbed up the chimney. Well, you needn't scream so, Marjorie—it wasn't dirty, and it hasn't been used for years. Ted said there was an owl's nest there, so I went to see, and there wasn't. But there was a nice sort of little seat, so I sat down to rest, and presently I heard John—gardener John—come in, and presently Susan, who was going into the dairy to cream the milk. They talked a lot, about a cottage and a chest of drawers, and then I heard such a loud sort of smacking noise that I poked my head down the chimney again, and saw him kissing her on her hard, red cheek, and I was so surprised, that I somehow tumbled and came crashing down into the grate. I only said, "Oh, John!" but Susan screeched out, "Lawks, it's a bogle!" and ran away. John looked so red and funny, and said I oughtn't to have been up the chimney. But when I asked him, he said all grown-up people liked kissing."

Duke paused meditatively, after this long speech, and Dulce stroked his rough head softly.

"John and Susan are going to be married, and live in the little white cottage at the gate—so that what they did was quite right. But let us go for a little walk—shall we, Madge? And perhaps Ted will go with us, too. Shall we go as far as the wood, and listen for the owls? They will be sure to hoot as soon as it is dusk."

Duke jumped up, and, flinging his book away, ran in search of Ted, whom he found very busy in the schoolroom manufacturing explosives in a tin basin. He was very keen on chemistry just then, and fearful and wonderful were the smelling compounds he manufactured.

"All right," he said, turning up a flushed face from his work. "I'll come in a jiffy!"

All the Carruthers were good-looking except Ted, the would-be Oxonian, who was reading hard with Mr. Emlin, and meant to try for a scholarship at one of the Oxford colleges.

Dick, the only other boy, was at a small school in Truro, and came home from Saturday to Monday—he was dying to go to Woolwich, but was content to wait and do his best—like Mr. Micawber, hoping that something would turn up. If the worst came to the worst, he could always enlist.

Duke paused for a moment to study, with profound awe, the nauseous compound. Ted, always kind to his small brother, began to explain the various properties of the chemicals, and his freckled face, with the keen, short-sighted eyes, began to glow with enthusiasm as he demonstrated and explained the results that would ensue from the fusion of the two compounds.

"You see, I mix them very carefully, and pour them slowly from one basin to the other. The result

will, of course, be a brilliant white light, much prettier than your Christmas snapdragons, Dukie!"

He slowly inverted the basins. There was a faint hiss—a crack—and a noisy, though harmless, explosion. Duke's shriek of indignant alarm brought his sisters running to the window, and above the smoke rose Ted's red head, bristling like a Turk's-head broom.

"Good gracious! Why on earth did it do that? I must have taken the wrong bottles, I suppose. You little funk, what did you screech for? It is irritating enough when one's little experiments do go wrong, without having a mere baby to irritate one still further. I thought that your head was at least blown away! *Next* time, I'll blow you up to the moon!" he concluded, with biting sarcasm.

"Come out of that dangerous room, my precious! Why, your face is like a little sweep's!" cried Dulce.

"And, Ted, if you don't leave those nasty explosives at once, we'll go without you!"

Ted, grumbling like a bear with a sore head, slowly put together his beloved chemicals, and locked them up securely in a drawer. Then he strolled out into the garden, and joined the little party.

Their way led them out through the rustic orchard gate down the road, past Jack Mordaunt's cottage. The young man was sitting at his window, and heard their merry voices as they came along. He closed his book quickly, and snatching up his hat, ran out into the little strip of garden that lay in front of the house, and began to examine the budding rose-trees with the careful eye of a connoisseur. He had an uncomfortable sensation that he was going to be shy, and as he caught the bird-like tones of Dulce's voice above the others, he flushed deep crimson to the roots of his hair. He told himself that this was a ridiculous state of things, a condition of nerves so extraordinary as to be almost pitiable. For four long years he had known the young Carruthers quite intimately—indeed, before he had succeeded to his uncle's practice at Trelorn, he had often spent his holidays in the village as a boy, and patronised the little family at the "House" in quite an elder-brotherly sort of way.

But gradually there had been springing up in his heart a new feeling towards Dulce, and as, day by day, she, on her side, grew more lovely, and something of timidity stole into her manner towards him, his tremulous feeling awoke into a deep, great love, that became the very life of his being.

But he had never dared to breathe a word of his feelings towards her. When he was alone, he would plan a hundred passionate speeches wherein the fervour of his love was set forth, and which, by reason of their very eloquence, would make her yield, and promise to become his wife. But when he was with her, all his courage fled suddenly away, and beneath the light of her clear eyes, he shrank into a reserved, silent being, and had strange, wild longings to flee into Mr. Carruthers' protecting presence, and set violently to work at deciphering black-letter missals.

"Jack, Jack, what are you at?" sang out Duke as they straggled across the road towards him, and—"Halloa, Jack! are you looking for new specimens of aphides, and trying to find out if they really *are* the ants' cows?" said Ted. "Why hast thou glued thy noble nose to a rose-bush? remember every rose has its thorn!"

Jack turned a would-be careless face up from his contemplation of the rose-bush. "Where are you off to?" he said.

"To hear the owls hoot up in the wood," said Marjorie eagerly. "Come with us, Jack."

And Jack Mordaunt, with one quick look at Dulce, flung open his small gate and joined the party.

They kept talking gaily as they climbed the hill. But when the road grew narrower and more winding, they separated into couples, and so it came to pass that Jack and Dulce found themselves alone together. The way to Trelorn Woods was up a steep, deep-rutted road, with high banks on either side, thick with bracken, and the more delicate fronds of the recurva, and the hart's tongue, with every now and then a branch of the osmunda jutting out, showing the course of a rippling stream that was slipping along through the masses of ferns and bluebells. Strange to say, in the south of Cornwall the cowslip is unknown, but the banks were starred here and there with yellow king-cups, and the hedges were already beginning to blush pink under a cloud of dog-roses.

The two young people were very silent, until a steeper bit of road brought Dulce to a standstill with a breathless exclamation. Jack held out his hand quickly, and she laid her little white hand in his with a confiding gesture.

Then his tongue seemed suddenly loosed, and flinging to the winds his eloquent speeches, he slipped his arm round her unresisting waist. "Dulce, my sweet," he whispered, "give me the right to call this little hand my own—oh, darling! I love you."

Dulce said nothing, but in the fast-falling twilight lifted up her face to his, and on her sweet lips he set the seal of their betrothal.

So these two happy lovers wandered up the hill together, oblivious of anything and everything but their own love, and their own affairs. Marjorie in carrying away Ted had given him a hint as to how matters were tending, which he received with true brotherly scorn. "Pooh! why, I knew weeks ago how it would all end," he said, and then, as if struck by a sudden sense of absurdity, he clapped Marjorie on the back, and burst into a sudden spasm of laughter, which echoed down the quiet hillside. "Oh, goodness! only think of Jack and Dulce spooning!"

He became so crimson in the face with his emotion that he had to stop still, and let Marjorie shake him into order again. Meanwhile Duke, much impressed—though he had but vaguely gathered the meaning of Marjorie's obscure remarks—trotted down the hill again, bent on finding out what spooning meant. He crept under the shadow of the hedge, so that the lovers did not notice him as he came up to them, and he stood still, with his legs set wide apart, and his hands clasped behind his back, surveying this

new state of existence with a puzzled frown. Jack at that moment was measuring Dulce's slender finger for the ring, with a piece of grass, and Duke's anxious mind at once received the impression that she had cut her hand and that he was binding it up for her.

"Why don't you do it with a handkerchief?" he called anxiously, in his clear childish treble, "it stops the bleeding much quicker than grass; and would Dulce tumble over if you didn't hold her up tight, Jack? She must be very bad. Shall I call Marjorie?"

But Dulce caught him up in her arms.

"You little pickle," she said blushing, "you must always have your little finger in everybody's pies!"

"No, but, Dulce, what does spooning mean?" and Duke wriggled impatiently in his effort to escape.

Jack came to his sweetheart's assistance nobly.

"Duke," he said solemnly, "do you like eating jam?"

"Yes," said Duke with a doubtful frown.

"Well, because I have got some delicious apricot jam at home—and I think a certain little Dukie Carruthers, who is going to be my brother some day—so sister Dulce says—shall have a whole pot for himself."

"Oh," cried the child, a sudden light dawning upon him, "it's like John and Susan—and you're going to marry Dulce. Has he kissed you, Dulce?"

But fortunately at this moment Marjorie, having from afar realised the state of affairs, swooped down like Nemesis upon her small brother, followed at a little distance by Ted, and there was an interval of mutual hand-shaking and embracing, and a few tears on Dulce's part, so that Duke's attention was once more diverted from its embarrassing topic.

When they reached at last the very summit of the hill, the lovers drew once more a little apart from the others. They were standing on a high stretch of moorland backed by woods, and below them, stretching away towards the blue sea-line, lay a winding, wooded country, broken here and there by an aqueduct or the chimney of some copper or lead mine with its surrounding buildings and refining reservoir, from which the ore trickled out, washed from impurity, in a perpetual muddy stream. But all lay silent now, bathed in the primrose light of evening. The dark outlines of the cliffs towards Looe and Fowey were plainly seen, with the gleam of the silver sea beyond. And in the distance rose the precipitous magic stones of the Cheesewring, jutting out blackly against the failing light. The wood itself, with its ruined quarry and lime-kiln, green with ferns, was strangely silent. As the sun went slowly down, and the bank of night-clouds began to drift up from the horizon, lined with orange and crimson, a faint breeze arose and stirred the fresh green leaves into a soft whisper.

"Call the owls, Ted," said Marjorie, in a low voice; and Ted, putting his hands to his mouth, produced a shrill wailing cry that echoed in among the trees in a ghostly fashion.

It was presently answered by a waking owl from the old lime-kiln, and as the dusk deepened three or four owls took up the cry, growing nearer and nearer as they flitted from tree to tree, till all round them the wood rang with their sharp hoots.

Dulce crept nearer to Jack, with an instinctive shudder at the eerie sound; and her lover, with a pleasant sense of protection, drew her close to his side, with a look of exquisite love.

But poor Duke was so overcome by the weirdness of the whole thing, that he created a complete diversion by sitting suddenly down on a stone, and lifting up his voice in a howl of terror, whereupon Jack Mordaunt, catching him bodily up in his strong arms, carried him down the hill again to bed.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE SHADOW OF A PARTING.

THERE was to be a sort of village tea at the Hall, to which the Carruthers and Jack, as well as the Vicarage people, were bidden, and as it was a sort of annual affair, where rich and poor went to entertain each other, and receive charming little presents, they had all accepted. Jack had faintly grumbled at first at the idea of going to a place where cigars would not be *en règle*, and Ted at the idea of being parted from his dear explosives for even an hour or two; but Dulce had charmed them both into going with their party, and had represented that as young Trelorn was at home, having still two days more vacation before returning to Oxford, cigars to a moderate extent would not be only likely, but a certainty.

The trying ordeal of confessing their engagement had been safely gone through. Dr. Mordaunt had formally asked for Dulce's hand, and Mr. Carruthers had given his consent, provided that they should be informally engaged for a whole year, as they were so young; then, if their minds continued the same at the end of the twelve months—Dulce being then of age—he should have nothing to say against their marriage.

Dulce was inclined to be indignant at this stipulation, but Jack recognised the wisdom of it.

"You have seen nothing of the world yet, sweet one," he said gravely. "If ever a chance should come, which would bring you back into your proper position in society, you would find many a suitor far wealthier than I am, to plead for that little hand."

Their engagement caused little sensation in the village; they had known one another for so many years, and everyone had always prophesied this result. And no one outside the village knew enough of the Carruthers to care one way or the other as to whom Miss Carruthers married.

Ted had been growing rather gloomy during the past few days, and Dulce hoped that the change, however slight, might rouse him from his dismal contemplations. He had begun to fear that Oxford, even with a scholarship, would be an impossibility for him, for his father had told him that any extra expense would be absolutely impossible for him in the future, and that his sons must begin as soon as possible to earn their own livings. He had suggested an

office for Ted, and the boy had said nothing; but when Dulce entered the schoolroom a short time afterwards, she had found him with his white face buried in his hands, a prey to bitter depression. She had drawn from him an account of his woes by her gentle sympathy, but she was cut to the heart by his unhappiness.

"What's the good of all these?" he said, glancing round the room at the volumes cast in manifold confusion on chairs and tables. "What's the good of having slaved like a dog—to end in an office? And what Dick will say I don't know: his heart is bound up in the army, and the pater says it is quite impossible; he'll have to emigrate, or go into a bank."

"Oh, Ted!" was all Dulce could say.

She loved her brothers so dearly that she felt their pain and trouble quite as much as they did themselves. And the thought of bright handsome Dick, whose future would be completely wretched, and whose very life and nature might be soured by the disappointment, was very bitter to her.

"It was very selfish of us, I know, Dulce," said Ted, in a voice hard with despair; "but Dick and I had counted on your making your fortune by your voice and sending me to Oxford, and Dick to Woolwich, and perhaps Duke to Eton—but now you are going to be married, of course it is quite different. Of course Jack won't want you to sing in public when you are his wife; and father says I may try for a scholarship, but if I fail, I must go into an office at once. Well, at any rate, I have a little respite."

Dulce was struck dumb as she realised what her brothers' ideas had been. What a beautiful ambition it would have been for her to have fashioned her brothers' lives for them, and perfected them, by her voice! but she also realised how very futile that idea was.

"Dear Ted," she said gently, "I could never have made a fortune with my voice. If I had gone on singing in public, in future years I should perhaps have made enough to keep myself—but that would have been all. And in those few years' time it would have been too late to do you and Dick any good. You would have been too old to begin life again, and go to college."

As she spoke she gently touched Ted's bended head with her lips, and left the room. She was unwilling to buoy him up with false hopes, but she would have given much out of her store of happiness to have brought the light of joy to his eyes again.

She said nothing of Ted's trouble to Dr. Mordaunt, however. She felt that he had enough cares of his own, without having the minor details of their life to worry him, and she knew that he would only say—

"Oh, darling, if I were only rich enough to make you happy in everything—to give you all your heart could desire!"

And what were riches, after all, compared with happiness?

The Carruthers themselves had never known for a single day in their lives what it was to have as much money as they wanted, and had they been any the less happy for that? No! a thousand times no! Dulce answered herself energetically, pushing away as an evil thought the unformed wish that her lover was better endowed with this world's goods. She felt morally certain that Ted would go to Oxford somehow. She herself had ten pounds in the Savings Bank that he should have towards his expenses—money that she had earned with her own voice. It was very sweet to her to think that her days of singing in public were numbered, for it was a thing she instinctively hated, and she remembered with a delightful thrill Dr. Mordaunt's look of love as he had told her that, once under his wing, she was never to be anything more than the "Hausfrau," while he intended to play the part of the "breadwinner."

But all sad thoughts were forgotten when Dulce in her pale blue cotton frock, with a large white hat, came skipping downstairs that bright May afternoon in the sunshine. She had put on her blue dress because it matched with her simple turquoise engagement ring, and with the bunch of forget-me-nots that she wore at her throat, and which Jack had brought her that morning. The rest of the party were all waiting for her in the hall: Duke resplendent in a blue serge suit, with a white sailor collar, and a very large sailor hat that stood on and round his head like a halo.

Having said a tender good-bye to their mother, and been reviewed as to buttons and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, which formula had never been dropped since they were out of long clothes, they set off demurely down the garden and crossed the river by the little bridge.

Jack Mordaunt was waiting for them at the Hall gates, having finished his round of work earlier than usual, and he joined their party as they sauntered up the avenue. The Hall at Trelorn was built on the side of a hill, which was wooded from end to end. Round it flowed the river, away to the sea, on whose sandy shore, where the trees bent their long branches to the very water, herons and strange wild birds made their home. The grounds round the house, though wild, were very beautiful, and the stone terraces were bright with peacocks sunning themselves on the balustrade. The house, that fronted them as they came up the drive, was of sixteenth-century date, and the upper part of the massive oriel windows still glittered with the original tiny squares of glass, that caught the sun and flashed like the sea on a summer's day.

They were shown into the drawing-room, that had evidently been arranged with great care for the village tea, for the lounges, and tall china vases full of feathery grasses, had all been pushed on one side, and in their place stood a row of chairs, and the piano divested of its velvet hangings. The walls, hung with mirrors between every break in the tapestry, seemed to reflect back innumerable duplicates of the occupants of the room, so that Dulce found it hard at first to distinguish the real from the unreal, and Duke, though he had so often been in the room before, was so overcome with shyness, that he walked by mistake

into one of the mirrors, and had to be bodily removed and escorted up the room by Marjorie, where everyone wanted to kiss him, to his great disgust.

There were a dozen middle-aged "mothers" from the village, each in a state of excited perspiration and new clothes, and each with a clean white pocket-handkerchief spread on her lap.

Behind them were ranged the rector, Mr. Emlin, a gentle old man with white hair; his sister, Mrs. Brown, a lady of a certain age, rather excitable in manner and handsomely dressed, who possessed a very high colour and used a great deal of pearl powder; and the two Miss Vassells, the squire's aunts, spinster ladies, with angular figures, overflowing with fun and humour.

Tom Trelorn was pacing up and down the room, feebly trying to make himself agreeable to his tenants' wives. His eyes lighted up as he saw Dr. Mordaunt and Ted, and he shook hands eagerly with them.

"I say, you know," he whispered, "this is awful rot, but when it's over we'll light up and have a jolly time."

Mrs. Trelorn, a frail little woman with a pathetic face, greeted the new arrivals very warmly.

"Dulce, my dear," she whispered, as she kissed the girl's blushing face, "I was so glad to hear the good news about you. I think you will be a very happy couple. I know you will be a very handsome one!"

"What are we all waiting for now?" broke in the young squire energetically; "don't you think we had better begin something or other?"

"My dear Tom," said Miss Thomasina Vassell solemnly, "we are every moment expecting Mr. Abel Emlin, who is to favour us with a song." She rose from her seat as she spoke, and advanced slowly into the room. "In fact, I hear him at the door at this moment."

And, indeed, a scuffling noise did begin to make itself heard, accompanied by the sharp yelping of a dog.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, in an aside to Dulce. "He has brought that wretched Rough with him! My darling child, I can assure you that dog is the plague of my life."

It was one of Mrs. Brown's little ways to be very demonstrative in her expressions. A mere stranger (when a stranger did happen to come to Trelorn) was her "dearest" and her bosom friend until she became her bitterest enemy, which was before many weeks were out.

Miss Vassell threw the door wide open, and displayed the unfortunate Mr. Abel, vainly endeavouring to restrain the gambols of his retriever. Jack Mordaunt, however, going to his assistance, between them the dog was soon shut out into the garden, where he bewailed his fate by howling piteously, and exterminating a bed of Mrs. Trelorn's favourite mignonette.

Mr. Abel Emlin, when he emerged breathless from the battle into the light of day, proved to be a loose-limbed man with a shock of red hair, and a nervous way of rubbing his hands together when he spoke. He was a naturalist and botanist of no mean powers, and had written a book on the habits of the "Snail," which was said to solve many doubts connected with the career of that erratic reptile.

"You are late, Mr. Abel," said Miss Thomasina, as she escorted the shambling little man back into the room, winking in an irresistible fashion at Dulce over the top of his head.

"Yes; ah—yes—ah—um—How do you do, Mrs. Bowden? how's the baby?" was his answer, as he began solemnly to shake hands with each of the thirteen women, who each rose from her chair like a shuttlecock to meet him.

"Yes—now I will tell you the reason that I am so late, Miss Thomasina," he continued, still mechanically shaking hands with everyone within reach. "The fact of the matter is that Rough refused to start till he had thoroughly digested his dinner."

"That reminds me of a story about your friend Mr. Sanders," said young Trelorn, laughing. "He was once major in a volunteer corps, and was being examined in riding. You know that he is not exactly a sylph, and it was with great difficulty that he was hoisted up on to his horse at all. He walked slowly round the ring, and the colonel, who was beginning to be amused, said, 'Thank you, major; now I think we must trouble you to trot.' He worked his arms and legs about like a windmill, and at last started off his gee; but when he reached an open place in the ring, the horse bolted towards home, and was with difficulty captured by his groom, and brought back again to canter round for the third time. There never was, since the world began, a more ridiculous sight than the major trying to trot; but when the horse reached the open place he bolted again. When he was being ignominiously brought back by the groom, the major confidentially asked the man why his horse had bolted. 'Lor bless you, sir,' was the answer, 'it's one o'clock, and the hoss knows it's lunch-time!' The major was much surprised at the beast's sagacity, and going up to the colonel, as he stood there in all his majesty of plumed hat and sword, he said confidentially, 'Wasn't it a very odd thing, colonel, that they put me up to-day on a horse that hadn't had its luncheon?'"

Mr. Abel listened attentively to his anecdote, and when everyone else had finished laughing, a broad smile began to expand the corners of his mouth, and, as if slowly and suddenly realising the point of the story, he burst into a hollow chuckle which seemed to proceed from the depths of his boots.

When silence was restored again, Tom Trelorn asked him to sing.

"I only sing comic songs, you know," answered the naturalist.

"All right; all the better."

So down sat Mr. Abel on a three-legged stool, and having declined all offers of accompaniment or assistance in any way, he began a dirge on three notes, the fun of which seemed to consist in a chorus of "Hoppety humpety hump," &c., in which nobody joined.

Dulce was the first to break the silence, for being utterly overcome with the sense of the absurdity of the whole thing—the little man, blinking his eyes like

an owl as he sang, the solemn, listening women, and the grinning faces of the boys—she broke into a ringing peal of laughter, which was presently echoed by everyone in the room.

"Are you going to sing at Trevithick, to-morrow night, Dulce?" said Mrs. Brown eagerly. "Lady Menheniot has such a number of people staying in the house. And among them your——"

"Oh, Dulce," broke in Mrs. Trelorn nervously, "do go and see if tea is ready in the library yet. I am sure the women must be so hungry."

Then as the girl hastened away, she turned to Mrs. Brown rather severely.

"I think you had better say nothing to Dulce as to her grandparents being at Trevithick to-morrow night. I have only just become aware myself that Lord and Lady Spenhouse are staying there. But as Dulce has never seen either of them, she need know nothing of their being among her audience to-morrow night. Outsiders had far better leave family feuds alone, or they may burn their own fingers. Now shall we adjourn to the library?"

It was the wonder of all who were intimately acquainted with the trio how it had come to pass that Mr. Emlin had been blessed with such a brother and sister.

His was the unrecognised history of a life of self-sacrifice, and of such perfect self-abnegation, that he was sometimes considered a nonentity in the family group—a colourless character.

His father having been married twice, he himself was much older than his step-brother and sister, and with his white hair, and face as benign as a French country *abbé*, looked fully his threescore years and ten. While Mrs. Brown, his step-sister, who had worried her husband into a premature grave, would have been shocked to own to the forty years that had in reality passed over her head. She had lived with the rector since her widowhood, and as to Mr. Abel Emlin, he was also a permanent member of the Rectory household, it being supposed that he was not quite capable of looking after any matters, save those of the garden snail.

Years ago there had been a love-story in the rector's life—a golden thread that had woven itself into the monotony of his existence. But a bleak wind on a northern moor had ended the romance, and there remained of it nothing save a green grave in a distant churchyard, and a bunch of violets that had once lain over a still, dead heart. But the rector's heart lay in that grave, and his youth and happiness had been nailed down in that white-flower-wreathed coffin—years and years ago.

But still, here he was, the very ideal of a brave man who can suffer, and yet, hiding his grief under the mantle of true religion, show a brave front to the world. Jack Mordaunt and Dulce were special favourites of his, and he crossed the room to the young man's side, on purpose to speak a few words of hearty congratulation.

"Thank you, rector. I hope I shall be worthy of her. We shall be a very happy couple," said Jack, glowing with pride and pleasure. And the rector, as he looked up at the tall young fellow, with his keen bronzed face and dark eyes, his head, close-cropped as an Englishman's should be, set erect and straight on his broad shoulders, felt that at any rate they would be a singularly handsome pair.

Jack's father had been a poor country clergyman, struggling with a small income and a large family. His mother had died when the boy was born, and if it had not been for an uncle who owned a small private income as well as a good practice at Trelorn—and who took a great fancy to the bright clever boy—Jack would have fared badly in the matter of education. As it was, he was sent to Harrow, and then to Edinburgh, where he did everything that was expected of him, and returned to Trelorn at his uncle's death, to take up the practice as a full-fledged M.D.

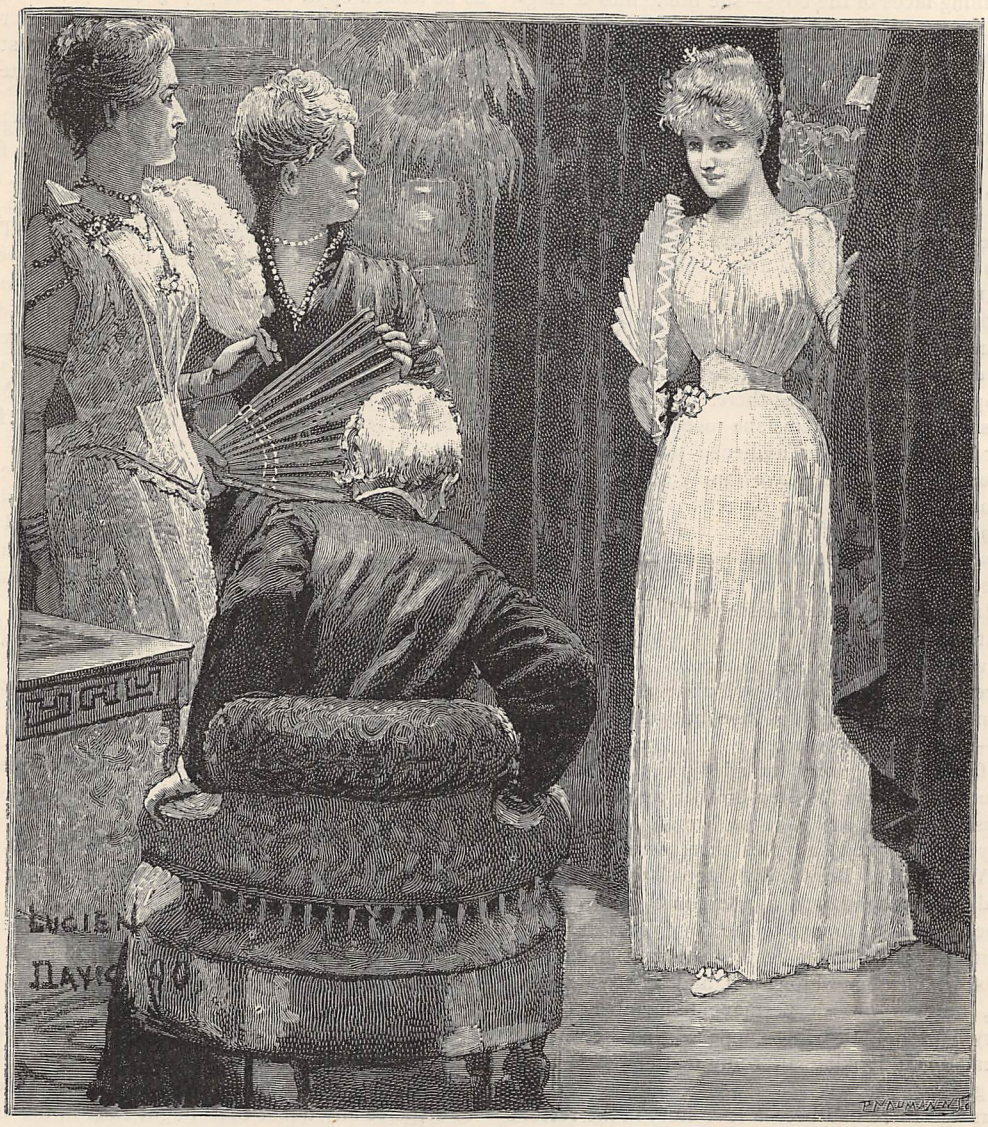
The Trelorn entertainment ended with "Home, Sweet Home," exquisitely sung by Dulce, which brought tears to her hearers' eyes. Jack, as he sat a little removed from the rest of the party, with his head resting on his hand, seemed to be touched somehow with a growing sense of sadness as he gazed at her. Could it be true, he asked himself, that this lovely girl would ever be his wife? Would it be his good fortune to possess this radiant beauty, who might have turned the heads of half London with her voice and face? Once in her own proper sphere, she would never deign to notice an insignificant country doctor.

But then she might always remain just Miss Carruthers of Trelorn—her grand relations would have no chance of seeing her down in this little out-of-the-way Cornish village. And so—as Jack argued the pros and cons of the whole question—he came to the conclusion that he had far better look on the bright side of life—that if those very improbable clouds did darken his horizon, he might at least trust in his sweetheart's love and loyalty, though he was only a country doctor!

His walk home with Dulce in the cool of the evening, with the voices of the others ringing up through the trees as they ran merrily on ahead, was enough to disperse any doubt that might exist in the mind of any man. She was so sweet and gentle in her new-found love, so yielding to him when he told her that he disliked her singing in public, and being at the beck and call of anyone who chose to ask for her services.

"Not quite that, dear, after all," she said, laughing. "You know I am only going to Lady Menheniot to-morrow because she is so fond of my mother—and taking money from her is almost a pleasure, she always gives it in such a delightful way, as if it was a great condescension on my part to accept it, and to sing for her."

"And so it is, my pet," said Jack stoutly, and they had a merry argument over the vexed question, which ended in complete submission on the part of Dr. Mordaunt, and in a bunch of withered forget-me-nots somehow finding its way into his breast-pocket, and being rapturously kissed that night in the solitude of his bedroom.



"DULCE HERSELF ENTERED THE ROOM" (*p.* 42).

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

LORD AND LADY SPENHOUSE.

LADY MENHENIOT was one of those delightful people who seem to live for the sole purpose of making everyone around her as happy as possible. She was a dear little roundabout woman with a vivacious manner and a Spanish style of her own, with olive skin and dark eyes that were rather bewitching. But she was occasionally, in some of her impetuous arrangements, not gifted with a sense of tact.

Tact and good taste had both been wanting when she had asked Dulce Carruthers to sing as a professional in the house where her grandparents were staying, but up to the moment when her guests began to assemble on the evening of her "At Home," she had not thoroughly realised the fact that Lord Spenhouse was indeed Miss Carruthers' grandfather.

It was her husband who first awoke her to the pleasant consciousness of her mistake. He came into her dressing-room, where she stood before the cheval glass putting the finishing touches to her dress, while her maid was clasping the diamonds at her waist and throat.

"Aren't you ready yet, dear?" said Sir Harry, rather impatiently. "I want to speak to you."

"Yes, quite ready. You can go now, Brown; and just go and see if the young ladies are ready. Well, Harry, what is it?"

"I say, Jean, you know—I say, you really have done it this time!"

"What *has* happened, my dear Harry?" cried Lady Menheniot, sinking down on to a divan, and lifting up her hands in comic despair. "Have I left anyone out in my invitations, and have you received a challenge from the aggrieved husband?"

Sir Harry looked down with a smile at his little wife. He was a big, bluff Cornishman, with a look of perfect health and breeding about him that redeemed his otherwise ordinary features—the sort of man whose place in life is the saddle, whose only garments should be the all-becoming "pink."

"No, nothing of that sort," he said emphatically. "But Desmond has just told me that Spenhouse is Miss Carruthers' grandfather, and that there has been some tremendous family quarrel, and they have never met for years. What an awful *faux pas* to have asked her here to sing to-night—it will really look like an insult! All this would never have happened if Carruthers had not been such a hermit. How was one to remember who his people were when he shuts himself up in his den, and has never seen a soul to speak to for years except the parson?"

"What a catastrophe!" moaned Lady Menheniot despairingly. But, never having owned to being in an awkward position in her life, she soon brightened up again.

"Oh, my dear boy, what does it matter after all? Carruthers is such a common name that the Spenhouses will suspect nothing, and, of course, I shall not introduce Dulce to them, so that she will never find out that they are here at all. I feel certain that everything will go well, and if the worst does come to the worst, why, we may be the means of making up this sad family dispute and binding them again in bonds of unity."

"I am distinctly doubtful if I should care to possess such a grandmother as Lady Spenhouse. She is just like a frozen Queen Elizabeth, with a bit of ice for a heart. Fancy being pressed to her grandmotherly bosom! However, you are sure to make things go off all right, Jean," was Sir Harry's parting remark, as he strolled back to his dressing-room to complete his toilette.

Lady Menheniot could not repress a sensation of discomfort and nervousness as she shook hands with Dulce that evening. The room was full of guests, and brilliant with the light of innumerable candles, the flash of jewels, and the lustre of magnificent dresses. And yet, in the midst of all this gathering of wealth and beauty, Dulce, in her simple white muslin dress, wearing no ornament save a diamond star in her hair (given to her mother in one of her days of triumph) and a spray of white roses at her waist, was the most prominent figure. She was one of those girls whom it is impossible to overlook. Wherever she went, she must of necessity become the centre of admiration to which all eyes must turn. And she was looking her best that night as she entered the room with Mrs. Trelorn, who had undertaken to be her chaperon. There was a bright flush of excitement on her face, and her lips were parted with a smile of pleasure, as she listened to Lady Menheniot's warm, though slightly flurried, greeting.

"Yes, my dear Dulce," she was saying. "How good of you to come! now go into the little drawing-room at once, and tell Sir Harry to give you a cup of coffee or an ice."

She hurried the girl away—anxious lest the eyes of Lady Spenhouse should fall upon her.

But it was only averting the evil hour, for when the girl mounted the raised daïs, and faced her audience, she was at once seen by everyone present.

Lord and Lady Spenhouse were sitting together towards the centre of the room. She was a tall woman of about fifty, with a fine but angular figure, and a face that must once have been exceedingly handsome. She was dressed in rich yellow brocade, with well-chosen jewels in her hair, and round her low bodice. Lord Spenhouse was a complete contrast in every way to his still handsome wife, for he had reached the age of threescore years and ten, and looked fully his age. His figure was bent, and his hair white as snow, and whereas her face was hard in its expression, and the lines of her mouth denoted the determination of an obstinate will—*his* face showed a tendency to weakness in the mouth and chin, and there was a fretful querulous sound in his voice that betokened a man who, if not disappointed, had at least not found life the happy existence an expectant youth had dreamed it to be.

"We shall have a treat to-night in Miss Carruthers' singing," said Captain Lefroy, who sat next them. "I believe she has a marvellous voice, and thinks of coming out on the London boards."

Lord Spenhouse started and dropped his eyeglass, but his wife said coldly—

"Indeed; I shall like to hear her voice—but it will probably turn out that this swan is a goose after all."

"Who is she—this Miss Carruthers?" said Lord Spenhouse, in a nervous tone.

"I have not the ghost of an idea. But I think that her father lives a secluded life in some village near here. I believe there has been some family quarrel or nonsense of that sort, and there he lives—quite the jolly old hermit, you know."

Lady Spenhouse would no doubt have declined to acknowledge the imputation that she knew what "a jolly old hermit" was, but at that moment Dulce quietly took her place and began to sing.

When his eyes fell upon her, Lord Spenhouse suddenly gave a groan and half started to his feet.

"Great mercy!" he said, "how like Dulcibella." The cry seemed wrested from him involuntarily, for in that moment his dead wife—the love of his youth—stood before him, and seemed to reproach him with mute pathetic eyes for his desertion of their son. There stood her living, breathing image, singing like an angel some song of happiness and love, and here—not many feet removed from her—he sat, a broken-down old man, with the memory of his youth strong upon him.

Lady Spenhouse leaned forward with anxious impatience. She was annoyed at this *contretemps*, and

inclined to visit her annoyance on poor Lady Menheniot.

"Come into the other room," said Lady Spenhouse, rising from her seat, and refusing Captain Lefroy's offer of help with cold politeness. She had a truly British horror of a scene, and though she was touched by Dulce's voice and exceeding beauty, felt no inclination to have her foisted upon the family as a granddaughter without due reason.

Lady Menheniot, who knew instinctively the cause of the commotion, left her seat hurriedly and followed the Spenhouses into the inner drawing-room. She was genuinely distressed at the occurrence, and Lady Spenhouse's cold, "I think you might have spared us *this!*" did not tend to make her more comfortable.

She was just saying in a tone of despair, "But indeed, Lady Spenhouse, I had not the faintest idea!" when Dulce herself entered the room.

She was flushed with the triumph of the little ovation she had just received, and as she lifted the heavy crimson velvet curtain that separated the two rooms—holding it back with one bare white arm raised above her head—she made a picture of loveliness that took even Lady Spenhouse's breath away. As the radiant figure, backed by the dark mass of drapery—the rich tones of the velvet setting off her white frock—stood in full sight of the little group, Lord Spenhouse seemed to regain his strength, and rising to his feet, with a certain amount of dignity, went to meet her.

"My dear," he said, "I must thank you for your beautiful singing. Are you not Miss Carruthers, and is not your father Norman Carruthers, son of Lord Spenhouse?"

Dulce looked up keenly into his face.

"Yes," she said softly; "you are quite right, but we never speak of our grandfather. He did not treat my father well. He forgot that there is such a thing as love in the world."

Lord Spenhouse laid his trembling hand on her shoulder. "Child," he said, and there was a tone in his voice that no living being had ever heard before—a tone of positive tenderness—"I am your grandfather. I have been an unhappy old man. How like you are to your grandmother! They tell me your name is Dulcibella. Have they schooled you to hate me? No, no, my lady, I am *not* exciting myself," he added querulously, as his wife came up to him and laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Miss Carruthers—Dulcibella—will, I am sure, pardon me if I say that excitement is very bad for you, my lord."

"Excitement! always that word!" cried the old man impatiently, grasping Dulce's wrist with one nervous hand. "Child, look at me Are you in very truth my granddaughter?"

Dulce looked at him with infinite compassion in her lovely eyes. The cold hard words that were on her lips seemed to die away—words of reproach for long years of neglect and poverty—and she said, almost tenderly, "Yes, Lord Spenhouse, I am your granddaughter."

"My only one," he said; "I have no other grandchildren. Your uncle Clifford is not married. And if you have a brother, he is heir to my title, but not to my estates, for nothing is entailed!"

Lady Spenhouse laid a soothing hand on his arm.

"I want to see you again, Dulce," he said, "before we leave here. Do you live near Trevithick?"

"Yes, only five miles away," said Dulce eagerly. "Will you come over to-morrow to see my father and mother? I know they would be so glad to see you."

A terrible change passed over the old man's face, an expression of concentrated fury so appalling to witness that the girl shrank back involuntarily.

"I will never forgive your father—never—for his disobedience, and as for the woman—your mother—may I never set eyes on her face, for I should curse her for bringing division to a family proud enough to wed among the highest in the land."

At these words all the passion of Dulce's impulsive nature broke into life, and she sprang forward with clenched hand, forgetting everything save the words of insult that had been poured on her mother.

"You!" she cried dramatically; "*you* to speak hard words of my mother, the dearest and best creature that God has made! You left us to starve, you did not care what became of us. We have suffered from the pinch of poverty, but we have been happy all our lives helping and working for one another. I will never speak to you again, Lord Spenhouse, until you apologise to me for those words that you have used about my mother."

She stopped in the middle of her torrent of words declaimed like a tragedy queen with uplifted hand, for Lord Spenhouse, with bowed head, had turned away, and, taking his wife's arm, silently left the room.

When she was alone with Lady Menheniot, Dulce, with a passionate gesture, flung herself into an arm-chair and burst into a flood of tears.

Little Lady Menheniot stood wringing her hands in pretty despair.

"Oh, what a terrible disaster!" she cried, "what a fiasco my evening has been! Dulce, dear, don't cry like that, you make me so wretched."

The girl sat up at last, and wiped away her tears. Then, with a little laugh, she sprang to her feet and stamped her foot imperiously.

"How silly I am to cry at what that horrid old man said! Dear Lady Menheniot, you have nothing to blame yourself for, and I am going to sing again—now, at once. Why should your guests suffer because of our family quarrels?"

No one in the outer drawing-room, save Captain Lefroy, had any suspicion of the scene that had been enacted within a few feet from where they sat; and when Dulce appeared again on the platform, the traces of tears on her face passed quite unnoticed in the rather subdued light. Strung up to the pitch of excitement in which her interview with Lord Spenhouse had left her, she sang with greater passion and vigour than before, and electrified her audience.

When her song was done, she quietly retired into the ante-room, and appeared no more that evening.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

SCISSORS-SHEATH AND BAG FOR OPERA GLASSES.

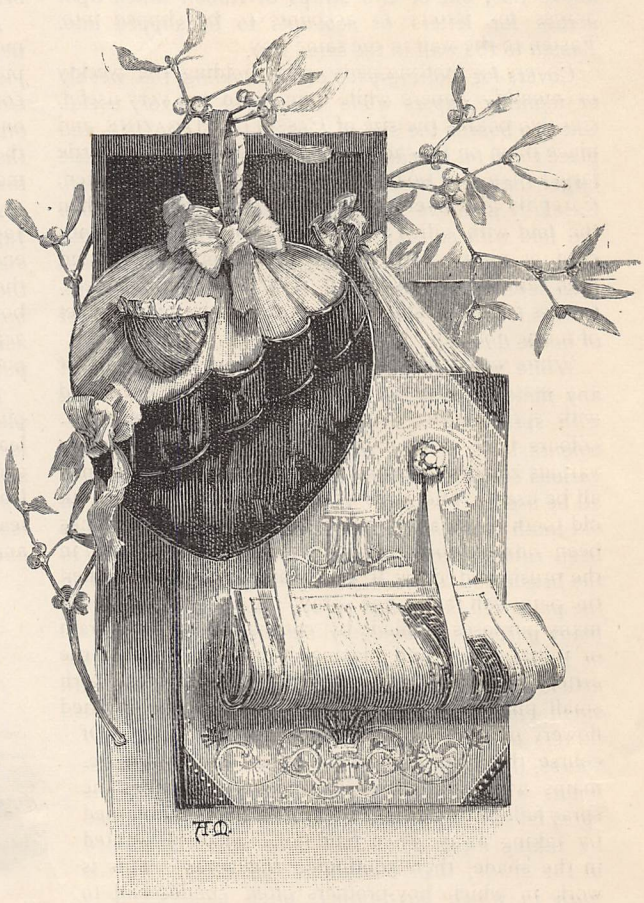
"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year"; but when November has come and all but gone — to those who have lots of presents to make — it seems to be drawing near with alarming strides. Many girls are now anxiously trying to solve a problem that has been a worry for centuries—that is, how to make five shillings do the work of ten shillings, and puzzling also to find what they could possibly make with the limited sums at their command. Fortunately, if they have a little industry and good taste, there are many things they can make that will cost little more than some work or trouble—presents that will be more highly esteemed by their friends because they are entirely their own manufacture.

Mirrors, for instance, which, large or small, are always welcome additions to our rooms, can be handsomely framed by materials that have been gathered in a country ramble, and when finished look like finely carved oak.

Get some handy man (if there is no brother able to do so) to make a frame of common wood 2½ inches wide—oval is by far the prettiest shape. Take the flakes of a large cone, and glue them side by side on both edges, the points outwards. In the centre place cones of all kinds, walnuts, beech-nuts, acorns, twigs, anything of the nut kind that comes handy, glueing them firmly to the frame and to each other, heaping them in the centre. When finished give a coat of size, and when dry, one of copal varnish. The mirror glass, with painted back, is not expensive, and stands well. Each spring a coat of varnish or weak glue makes the frames like new. Another style of frame newer than the above is made of all kinds of cereals. The foundation frame is the same, but it must be covered with putty laid on evenly while quite soft. Lay a row of broad beans round the outer edge, haricot round the inner. On the space between make a pretty pattern of maize; then strew rice thickly wherever the putty shows between or around the pattern. Paint with bronze paint.

The same idea could be carried out in shells; painting them when finished with bronze or metallic paint would take away the country-fair look shell boxes and frames have. An American lady sent President Harrison lately a handsome-looking ornament made of a large ginger-jar that had been covered with putty, then on it had been placed all sorts of incongruous odds and ends: a little doll, several small shells of different kinds, a tiny dagger, a coin or two, a diminutive ring, besides innumerable other minute articles. The whole had then been painted. There are many common jars and bottles, but of good shapes, to be found in most households, that could be turned to good account in this way.

A new shape of newspaper rack is an oblong of wood shaped at the top, painted a bronze-green, with sprays of flowers at the top and bottom. Two straps of ribbon are passed through from the back to hold the papers. It is apparently tied to the wall with loops and ends of ribbon. If wood is not forthcoming, it could be made in strong cardboard (the boxes dresses are sent home in would



NEWSPAPER AND PIPE RACKS.

PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME WITH SPRAY OF LEATHER WORK.

do), covered with some pretty material, embroidered or not, and surrounded by cord or gimp. Glue the straps for the papers securely to the back, and add the bunch of ribbons. To correspond, another could be made with a pocket a few inches deep at the foot; above this, one or two straps of ribbon taken tight across for letters or accounts to be slipped into. Fasten to the wall in the same way.

Covers for blotting-pads or for holding the weekly or monthly papers while being read are very useful. Cut two boards the size of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, and place them on brocade or plush after cutting it a little larger than the boards, with a small space between. Carefully glue over on the wrong side, and strengthen the fold with calico; then line and trim round with cord or gimp. If the name is written in pencil and then sewn in stem-stitch, it is a great improvement. Covers for music should be made the size of the sheet of music doubled.

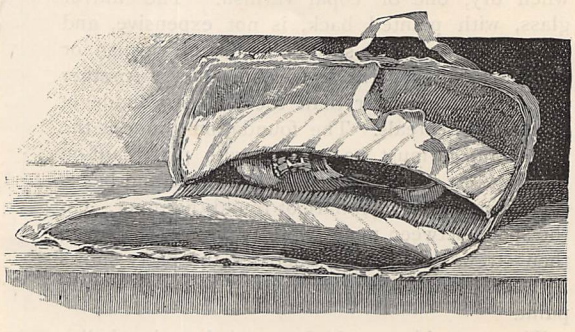
White wood articles, muslin, sateen, paper, almost any material, may be quickly and prettily decorated with spray work. Sepia or Vandyke brown water-colours look well on most things, but inks, dyes of various colours, marking ink for washing things, may all be used. The tools required for the work are an old tooth-brush and a fine comb. After the paint has been rubbed down—making it rather liquid—dip in the brush and draw it gently along the comb, when the paint will fall in fine spray. A design suitable for many purposes is made by cutting out a monogram or initial letter, and placing it in the centre of the article you are decorating, tacking it close with small pins if necessary. Arrange a wreath of dried flowers or ferns round it, then use the spray. Of course, the surface under the letters and flowers remains white, while over the uncovered portions the spray falls in tiny drops. Light and shade is obtained by taking away when half done what is wanted in the shade, then continuing the spray. This is work in which boy-brothers often condescend to assist their sisters.

Bedspreads are rather large pieces of work to commence now to be ready for Christmas, but many effective ones are made with not very much work. Cretonne, made the size of the bed, with a deep flounce of the same, both lined with sateen in the dominant shade in the cretonne, looks well; or one made of Bolton sheeting embroidered—more or less—and bordered with a broad band of serge, satin sheeting, plush, or velveteen. Or a still prettier is sateen or linen in pale blue or pink, embroidered with flourishing thread and edged with écru lace quite a quarter of a yard deep. I saw one lately made of white linen embroidered with gold silk and deep lace; it was very lovely. Transfer patterns pressed with a hot iron do very well. Powdered designs are much used just now, and the patterns could be cut in detached sprays, then used. Autograph quilts make acceptable presents to a bride, made in squares of four, five, or six inches, each square bearing the name of a friend written by herself in pencil (of course large), then sewn in stem-stitch; the squares united by bands of insertion, the whole surrounded by a wide lace to match. Odds and ends of wool crocheted in squares, then joined, make a comfortable quilt for the poor; if the colours are pretty, they make a nice cover for a child's cot. The splasher, toilet-covers, doyleys, brush and comb bag, should all be made to match.

A cover for the brushes lying on the table is much more useful than the bag. Cut the material in two pieces, the under half 13 inches by 11½ wide, the upper cover 16 inches wide by 9 deep; pleat this up, and put on as a pocket and trim. This lies on the table with the brushes in the pockets, the handles resting on the material beyond, ready for use.

A good pipe-rack can be made by covering a Japanese fan with plush. A band of the plush stiffened with buckram (or brown paper doubled) should then be taken across in loops to hold the pipes; the bows should be of ribbon. This band might be taken across slanting, with a pouch to hold matches or spills put in the spaces.

Photo-frames may be covered with brocade or plush, neatly glued down at the back, and a spray of leather work added at one corner. If you have a few acorns left over from the mirror-frame, cut out of basil leather some oak-leaves of different sizes. Take a leaf, or a paper copy of one, and lay it on the leather, and cut round it exactly; steep the leaves in water till



BAG FOR DRESS-SLIPPERS.

quite soft, and mark the veining with the point of a knitting-needle; press them into curves, and lay them aside to dry. When quite so, arrange the leaves and acorns on the frame, and glue them neatly.

Bags or sachets to hold dress-slippers are very useful presents, made in any material edged with gimp or cord, and with strings to tie; or bags to hold an opera-glass, made with a cardboard foundation covered with pongee silk, a band round it of embroidery, or brocade, or plush; then a bag of the pongee with a deep heading and draw-strings. Instead of the straight band, the brocade may be put on in deep vandykes or diagonally. A mere scrap of the brocade left can be made into a scissors-sheath or spectacle-case, cut out in cardboard, covered and lined, then joined with the ribbon bow, which should have a large hook sewn to the back to attach to the waistband.

Clothes-baskets Americans have turned to good account as "catch-alls." Gilt, bronzed, or enamelled, they are lined with silk or satin, ornamented with bows of ribbon, and used to hold all the odds and ends that accumulate in our rooms. Very large cushions are very fashionable just now, covered with black or coloured satin, worked with a scattered design in cream cotton or linen thread. A double frill of soft silk quite four inches deep surrounds them. The frill should match the embroidery in colour. A narrow fringe is used to edge smaller cushions. For a friend who travels much a useful present would be a cushion made of some strong material (chamois leather is suitable). On one side the cover should be double half-way, for papers or letters to be slipped into.

Two wrestling men that would afford endless amusement for the little ones can be made with four corks. Two make the bodies; the others are cut into a rough resemblance to heads, in which, with black pins passed through white beads, make "two lovely black eyes." Paint the lips red, and you may give a hectic glow to the cheeks. Fasten the heads to the trunks with pins or a nail. Cut two strips of cardboard with arms formed as if wrestling; four legs, each cut separately. Dress the men, one as a Highlander in a round bonnet, a white shirt, and tartan kilt; the other may be a Turk with muslin turban, white shirt, and a "divided skirt," but not coming below the knee. Put short sleeves on each of the arms, and fasten them to the shoulders with pins. The legs are fastened on in the same way, leaving all hanging quite easily. Pass a string through the hands, the least movement of which sets the figures wrestling frantically. Some figures require balancing, which is done by putting a tack or two into the body.

THE WRESTLING MEN.

I have mentioned brocade or plush for most of the above articles, but cotton dress sateens, short lengths of which could be got now for the merest trifle, are many of them, both in colours and design, quite as pretty and quite as suitable as more expensive silks.

THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

AND is this she who was so gay
A year ago?—
Who laughed the light-winged hours away,
Said men were bores, and grew *au fait*
In saying "No"?

What ails her now? why does she stand
In such sweet thought?
Her wooer is not rich, nor grand;
And yet she takes not back the hand
Half fiercely caught.

Ah, no, for once she took it back—
A year ago!
And then she lost that golden track,
Her laugh grew false: she sighed, "Alack!
That I said 'No.'"

Now, self-mistrusting, wise, at last,
She scans Life's chart;
But wake, say "Yes"—the past is past,
And the refuge safe, and sweet, and vast,
Of a true man's heart.

WILFRED WOOLLAM.

The Captain of the Waterwitch.

Words by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY. *Music by* BERTHOLD TOURS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

1. She's the cap - tain of the
lifts her eyes with

p

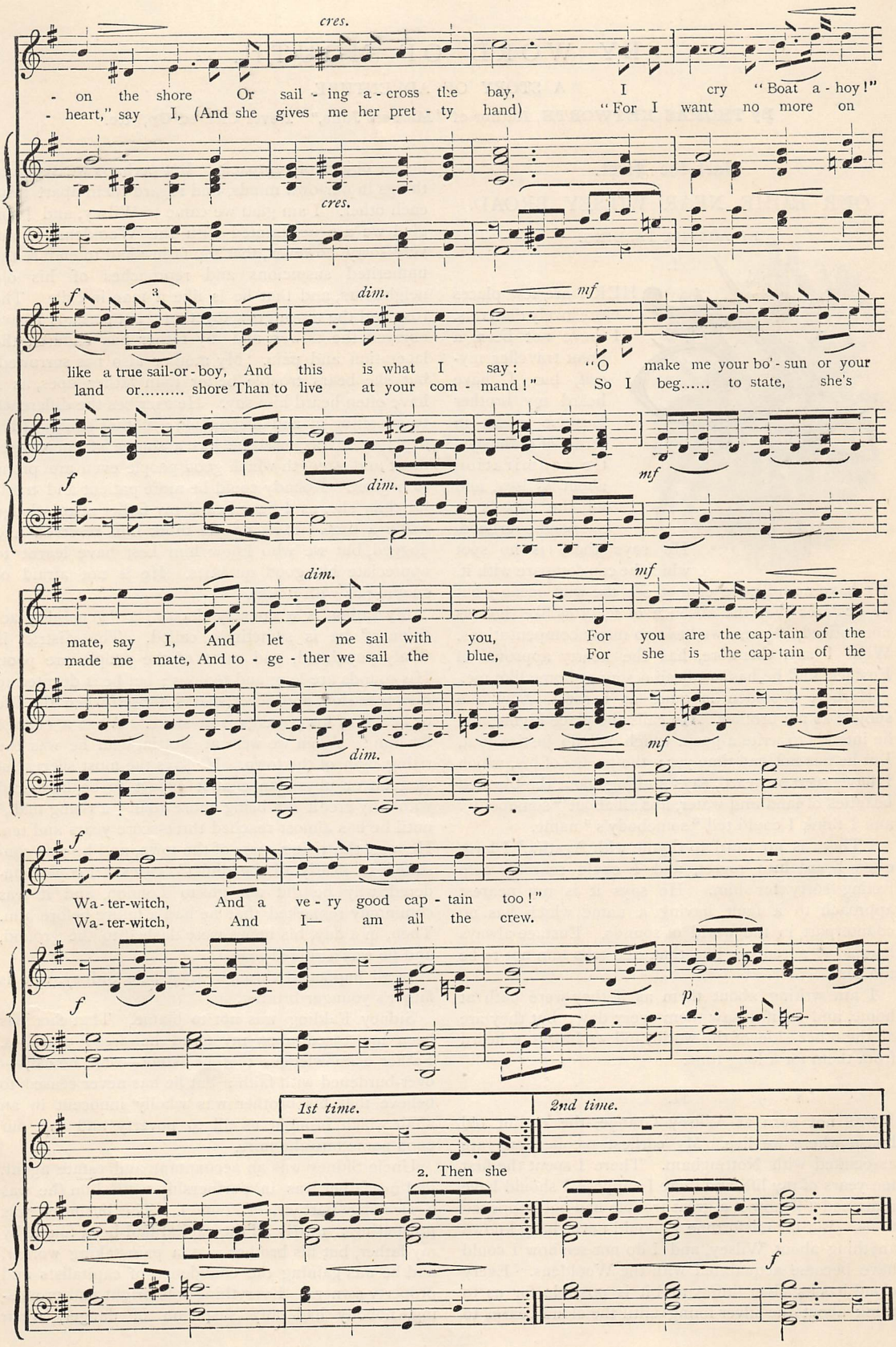
p

Wa - ter- witch, And a ve - ry good cap - tain too, And she's trim and neat from her
sweet sur- prise, "The mate that sails with me Must hon-our and o - bey and

f *dim.* *p* *mf*

hat to her feet, And her eyes are blue— true blue. And when - ev - er we meet up -
nev - er say me nay, On land or on the sea!" "Then I'll be your mate, sweet -

f *dim.* *p* *mf*


cres.
- on the shore Or sail - ing a - cross the bay, I cry "Boat a - hoy!"
- heart," say I, (And she gives me her pret - ty hand) "For I want no more on
cres.
f
dim.
mf
like a true sail-or - boy, And this is what I say: "O make me your bo' - sun or your
land or..... shore Than to live at your com - mand!" So I beg..... to state, she's
f
dim.
mf
dim.
mf
mate, say I, And let me sail with you, For you are the cap-tain of the
made me mate, And to - ge - ther we sail the blue, For she is the cap-tain of the
dim.
mf
f
Wa - ter-witch, And a ve - ry good cap - tain too!"
Wa - ter-witch, And I— am ail the crew.
f
p
1st time.
2nd time.
2. Then she
f

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "Never Cleared Up," &c.

Part the First.

OUR HOME NEAR WILSEY BROAD.

BY AGATHA FALDING.

I.

HERE are few places more lovely than this. I have not been a great traveller myself, but I have heard my brother Eustace speak in terms of enthusiastic admiration about Wilsey, and all the broads in this neighbourhood. He says there is no spot which he can compare with it. We have no hills, we cannot see the wild ocean ; but he declares that the absence of features like those is not noticed, because we have so many compensations. What I say, therefore, has the hearty approval of Eustace, and he has not been a stay-at-home like me.

Herbert Woolden is quite as earnest about the subject as my brother. He calls the place idyllic, and he intends to write a poem which will do justice to it. But he has not had time yet ; the poetry of his, which I have seen or heard, says nothing about the blended beauties of land and water, it is all about "somebody," and I think I could tell "somebody's" name.

"There is no word to rhyme with Agatha," I have often heard him regret, and I could scarcely help feeling sorry for him. He says it is my nearest approach to a fault, having a name which has no counterpart in the world of sounds. Eustace always laughs at a remark like that, and tells him not to be too sure.

I am writing about them as if they were both at home, and as if I saw them every day ; but they are at the other side of the world, and we have not heard from them for a long time.

II.

I WAS not born at Wilsey Grange, the quaint old house where we live. My earliest recollections are associated with Nottingham. There I spent the first ten years of my life, and there I suppose I should have remained till now if a great trouble had not happened to us. But for misfortune I should never have known anything about Wilsey, and I do not see how I could have become acquainted with the Wooldens. Every cloud has its silver lining, and it is possible for us to think about the silver lining until the cloud ceases to be an object of reproach. But perhaps we separate things in our own minds, and regard them apart from each other. I am glad we came to Wilsey, and I am glad we are acquainted with the Wooldens. I am very sorry, however, that my father had to endure the unmerited suspicions and reproaches of his old neighbours, and that he is like a man in exile. The rose and the thorn grow together ; but perhaps I have enjoyed the flower, and my father has endured the laceration and pain. My mother also has sorrowed, but she bears trouble better than father does, as I have often heard him say. He ascribes the difference to constitution and disposition ; mother smiles at his explanation, because she has a source of encouragement and strength which good people even are prone to neglect. Nobody could be more patient and trustful than she, as I have heard my father acknowledge many a time. Most people think him reserved and dogged, but we who know him best have learnt to appreciate his good qualities. He is not afraid of spoiling us with praise.

My father is a country doctor ; a "general practitioner," he is sometimes called. This district is thinly populated, and most of the people are poor. His rounds are long and tedious ; but he is devoted to his profession, and never spares himself when the life or health of his patients is at stake. What a change for him ! When we were at Nottingham he was the rising man of the town. He says the most successful surgeon or physician cannot expect to be honoured with any credit for being more than "a rising man," until he has almost reached three-score years and ten. He was the rising man of the town, and he was consulted in nearly all the difficult cases. People wondered why he did not go to London, and it was commonly remarked that he had a future before him. Then, in a day, his hopes were dashed to the ground, and he was a ruined man.

It all happened through my Uncle Sidney, who is father's younger brother.

Sidney Falding was not to blame. That fact has been impressed upon my mind hundreds of times. Father acknowledges that he is not—what he calls—over-burdened with faith ; but he has never ceased to believe that his brother was wholly innocent in an affair which brought us all to poverty, and cast our good name into the mire.

Uncle Sidney was an accountant and estate agent, and my father was in partnership with him (he was a sleeping partner, of course). The business was prospering ; nearly all the capital had been found by my father, but his brother was a painstaking worker, and he was gaining the confidence of capitalists and property owners. Everything was bright and promising, nobody had any suspicion of danger, when

suddenly the sum of ten thousand pounds which had been entrusted to him for investment was lost, and the two brothers were ruined.

III.

I was too young at the time to understand what had happened. I knew that my parents were in great trouble; but childhood is mercifully preserved from the severe mental burdens which weigh heavily upon the later life. I did not learn the particulars, and my parents said very little about their sorrows in my presence. Eustace, who was two years my senior, mingled his explanations with so many threats against a person whom he denounced as "that base and crafty Amos Glew," and he said so much about prisons, fetters, and executions, that I was more terrified than enlightened. I have learnt all the circumstances since, and purpose to relate them here, that it may be known why my brother and Herbert Woolden have ventured into the great desert of Western Australia.

"Herbert spoke to me" (*p.* 52).

Amos Glew was my uncle's confidential clerk. I remember him distinctly. He was a rough-looking man, and somebody called him a rough-diamond. That was one of my earliest puzzles. How could he be a diamond? I asked myself; but I was afraid to seek an explanation lest I should be laughed at. Metaphors are bewildering to children; and many a misconception grows up with them, because they hear phrases which they cannot understand. They receive statements more literally than their elders sometimes think.

The "rough-diamond" was a self-made man. At one time he was a farrier, but by the kindness of Uncle Sidney and other gentlemen he had been able to improve his education, and had manifested an extraordinary capacity for figures. He had been taken into the office, and was trusted by his employer, who was one of those honest people to whom the idea of suspicion is painfully repugnant.

Uncle Sidney was at Florence when the misfortune

happened which plunged us into misery. He went on business, I know; for at that time he never thought of taking a holiday. Like many other people who visit Italian cities he was stricken down with fever. My father was very anxious about him, and made arrangements to leave his patients for a short time, while he hurried off to Florence, that he might render all the aid which was possible to his brother. He was successful from a medical point of view: but his absence from home appeared to give Amos Glew an opportunity which that wicked man embraced. The ten thousand pounds in the bank—known in our family as the "Cotgrave Trust Money"—was withdrawn by Glew, and he absconded with the sum. Uncle had trusted him implicitly, and that was the result.

Amos Glew was apprehended in Manchester. There was not much money on him at the time, and it was soon known that for a defence he set up the plea that he had been acting for his employers. My father was in a terrible state at the time. He seemed to notice none of us, but he sat, resting his head on his hands. If he looked up he was so pale and sad that I could not help crying. Uncle Sidney came a great deal to the house and sat with father. I remember thinking, in my childish way, that there must be very few sick people in Nottingham; because formerly my father was nearly always out, and, when he was at home, the house was almost besieged by patients; but all that was changed, and I did not know that the false rumours in circulation had damaged his credit, and almost destroyed his practice.

Amos Glew stuck to his wicked story. Before the magistrates, and at the assizes, the defence made for him by his lawyer was that his employers had betrayed him. They had used him as a cat's-paw, and then, for their own purpose, had sacrificed him. The judge did not believe what was said. I had the summing-up read to me by Eustace, who called the judge "a brick." The jury agreed with the judge, because they brought in a verdict of Guilty, and Amos Glew was sentenced to be transported across the sea for the term of fourteen years. We learnt afterwards that Western Australia was his destination.

No attempt was ever made by my father and his brother to evade their responsibility. The circumstances were peculiar, and time was invaluable to them; but nobody showed the slightest consideration, or manifested any desire to assist them in their difficulties. If the whole world had been convinced that Amos Glew was speaking the truth, we might have understood what was done. People denounced him, however, as wicked and ungrateful, and expressed their sympathy with the brothers, but they pressed for a speedy settlement, if they had any business transactions with the firm of Falding and Co.

There was nothing for it but bankruptcy. Eustace has often explained to me why this was done, but I have never quite understood him, and, therefore, I could not make it clear to others. The ten thousand pounds was restored, and that was surely sufficient to convince people that my father and uncle were thoroughly honest. The brothers had to begin life again—without capital, and with damaged credit. People charged my father with speculating and gambling, or they said there was an element of uncertainty about him, and that affected his practice very seriously. We went into a smaller house, and then I learnt that we were about to leave Nottingham. Eustace told me, and he expressed his gladness at the anticipated change. The boys at his school must have been very cruel to him, for he was often fighting, and the reason he gave to me was that they were constantly asking about "his friend Amos Glew."

Uncle Sidney remained in Nottingham. He declared his determintion to fight the battle through. He was a bachelor, and I have heard him say on what plain food he could live. The impression made upon my mind was not favourable to the process of "fighting the battle through."

We settled at Wilsey Grange. Dr. Hopkinson, who was here previously, took our house at Nottingham, and I believe he has prospered fairly well. He has visited us several times in the summer, and he always professes to regret having gone away. "It is a dull life," he says, "but dulness is not the worst thing in the world, and I wish I was back among the Norfolk Broads."

The Grange is not far away from several villages, but the most important of them is Suffington. There are three shops there, which is a proof that the place is fairly large and prosperous. Mr. Hendrew, the vicar, takes pupils, and Eustace was sent to him as soon as we settled here. He continued to live at home, because Suffington is not quite three miles away. I did not go to school. My mother preferred to teach me. After the children died—as three of them did before we had been here a year—she became very nervous, and my father was glad to see her busy with my lessons. Nobody else could have taught me as well as she did. If I have not made the best of my opportunities, the blame must be mine.

It was through Eustace I became acquainted with the Wooldens. Herbert Woolden was also one of Mr. Hendrew's pupils, and as Wexbrent, where he lived, is six miles away from Suffington, he stayed at the Vicarage from Monday till Friday. Often, however, in summer especially, he came to the Grange with Eustace, to row or fish in Wilsey Broad. During the holidays he sometimes stayed here for a week together.

Herbert had several brothers and sisters, but the one I liked most was Althea, who was the same age as myself. When I went to Wexbrent, or Althea came here, we were like sisters. I did not often go there, because my mother could not spare me. It is lonely at the Grange when father is away.

Mr. Woolden is what people call a substantial yeoman. He owns a good deal of land, which he farms himself, as his fathers did before him; for the Wooldens are an old family.

It is very pleasant to recall the happy days which I spent with Eustace, Althea, and Herbert, before anything was said among the people here about the trouble

which drove us away from Nottingham. Long before Eustace left home to pursue his studies at Edinburgh, I learnt something about what Herbert Woolden calls "life's alloy of disappointment." Herbert went away with Eustace, for they both decided to adopt the medical profession. That was sorrow to Althea and me, because our old mode of life seemed changed for ever. But I had trouble before that, and wholly in consequence of Roderick Woolden, who was Althea's eldest brother. Althea and Herbert were sufficiently alike in every respect to make their relationship seem natural and suitable, but I always thought it strange that Roderick should be their brother. He was like neither of them, he was like none of the Wooldens—except occasionally, when he was angry, he appeared to resemble his father, in looks, and in the tone of his voice.

Roderick was five or six years older than I, and he was a huge fellow when I first knew him; he was a full-grown man before he was twenty, and he was a terror to a great many people about Wexbrent and Suffington. He often called at the Grange, much to my annoyance, for I did not like him, and he delighted in saying things which pained me. He talked about sending Althea and Herbert away; or said he should buy Eustace, and make a groom of him; sometimes he hinted that he might possibly sell me to the gipsies. All this was nonsense, of course, and I soon ceased to take notice of that rough humour; but he appeared to invent new forms which were appropriate to my developing faculties and widening experience. Afterwards, he professed to be fond of me, and he pretended to have liked me all the time. I did not care to contradict him, but I could not help wondering what he would have done to make me miserable if, instead of affection, his feelings had been those of dislike.

One of his favourite tricks was to join us when we were intending to row on the Broad, and I have known him to send Herbert to Wexbrent on some useless errand, while he has taken a place in the boat, and he has refused to be back at the appointed place, when we knew Herbert would be waiting for us. If I expostulated with him—as I sometimes did, for Eustace and Althea were afraid of him—he called me "Hag," which he pretended was short for Agatha, and he threatened to send the others away also, and take me through all the broads, a task which he solemnly announced would occupy quite a fortnight, during which time I must expect no food but raw fish.

Those were early troubles. Afterwards, when Eustace and Herbert were at Edinburgh, Roderick was more serious, for I was no longer a child; but I think the annoyance which I felt when he tried to make himself agreeable was greater than when he deliberately planned to frighten me.

It was through Eustace that Herbert decided to study medicine. Roderick, being the eldest son, was to have the land, as had always been the custom at Wexbrent. I was sixteen when my brother went away; he was eighteen, and there was little difference between his age and Herbert's. Eustace wrote to me very often, but he had more to say about Althea than about himself. Herbert wrote to her, and his letters were all about me. It was very absurd. Althea suggested that we should exchange letters, and we did so. I have now a great packet of them, which were written by Herbert to his sister, and she has a similar packet of those which Eustace wrote to me.

I do not know how Roderick discovered what we were doing, but he did, and it vexed him exceedingly.

The vacations were happy times. We were about the broads continually. Sometimes Roderick joined us in his boat, and I have known him to be within sight of us a whole day, without coming near or speaking to any of the party. We never knew when he might appear. But he had not the power to play the tyrant over Herbert as in former times. There was a kind of contention between the two, during the first long vacation, and that business was settled for ever. I never knew the particulars, but Althea told me her brothers had come to an understanding. It was Althea also who told me that Roderick intended to marry me. She had promised to carry the message—and did so, looking very pale at the time. I was seventeen then, and felt very indignant. I solemnly declared that I would never marry anybody, and she formed the same resolution. We were to be sisters for ever; but we continued to exchange letters as before.

I do not intend to repeat what passed a year later, or almost a year later, at the next long vacation. Althea was the first to break the compact. There is an island in Wilsey Broad, called Pike Shallow. It was a favourite resort of ours for picnics, and it was there Herbert spoke to me quite differently from his usual manner. I thought at first he was in trouble, and I was full of pity for him, but he soon told me that love was the burden which filled his heart, and I believed him.

As a matter of fact Althea broke the compact first. I do not pretend that I remembered my agreement with her, that neither of us would marry, but we would be sisters always. It was only when I saw her and Eustace some distance away, and I noticed a change in them, that the circumstance came into my mind. But I will say no more. We were happy that day on the island, and before we left it Roderick joined us. I think he suspected what had happened, because he looked very angry. He did not speak to any of us, not even to Althea, who tried to win his kindly notice.

Roderick had never spoken to me seriously about love; he had sent messages by his sister—ridiculous messages, of course—but he had never hinted that he had any real affection for me. He was dictatorial and overbearing in his manner, but on some points he appeared to be shy and diffident. He was not as steady as his friends wished him to be; though I must say his father was no admirer of what he called "the milksop type of man." Mr. Woolden was prouder of Roderick, I think, than of Herbert, who was studious and gentle. Roderick went often to race-meetings, and it was thought by our neighbours he betted, but not to a serious extent. He went to

"THE INTERVIEW EXCITED MY FATHER IN A MARVELLOUS MANNER" (*p.* 54).

the Nottingham races, some time after that eventful day on the island, and there he must have heard about my father's affairs, because Mr. Woolden became cool in his manner towards us, and Althea said he did not care for her to spend so much time at the Grange.

There had been no formal engagement between Althea and Eustace, or between Herbert and me. My own parents and the Wooldens agreed that we were too young to know our own minds. Nobody was cruel enough to say we did not know our own hearts. People always talk about knowing the mind, in circumstances like those. I do not know what it means. Perhaps the mistaken idea that love is blind has made men think something more than affection is needed to bring happiness into our lot. But everybody understood our position, and we could wait. We had faith in each other. What mattered a year or two before we were openly acknowledged by our friends to be engaged? Herbert did not write to me, and Eustace did not write to Althea. They did not enclose notes to us; but each letter contained a long message, and we still found it convenient to exchange the whole epistles. "Tell Althea," Eustace would write, "I am thinking about her all the time, and I am looking forward impatiently to the next vacation. How often I wish I was within reach of Pike Shallow!" Herbert would write: "Tell Agatha to read the book I left with her. I should like her to begin page 49, at seven o'clock in the evening, on Thursday. It is a very fine poem, and I shall read it at the same time."

My father soon noticed a change in Mr. Woolden, and he was not long in finding the cause of it. That wretched Nottingham business was known, and somebody was putting the worst construction upon what had happened. Mr. Woolden pretended to have no opinion about it, one way or another. He assumed that mortifying air of mock impartiality, which seems to deal blows without incurring responsibility. "I condemn no man," he would say, "but what is awkward is awkward." I heard my father mention the subject at home; and he asked, with bitterness, "Who can argue against truisms? It is as bad as fighting the air. Something tangible is infinitely preferable."

My fear is that Roderick did his best to misrepresent things to his father; and the coldness between us at the Grange and the people at Wexbrent became more serious. We did not exchange visits, and I had to meet Althea wherever it was convenient.

Eustace and Herbert were both troubled about the change in our position; but the messages which I received for Althea lost none of their tenderness, and in the exchange of letters I never appeared to have the worst of the bargain.

Althea and I talked a good deal about the estrangement which had taken place between our families, and she said her father was angry because we had not made our affairs known when we first settled in Norfolk. That seemed to me a very unreasonable thing to say. If father had been proved guilty of a crime, or if he had failed to meet his obligations honourably, it would have been different. I told my mother about it, and she begged me not to let him know what was said. "Your father has been a deeply injured man," she remarked, "and nothing grieves him so much as the absurd position some people assume. A well-grounded charge he could meet and fight against, but silly suspicions torment him." She also hinted that he might possibly go away from Wilsey, and that warning sent a chill to my heart. The place was dear to me. I was too young when we left Nottingham to feel the wrench which father and mother must have suffered, but to go away from the neighbourhood of the broads was a possibility which I could not contemplate without agony.

Herbert intended to settle not far away, as I had often heard him declare, when I was saying how sad it would be if circumstances compelled us to leave Norfolk. I was not thinking about him when I said that, and his ready response made me blush; but sometimes when father was tired with a day's weary journey, he would express his sorrow that he had not gone to some large place when he left Nottingham. "One of the thriving towns of the North, or even London itself, might have been better for me," he said, as if thinking aloud. "Am I too old to make another bold bid for fortune?" That was before his trouble was known around Wilsey, but I remembered it, and my mother's warning filled me with painful apprehension.

She wanted to stay where we were. There was that grave in Suffington churchyard, where the little ones had been laid; and she enjoyed a life which had few risks. What some people would have called monotony was tranquillity to her.

When Eustace finished his studies he intended to become father's assistant. The practice was increasing, and the best families in the district frequently sent for my father. He must have help, he said. We were looking forward to the time when Eustace would be duly qualified. Everything promised peace for the future. Then came the change, and we could not foretell what might happen.

None of us expected what did happen, unless it was Roderick Woolden.

IV.

There is a village which is called Wilsey, but, like many villages near the broads, it is very small—a few clusters of cottages, nothing more.

There was a family in one of the cottages about whom a considerable amount of interest gathered. The people were called Lowtitt, and they appeared to be a steady, industrious household. At first I thought Mrs. Lowtitt was a widow, because there was no man at the cottage; but I learnt in some way, I do not remember how, that Dick Lowtitt—as people called her husband—had been transported, and that he was still a convict in Western Australia. There were frequent reports that the family intended to join him in the colony. They might have done so, and probably they would have prospered out there, for all the Lowtitts were good workers. I could not understand how it happened that the head of such a steady household had fallen into evil ways, and become a criminal. Nobody gave Dick a bad name, but they spoke about him as if he ought to be pitied, rather than blamed. He was a poacher, and once, whether rightly or wrongly, he was suspected of having been present when a keeper was severely injured, some miles beyond Wexbrent. He was tried for the offence, and sentenced to transportation

The reason why I became well acquainted with the family was because the youngest daughter, who was born about the time of the assizes when Dick Lowtitt was sentenced to transportation, was a chronic invalid, and my father was a frequent visitor at the cottage. Mrs. Lowtitt protested solemnly that her husband was not out on the night when the trouble happened, and we could not help feeling sorry for her, because there was something in our own history which proved how easy it is for the innocent to suffer as well as the guilty.

Mrs. Lowtitt had two sons and a daughter, besides the invalid. All the members of the family worked about the broads. The sons, who were sturdy young fellows, cut reeds in the season, or fished for eels, or gathered eggs. The mother made nets, and was assisted by her elder daughter. It was the sick child who kept the family at Wilsey; she was a puny sufferer, and my father said it would not be possible to take her across the sea. She died when Dick Lowtitt was on his way home; so the father never saw her.

Dick had been a clever Broad-man before his transportation, and he had often accompanied Roderick Woolden fishing and shooting. Roderick was one of the first to welcome him back to the old spot, and he promised to find him work. But that was almost unnecessary, because skilled fishermen about here are very independent, and can do fairly well if they be steady. Old inhabitants have recognised privileges, and Dick Lowtitt's sons had not allowed their father's rights to lapse. I do not say this to detract from Roderick's kindness. If we had not learnt afterwards that he had tried to prevent Dick making an important communication to my father, I should not have mentioned it.

Mrs. Lowtitt was grateful for the kindness which had been shown to her sick daughter. No bill for attendance was ever sent in; but an abundance of fish was brought to the Grange by the brothers of the poor girl who had been dying from the time of her birth. This thoughtful habit was continued after their sister had ceased to require any earthly help.

One day Mrs. Lowtitt came to the Grange empty-handed, and asked to see the doctor.

That interview excited my father in a marvellous manner, and he hurried away to Wilsey Broad, without saying anything to us at home. Mrs. Lowtitt had informed him that her husband became acquainted with Amos Glew, in Western Australia, and that Amos had acknowledged to him all about the robbery at Nottingham. "I took the brass," Amos was reported to have said, "and I know where it is. When I get back to the Old Country I shall be a rich man." Dick Lowtitt informed Roderick Woolden of this, as he was struck by the identity of my father's name with that which Amos had mentioned to him. Roderick persuaded Dick not to mention the circumstance. "It will upset the old fellow for nothing, and it may set people talking," was the line of argument he pursued. Dick was willing to maintain silence, but his wife became acquainted with the facts, and she rushed at once to the Grange with her startling intelligence.

My father found Dick busy among the reeds, and had no difficulty in obtaining from the ex-convict all the information he sought.

Amos had become what was called a "probation prisoner" in the colony, and was working at his old trade, as a farrier. He had once been almost tempted to tell Dick what he did with the ten thousand pounds, but had restrained himself.

"He put it somewhere, sure enough," the Broad-man said, "and he means to get it when he comes back. If I'd known where it is, I'd not have kept quiet, but I'd have told you, for you were very kind to little Nance."

All this happened just before Eustace and Herbert returned from Edinburgh for the last time. They had done credit to themselves at the University, and had become qualified medical men. We welcomed them with gladness, and almost forgot the estrangement between ourselves and the people at Wexbrent. They were soon put in possession of the facts which Dick Lowtitt had revealed, and Herbert was not long before he laid the case before his father.

"I never said the doctor had done wrong," was Mr. Woolden's reply; "but what is doubtful, is doubtful; and what people say, people say. Things are settled when they are settled, not before."

It was clear enough to anybody who knew my father that he had a plan in his mind which he was unwilling to explain, but one day he startled us by saying he must go to Western Australia, and see Amos Glew. We were almost sorry Dick Lowtitt's wife had manifested her gratitude in the way she did, because father's scheme seemed so wild and unpromising. Eustace and Herbert were to look after his patients during his absence, and he was hopeful that he might come back to us with the long-desired information, which would for ever close the mouths of scoffers, and convince those who were silently sceptical.

Eustace went out instead. We all considered that the better plan: even father was persuaded to look favourably on the idea of a substitute, if the substitute could be his own son, who was as deeply concerned in bringing the affair to a successful issue as anybody could be.

It was a great grief to us when my brother left us on his strange quest. Herbert became my father's assistant, as a temporary arrangement, and he was as anxious about the success of Eustace as we were. He discussed the matter with father in a gratifying manner: he was convinced, but he wanted to be able to convince others; I call that a reasonable attitude.

Eustace wrote to say that Amos Glew had joined an expedition to the interior, as farrier, and the expedition had not been heard of since it left the settled districts; but a relief party was being organised, and he intended to join it as surgeon. He ordered newspapers to be sent to us regularly. We learnt from them all about the anxiety which was felt concerning the explorers, and, as time passed on, there was uneasiness in the public mind for those who had gone to rescue the first party.

We were in great trouble.

At last Herbert Woolden decided to go out. He said he could get an appointment on a passenger ship, and he would not be wasting time or opportunity, but the experience would be useful to him in after-life. That consideration overcame his father's objections; and he sailed for Adelaide, as he could not obtain an appointment on any vessel bound for Western Australia direct.

When he reached Adelaide, he found that another expedition was being organised, to follow the telegraph-line as far as the centre of the continent, and then to proceed westwards by means of camels. There was a general opinion that both the other parties had gone beyond the region where permanent water was found, and that the surface water had disappeared, so they were unable to retrace their steps. A place known as New Ararat was supposed to be the point which they would try to reach, and it was deemed possible to proceed thither from South Australia by means of camels—"the ship of the desert," Herbert called the creature, in his last letter.

His last letter, and that is a long time ago; for the great wilderness has swallowed up those we love, and we are waiting, month after month, longing for tidings which do not come.

Althea has been a sweet friend and true comforter to me through all these troubles, but now she has a new sorrow of her own, which she is afraid to mention. Roderick has been at work again, I feel sure. What is it? The last time Althea was on the Broad she was very sad, and she told me she would always love Eustace. But why did she weep? Was it because our friends have been so long silent?

I fear there is some other reason, something which concerns her and Eustace. When I meet Roderick he gives me a triumphant look, as if to tell me his turn has come. What does it portend? I wish Althea had told me everything. I can understand now what my father means when he says, "If we must fight, it is better to fight substances than shadows."

END OF PART THE FIRST.

WHAT TO WEAR IN DECEMBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

AMONG the advantages of our present fashions is the diversity of styles. The little figure which heads our chapter is clad in a mixture of pink brocade and plain pink merveilleux. The plain material is used for the outer Princess dress fitting the figure closely, falling at the back as a train, of the *rase-terre* length, and in front drawn up *en panier*. It opens in a V form to the waist, where it is trimmed with wired lace, wide at the back of the neck, diminishing to a point in front, the vacuum filled in as a low bodice of the brocade. The front breadth of the skirt matches, and is bordered with a double row of lace. The sleeves form one deep puff of brocade to the elbow, and a light gauntlet piece of the plain merveilleux is continued to the wrist, where there is a ruffle of lace carried up the outside of the arm. A careful investigation of this model will show how many ancient modes are here resuscitated. The train and paniers are of the Medicis days; the high padded sleeve of "Good Queen Bess;" and the ruff of almost the same order as that in which beautiful Mary of Modena has been handed down to us. It needs to be carefully arranged, and the finest wire must be threaded through the lace.

Ruffs promise to be this winter revived in almost every form that has ever been worn, and out of doors and indoors a closely pleated ruff of black net would seem to be a necessary finish to the throat. In old days they used to talk of putting "pin plaits in a ruff two hours together," and they need almost as much time now, but the shape of the design in our vignette has the merit of not being too high and so rendering the hair untidy, and yet it is sufficiently close to the neck to soften the outline.

When December comes, outdoor raiment has to be very carefully considered, and "What cloak shall I buy?" is a question which occupies the mind.

The two friends (see illustration) just starting on their daily walk have solved the mighty problem as far as they individually are concerned, and they have chosen well. The jacket shows all the distinguishing features of the newest make of the season. It is three-quarter length, has a pointed flap pocket, and a crescent-shaped upstanding collar, bordered with a narrow binding of fur continued down to the waist in front, where it is met by a design in braiding, forming a handsome corner, narrowing as it is continued round the basque of the jacket. The sleeves are high and are completely covered with black braiding, and so is the collar. The material of which it is made is a thick, fleecy-lined cloth, and there are many elastic silk or jersey materials made in the same fashion, and being much worn this winter. There are varieties in the make of the jacket,

A SHOPPING EXPEDITION.

A WINTER WALK.

some having waistcoats and revers, in which case the former are braided to match the sleeves.

Note the bonnet worn with this jacket, for it is one of the current fashions. A flat plate-like form made mostly in velvet—for velvet has no rival this winter—it is bordered with jet, and has loops of ribbon velvet and ostrich plumes on one side.

The other cloak in the first illustration is a large and important garment, which can be made either in brocaded wool or brocaded velvet; it is lined throughout with fur, and has a crossing rolled collar of fur—being double-breasted; and on the side that crosses, it diminishes to a point beneath the arm. The only objection to this shape is that it leaves the throat exposed. The sleeves are high on the shoulders, wide, and of a bell shape at the wrist, having a broad turned-back cuff of the fur. To my mind, all these wide open sleeves need close warm under ones; and a thick woollen muffler or a boa should certainly be worn round the neck

The hat exactly shows the favourite shape—large and flat, overshadowing the face—the low crown hidden by ostrich plumes. This class of feather leads the market. Osprey skins are employed as well as osprey aigrettes. Even the sailor hats are now turned upwards at the back and display trimmings.

Terry and frisé weaving are decidedly the fashion, but terry ribbons prove to be costly; so that for this winter, at all events, narrow ribbon velvet strings will be universally worn. Chenille plays an important part in millinery, and is used as a galon to border the brims of hats and bonnets.

White velvet is a good deal trimmed with black velvet or chenille, and sables' tails replace feathers where money is no object. All the milliners' aim would seem to be to bend felt hats in the most becoming fashion. Hatters' silk, such as men's high hats are made of, is frequently used for crowns with beaver brims; and a binding of ostrich feather is a very becoming addition. Spanish hats have always suited English faces, and they are well to the fore now, sometimes having a pointed crown in the centre, but generally with the brim the same height, and invariably trimmed with soft pompons. Pinked-out cloth is found to be a most useful material both for hats and bonnets, and is occasionally employed to form a kind of super crown to a felt or beaver hat.

Stockings are worn black in preference to colours; but they are often embroidered in novel fashion; some with tambour bouquets all over in one tone, some with open-worked stripes, but two distinctively new kinds are to be had; one is an open-work cashmere, the other is a new form of double-spliced heel made sufficiently high to save the shoe cutting it.

French kid gloves, and all kinds of thick kid such as chevrette and doeskin, are preferred to Suède, which will not stand hard wear and tear. Russia leather gloves last well and are now sold in many colourings, and not only in the ugly red of last season.

There is a great improvement in jersey bodices, which are now so beautifully cut that if the prices were lower, they would seriously interfere with dressmaking. They are to be had with vests, waistcoats, high sleeves, long basques, and in almost any colour.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

I often wonder when I come over to England and see the fashions which some of the London tradespeople import from the French capital, where they can possibly have found them. They are so utterly different from the modes that obtain in Paris. At the present moment there is a shape of hat worn here which none of the English milliners seem to have carried away: a spoon-shaped brim, advancing well over the face—and the bonnets are nearly all trimmed in the front, and not entirely at the back, as with you. The cloaks now worn have much to recommend them. The two figures walking on the Boulevards give a good

idea of two useful kinds : the first one is suited to the various tweeds and soft printed and brocaded vicuna cloths which are now so fashionable. The high sleeves have gone out, but in their place a very broad sleeve has come in, and the aim of the dressmaker and the mantle-maker is to widen the shoulders in order to diminish the apparent size of the waist. In the present instance the effect is produced by a full frill of the material. This cloak has a band round the waist, and all the best French models show a similar band at the back, if not in the front. It has long oblong sleeves which reach to the hem, and a small turn-down close collar. This is a comfortable and compact garment, and at the same time graceful.

All the woollen stuffs employed for such purposes can be rendered perfectly waterproof without interfering with their general appearance, the ugly mackintosh lining that waterproof materials formerly showed being now a thing of the past.

Frenchwomen are fond of a close-fitting garment, made exclusively for outdoor wear, though it has all the appearance of a dress. Such a one is worn by the second figure. It is made in a striped woollen material of a fawn tone ; the stripes mere hair lines, intermixed with brown velvet. There is apparently an under-skirt of the richer material : the fulness of the fawn cloth is drawn together at the waist with metal ornaments, and is closely pleated at the back. There is a V-shaped plastron of velvet, and a collar of the same—with bias bands of woollen forming points in the centre over a yoke piece. The close-fitting sleeves are of velvet—having a square turn-down revers at the top, essentially new.

The leading material in Paris this year is certainly wool, and I think I can hardly give you a better instance of it than that an outdoor garment of this description should be principally composed of it.

The days are past, it would seem, when a Parisian woman of fashion appeared abroad in silks and laces and costly furs. The rage for tailor-made dresses initiated this change ; but though for the house they have lost their prestige here—the result remains. Woollen gowns are, nevertheless, almost as costly as silk ones, for they are often interwoven with silk lines, forming checks, and have elaborate borderings of silk brocade, as well as velvet *motifs* of all sizes and shapes. The patterns of some of the hairy cloths are so peculiar that they go by the name of "priest's beard." And tartans are certainly in fashion in Paris. Vivid red and black plaids face jackets and form the collars and cuffs. Nearly all the jackets and cloaks are faced in such a fashion that they open to show a contrasting colour.

Everything Scotch pleases the Parisians, especially tweeds and homespuns which hail from north of the Tweed. They are cut on the cross for the skirts ; and, though neither hoops nor steels of any kind are worn, it is evidently desired that round the feet the dresses should stand out well, as they did in the time of François I. The cross-cutting gives this effect, and moreover is economical, as far as the stuff is concerned.

Occasionally skirts are so arranged that the stripes hang straight in front and on the cross at the back. Certainly gowns have lengthened, even for day wear, and I fear ere long we shall have that uncomfortable length which needs holding up. Enterprising tradespeople are bringing out a variety of contrivances for shortening these skirts at will ; but I have not discovered any that are remarkably successful as yet. Perhaps when the need is more pressing, I shall.

You cannot do wrong in having the back of the dress and bodice cut in one. Sometimes the entire dress is thus arranged ; but they generally open over a distinct front for evening, and the soft gauzes and chiffons and crêpes, of which the variety is so large, are combined with rich brocades. As a rule, these fronts are set in an ornamental band, pointed in the centre, which fastens over the bodice, and the comfortable fashion of bodice and skirt sewn together is coming in again.

Contrasts of colour are used both for day and evening wear, and slashings filled in with a vivid complementary colour is a favourite fashion with one or two of the leading dressmakers. Such contrasts are maintained in the sleeves, one colour extending to the elbows, another to the wrists. Tea-gowns and mantles have double sleeves—one for use, and one for ornament. The latter hangs long, the useful sleeve encases the arm closely.

Fur is the favourite trimming this winter, with more or less magnificent galons in tinsel and coloured silks combined. Basques are frequently cut into tabs, and trimmed round with the fur, and wide hems of fur headed by galon form the only trimmings on the skirts, save perhaps a panier drapery which is as flat as a panier can be.

One of the aims of women who dress well is to be picturesque ; and close mossy ruffs of chiffon, large frilled fichus, high collars, and the other addenda of dress borrowed from olden days, combine to produce the desired effect.

Elastic silk bodices always find favour in Paris, and many are being elaborately trimmed with leather appliqué. Some of them show a Zouave form of bodice trimming, supplemented by a deep pointed girdle-piece. The braiders will have a busy time this winter and they are making elaborate stuffs by the yard which look like braiding, for covering all over sleeves and waistcoats. This is applied to jerseys as well as to other classes of dress bodices.

Coloured-bordered pocket-handkerchiefs are giving way to white ones with narrow appliqué borders of white lace for day wear. One of the features in lace trimmings now is a combination of many kinds in one piece, and Brussels lace is frequently blended with Duchesse, and black Spanish with Chantilly. Detached morsels of lace in the form of wings, the design outlined with cord, are used a great deal in millinery.

Mulberry is one of the new colours, also a deep, dark blue, and a rich magenta-pink.

LUCKY!

"THAT'S poor old Sam a-pottering round
His meadows there: ah, you can see,
A-glancing at him, I'll be bound,
He hasn't had the luck o' *me*.
Looks ancient, don't he? Why, it's care
As ages folk: come Easter Day
We'll both be eighty to a hair—
And him a wreck, as one may say!

"Why, look at *me*—just ease me out
O' this 'ere chair, and pass my crutch,
And (with a rail or two about)
Why, I'm a boy, sir, pretty much;
But I've been lucky and serene,
As folks with half an eye can tell:
Why, bless you! all my days I've been
Within an ace o' doing well!

"In that there action where a shell
Just missed a-taking off his head
By half a foot, *I* come off well
And only lost a hand instead.
We often talks o' Fortune's ways,
And (though he bears his downs with pluck,
Does poor old Sam) 'Ah, John!' he says,
''Tain't all of us as has *your* luck!'

"Why, Sam, sir, he was born and bred
As poor as rags, as people say;
But Fortune heaped upon my head
Advantages in that there way.

My father had the farm and mill,
And land that fetched a tidy rent;
And all to come to me, until
He speculated, and they went.

"I'd always promised Sam, ye see—
(For we were always chums, we were)—
That when this fortune came to me
We both of us would share and share;
And, though he bore it like a lamb
And told me as we still were friends,
I felt as I'd defrauded Sam,
And owed it him to make amends.

* * * * *

"*The ghost*, sir? Ah! There's little doubt
You'd hear of that, and not go fur:
'Twas I as put that tale about
To help poor Sam, sir—Sam and her.
Her father hated Sam like mad
And wouldn't have him come anigh;
And so they had to meet, they had,
By parson's willows, on the sly.

"The old 'un was a timid lot
On ghosts and that: I'd just to swear
I'd seen one on that very spot—
He didn't go a-prying *there!*
Says meddlin' folks to me, sir, 'Take
The girl yourself: *her* views are plain.'
Why, *me*—with such amends to make—
Me go and rob poor Sam again?

"Says meddlin' folks, 'A mole could see
She's on with Sam through feeling raw
On *your* account.' Oh, deary me,
Them meddlers, what a lot they saw!
But somehow—somehow, she and Sam
They couldn't seem to hit it quite;
And—(I'm a blunderer, I am)—
I couldn't seem to get 'em right.

"I tried and tried; and years went by,
And matters didn't seem to mend,
And there—confound me!—there was I,
A pretty useless sort of friend!
And then—I don't know how—a deal
Of time had gone—that weak I am,
I did a DEED as made me feel
As if I'd downright murdered Sam!

* * * * *

"But my old lady sees it quite
Another way: my mind is eased
When she declares she had a right
To marry anyone she pleased.
Still—after all these years gone by—
It often strikes me I'm a sham;
And then 'Old girl,' I says, says I,
'We've been and cheated poor old Sam!'

"And Sam, by means of work and toil—
(Not luck, like mine, you may be bound)—
He made his way; and all the soil
Belongs to him a way around—
My father's farm and mill, and that,
Among the rest—and money, too;
And folks they have to touch their hat
To poor old Sam the Squire, they do.

"And as for any grudge or fuss,
For what I'd done to him—not he;
But builds this almshouse just for us,
And pops us in: and here we be.
And when they calls him 'sour' and 'close,'
I always say—and you'll agree—
'Misfortune ain't a sweetening dose—
He's never had the luck o' me!'"

J. F. SULLIVAN.

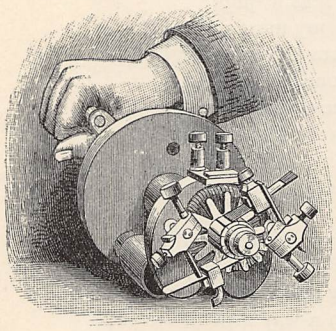
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Hand-Power Dynamo.

Our illustration represents a small hand-driven dynamo, capable of supplying sufficient current to light a small incandescent lamp, actuate an induction coil, or perform a number of laboratory and lecture experiments in electrical science. The speed of the handle is multiplied by means of friction gearing. The apparatus can be fixed to a bench, and the length of leverage of the handle can be altered at will. As voltaic batteries are troublesome and often dirty to use, the hand-power dynamo will probably supply a want.



The Trans-Andine Railway.

The railway across the Andes from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso is expected to be ready in 1892. The line is built with the exception of the mountain track, which is not yet completed. It crosses the Andes by the Cumbre Pass, where it runs through a tunnel over three miles long at a height of 10,450 feet above the sea. The grades are so heavy there that a rack rail is employed similar to that used on the Hartz and other mountain lines. Unfortunately, the line is not of one grade throughout, owing to the work being undertaken by different companies employing different gauges. While upon this topic we may also mention that the French have finally decided to build a railway across the Sahara, from Constantine in Algeria to Lake Tchad by way of Biskra, Timassiniss, and Amguid, a total distance of 2,000 miles. This direct route from France will open up the Western Soudan to French manufactures, and it is hoped to transform the desert into date plantations and fruit gardens by means of irrigation from artesian wells. Already the arid country in the south of Algeria has been brought under cultivation by utilising the natural supply of water under the sands.

Destroying Icebergs.

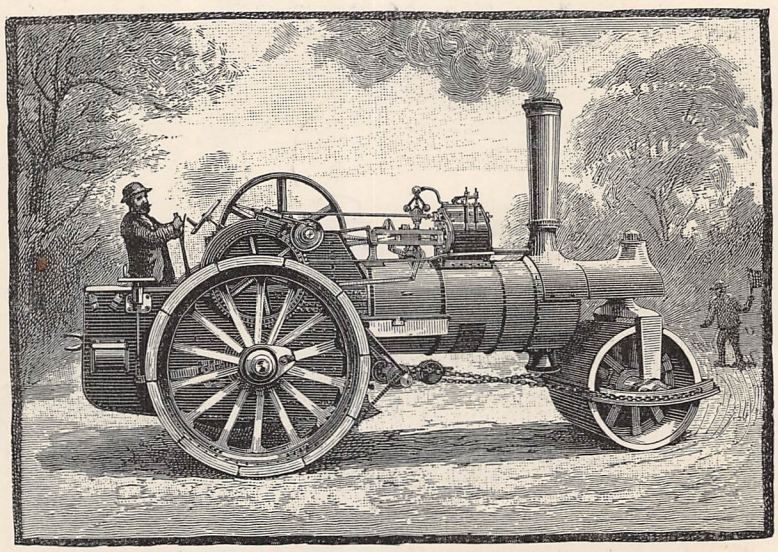
The icebergs which float from the Arctic regions into the Atlantic are dangerous to ships, and they have been unusually common this year. More than twenty were sighted during twenty-four hours in the course of the steamers plying between Liverpool or the Clyde and New York. The electric light and a careful outlook help the mariner to avoid them, but it would be better if they could be destroyed altogether, and hence the suggestion has been made that cruisers should be sent out by the Government to bombard them and break them up.

A Steam Roller and Traction Engine.

The combined steam roller and traction engine which we illustrate will be useful both for hauling and rolling. It is simply a Wallis and Steeven traction engine of six horse-power, capable of hauling loads of fifteen to twenty tons. By removing the front axle and affixing a casting to which the front rollers are attached, the engine is quickly converted into a road roller. The machine thus serves a double purpose.

A New Folding Chair.

The folding chair shown in our engraving, with an adjustable reading and writing desk attached, is well suited for a lounge, a library or deck chair, and a bed



A STEAM ROLLER AND TRACTION ENGINE.

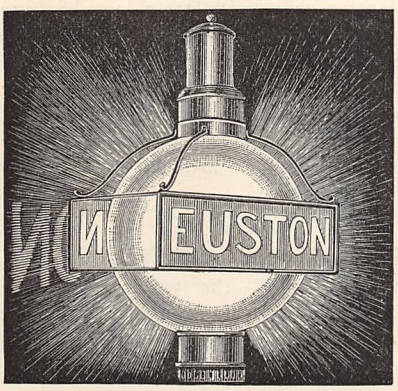
at need. It is made in different styles, both cane and stuffed, and of the best materials. The wood is well seasoned, and the metal parts of wrought iron guarded from rust. To make an impromptu bed the back and arms are lowered, and a set of legs, till then concealed, are unfolded as a support. The chair when folded up for conveyance occupies a space two feet square by eight inches deep, and weighs only 45 lbs.

Pine-Tree Soap.

An American inventor has brought out a process for making soap from the resinous matter in the needles of the pine-tree. The resin is extracted by means of alkali, and the woody fibre is removed from the product, which, on addition of fat, yields an ordinary soap containing resinous and fatty acids.

Illuminated Street Signs.

In St. Louis, Missouri, U.S., the names of streets are printed on the globes of the electric arc lamps employed to illuminate the town, and the shadows of the letters are projected on the neighbouring wall or pavement so as to be read by the passengers. An English firm has also introduced a street or station sign which is attachable to any arc lamp, and is readable by day or night. The figure illustrates one of these signs carrying the word "Euston," so as to be read from either side. It consists of a light brass framework with two plates of opaque glass on which the letters are plainly marked. A collar forming part of the frame is made to screw on the neck of the arc lamp, and the plates are thus hung on both sides of the globe, which thereby lights up the letters.



The World's Fair.

The Americans have at last decided on the site of the "World's Fair," or Great Exhibition of 1892. The situation will be in two parts: one a grass-covered common on the shore of Lake Michigan, near the business portion of the city. It comprises about 90 acres, which will be increased by reclaiming some submerged land and by bridging over the Illinois Central Railway. The other locality is the Jackson Park, comprising about 550 acres of ground. These two sites will be connected by rail and steamer. The former, or Lake front, will contain the principal entrance and the art galleries; the latter, the agricultural and mechanical appliances.

The Rotation of Venus.

Professor Schiaparello, of Milan, by patient observations of the planet Venus, has come to the conclusion that it rotates round its own axis in 224 days—that is to say, in a time equal to the period of its revolution round the sun. Its axis of rotation is also, he thinks, perpendicular to its orbit. Mercury, in his opinion, revolves round the sun in a manner analogous to the revolution of the moon round the earth, so that, like the moon, it always presents the same hemisphere to its primary.

The Channel Telephone Cable.

Aërial lines of four copper wires are being erected by the French and British Governments from Paris and London to the coasts of the Channel at San Galle and a point of Kent, and these will be joined by a cable of special construction, thus enabling London and Paris to converse by electricity. The cable will contain four copper wires, which, on being connected up to the four aërial wires, will form two complete metallic circuits or loops, each consisting of a going and returning wire. Each circuit, in fact, will be represented by Fig. 1, where A and B are the aërial lines, and C two wires of the cable. Each separate copper wire of the cable will be insulated with gutta-percha, and the whole sheathed in

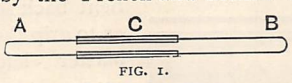


FIG. 1.

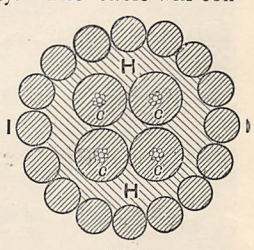
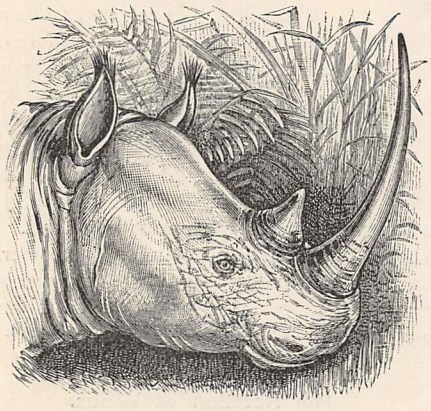


FIG. 2.

tanned yarn and galvanised iron wires. Thus in Fig. 2, showing a section through the cable, *c c* are the insulated copper wires, H H the tanned hemp, and I I the iron sheath wires.

The White Rhinoceros.

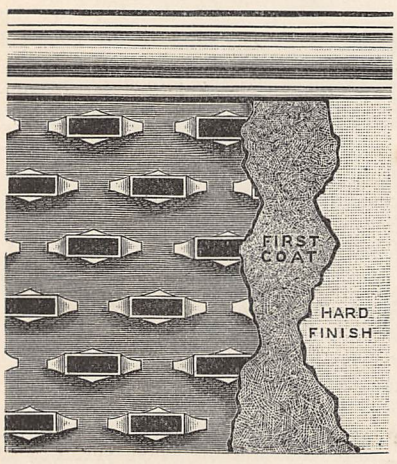
The largest known mammal except the elephant is the white rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*), and it is believed to be all but extinct. In 1883 Mr. F. Selous shot a pair on the river Le-whoi-whoi, a confluent of the Umniati in Southern Mashuna-land, and if there are still one or two survivors they are likely to be found there or in Matabele-land. Surely an effort



should be made to preserve the animal from absolute extinction if possible. Failing this, it would be well to obtain a skin for stuffing, as there is none in any of our museums, but only a few bones to represent it. It differs from the black rhinoceros (*R. bicornis*) chiefly in having a square mouth, pointed ears, and elongated nostrils, as will be seen from our illustration of its head.

Fireproof Lathing.

A fireproof metallic lathing introduced from America is represented in our engraving. It consists of sheet metal—for example, iron—having openings of $\frac{5}{16}$ by $\frac{3}{4}$-inch not far apart. The edges of these openings are bent back so as to grip the plaster laid over the sheet, and hold it fast. The illustration shows the plate with the openings on the left, the first coat of plaster in the middle, and the hard finish or second coat on the right.



The lathing is very successful in the United States, and is said to render wooden houses or beams as fireproof as those of stone and iron.

The Tombstone of Tamerlane.

The tomb of the conqueror Tamerlane at Samarcand is constructed of dark nephrite, and the source of the stone has recently been found by M. Grombschevsky in the nephrite mines of Rasken-daria on the eastern slope of the Pamir, where it is found on the banks of a river, embedded in white jadite. Both of these stones were quarried for the Chinese at one time, but at the beginning of this century the heir to the throne of China fell ill after sleeping on a nephrite bed, and the mines lost favour.

An Alum Grotto.

A pretty crystalline ornament can be made by covering a small wooden cross with Canton flannel by means of brass wire nails, keeping the nap outside, and suspending the whole in a solution of alum. The latter is prepared by dissolving one pound of alum in a gallon of hot water, and the cross is allowed to remain submerged until the solution cools. It will then be coated with sparkling crystals. A mimic grotto is also made by taking a box of wood or metal, having apertures at the top, ends, and sides, as shown in Fig. 1. The holes are corked and the interior is lined with jagged points covered with Canton flannel, having the nap outwards. The box is filled with the solution of alum, and after the crystals have formed on the flannel, the corks are removed and one end hole is covered with coloured glass. Over the front hole is placed a convex spectacle lens, having a focus about equal to the length of the box. When the interior of the box is illuminated by a strong light passing through the coloured pane, the effect is fine. Of course, the liquid should be poured out after the crystals have set, and the inside then allowed to dry. Fig. 2 represents the kind of artificial grotto which is produced in this manner.

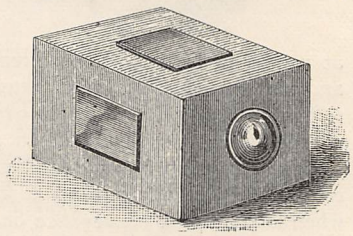


FIG. 1.

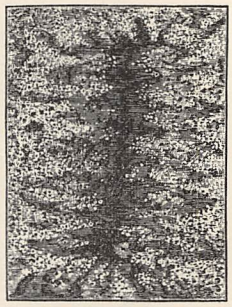


FIG. 2.

A New Method of Thrift.

"Accumulative Consols"—the words of Milton apply to the title: "What a name upon a title-page is this!" Yet it is the title of a method recently brought into use under which thrift is encouraged, and

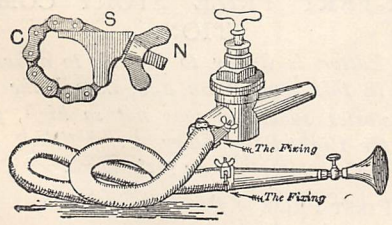
provision to some extent may be made for the future. Through the medium of Stock Exchange brokers, or through the Post Office, "consols" may be purchased at the fluctuating price of the day. For instance, a person may buy £500 of this Government stock. It costs him, suppose, £490, and for that £490 he receives from the nation £13 15s. per year, paid quarterly. In such a purchase there is obtained the highest security known to financiers; and thus many who desire to provide for the future by investing in some unquestionable security, purchase "consols." It was recently suggested that many such purchasers would be glad if they could allow the interest to be added to the principal—to *accumulate*, so as to increase the provision made; and this is what has been done. The Bank of England will now supply forms by which any owner of consols can order that the interest shall accumulate, and, as it accumulates, the Bank will use the accumulations to buy additional consols, as long as the total does not exceed £1,000.

An illustration will show the method. A professional man buys, say, £500 worth of consols, and requests that the interest may accumulate. The first quarter's interest is about £3 8s. 9d., and that amount would be invested again in consols, so that the second quarter's dividend would be on a little over £503; the third on £506, and so on, increasing until the total was needed for the purpose it was set apart for.

It may be added that any one dividend needed for special purposes may be obtained; that joint accounts may be opened, so long as one of the persons is of legal age; and that other modification occurs to fit the method of "accumulative consols" to the requirements of as many persons as possible.

A Hose-Fixer.

The figure illustrates a simple plan for fixing canvas or rubber hose to the metallic ends of taps, pumps, and hydrants. It consists of a short length of chain, C,



with flat copper links, which is connected to a brass saddle, and screw S, with a thumb-nut N. The inner surface of the saddle is curved so as to fit over the hose, and pressure is applied by turning the thumb-nut until a proper grip is obtained. The illustration shows two nozzles thus attached.

Recollections of a Musician.

A charming mirror of the life of a student in music, and of the influences which bore upon it, is presented in "My Musical Experiences," by Miss Bettina Walker, published by Messrs. Bentley & Son. The author expressly disclaims any intention of writing an autobiography, and in the course of her recollections she gives some vivid and pleasing pictures of several of the greatest of our contemporary musicians. Of Liszt she has some peculiarly interesting pictures to give. The life-like character of the work will no doubt earn for it many readers.

"Fresh-Water Aquaria."

How to make, how to stock, and how to keep a fresh-water aquarium, is the subject of an interesting little volume by the Rev. G. C. Bateman, the title of which heads this note. The book is published by Mr. L. Upcott Gill as the first division of a promised aquarium book, but any reader who follows out the author's directions will find in this volume all that he needs in the way of instruction and advice upon the management of a fresh-water aquarium.

For Students.

We are glad to welcome the first part—of three—of "The Student's History of England," by S. R. Gardiner, the well-known historian. The work is intended for the use of students who already have an elementary knowledge of English history, and it will be found none the less acceptable because of the illustrations by which it is accompanied. Messrs. Longmans (the publishers of the work) are to be congratulated on the handy form in which it is issued, and which will enable students to carry it about readily. This first volume only takes us to the beginning of the sixteenth century, but if the succeeding volumes are as thorough, this work will be an acquisition to our educational library.

Seasonable Publications.

No one can have failed to remark the frequency with which old-time ballads and songs have been republished, with numerous illustrations, during the past few years. This season the custom is again prominent, and Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode are to the fore with new and illustrated editions of "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "A Hunting We will Go." The illustrations to these two works are excellently reproduced in facsimile, and we can commend the books as pleasant companions for an idle hour. In Christmas cards Messrs. Von Portheim & Co. offer some striking novelties. As in recent years, new shapes and designs are introduced, among the most striking being miniature fans, that actually open and shut, and stamped leaves of flowers which open and disclose prettily coloured pages. Tennis racquets, eggs, stirrups, and gateways, are all pressed into the service with very good and striking effects. Some designs in relief and others with metallic backgrounds are among the prettiest that Messrs. Von Portheim are sending out this year. We have again to notice a series of little booklets of theirs stamped to represent various flowers, and enclosing beautifully coloured little pictures and verses. With their cards Messrs. Von Portheim have issued a decided novelty in some booklets of landscape studies in water-colour and black and white respectively, and unaccompanied by

any letterpress. For drawing-room tables and as suggestions for young artists, these cleverly designed and carefully executed books are sure to be much appreciated. Among other booklets of theirs we notice a charming little illustrated edition of "Lucy Gray," and two other collections of poems and pictures, entitled "Sweet Solitude" and "Where Fancy Dwells," both remarkable for the delicacy and finish of their colour-printing, a feature that is indeed characteristic of all Messrs. Von Portheim's work. Perhaps their most striking novelty this season is in a series of writing tablets suitable either for a lady's "davenport" or an office table. The tablets are perforated so that each leaf may be readily detached, and each tablet is enclosed in a case decorated by a prettily coloured picture. Messrs. Marion & Co. have introduced a striking novelty this season in a number of pretty frames for photograph or greeting cards, which enable the sender to convert a portrait, or view of some familiar place, into a Christmas or New Year souvenir that shall be of lasting value. On the frames are printed seasonable greetings, and the shapes used are very varied and taking. The frames have one great advantage in the fact that they are all self-supporting, and many of them are fitted with a most ingenious little elastic contrivance for holding a card or photograph which could not otherwise be mounted.

A New Book for Children.

"Wanted, a King," is the title which Miss Maggie Browne gives to a most delightful children's book which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell, with illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss. We will not spoil the perusal of the work by revealing the plot, but we commend it to those who wish to give their young friends an attractive Christmas present. Little Merle's dream about the characters all children know so well in nursery rhyme, brings into the story many an old nursery favourite, who will no doubt be welcomed with the undying enthusiasm that is due to such dear friends. The book is one of the best and most attractive for children that we have seen for a long time.

Character in Handwriting.

It is the fashion nowadays to discover characteristic traits in everything that we do or are. Our fathers used to be content with the evidences of physiognomy, but we have long passed that stage, and the bumps on our craniums, the lines on our palms, and the strokes of our caligraphy are all pressed into service as revealing our character. There is doubtless more to be said for the impress of character on handwriting than for some other "evidences" which have been held infallible by enthusiasts. Our friend, Mr. Henry Frith, has written a little work which he calls "How to Read Character in Handwriting; or, the Grammar of Graphology" (Ward, Lock, & Co.), in which he has reduced the art to a science, and by means of specimens of handwriting he shows how the veriest tyro may read something of his friends' characteristics from their letters. The study is an amusing one at any rate, and cannot do any harm, and that Mr. Frith's rules are to some extent safe we can vouch by the fact that several of the specimens he gives are those of persons known to us.

Old Friends in a New Dress.

Our readers will perhaps remember a special article in this Magazine about the time of the publication of Sir Robert S. Ball's "Story of the Heavens" (Cassell & Co.) We are now glad to see a new edition of this useful work at a price bringing it within the reach of a larger circle of readers, to whom it might well serve as a guide in the study of the heavens during the dark nights of winter. This work is intended primarily for older readers than the same author's "Star-Land," which recently attracted Mr. Gladstone so keenly. Another new edition before us is a second edition of Mr. E. J. Wall's "Dictionary of Photography" (Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited), which is adapted for both amateur and professional photographers, and has been found most useful by many of our own acquaintances. Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us the fourth edition of "English as She is Taught," an amusing collection of answers to school examination questions, with a little commentary from the pen of Mr. Mark Twain; and with it, in a little volume uniform in shape and size, the sixth edition of "Stops; or, How to Punctuate," a really practical little manual. Messrs. Jarrold have just issued in a single volume a number of the papers which a writer in our department of the "Family Doctor" has contributed to this Magazine. No doubt many of our readers will be glad to have them in this handy and permanent form. Messrs. Longmans have issued a greatly enlarged, and in part re-written, edition of "Essays on Educational Reformers," by Robert Herbert Quick, a work giving admirable criticisms of the best known of ancient and modern educational systems.

FOUR-PART PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

The Editor is happy to be able to announce the award in this competition, and, though the average of the stories submitted was not so high, perhaps, as in the Eight-Part Story Competition, to congratulate the competitors on their work.

The FIRST PRIZE *of* £40 *is awarded to*

IDA J. LEMON,
186, *The Grove, Hammersmith, W.*

The SECOND PRIZE *of* £30 *to*

CLARA E. CHEESEMAN,
Reumera, Auckland, New Zealand.

And an EXTRA PRIZE *of* £25 *has been awarded to*

FRANCES PUMPHREY,
Elm Park, Shotley Bridge, Durham.

Competitors who have not already done so are requested to send for declined MSS. without delay. as the Editor cannot be held responsible for them after this notice.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEET LOVE, GOOD-BYE!"

DULCE was very silent during her drive home that evening, but Mrs. Trelorn was too tired to notice anything unusual about her, and it was only when she was sobbing out her story at her mother's knee that night that she felt how great had been the strain which she had undergone during the interview with her grandfather.

Mrs. Carruthers was more agitated than she allowed herself to appear by the unexpected occurrence. It brought back so vividly to her mind the suffering she had undergone, during the first years of her married life, in being the instrument of her husband's estrangement from his family. And above all came the dismaying presentiment that Lord Spenhouse would not allow matters to rest as they now were, but that, if he really admired his granddaughter, he might seek to carry her off to London to take her proper place in society. And the idea of losing Dulce was very bitter to the mother's heart.

But outwardly she was quite calm, and, with a sad smile, stroked the girl's bowed head with her soothing touch.

"I think that your father will be so pleased, my darling," she said, with a true mother's unselfishness, "to think that your strange meeting with your grandfather may, perhaps, bring about a reconciliation, for I know how deeply he has felt his father's displeasure—no, hush, Marjorie! you must not be disrespectful to your grandfather."

For Marjorie, clad in a scarlet dressing-gown, with her tangle of black hair fastened up tightly in a broad plait, was sitting on the edge of the bed ejaculating anathemas against her relations, at intervals, like a spasmodic popgun.

"Now you two girls must go to bed at once. It is long past midnight," she added, rising decisively, and helping Dulce to take off her crumpled finery. She did not leave the room until they were both safely tucked up in their little white beds, and in the middle of the night when the house was quiet, she crept back to see if they were still sleeping.

Dulce lay with her arms thrown back above her head, her lovely tear-stained face and lashes, on which the tears still hung like diamond drops, stilled in the perfect repose of childlike sleep.

She opened her eyes dreamily when her mother stood beside her with the shaded lamp in her hand.

"Oh, mother, I am so happy; I can help the boys now," she murmured in her sleep.

And Mrs. Carruthers with a loving sigh went back to her sleepless bed, wondering what was occupying her daughter's sleeping thoughts.

She could not rest in her anxiety, for her husband had had a long consultation with her, lasting far into the night, as to the probable result of that evening's episode. He had told her that he felt his own health to be in a very precarious condition, and that if Lord Spenhouse should show signs of holding out the hand of reconciliation, he would accept it with alacrity, for in the event of his death he should feel thankful if he knew that his wife and children were provided for.

"Lady Spenhouse may wish to have Dulce with her in town for the season. She is a strange woman who takes sudden fancies to people, and would like to have a fresh beautiful girl like our child to take about with her, as her own daughter—my half-sister—has been married for several years. No doubt, if my father expresses a wish to have Dulce for a time, she will at once accede to the arrangement, and though I do not wish to press the child to go with them against her will, still, it would be well to explain to her how much I should like her to yield to their wish."

He had said this decidedly, and Mrs. Carruthers, feeling instinctively the wisdom of his words, meekly acquiesced, and no one—but God—knew of the bitter tears that bedewed her pillow through that long sleepless night. She knew the reputation Lady Spenhouse bore in the world, of being a hard, pitiless woman, who thought of no one save herself and her two children, and whose one worship was society, one aspiration to be wealthy and admired. At least, that had been her character in the days when Mrs. Carruthers had been in the world, and was it likely that those few years should have materially changed her whole nature? Truly a woman to whom to confide her innocent childish Dulce! But she remembered the Hand that had guided them through all the changing scenes of their life, and in this remembrance began to take comfort.

It was early next morning, and the two girls were busy with Duke in the garden, weeding one of the overgrown flower beds, where sweet-briar and dwarf roses were climbing together in a tangle of sweetness dotted with flames of scarlet geranium and tulips.

Duke had just been released from his lessons, for it had been tacitly agreed that everything was to go on as usual on this morning that might prove so eventful to one or more of the Carruthers. Although his lessons never soared above the most elementary

reading and writing, he generally wore an abstracted air for some time after the event, and had been overheard one day requesting John to style them "studies," not "lessons." He had begun to struggle through the first exercises in an elementary Latin grammar, for Dulce and Marjorie, his two teachers, had both been thoroughly grounded in what might have been termed a rather manly education. Duke had so far distinguished himself in two or three fearful and wonderful mistakes in construing. His latest triumph in that line, over which the whole family had not yet ceased to chuckle, had been his rendering of the sentence "*Cura pii dis sunt*" into "The legs of the gods are painted." But his only answer to the volleys of chaff being a broad smile, it was never discovered if his mythological venture had been accidental or intentional.

"I say, Dulce, here's a carriage," he remarked presently, looking up from his weeding, and rubbing a very earthy hand across his rosy face. "And the coachmen have got such funny clothes on."

Dulce looked up with a start, and her heart seemed to leap into her mouth. For up the drive came prancing Lady Menheniot's well-matched chestnut horses, with her stately canary-and-black-liveried servants on the box of the laudau. There was only one lady in the carriage, and, as she descended and entered the house with a slow stately step, the girl perceived that it was Lady Spenhouse, and she had little doubt of what her errand must be.

Both girls had been present that morning, by their father's wish, when he spoke a few words to Dulce as to her grandfather's plans for the future. He had represented gently, but firmly, the sad truth of his failing health, and his desire for a reconciliation with his family before his, or his father's, death. Failing the marriage of, and birth of an heir to, his eldest brother, Ted would, in the natural course of events, become the fourteenth Baron Spenhouse. And this, unless some part of the unentailed estates were bequeathed to him, would be a misfortune instead of a blessing, as he would not be able to afford to take up the title.

"This misfortune, Dulce," her father concluded, "may be in a great measure averted by your actions and your decision. It may be your mission in life to soften my father's heart, and, by restoring his affection, make me a perfectly happy man; and, by giving back to me also the portion that is almost my right, make your brothers happy in the professions of their choice. You, dear child, may be the link that will bind us all together again."

Dulce stood meditating, leaning against a rosy hawthorn-tree, until her mother's voice, calling to her from the drawing-room window, roused her into action. She threw off her gardening apron and gloves, and went slowly across the lawn, followed by the sympathetic glances of her brother and sister.

The eyes of the three occupants of the drawing-room turned upon Dulce as she entered the room.

Lady Spenhouse was sitting bolt upright in an old-fashioned "*Prie Dieu*" chair, with an uncompromisingly frigid expression on her face. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers were on the sofa, and the girl, in one quick glance, saw that her mother's eyes were full of unshed tears. The sight of her mother's distress seemed to drive back all the timidity and gentle shyness from Dulce's nature, and it was a very stately young lady who came forward to receive Lady Spenhouse's cold greetings.

She was looking very lovely, in her simple cotton dress, with her hair ruffled into tender little curls round her white forehead and delicate little ears. And even Lady Spenhouse, as she glanced critically over the girl through her eyeglass, could find no fault with her graceful figure and lovely face. She was a great lover of beauty in her cold fashion, and already began to imagine the sensation of the London world when this young *ingénue* was launched upon society. "Perfectly dressed and pulled rather more together," said her ladyship to herself, "that girl will make a sensation."

Aloud she said, "Good morning, Dulcibella. I wish that your name was less outlandish; but being so, perhaps there is a merit in its quaintness."

"It was my own grandmother's," said the girl, shortly and proudly.

"Your grandfather was naturally much pained and astonished last night," continued the elder lady, ignoring Dulce's remark, "to find you singing as a public performer at Lady Menheniot's 'At Home.'"

Dulce opened her lips to speak the sarcastic words that were ready for utterance, but a look from her father silenced her, and she compressed her lips firmly together.

"He has conceived a sudden wish to have you to stay with him for a time, and, as your father and Mrs. Carruthers are willing that this arrangement should be carried through, we only wait for your consent. If you will come with us, we leave for London in two days' time. We should wish you to travel with us, and I will provide you on our arrival with suitable dresses for the season, and a maid of your own to attend on you. Lord Spenhouse wishes to treat you as his own granddaughter, and will make you a liberal allowance while you are with us. And I should say that you will have a good chance of bettering your position in life."

Indignant though she was at Lady Spenhouse's insolent words, Dulce bent her head.

"I will do whatever my father and mother think best," she said.

"Tell her," said the elder lady, with a gesture in the direction of the sofa.

Mr. Carruthers rose from his seat, and, going over to his daughter's side, took her trembling hand in his. "Dulce," he said tenderly, "your mother and I should like you to go to London with your grandfather. Lady Spenhouse," he added, turning to his step-mother with dignity, "if we entrust our daughter to your care for a short time, we shall confide in your honour to make her happy in every way. She is a great treasure to us."

"I have a note for you from your grandfather, Dulce,"

said Lady Spenhouse, after acknowledging her step-son's speech with a grave bow. The girl took the folded piece of paper, stamped with its coronet and motto, and unfolded it mechanically. It ran thus:—

"DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER DULCE,—I am sorry for my words last night if they caused you any pain. Come with us, and make an old man a little happier than he has been for years. "SPENHOUSE."

It was written in a tremulous hand, and Dulce, touched by the old man's apology, cried out impetuously, "Yes; I will come with you. I will do what you wish—only be kind to me."

Lady Spenhouse, after a few words of direction, addressed apparently to the air, for she never even glanced at Mrs. Carruthers, pressed a frigid kiss on Dulce's forehead, and with a bow to the mother, and a slight touch of the hand to her step-son, swept out of the room. And it was only when the sound of the heavy carriage-wheels had died away that Dulce began to realise what she had done.

Duke wept so bitterly on being informed of the news of Dulce's speedy departure, that he became almost unrecognisable from tears and earth!

But it was Ted who perhaps gave her the greatest sense of consolation, for he gripped her hand with rough gratitude. "I believe you have done it mostly for us, Dulce," he said abruptly. "I'm awfully grateful to you, and so will Dick be, because now perhaps there is a chance for us. And, hang it all, you know, but if I am going to sit in the House of Lords some day, I *must* have a decent education to hold my own with other fellows. And perhaps, you know, Dulce, the old chap may relent when he gets to like you, and sees how jolly you are, and if he doesn't do it now, he may come down handsome in his will."

Dulce tried to look cheerful, and smiled feebly. But with such a grandmother for a chaperon, it seemed difficult to imagine that she would get much pleasure out of the proposed visit.

But the girl's hardest trial was yet to come, and that was the parting with her lover.

Jack came up in the evening of the day preceding her departure, and as he was very tired, mentally and bodily, after a long round of medical visits, he was in a depressed mood, and took life very much *au sérieux*. Dulce tried the effect of a little music, for the whole party seemed to be under a black cloud of despondency, save, perhaps, Mr. Carruthers, who hoped so much, and feared nothing, from his daughter's visit to town. She got through half her song successfully, but in the middle her voice quivered, and with a despairing gesture, she broke down. Whereupon Duke lifted up his voice and wept, and was promptly extinguished and carried off to bed by Marjorie; and somehow, one by one, they all drifted from the room, and Dulce was left alone with her lover. He sat by her silently for some time, stroking her hair softly, and when she at last looked up into his face, she thought that she saw tears in his grave, sorrowful eyes—but his voice was very steady when he spoke to her.

"Sweetheart," he said, "what is it? Are you afraid of leaving home?"

"Oh, Jack," she whispered, "it is so hard to leave you and all the dear ones. But I know I am doing right, because I am pleasing my father."

"Darling," said Jack absently, playing with the little hand that lay so trustingly in his, "when you are in London, in the midst of wealth and luxury, I think that perhaps you may begin to find out that riches make life very happy. And, Dulce, I want to talk to you very seriously. You know that now you are going to take your proper place in society, and see something of the world, and of a new life—which you have never even dreamed of before; and I am going to say to you, darling, that I wish you to go to London perfectly free, and unbound by any fancied promise to me. No; hear me out before you say a word, little one"—for the girl was beginning to give a passionate denial to her lover's words—"You might, perhaps—I know that you think it impossible now—but you might see someone in that gay world more suited to your happiness than plain Jack Mordaunt, who can give you nothing but love. And so, Dulce, I want you to give me back your ring, and I release you from your vow of love to me, and some day, sweetheart, when you come back from London unchanged—unaltered—and still loving me, you shall ask me for your ring again, and that time there will be also a plain gold ring for that little finger, which will bind you to me so closely that not even death can part us."

He firmly slipped the little forget-me-not ring from her left hand, while she lay silent with her head hidden on his shoulder.

"I have done this with your father's consent," said Dr. Mordaunt at last. "It was my own suggestion, but I could see that he was relieved at the idea of your being free to know your own mind."

"Jack," said Dulce, in a clear, firm voice, smiling up at him through her tears, "you have all my heart—all my love. I could never love anyone but you. How can you even suspect me of being false to my love? I will claim my little ring again before many weeks are over. I should not go to London if it were not for the boys' sake."

"Yes, but you might be self-sacrificing enough to *marry* for the boys' sake!" said Jack gloomily. "But yet, when I look at you, how can I dare to doubt you, my beautiful darling? It is only for a few weeks, after all. Good-bye, sweet love, good-bye."

And he strained her to his heart in their last farewell. And so they clung together—poor young lovers!—little thinking of the parting and the sorrows that lay before them in the unseen valley of the future.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HYDE PARK GARDENS.

DULCE'S partings were soon over, her last good-byes said—for she had so few acquaintances and friends in and round Trelorn. When she had been up to the Hall, and had been kissed and wept over by Mrs. Trelorn, who considered that, as she had taken Dulce

to Trevithick that fatal night in her carriage, she had a great deal to do with the present turn that affairs had taken, she had taken leave of her dearest woman friend outside her family circle.

The vicar blessed her, as he pressed her hand, and with tenderest affection bade her remember that she had a friend in him as long as life should last. Mr. Abel presented her with a snail's shell, set in silver, as a brooch, and Mrs. Brown embraced her ecstatically.

"My darling child," she ejaculated, "to think that I knew you when you were a baby, not so long as the poker, and now it has come to this!" Then, suddenly remembering that pearl-powder has but a tenacious hold, and is a broken reed to trust in, she darted vehemently backwards. "And, my sweet one, remember that, in this new position of life to which you are now called, you must beware against pride. Some people may even go so far as to think you good-looking—in which case, they might, perhaps, be a little pressing in their attentions. But remember, my love, that *I* have gone through all this a few years ago, and it has not left *me* with any undue elevation of self-conceit. I have been always much admired, and, as a young girl, was considered quite the belle of the town in which I was brought up."

"Dear me, dear me!" murmured Mr. Abel, caressing a black snail with affection. "How fleeting beauty is—'here to-day, and gone to-morrow,' as the epitaph has it."

Mrs. Brown gave a little gasp, but Dulce, on the verge of a fit of laughter, rose from her chair hastily and took her leave.

Lady Menheniot's carriage was to call for Dulce and convey her to the station, where she would meet her grandparents, and punctual to the moment, it arrived. The sound of the wheels on the gravel sweep sent a thrill of pain through the little group collected in the hall of Trelorn House.

The two precious girls had never left home before, save for a day or two, and somehow this unknown and unexpected voyage of discovery, as it were, of Dulce's, was laying a deep shadow of depression on the house. Marjorie busied herself with her sister's wraps to hide the tears that were falling in a little shower from her eyes, and Mrs. Carruthers, tearless as Dulce, was giving the girl last directions in a low, quiet voice, very unlike her ordinary cheerful tones. Mr. Carruthers, in a loose smoking coat, was helplessly gumming an address label on a box which had never been, and was never intended to go, out of the house. Ted alone was endeavouring to keep up the spirits of the family. Ever since he had realised his future position of responsibility, he had, as it were, thoroughly become the eldest son, and his nature had slowly, and almost imperceptibly, undergone a change. He patted Dulce on the shoulder tenderly.

"You'll soon be all right, old girl," he said; "and it's a jolly good thing for us all you are going. In years to come we may all have to thank our sister Dulce for the little sacrifice she made for the good of the family."

Dulce raised her cold face to his and kissed him.

"Tell Jack my last thoughts and love were for him," she whispered.

"Dulce," he said sadly, "is it wise? Wait till you come back from London."

She pushed him away from her indignantly. Was Ted growing selfish? Did he, too, doubt her faith and constancy? Were they all in a league to separate her from Jack? Or was it that it was true she would be altered entirely by her London experiences—that she would never be a suitable wife for Jack any more?

The last thought seemed to strike her with a sudden sharp pain of conviction, and she shed her first tears that morning on Ted's shoulder, while he patted her head with rough affection.

There seemed to be a tragic halo surrounding her relations with Dr. Mordaunt. She had not seen him since their farewell on that never-to-be-forgotten evening, and her family seemed to speak of him sadly, as it were, under their breath, looking pitifully at her, and she could not help feeling as if she had buried some treasured child of her imagination, and that the grave was strewn with white flowers of regret.

And yet she strove hard against this powerless feeling. Her love for Jack was so strong that she was convinced it would overcome all difficulties and trials, even if any should come, in this new life. And what *could* come to separate her from her love? Her mother had said to her so tenderly the night before her departure—

"Dear little girl, be true to yourself and to Jack. In this great world of London you will find out clearly your own mind, and whatever is for your happiness will be the best for us all. If you come back contented to be Jack Mordaunt's wife, we shall welcome our little Dulce with open arms; and if you find some one whom you love better, it will be all for the best; for remember, my darling, that to marry a man and be discontented with your lot in life and your position with him is the most wicked thing you can do, and will lead to sins untold."

And Dulce had told her mother how sure she was of her unalterable love for Jack, nevertheless feeling how wise were the remarks that fell from that mother's dear lips.

The last glimpse that Dulce caught of her home was through a blurred mist of tears. The porch was crowded with heads rising one above the other like organ pipes. Duke was waving a large pocket-handkerchief so damp with his tears that it hung limply in the breeze like a wet sail. Jack was nowhere to be seen, although she eagerly scanned every turn in the road for a sight of his face. But the truth of the matter was that the poor fellow, faithful to his promise to Mr. Carruthers, and being unable to face his sweetheart and greet her as an ordinary acquaintance, was safely hidden behind the Venetian blind of his study, staring out at the carriage and eagerly devouring every line, every feature of that dear tear-stained face. And when he saw how eagerly she gazed at his little house, and how with one slender hand she waved

a kiss to the blank walls, little knowing who was watching her so near and yet so far, he felt comforted—certain that a heart so loving must be a faithful one.

The Cornish country lay bright under the May sunshine, every fern frond and blade of grass gleaming with light. The cool depths of the woods as she passed seemed to Dulce to be full of mystery. Little red squirrels ran across the road, and soft brown rabbits scuttled behind the high teazle stalks, and peeped out at her. The little brawling river that ran tumbling along to the sea seemed to be full of darting trout jumping at the flies, and from out the bulrushes and water plants a water hen rose with a sharp note, and a coot sailed merrily away across the stream into silence and safety.

There lay the queer little station, composed of one hut and a single line, which ran the short distance to the sea; and the quaint farm-house further up the wooded road, where, in the olden days, many a cask of smuggled whisky was brought from Looe.

"LADY SPENHOUSE WAS SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT—WITH AN UNCOMPROMISINGLY FRIGID EXPRESSION ON HER FACE" (*p.* 65).

Dulce said good-bye to them all, and then brushing a speck of dust from her gown, and pulling her hat straight, she prepared, as they neared the station, to greet her grandparents with a courageous heart.

It was a tall, very dignified young lady who gave her hand to the footman, and stepped from the carriage on to the platform; and Lady Spenhouse, as she came forward to shake hands, little dreamed of the agonised partings through which the poor girl had just gone.

"She is a thorough Spenhouse," she said to herself,

with a sigh of relief; "and not, as I expected to see her this morning, a blowsy tear-stained milk-maid!"

"We have a fine day for our journey. I hope that you left all your relations well," she said aloud.

Dulce answered her quietly, and then turning to poor old Lord Spenhouse, who, muffled up in his coat and travelling cap, looked a very decrepit old man indeed, she took his hand, and impulsively put it to her lips.

"Good morning, grandpapa," she said softly; "I am so glad to come and stay with you."

Her grandfather brightened up, and, taking her arm affectionately, drew her away to the other end of the platform, where he began to talk to her about all the new relations she would meet in London, while Lady Spenhouse sat down on a hard seat in the sunlight, and the lady's-maid and valet turned up their noses at the poor little station, and uttered ejaculations of thankfulness that they were once more about to return to the region of civilisation.

The trio spoke very little during their journey northwards. They had a saloon carriage to themselves, and Lady Spenhouse sat opposite Dulce, studying the girl at every opportunity (a process rather embarrassing to Dulce's retiring nature). She was picturing the girl in the various artistic costumes that she had already designed for her, and she was making up her mind as to the exact shades of colouring that would harmonise with the delicate complexion and mobile face. It was her object and ambition that Dulce should make a great sensation in society, and that, before many weeks were over, she should marry, or at least be engaged to, the richest man of the season. She had begun to feel that, in the eyes of the world, she and her husband had treated their son and his family exceedingly badly. And although she could never bring herself to accept the *ci-devant* operatic singer as her daughter-in-law—with her utter want of family or good status in society—yet she could utterly retrieve her conduct, and be considered a paragon among grandmothers—an unselfish forgiving woman—if she provided largely for Dulce by means of the matrimonial market.

That none of Lord Spenhouse's money should be left to Norman Carruthers or his children she was perfectly determined. She had made his will for him, in which all his property was left to her for life, and afterwards to his only other surviving children—Clifford and (by his second marriage) Alan—and Lady Mason, whose husband, though now only a baronet of comparatively modern creation, was heir presumptive to a dukedom. The present owner of the title being then slowly dying of dropsy, it was almost within the bounds of certainty that Rosalind Mason would that very year attain her mother's ambition, and be greeted as the Duchess of Birmingham. Lady Spenhouse, in her moment of triumph after having successfully landed Sir Herbert Mason, had wished that she had as many daughters as there are days in the week, that she might find husbands for them all. She took the same delight in the ignoble pursuit of husband-hunting as a cat does in stalking a mouse! It is said that all women are match-makers, but it is a matter of thanksgiving for society in general that they are not all as unscrupulous in attaining their object as was Lady Spenhouse, who found no deception too mean to stoop to if it would but further her ends.

But it was her only weakness, so perhaps the more excusable!

The old man soon fell into a sound sleep—and as Lady Spenhouse closed her eyes, for the purpose, she remarked drily, of resting them from the injurious glare, Dulce was free to indulge in her own thoughts.

She leant her head against the luxurious cushions of her seat, and dreamily watched the flying country as they sped along through the West of England. She began vaguely to go through little incidents that had long ago happened in her life—foolish little occurrences of bygone days, which now brought a rush of tears to her eyes. So to turn her thoughts, she began to wonder what Signor Marios would say when he heard that she had given up the idea of a professional career. She imagined his wrath, or rather his resigned despair, for he had been so certain that her success was assured, and that it would shed lustre round his name as well as hers. She remembered with affection her first meeting with the little Signor and his wife, who had spent so many of their summer holidays at Trelorn—finding the village cheap to live in, as well as more perfectly lovely than words could say. For this rising singer was not overburdened with wealth—the grateful land of his adoption not having as yet discovered that he was the idol of their hearts, although his upper notes were sublime.

Dulce made up her mind that she would go and see him while she was in town, and wondered innocently if Maida Vale was very far from Hyde Park Gardens! Every bit of the passing landscape was interesting to her as containing fresh ideas for her letter to Marjorie, for those constant sisters had made a parting vow of daily correspondence. Lady Spenhouse did not open her eyes until the increased rate of the train, as it ran along through the network of lines, showed that they were approaching London.

Then she sat up suddenly and majestically, without a line or fold of her dress out of place, looking, as usual, as if she knew that the eyes of the world were upon her, and as if such a thing as a nap had never been dreamed of in her philosophy.

When Lord Spenhouse had been cautiously aroused, and the various dressing-bags and rugs collected—among them Dulce's unassuming little roll of umbrellas—they stepped out on to the busy London platform.

Dulce was so bewildered by the unexpected bustle and confusion around her, that she realised nothing until she was safely ensconced in the smart luxurious brougham, and was driving as rapidly as a pair of good horses could take them, away through the winding thoroughfares of the great City.

London was looking as beautiful as brilliant May sunlight could make it; but to Dulce's country-loving

eyes, the treeless streets that were so homelike to her grandparents, were perfect deserts of Sahara. She gave a little gasp of relief when they sighted the Park, and the cool green of the trees and the brilliancy of the flower beds made her feel more at home than any words of welcome from her relations could have done.

She was looking very tired and worn out, when the carriage drew up at the somewhat gloomy entrance to Hyde Park Gardens, and Lady Spenhouse said in a kind tone, when they had passed the solemn bowing men-servants at the door—

"I think, Dulce, that you had better go at once to your room, to rest before dinner. You will find your maid waiting for you—ask her for what you want. I don't want you to look fagged to death just now, when so much depends on your first appearance."

Dulce, meekly submitting, was escorted by a gentle-looking young woman—who was introduced to her new mistress as "Hepburn"—up a long staircase, to her room.

Lady Spenhouse had treated her granddaughter well in the matter of accommodation, for the suite of rooms assigned to her special use was as charmingly furnished as taste and money could effect. Her boudoir, a harmony of green and ivory, led into the dainty pink-hued bedroom, and thence to the dressing-room.

Dulce sank into a large easy chair, too tired to do anything but dreamily watch Hepburn unpacking her clothes with deft fingers, and arranging her books and photographs round the room. But when she was left alone, with the face of her mother smiling sweetly and sadly down on her from the chimney-piece, flanked by the rest of the dear home faces, the sense of her loneliness came upon her, and she broke down and wept so bitterly, that Hepburn coming up again later, to assist her mistress to dress, packed her quietly off to bed, and sent word to Lady Spenhouse that Miss Carruthers had a bad headache, and must ask to be excused from appearing at dinner that night. She confided to Parker, in the solitude of their room as they were going to bed, that "Miss Carruthers was a gentle little thing and no mistake."

"Why, when I was putting her to bed, she looked up at me, and smiled through her tears. 'I've just left my mother, Hepburn,' she said, so prettily, 'and I am rather sad.' I feel as if I could quite love my young lady, and I'll stand her friend through thick and thin."

"Humph!" grunted Parker, who was Lady Spenhouse's maid.

"I expect she'll stand in need of a friend in this house. My lady has been in one of her cold tantrums to-night, and I'd rather be beaten by ten mistresses, than be looked at with her eyes when she is angry. Cornwall hasn't improved her temper, I'll be bound."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE BEGINNING OF DULCE'S NEW LIFE.

WHEN Dulce awoke the next morning, her sound night's rest had driven away the clouds of the previous night, and she felt excited and interested in her new life which was to begin that day. When she had drunk her morning tea, brought to her bedside by Hepburn, in a delicate Sèvres china cup, she dressed herself hastily, and began to make a tour of inspection round her little domain.

Her boudoir fronted the Park, and quite a pleasant summer breeze floated through the open window, and stirred the artistic chintz curtains. It was a charming little room to possess for work and reading, and she noticed with delight a carefully chosen piano, of perfect tone and touch. The furniture was of the Louis XV. style—ivory wood covered with moss-green brocade—and one corner of the room was filled with a Moorish book-shelf, stocked with a great variety of books. There were pots of ferns and flowers on tables and stands, and on a carved ivory stool stood an old china bowl filled with a large bunch of white lilac, that shed a delicate perfume through the room. Her dainty pink-hued bedroom, with the cream-coloured accessories that made the trio of rooms harmonise with one another, contained little more than the bed with its rosy hangings, and a large wardrobe, at present empty, save for the two or three simple frocks she had brought with her from home, and which were crowded one on another behind the door. What delighted her more than anything, was the discovery in her dressing-room of a whole suite of toilette necessaries in ebony, with "Dulce" written in silver across them. They had evidently been used before, and were not actually new, so that Dulce at once recognised them as having belonged to her dead grandmother. She felt touched by her grandfather's tender thoughtfulness in having ordered them to be placed at her service. Many of the books in her sitting-room had "Dulcibella" written across the fly-leaf in faded ink, and she felt this attention as only one more proof of her grandfather's growing affection for her.

"What time is breakfast, Hepburn?" she said as she sat patiently under her maid's hands while her hair was being twisted up into a fashionable coiffure. She would much have preferred taking away the brush and comb, and pinning up her locks into her ordinary loose knot, but fearing her grandmother's displeasure if she rebelled against her order, she sat in silent endurance, and even went so far as to wonder at and admire the result, when the last little curl was pinned into its place.

"Breakfast is at ten, miss, and her ladyship wished me to tell you that she intends going out to do some shopping immediately afterwards, and the dressmaker will be here to fit on your dresses before luncheon."

The word "dresses" filled Dulce's soul with excitement and delight. In her wildest dreams she had never imagined that her grandmother would bestow upon her more than one or two new gowns. Dress is always a source of innocent pleasure to any woman's mind, and Dulce was no exception to the general rule. I am afraid that at that moment she would not have been a willing follower of Ruskin's Utopian ideas on dress and society, for she felt ready and eager to throw

herself heart and soul into the delight of the coming season.

"I should like to go out into the Park before breakfast," continued Dulce, with an eager glance at the green expanse of leafy trees beyond her window. Although it was too prim and well-kept for her Cornish mind, still it *was* a species of garden, and at this early hour almost deserted.

"You could not go out alone, miss," said Hepburn, with a portentous shake of her head. "And I am not sure that Lady Spenhouse would be pleased with me if I was to go out with you so early."

"Oh, no, thank you, Hepburn. I don't care much about it," said Dulce hastily, for the idea of going about with the incubus of an escort was a new revelation to her. What she was longing to do, was to explore the hidden wonders of the Park, and have a quiet hour of solitary thought and communion with Nature.

When she had dismissed her maid, she sat down for her morning's devotional reading, and as it happened, the first words that caught her eye as she opened the book were these :—

"Let us serve God in the sunshine while He makes the sunshine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark—when He sends the darkness. It is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness, God's darkness—and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes ! "

"Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for Himself is love ; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it, all that is ours. Let our love be firm, constant, and inseparable, not coming and returning like the tide, but descending like a never-failing river, ever running into the ocean of Divine Excellency, passing on in the channels of duty, and a constant obedience, and never ceasing to be what it is, till it comes to what it desires to be."

It was sunshine in Dulce's life just now, and the fair vista of the future seemed to be opening before her in a halo of light ; and putting down the book, she prayed long and earnestly that she might serve God more fully and completely in this sunshine, so that if the darkness came she might be prepared for it.

And for the words which spoke of the divinity of love—was she to be blamed if she thanked God with renewed happiness for the blessing of earthly love that was hers ?

When she rose from her knees, she looked with a long, loving smile at the photograph of her lover, which, in its simple wooden frame, stood among the knick-knacks on her table. Though she might not keep his ring, she had still brought away that most treasured possession with her, and the face seemed to her to wear a special look of love just then. It was so essentially a face that one could trust, serene in its manly beauty. He had been taken in his rough shooting coat, with his favourite terrier at his feet, and in obedience to Dulce's wish, he had written his name and the date across the corner of the photograph, in his bold, vigorous handwriting, making the picture doubly precious to her.

Then taking up a volume of Tennyson, she became enthralled in his exquisite "Idylls," until the sound of the gong summoned her to breakfast.

It was rather a solemn meal, partaken of by Lady Spenhouse and herself alone ; for her grandfather was not well enough to come down that morning, and was breakfasting in his own room.

The brilliancy of the silver dish-covers was rather an embarrassment to Dulce, for she saw herself reflected at intervals all round the table, with the severe face of the man-servant behind her, both so distorted, that she felt an irresistible impulse to laugh, which a glance at her grandmother's frigid face soon dispelled.

"Your Uncles Alan and Clifford are coming here in a few days' time for the purpose of making your acquaintance, Dulce," was her grandmother's first remark, when the servants had left the room. "By that time I trust that Madame Cèlie will have provided you with a dress fit to wear. I should like their impression of you to be good."

"Thank you, Lady Spenhouse," said Dulce hotly, her cheeks flushing. "It is very kind of you to *give* me new dresses, but I am perfectly content with those I have. My mother provided me with what she thought fitting for me to wear."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of what is fitting for you to wear," said Lady Spenhouse coldly. "I am not aware that your mother was ever accustomed to move in the society to which I am now about to introduce you. You will kindly let me do the best for your good if you are to remain in my house. I must also request you to call me grandmother, and not address me as Lady Spenhouse in future."

Dulce bent her head, and drank her cup of coffee hurriedly, to hide the tears which *would* come to her eyes. She was mortified and stung by the words, but she felt quite powerless to resist them in their pitiless truth. She felt like a bird fascinated by the snake-like gaze of those hard eyes.

"Then," continued Lady Spenhouse, not taking the least notice of Dulce's confusion, "I propose that we spend this morning in Bond Street, shopping. I must get you everything that you need, and Hepburn has already told me what things you want. So you will oblige me very much by going to put on your outdoor clothes now. Put on a quiet, unnoticeable hat. I intend going out in the brougham, although it is so fine, as I do not wish you to be seen by anyone until you are properly fitted out ; and if people drop in to tea this afternoon, I should like you to keep to your own apartment."

"May I see my grandfather this morning ?" said Dulce timidly, as she was leaving the room.

"No ; I will take you to his room this afternoon. We have no time to waste at present. He is not feeling well enough to see anyone this morning, or to come downstairs at all to-day."

Although the shopping took place under the severe auspices of Lady Spenhouse, Dulce found it a most

engrossing and fascinating pleasure. "Hélène" and "Rigaud," the two milliners they patronised, were so anxious to suit her face, and so full of outspoken admiration, that they brought a rosy blush to her cheeks. She saw a very charming image reflected in the milliner's mirror under the fashionable flower bonnets and gauzy hats that in bewildering profusion were purchased for her. She felt quite reluctant to put on her plain straw hat again, with its white wing and bow of ribbon.

Then they drove to the best shops in Bond Street and Regent Street, and added to her trousseau tea-gowns, jackets, mantles, and lovely confections in lace and ribbons in the shape of dressing-gowns and tea-jackets.

When the horses' heads were once more turned towards home, Lady Spenhouse said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Now, if you marry at the end of the season, I shall have little more to add to complete your trousseau."

"I shall never marry—at least, not anyone in London," said Dulce hotly.

"Really!" said her grandmother frigidly. "Another thing you have evidently not been trained in, is respect to your elders. I have particularly noticed a leaning towards an argumentative and dictatorial turn of mind, which is the reverse of lady-like."

But these words of Dulce's had put a new idea into her grandmother's head—an idea which she was not slow to follow up. Was it possible that there was some foolish entanglement down at Trelorn—some stupid, sentimental, boy-and-girl attachment? Lady Spenhouse determined to set her great mind to the task of finding out and destroying the little illusion if there should be any such thing existing. But she must proceed carefully, otherwise the girl might get it into her head that she was an injured martyr, and return to Trelorn. The best plan would be to show her the delights of riches, to make her feel that it was impossible to live without them—to accustom her to every luxury that the world could give, and then introduce her to a man who could offer her all these things for her life through. Once marry Dulce to a millionaire, and Lord Spenhouse would not feel himself bound to enrich the family of the outcast at the expense of her beloved Alan and Rosalind.

Perhaps it would be better to go on a new tack—that of personal interest; and her tone insensibly took a kinder inflexion that brought a faint smile to Dulce's lips.

"You must tell me about your brothers, some day," she said, with an effort at friendliness, as the carriage drew up at the door. "I think you said you had more than one."

And the girl, with impulsive pleasure, felt that she must have mistaken her naturally cold manner for intentional unkindness, and felt at once remorseful.

"Thank you, grandmother. I should like very much to talk about them," she said brightly, as she tripped into the house with rising spirits.

And she actually ran up to her room singing so blithely that the elderly butler turned to look at her with astonishment, for in 150, Hyde Park Gardens, no one dared to lift their voices frivolously about the house. Any housemaid singing at her work would have been liable to instant dismissal—only that few people felt inclined to sing in so chilly an atmosphere.

Dulce was conducted, in solemn dignity, that afternoon to see her grandfather, by Lady Spenhouse.

His private rooms were in a different corridor to that occupied by her own little suite, and were shut off by a green baize door from the rest of the house. As the girl followed her conductor up the long, noiseless, velvet-pile-covered staircase, it seemed to her as if they were coming from the light to the darkness, so brilliantly was the sun streaming down through the painted, deep-set windows of the hall, and so gloomy did the strip of passage behind the folding doors appear to her imaginative mind.

Lord Spenhouse was half-crouching on a low seat over a small wood fire, which made the atmosphere of the apartment seem heavy and oppressive after the spring air outside. He was dressed in a long Oriental dressing-gown, in which his shrunken figure seemed completely lost, and his face, with its crown of snowy hair, looked more querulously old and helpless than it had done the day before.

The room was handsomely, though heavily, furnished in oak, and at his side stood an escritoire, of quaint design, with brass-handled drawers, and a small table, on which were piled some papers and magazines.

He looked up, with a melancholy smile, as the door opened; but, when his eyes fell on Dulce, they brightened, and the new light that her presence always called to his face, trembled across it now.

"Come in! come in!" he said, feebly holding out a shaking hand. "My dear, I did not know I should be allowed to see you to-day. They tell me I am ill, or failing, or something, but, bless your heart, I am never too ill to talk to you, Dulcibella!"

He lingered over her name with a caressing sound that made Lady Spenhouse bite her lip quickly.

"Has Clifford come yet?" he continued, looking at his wife.

"No. He and poor Alan are coming in a few days, dear. You know how anxious Alan is to see you!" was her answer.

"Now, if you are very good and quiet, Dulce, I will leave you for five minutes with your grandfather," she continued graciously. "Parker wants to see me about some of your gowns, but it will *only* be five minutes, and Smith will see that you do not talk of anything tiring."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

DULCE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

LORD SPENHOUSE'S valet Smith was one of those useful persons who are never in the way, but are always observant. He was Lady Spenhouse's right hand, and knew more of the ins and outs of the family than, perhaps, he chose to own. His personal appearance, perhaps, bordered on the mean, for his legs

were slightly bowed and his grizzled hair so scanty as to be a matter of interest to the saucy ladies'-maids, who declared that they knew every hair by heart. He had a rather solemn, heavy face, and a pair of keen, black eyes, and was what Lady Spenhouse called a very religious man, but to most people's minds his religion consisted principally in exterior show and might be summed up in the comprehensive term "cant." For the rest, he was respectful and silent in his bearing towards his master, but to Lady Spenhouse he imparted all that went on under his observant eyes in the household as well as in his master's room. He retired into the background now as Dulce took a chair by her grandfather's side, and taking up the paper, was to all appearances soon lost in its contents.

Dulce laid her hand gently on the old man's arm.

"Good morning, dear grandfather," she said in her clear, soft voice. "I am sorry to hear you are not well, but perhaps the long journey was a little too much for you."

"I shall have a longer journey to go before long," said he mournfully. "I'm not long for this world, Dulce, child."

The girl was silent, not knowing quite what to say, but he continued presently in a brighter tone.

"Now tell me about your brothers, and especially about the future Spenhouse—the *embryo* baron. But I will hear nothing about any other members of your family, please remember," he concluded hurriedly. "Not even about my son—my son——"

He spoke mechanically, as if he were repeating a lesson by heart that had been drilled into him by force of time, and Dulce saw that his lips were quivering with some species of emotion.

So she began to tell him of the beloved boys and their hopes and ambitions, becoming quite inspired with her subject as she went on, her face kindling with the light of enthusiasm and love as she described their patience and unselfishness. Presently Lord Spenhouse roused himself and glanced across the room in the direction of the valet.

"Smith," he said aloud. The man started to his feet and came respectfully forward.

"Will you go to my dressing-room and fetch me the bunch of keys you will find in the drawer in the dressing-table?"

Then, as Smith left the room, he turned to Dulce.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" he whispered hurriedly. "How I should like to help you to help your brothers! But I dare not do it—she would not allow me—only if I can by any means add a codicil to my will without her knowing. But don't offend your grandmother, Dulce! Do what she tells you—she's a terrible——"

But at that moment the door opened noiselessly, and the watchful Smith returned, with a stealthy glance at the two conspirators, carrying the keys in his hand. Lord Spenhouse turned to his escritoire, and with trembling fingers unlocked one of the drawers, while Dulce, to hide her confusion, bent over a vase of flowers that stood on the table.

Lord Spenhouse, after a little fumbling in the drawer, brought to light a washleather case, which he put into Dulce's hands.

"Open it," he said; "this is all I have left to me of your dead grandmother."

Dulce took the little case with reverent awe and drew from it a medallion locket, set round with diamonds, containing a lock of brown hair, and the miniature of a young girl exquisitely painted in a light muslin dress, whose face, even to Dulce's eyes, was an exact representation of her own features.

"Oh, how lovely!" she cried, as her eyes rested on the laughing painted face, and then on the withered, embittered living countenance of the old man before her gazing with softened eyes at the picture of his dead love.

"You are praising yourself, child," he said, glancing from the miniature to the fresh young face. "It might be your own portrait. But I want you to take that locket for your own—take it away to your own room *now*. I will not wait till I am dead to leave it to you. It might be—it might be—lost after my death."

He took a little case from his pocket, and opening it, disclosed a beautiful ring—a moonlit sapphire set in diamonds, which he slipped on to Dulce's right hand.

"Your grandmother's engagement ring," he said; "it must only be worn in the future by a Dulcibella Carruthers."

Dulce looked at the flashing stones and wondered if Lady Spenhouse would be very angry at the idea of the ring being in her possession.

Aloud she said quietly, "Thank you, grandfather. I shall value it very much."

As she spoke, the door opened softly and Lady Spenhouse glided into the room. She looked eagerly at the two, and an almost imperceptible change came over her face, but she only said, with an effort at sympathy—

"I am so glad that you have those little trinkets, Dulce. You will value them as belonging to your grandmother. But I think that you had better not wear that ring just at present. If unmarried girls wear such handsome jewels, the act is apt to be misinterpreted."

"You mean that people would think I was engaged to be married?" said Dulce. "It would be the truth."

"With your father's consent?" said Lady Spenhouse.

Dulce blushed and stammered, for she could not truthfully say that this was so. And with a cold prolonged stare, Lady Spenhouse turned away.

"In this house it is the invariable custom to obey the fifth commandment. Now, my lord, we shall leave you to repose, as you look exhausted," was all she said.

Lord Spenhouse, with a pathetic look at Dulce, fell back among his cushions, and the two ladies left the room.

Lady Spenhouse, instead of returning to the drawing-room, slipped her hand through Dulce's arm, and led her towards her own little boudoir.

"I want to see if you are perfectly settled and comfortable in your new quarters, my dear," she said,

"and remember you promised to show me the photographs of your brothers."

Dulce, much pleased, did the honours of her little sanctum very gracefully, and though she said nothing, noticed that Lady Spenhouse's eyes rested critically on the delicate crayon picture of her mother, done by an artist friend—which occupied the centre of the chimney-piece. Her sweet sad eyes were looking out at the hard living face before her, with an expression that might have softened a heart of stone, but Lady Spenhouse looked for a moment coldly at it, and then her lynx eyes passed at once to Jack Mordaunt. She read the name hastily below it, and then said—

"I need not ask if this common-looking young man is one of your brothers, my dear? Perhaps he is the gamekeeper, as I see he has a dog at his feet. There is a want of breeding about him that makes one certain as to his not being a Carruthers."

Ah, Dulce, here was a great opportunity for you to vindicate and stand up for your faithful lover! but, alas! my little heroine was far from perfect, and for the first and last time in her life, she looked at the picture through her grandmother's eyes. She was ashamed of him—she was tempted and fell—fell away from that loyal, true heart that beat for her alone, and with an impulse that she could not resist, denied the man who was a hundred times more aristocratic and well-bred than half the men she would meet with in the London world.

"He is the Trelorn doctor, who lives close to us. He is a friend of ours," she said hurriedly, with an attempt at unconcern.

"Ah! an obscure country doctor, that accounts of course for his being underbred," was the quick comment, and Lady Spenhouse, satisfied at having planted her shaft in the girl's bosom, and certain that there indeed was the lover who was in the way of all the plans that she had formed for Dulce's advancement in life, turned to the other photographs. She was, in reality, much surprised at Dr. Mordaunt's pleasant and gentlemanly face and figure; but if he had been a second Adonis, her remarks would have been the same. Having formed a plan of action she was prepared to carry it out to the death. This unexpected cowardice on the part of Dulce, though it did not raise her in her grandmother's opinion, showed at least that she had already subdued part of the girl's nature, and that she had found out the weak spot in her character. She was not prepared to be merciful to the girl in any way—she was merely the means to the end, and as such, must be crushed if she would not bend to her grandmother's will. Still it would be pleasanter for all parties if she was a willing victim, and to that desired consummation Lady Spenhouse directed her great mind.

A photograph of Dick next came under view. It was the picture of a bright handsome English lad, a manly edition of Dulce, with her eyes and smile, and Lady Spenhouse looked at it with satisfaction.

"Ah! here's a good-looking boy at last," she said, "at school at Truro, did you say? and longing for the army? Why, a boy like that ought to have been at Eton! However, no doubt you will have the power of helping him some day—before very long, my dear."

There was a pause, and then Dulce said, in a sad tone—

"Perhaps so. I hope so."

"Do what you are told, child, and all will come right," said the elder lady cheerfully, "and we will have the bright-faced boy up to cheer us all, before he goes to Woolwich or Sandhurst—when," here she paused to give more emphasis to her words—"you have found your Prince Charming."

Dulce grew scarlet, and hung her head, but she said nothing, and after a few moments' trivial conversation, Lady Spenhouse left the room—having left behind her the trail of the serpent, and planted a sting of self-reproach in Dulce's heart, that would never leave her as long as life should last. Dulce remained standing where her grandmother had left her, for some time—like a frozen statue of misery—looking straight before her at the array of photographs on the table.

Her sorrow and reproach were too great for tears. Then she took Jack's photograph with reverent hands as if it were too sacred for her—even to touch—and laid it face downwards in her desk, and with it, a little sprig of withered forget-me-nots, and a gold locket in the shape of a tiny heart which he had given her. Then with dry, tearless eyes, she whispered—

"Good-bye, Jack. I am not worthy of you. I have deceived you. And now I know I could not make you happy."

Then, locking up the little old-fashioned desk, she put the key on to her watch-chain, and sat down, burying her face in her hands.

She felt as if she had buried all her dearest hopes, and as if her youth and happiness lay hidden with those poor little treasures. What was there left for her to live for?

Her brothers.

And with them came the thought of the pleasantness of riches. What a charming house this was to stay in—for the first time she knew what luxury was. It was so nice to be waited on by an army of servants, anticipating her every wish. So pleasant to drive or ride at her will—instead of only getting an occasional mount, and tearing about the country in an old riding habit that had once belonged to her mother, and which had now lost its pristine beauty. Perhaps it might not be so hard after all to obey her grandmother's openly expressed wish, and marry a husband chosen for her. In which case, no doubt, Lord Spenhouse would relent, and leave some of his money to her father.

Still, there was no use in anticipating evils before they had come upon her; and at present she had only to enjoy life and to revel in her new clothes. Why must she make herself miserable in thinking about Dr. Mordaunt, when she had only to give up her will, and to sail with the tide, to be happy, and make all those happy around her?

Vogue la galère! she would try the easy path:

"LADY SPENHOUSE LOOKED FOR A MOMENT COLDLY AT IT" (*p.* 75).

fighting did not suit her disposition—it was so much easier to give way.

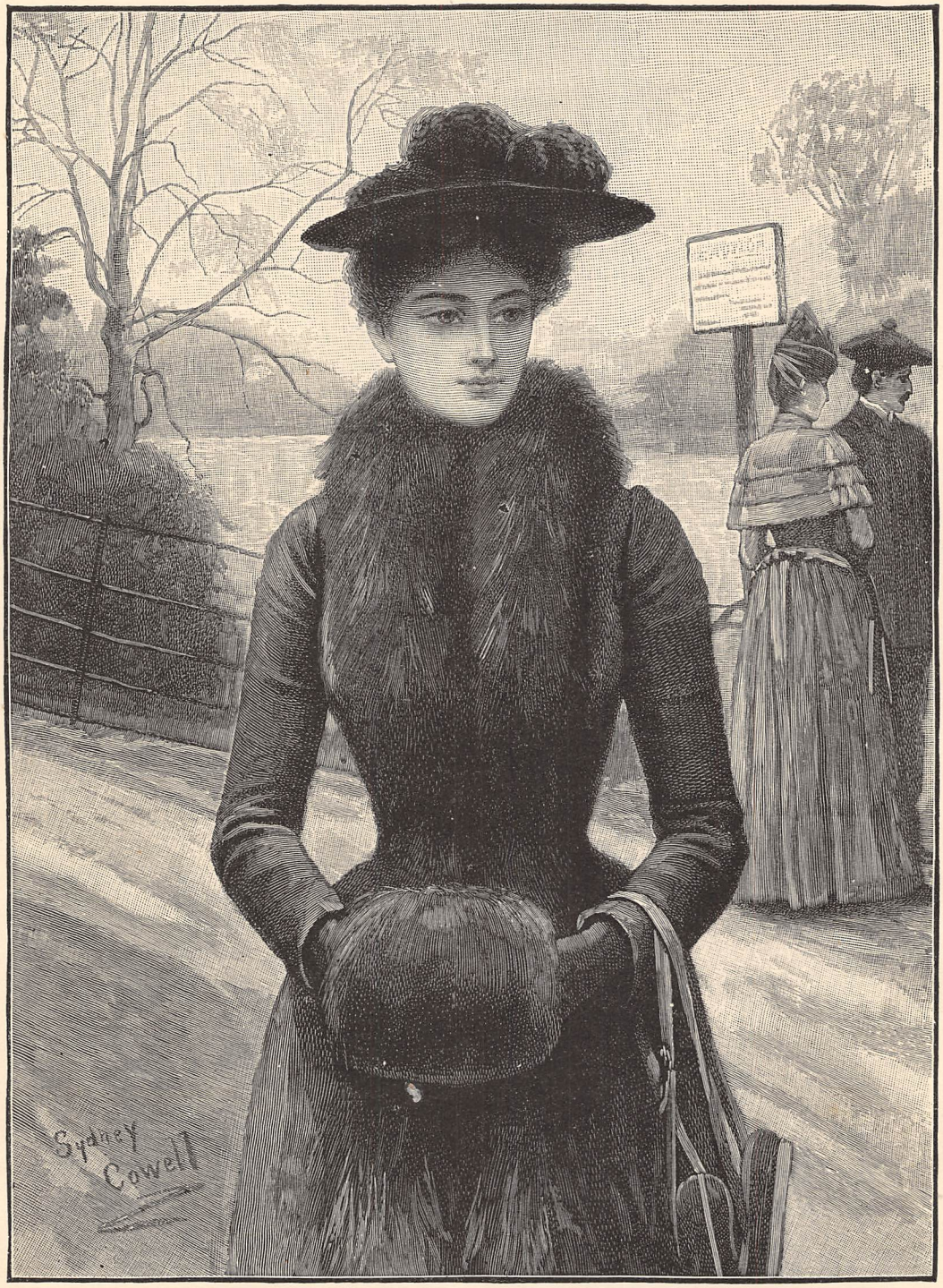
If her mother had but seen her at that moment, how bitterly she would have regretted her little daughter's journey to London! But instead of thinking of her mother, Dulce wove splendid imaginations round her diamond ring, and then sat down at the piano and practised diligently, for an hour.

That evening Rosalind Mason came in, on her way to a dinner party, to inspect the new arrival.

Dulce had put on a delicate pink satin tea-gown with a line of swansdown round the throat and wrists, and was looking very fresh and lovely in the large sombre drawing-room, where everything seemed almost too massive to be comfortable, and where the painted ceiling, gay with nymphs and mermaids, showed no fairer form than her own. She was sitting in the window among the flowers with which the balcony was crowded, half hidden by the gold tapestry curtains, and was so lost in thought that she did not notice Lady Mason's entrance, until she felt a light kiss on her forehead, and a gay voice at her side said—

"Well, my new niece, stand up that I may see if you really are as good-looking as people say."

Dulce started to her feet, and saw standing before her a tall woman, more striking-looking than beautiful, with a long, exquisitely tinted face, and expressive dark eyes curiously almond-shaped. She was dressed in a glittering gown of white and silver, and was covered with diamonds from the crown of her graceful head to the toe of her little slipper. She laughed at Dulce's bewildered face.



THE QUEEN OF THE ICE.

(*See p.* 77.)

"Why, I do believe you will positively make a sensation, when you have got a little more style. Good gracious, mamma! you must bring her often to see me. I know heaps of eligible young bachelors this season, and I am not going to be selfish and keep them all to myself. But you and I are going to be great friends; and you must tell me all your love-affairs—won't you, Dulce? You will have to call me Aunt Rose, you know. Well, how are all the family down at that extraordinary Cornish place with the queer name? and how do you like London after having been buried alive? Do you feel like an excavated skeleton at Pompeii? Well, I have no time to hear anything now, as I am off to Mrs. Curzon's crush—so good-bye till to-morrow."

And without waiting for Dulce's answer to any of her questions—and only throwing a careless remark to her mother—Lady Mason rustled off again.

Dulce recovered from her surprise in time to see, before it faded, the expression of adoring love with which Lady Spenhouse looked after her brilliant daughter—till the door closed, and the room was left in silence once more.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE QUEEN OF THE ICE.

THE air is keen; the magic mere
Is all one diamond, flawless, clear,
Without a wrinkle.
It hums beneath the skate and sings,
And girlish laughter chimes and rings,
With silvern tinkle.

Whither do sprites of roses go—
Of happy roses?—Ah, I know!
In lone dejection
Their leaves bestrew their garden tomb;
Their souls on cheeks of maidens bloom
In resurrection.

Oh! forms are here of perfect mould,
Bright eyes, and locks of burnished gold,
Or dead-gold dimness;
And dainty feet that see no hurt
In peeping from a broidered skirt
To show their trimness.

But she—that one!—oh, April grace!
Oh, lovely little oval face!
Oh, tendril tresses!
Too happy he who wakes your smile,
Whose hand for just a little while
Your light foot blesses!

Unconscious of his golden hap,
A soulless clod adjusts the strap—
His great hand fumbles;
Across the mere I watch her glide;
Sir Dull-face hastes to gain her side;
Oh, joy!—he tumbles.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE COMING CENSUS.

BEFORE long the entire country will again be in the throes of another census. Meanwhile, it may be interesting to look into the working of the machinery employed for the purpose of gathering together the vast collection of figures which appears decennially, and to see how the various results are arrived at. The actual volumes, which are laid before Parliament, are, of course, only the outcome of tedious and, in some cases, intricate calculation, and do not represent a tithe of the multitude of figures which are written down and cast up, and cross-cast, and checked and re-checked almost *ad nauseam*.

The compilation is entrusted, in the first instance, to the Registrar-General, who calls to his aid two of his chief subordinates. Then a secretary is appointed, and three superintendents, all from the staff of the General Registry Office at Somerset House. These seven persons form the nucleus of the machine—the Census Office, as it is called—and with the assistance of two or three clerks, also from Somerset House, and a few outsiders, the preliminaries are arranged.

The whole country is already divided, for registration purposes, into registration districts, under super-

intendent registrars; and these districts are divided into registration sub-districts, under the Registrars of Births and Deaths. For the purposes of the census, the registration sub-districts are again split up into enumeration districts.

Each registrar makes a requisition for a certain number of census forms, corresponding with the number of houses or separate tenements in his district, and the Office issues them. The registrars entrust to certain men, duly appointed, and called Enumerators, a sufficient number of these forms, together with a list of the various streets, roads, and houses at which the papers are to be left, with notice that they are to be filled in, in accordance with printed instructions, by a certain date. The forms and the information required to be given thereon are well known to most people of middle age. When the forms are properly filled in, they contain the names of all persons who slept in the particular house or tenement on a certain night, with ages, conditions (whether male or female, whether married or single, widower or widow), occupations, and also a statement of the relation borne by each person to the head of the household—such as son, daughter, servant, visitor, &c. In Ireland a further declaration is required relative to religion, language, and education.

Each enumerator, when he has duly collected the forms which he previously distributed, transcribes their contents, together with a full description of all the houses in his enumeration district, into a book, provided for the purpose by the Office. The forms and books are then handed in to the registrar, who compares them and checks them. This process is again gone through by the superintendent registrar, and three separate statements, which appear in each enumeration book, to the effect that the work has been properly carried out and checked, are signed by the enumerator, the registrar, and the superintendent registrar respectively. Each registrar further sends in to his superintendent what is called a "summary" of his district, containing the totals for each enumeration district, properly arranged and cast. All these documents, the census forms, the enumeration books, and the registrars' summaries, are then transmitted to the Office, and the actual work of the compilation really begins. A fresh supply of clerks is required, and, accordingly, notice is sent to the Civil Service Commissioners. The latter proceed at once to examine a number of such persons as have already obtained a nomination from some Member of Parliament, have submitted their names, with testimonials, to the Commission, and have undergone a medical examination. The test examination by the Commissioners embraces writing English from dictation, copying from manuscript, and arithmetic, including accuracy and rapidity of addition. The number of applicants is generally largely in excess of the requirements of the Census Office, so there is no difficulty in supplying the number of clerks required. The extravagant stipend of these individuals is six shillings per diem at the outset, with the prospect of gradual increase, if all things are satisfactory, to ten shillings. The hours of attendance are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., with an interval of three-quarters of an hour for refreshing the inner man. Many of the census clerks are or have been *writers* at the various public offices; others "are poor men what's willin' to work and got no work to do"—verily a motley crew.

Work of a partially destructive character now begins, and the paper bindings and all blank sheets are torn from the enumeration books. A busy hive of binders then set to work and reconstruct the remainder into volumes, arranged in districts and sub-districts, each volume being about one inch in thickness. This done, the first thing is to make out a rough "Preliminary Report," taking for granted that the registrars' summaries are accurate in all respects. Merely the numbers are taken, divided into male and female, with total, of each district and sub-district, and from these are obtained the population of the towns and counties (Registration) and of the kingdom. This preliminary report is presented to Parliament with all due speed, and with a sigh of relief from all concerned; and then comes a new influx of clerks.

The whole subordinate staff is now divided into piece-workers—*tickers* they are technically called—and time-workers. The latter are employed on what is known as "tabling," and on checking the piece-workers. This tabling is of various kinds, according as the results acquired affect registration counties, geographical counties, or counties proper, and parishes, or ecclesiastical parishes, &c., or ages and conditions, or occupations. The general principles in each case are the same though, of course, the details differ according to circumstances. I will confine myself to registration counties, as sufficiently explanatory of the method adopted.

A "tabling sheet" for this purpose is about two feet square, and is headed with the name and number of the superintendent registrar's district, and also with the name and number of the registration sub-district. The sheet is divided into ten columns. In the first are placed the numbers of the enumeration districts, as they occur in the enumeration books, from which all the particulars are extracted. In the second column is placed the name of the civil parish in which each such enumeration district is situated; in the third comes the name of the Parliamentary district; in the fourth the urban sanitary district, or municipal borough; in the fifth the ward, should the locality in question be divided into wards; and in the sixth the ecclesiastical parish to which the enumeration district belongs. The seventh, eighth, and ninth columns are reserved for figures. In the seventh is placed the number of separate occupiers: *i.e.*, the number of families. The eighth is set apart for houses, and is sub-divided into three columns for inhabited houses, uninhabited houses, and those in course of construction respectively. The ninth column is also sub-divided into three, and has reference to population, the first sub-division being for the number of males, the second for females, whilst the total is placed in the third. The tenth column, which is the broadest, occupying about one-third of the sheet, is set apar

for remarks, and is headed by "Instructions for Tabling," in these words :— "Totals of civil parishes required for publication in the census volume must be in red ink. All other figures and names to be in black ink. When the enumeration district is wholly or partly in an ecclesiastical parish, urban sanitary district, or borough ward, such part must be properly indicated. Every place clearly set out in the enumeration book as a hamlet, &c., should be shown, although not set out in the tables of 18—. The names of villages, &c., are also to be inserted here. Persons in boats, barges, caravans, &c., to be shown in this column. The numbers of strangers—as workmen or otherwise—temporarily present, as well as the cause thereof when stated : and any notes explanatory of increase or decrease of the population made by the enumerators or the registrars to be entered here. In institutions (workhouses, hospitals, cottage hospitals, nunneries, convents, lunatic asylums, prisons, barracks, &c.) the number of special inmates must be distinguished from the officers." At the back of each tabling sheet a small tabular form is provided for the special purpose of these last particulars. No more than one registration sub-district is tabled on one sheet ; in many cases, however, a single sub-district will cover several sheets. As I have said before, all the facts noted on these sheets are obtained directly from the enumeration books.

When a tabling sheet has been completed by one clerk, it is then compared with the enumeration books and registrar's summary, and checked throughout by another, and the names of both are entered on the sheet. Should discrepancies occur, unless the error is palpable and rectifiable in the office, correspondence ensues, and in many cases the enumeration books will be sent to the registrar for correction.

A form is also sent to the clergyman of each ecclesiastical parish, to be filled in by him with the numbers of the houses, and of the male and female persons in such parish ; and frequently the clergy render great assistance in solving local difficulties, which require special local knowledge. In some cases, however, though of course few, the correspondence with these gentlemen becomes somewhat voluminous. I heard of a case in which one parson stoutly maintained that a certain row of houses was in his parish, the number of the inhabitants of which would have helped to bring the total of his parish just up to another thousand (say from four thousand to five thousand). Under these circumstances he would have been entitled to an extra grant from the Ecclesiastical Commission. The houses in question were, however, disallowed him by the authorities ; whereupon he immediately disclaimed not only these, but a whole street in addition, evidently seeking thereby to run down his total as low as possible, so that his average school attendance might gain him an educational grant.

From the tabling sheets are extracted the totals required for the volume, which are again written out and sent off to the printer. The sheets themselves are consigned to the cellars of Somerset House, to be unearthed in ten years for the guidance and assistance of those engaged on the next compilation. On the return of the proofs from the printers, the whole mass of figures is read over by clerks in pairs, one reading, and the other checking. This last remark applies, of course, to all the matter which goes to the press.

The piece-workers, or tickers, have a terrible task to perform. Huge sheets, twice as broad as those used for tabling, are placed before them, arranged in columns and rows for ages and conditions, so that, looking under a column and along a row, the proper place for each individual whose name appears in the enumeration books is found ; and then a short stroke or *tick* is made on the sheet. The enumeration book is placed on the left-hand side, and a coloured pencil held in the left hand and a pen in the right. Each person in the book is then consecutively ticked off on the left with the left hand, and entered or ticked with the right on the large sheet, which rests, at an angle of about 120°, on a desk in front of the ticker. "Occupations" are done on the same system. The clerks are paid so much per thousand ticks, every third (say) sheet being thoroughly checked by a time-worker, and deductions made for errors at the rate at which they occur in the corrected sheet. Corrections also are made on the same scale. A canny Scot was once known, after having worked off a couple of sheets of ages and conditions, to have struck averages for himself, and filled his next sheet with marvellous rapidity. He was, however, promptly detected and dismissed.

When the work is finally in hand and understood by those who have to perform it, those clerks who so wish may work overtime, up to 7 p.m., at the rate of about two shillings an hour (for time-workers). Most of the time-workers work overtime, and all the piece-workers.

A good ticker will earn as much as fourteen and fifteen shillings in a day. But imagine the state of mind to which such a one must be reduced after eight or nine months of such work. I have heard of a case where a man, otherwise healthy, went quite out of his mind from this incessant ticking. The superintendents receive as much as £1 per diem for overtime, over and above the amount of their ordinary salaries, and in addition, they generally get a bonus on the completion of the compilation, which occupies in all about two years.

ALEXANDER KNOX.

The Stranger

"When the Gorse is out of bloom, kissing's out of fashion." —·— Old Proverb

A Stranger came across the Downs—
(We'd just as lief have had his room)—
Says he: "Good den, my village Clowns!"
Says he: "The Gorse is out o' Bloom!"
And laughed, familiar-like and free;
"And what d'ye say to that?" says he.

Then Jarge he stared at Giles and Joe,
And Giles and Joe they stared at he,
A-thinking "How will matters go
With Squire and Lady Marjorie?
And what of Sue, and Kate, and May?
And here's a pretty time o' day!"

The Stranger came to stay a bit;
We could ha' spared the queer old Guy
With slouchy clo'es as didn't fit—
And yet a Twinkle in his Eye
As puzzled all the Lads together;
And not for want o' talking nether!

But when the Maidens saw him—hey!
They giggled and they crowded round:
"Why, then," says he, "I'm free to stay?"
And then they looked upon the Ground
And blushed. "I think" says he "I'll go."
And then they cried "Oh, pray you, NO!"

He didn't go. Old Gaffer Gray
And his old Lady used to "Let"—
(The grumblin'est old pair were they,
For ever naggin' in a pet)—
And that old feller took their room
As put the fuzzes out o' bloom.

A poor forlorn old shanty too—
Ah! dismal looking and to spare;
And flowers—you'd have enough to do
Suppose you tried to find 'em *there!*
That bare it was; and rank with grass,
Amost as made you cry to pass.

But one fine day young Jarge he says,
With eyes as round as they could be,
"I come along by Gaffer Gray's—
I didn't hear no nag!" says he.
We stared at Jarge; till then he had
Been reckoned quite a truthful lad.

"And what is more" says Jarge, says he,
"I likewise see a curous sight—
I see a Rose upon their tree
As hadn't tumbled off wi' blight!"
And then we up and tells him flat
He needn't come no tales like *that*

For there wur them could recolleck
The day when Gammer Gray wur wed;
Their cottage didn't look no wreck
At that there time, but bright instead,
With Roses climbing here and there
And peeping at 'em everywhere.

But work and toil, and pinch and scrape;
And then there come that time o' Gloom
When loving words get out o' shape
Through being squeezed for elbow-room,
And all their edges pinched so sharp
They might be words as scold and carp!

And when them Roses heard it all,
A-listening at the little pane,
They'd bow, and let their dewdrops fall,
And never lift their heads again;
And them as lived was all askew,
Just like those loving words had grew.

And so the thing had been for years:
So when young Jarge had sayd his word
We up and greeted him with Jeers—
And then a sudden thought occurr'd
"Some Trick" we cries "o' that old Drone
As couldn't let our Fuzz alone!"

Ye see, we owed him little Thanks
For drivin' Kissing out o' Life;
And now to go a-playing Pranks
With poor old Gaffer and his Wife!
We'd kind of had enough of he
As wouldn't let our Fuzzes be.

So off we went to see it through;
And when we'd got in sight o' there
I tell you, all we'd got to do
Was just to hold our breath and stare;
We hardly made the cottage out
For clouds o' roses all about.

And such a song of birds before
Wur never heard in all the land;
And on the bench beside the door
Them old 'uns sitting hand in hand
All peaceful, like their toil wur done,
A-gazing at the setting sun

All overhead the sky wur grey
Where gloomy clouds had took their berth;
But tords the west it cleared away
All rosy till it sunk to earth—
As rosy as you ever seed;
But wery little gold indeed

Young Squire and Lady Marjorie
Was fixed to wed the coming Moon;
And Sue, and Kate, and May, all three
Was pledged to follow wery soon;
And not a Maid in all them parts
But what had been exchanging Hearts!

Then Jarge and Joe and all the lot
They up and shakes their heads, they does,
And went to see the truth of what
That Stranger sayed about the Fuzz—
And sech a mighty yellow blaze
You never see in all your days!

We went and sought that Stranger out
To up and ask him, "What d'ye mean
By putting that there tale about?" —•—
He wasn't nowhere to be seen.
And so we went and searched his room
As sayed the Gorse was out o' Bloom.

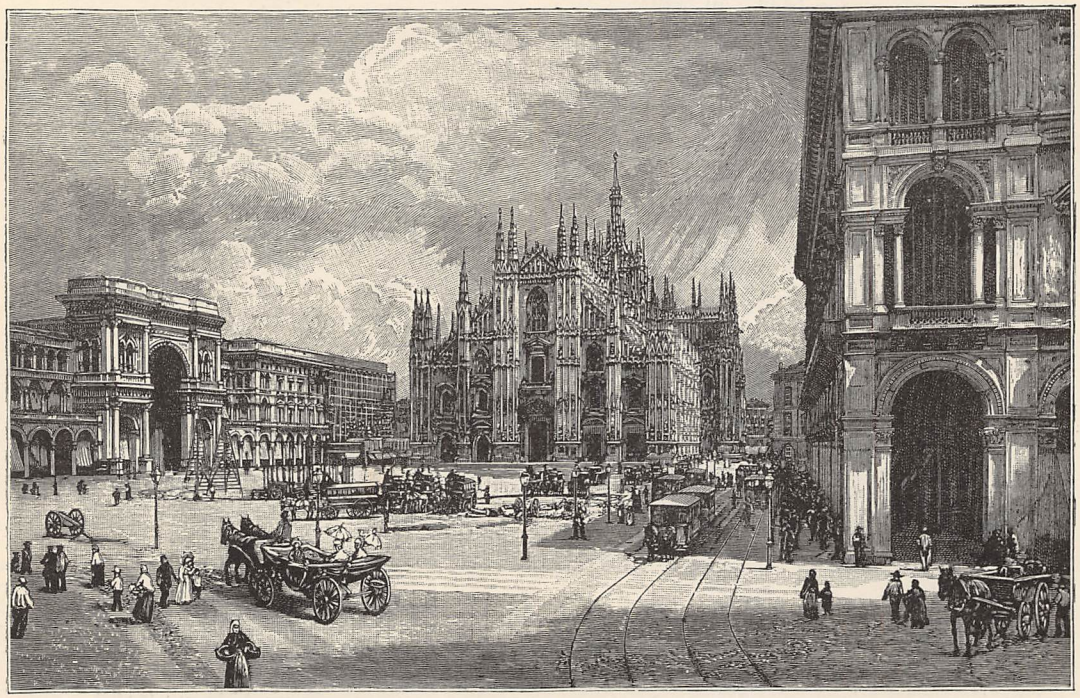
His dowdy clo'es was on the ground—
A beard and wig, like Players wear—
A little dart: an' then we found
A weeny curl o' golden hair;
And Jarge he heered a sound, he say,
Like wings a-fluttering away.

There's them as swears he *wasn't* old,
No more nor Susan's little Jim;
But there, we've tried—ah! times untold—
At making head or tail of him. * *
Next time, we wouldn't grudge him room
As sayed the Gorse was out o' Bloom.

James. F. Sullivan.

MEMORIES OF MILAN.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR FINLAYSON, AUTHOR OF "THE ETHICS OF ATHLETICS," ETC.



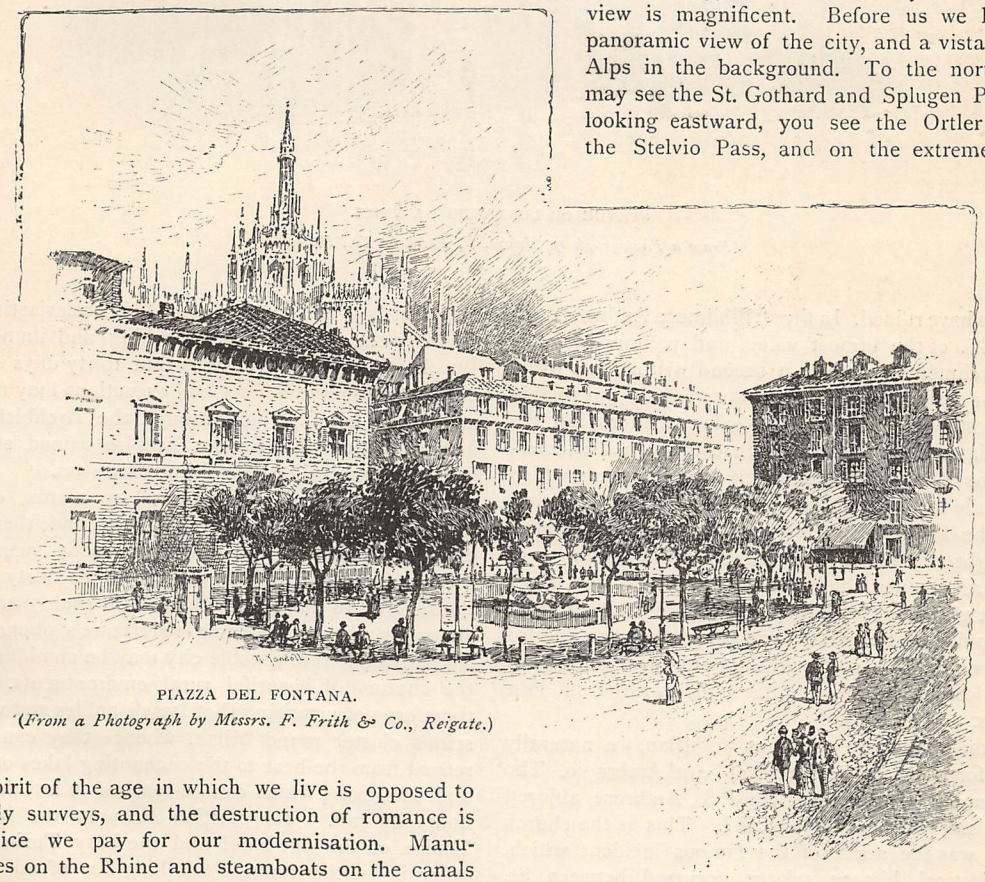
PIAZZA DEL DUOMO.
(*From a Photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*)

THE word "milliner," which is the familiar superscription of many a shop in the United Kingdom, owes its origin to Milan. It takes us back to the fifteenth century, when Milan held the primacy in the world of dress and fashion, and gave to Europe the "modes," as Paris has done in more modern times. But although, in this respect, the centre of gravity has shifted, you have only to enter one of the handsome Milanese shops to be convinced that the milliner in Milan is by no means moribund. Words unintelligible to masculine ears, cabalistic words relating to the Arcana of female costume, flow forth, while the eye is invited to gaze on a bewildering vista of well-grouped robes, costumes, and *belles tournures*, until you are fain to confess, with the air of a *cognoscente*, that the specimens before you are "miracles of art." And as a barren confession unattended by a purchase would show such shocking inurbanity, you may probably cry "*Caviare* to the general," and become a personal subscriber to the prowess of the Milanese milliner. Perhaps in this case you may come to realise the force of the Italian proverb: *Dolce cose a vedere, e dolci inganni* ("Things sweet to see and sweet deceptions"). To subscribe to the former is easy; the latter, experience alone can decide.

Milano "*la grande*" is a city of noble edifices and splendid associations. The Italians are fond of characteristic or descriptive epithets in connection with their towns. Thus in popular parlance they designate Venice "*la bella*," Genoa "*la superba*" (or "proud"), Mantua "*la gloriosa*," Verona "*la degna*," Padua "*la forte*," or "*la dotta*" ("the learned"), Brescia "*l'armata*" (gun-manufacture), Vicenza "*l'antica*" (the Mecca of architects), and so forth. Milan is popularly designated as "*la grande*," and the epithet is correctly descriptive. You may spend months in Milan without exhausting all its treasures, but you may see much in a few days. For myself, I confess Milan is largely associated in my mind with great heat, great smells, and great prices. But these three characteristics are by no means a Milanese monopoly. And these inconveniences are capable of modification or adjustment. Heat is, apparently, popular in Milan. Cremation is there a recognised institution. You go into the city cemetery, and beside the "burning fiery furnace" you may see many a curious "cinerarium," white marble, Etruscan style, niches for mortuary urns of various sizes. The march of civilisation may, ere long, adopt the Milanese method as the best sanitary method for the disposal of the dead. You take a turn in the famous *Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele*, attracted by the handsome shops, and if the weather be close and sultry, and you survive the smells in this grand

arcade, you may probably moralise on the exorbitant prices asked by vendors for their articles. Albeit, Milan is the cleanest of Italian cities.

Mediæval magnificence was a mark of Milan ; and there are many such suggestions. But two of its most remarkable associations, to my mind, belong to the fourth century. Here Julian the Apostate was born. Here St. Ambrose was archbishop. And if the mind is disposed to travel further back, you may meditate on the time when the town was the ancient Mediolanum of the Romans, and review its chequered history in its successive devastations by Attila, by fire, and by Frederic Barbarossa. But comparatively few of those who flock to Milan pursue these reflections.

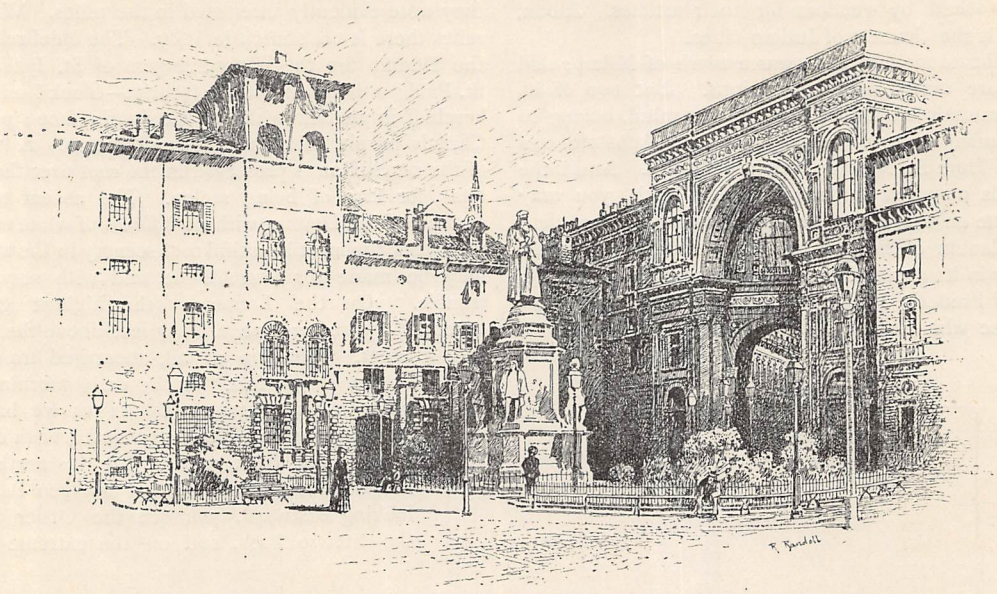


PIAZZA DEL FONTANA.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Reigate.)

The spirit of the age in which we live is opposed to leisurely surveys, and the destruction of romance is the price we pay for our modernisation. Manufactories on the Rhine and steamboats on the canals at Venice are eminently practical, but subversive of romantic association.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, is the chief attraction. It is the largest marble structure in the world, and is built entirely of white Simplon marble, richly decorated. After St. Peter's at Rome, it is the largest church in Italy, and as regards size, ranks third amongst the cathedrals of Europe. The most beautiful fresco of the roof *represents* open-work, but so perfect is the representation that "handbooks" make the mistake of thinking it, like the Bee of Quintin Matsys, actual. Two American ladies were observed to give only a cursory inspection to the mosaics, bas-reliefs, and artistic magnificence of the structure, but in the sacristy they were evidently interested in the relics. Without relics there is no church in Italy. The chief relics of the Duomo are the alleged fingers of St. Peter and St. Paul; a bone of Judas Iscariot—black! a handkerchief impressed with the Saviour's face ; part of Christ's purple robe and crown of thorns. A "nail" of the crucifixion is preserved in the roof over the high altar, for fear of being stolen. The ascent to the summit of the Duomo, with its "forest of white marble pinnacles, the most beautiful roof scenery in the world," may be made for a small fee and with very little trouble. On the Lanterna (the highest gallery ascended by visitors) we are 237 feet above the pavement. The top of all, measured from the statue, is 355 feet. In the early morning the view is magnificent. Before us we have a panoramic view of the city, and a vista of the Alps in the background. To the north you may see the St. Gothard and Splugen Passes ; looking eastward, you see the Ortler Spitz, the Stelvio Pass, and on the extreme right the route to Venice ; turning to the north-west, you get a glimpse of Monte Leone, the Simplon Pass, Bernese Alps, with the Lakes Maggiore and Como in front. Again looking south-west, you may see Monte Viso, Monte Cenis, Mont Blanc, the Great St. Bernard, and the Matterhorn, while the Monte Rosa stands out as the most striking. To obtain this view in the early morning, and again by moonlight, should be the aim of all who visit Milan.

In the refectory in the Convent of Sta. Maria delle Grazie is Leo da Vinci's world-discussed "Last Supper," "Cenacolo" fresco, which decomposition and



STATUE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Reigate.)

daubers have ruined. In the "Biblioteca Ambrosiana" are MSS. of the utmost value, and palimpsests, *i.e.*, old parchments on which a second writing has overlaid the original, which is consequently invaluable when restored. The Palazzo Reale is modern, but the tower dates from the fourteenth century, and is interesting as having the first clock used at Milan, which was made by an Englishman (the monk Wallingford). Near the Ticinese Gate is the Colonne di San Lorenzo. The sight of sixteen mournful Corinthian columns of the third century, the principal remains of the city's ancient grandeur, is rendered the more striking from the popular bustle around, omnibuses plying to and fro every two minutes, and a constant stream of vehicles of every description attesting life in all its varied modern aspects.

Of the many fine churches in Milan, we naturally select for mention the Church of Sant' Ambrogio. The Basilica dates from 387. Here St. Ambrose abjured Paganism, and here he is buried. This is the church which was the scene of the famous incident which, ecclesiastical history relates, occurred between St. Ambrose and the Roman Emperor Theodosius. The story is well known, but it will bear repetition. The Roman Governor of Thessalonica imprisoned a popular actor. The mob accordingly slew the governor. The Emperor thereupon ordered all playgoers to be slain, and in three hours 7,000 perished in the theatre. When the Emperor subsequently approached this church, St. Ambrose reproved him and forbade his entry. Overawed by excommunication, the Emperor maintained a sullen attitude for eight months, then yielded, and laying aside his crown, royal robe, and embroidered buskins, did penance in a corner of this church, and was then reconciled to the Church by the brave bishop. The results of this ecclesiastical incident were, of course, far-reaching and immediate. But the decree of Theodosius that thirty days should elapse between sentences and executions may fitly be mentioned here. Thus through the Archbishop of Milan's action the Roman Empire gained security from monarchical or official impulsiveness.

The city is rich in libraries, museums, elegant edifices, public squares or gardens, and there are charming suburbs and environs easily accessible. The famous Echo at Simonetta, with its thirty repetitions, gives to those who like to hear their own voice an opportunity of listening to Nature's phonograph. The advantages of a noble city may be combined with the charms of beautiful rural environments. It is therefore not surprising that Italy's nobles and wealthy scions cluster round Milan, whence they can beat a retreat from the heat to the enchanting lakes of Como and Maggiore, which can be reached in less than two hours by rail. Its position between the beautiful Venice on the one hand and the busy Turin on the other is another item in the long list of advantages which the city undoubtedly possesses as a place of residence.

A message from Milan was the moving cause which prompted this paper. As the visitor gazes at the façade of the Duomo, he may read on the splendid arches of the triple doorways three separate inscriptions which point a truth of some importance in the journey of life. Over one doorway is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the motto, "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other the sculptor's chisel has cut a cross, and we read the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." And as we turn from these twin truths we

are confronted under the great central entrance to the main aisle with the inscription, "That only is important which is Eternal." Many minds have many moods; but to thousands these doorways convey a triple truth. Pleasures pass. Troubles may become trivial. Eternity alone deepens. As we contemplate the first two inscriptions they seem to lessen, while the third grows greater. Thus they may speak to hearts which no preacher's voice can penetrate.

"The bell strikes one.
We take no note of time,
But from its loss.
To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man."

THEIR MYSTERIOUS BUSINESS.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. VAN KOERT'S TEAPOT," ETC. ETC.

"SO tenderly touched in!" said Lady Wareham, who was an amateur painter.

"Such pearly shadows!" murmured Miss Humphreys, who wrote for all kinds of papers, on all sorts of subjects.

"That bit of scarlet makes one envious," observed Luke Hoskyn, whose praise was worth all the rest, as he was a master of the craft.

The stream of guests came, made their criticisms, scattered complimentary adjectives, and departed, and at length Godfrey Hickes and Laurence Whyte were left alone in their rooms. It was Show Saturday, and they were tired of the chatter and clatter, and as they faced each other at their dinner-table neither man seemed able to talk, but the departure of the servant with the last plate enabled them to turn their chairs to the fire and light their pipes.

"I am sick of it all," said Hickes, as he puffed little rings of smoke towards the ceiling.

Laurence Whyte laughed. "You think so now, my boy, when you are tired, but to-morrow will restore you to a reasonable mind!"

"If we were a couple of poor fellows with a bare studio in Westbourne Park, do you suppose we should have heard a word about 'tender touches' and 'pearly shadows?'" said Godfrey moodily.

"Of course not, but to the 'fools who mostly make the world,' the pearliness of shadows, and the tenderness of touch, only become apparent when the canvases are hung as ours are. You must own, Hickes, that the rooms were worth seeing to-day."

"Hang the rooms!" said Hickes.

"Oh, no!" laughed his companion; "only hang the pictures. By the way," he added, "another large order came this afternoon. It is your night, remember. You had better go at once."

Hickes groaned, but merely saying, "Where is it?" and receiving a packet from Whyte, walked from the room. Laurence Whyte was short and dark, with keen eyes and a small mouth; he was near-sighted and wore strong glasses. When Hickes left the room he took a letter from his pocket, laid down his pipe, and read the closely written pages. He smiled as he read, and his eyes lost their keen expression. Presently he rose, and, going into the library, lighted a lamp and sat down to write. As his letter began with "My darling May," we will quietly withdraw.

"I cannot think how they do it!" said Lady Wareham to her friend, Miss Humphreys, a few days later, as they were driving in the Park, and exchanged bows with Hickes and Whyte. "They seem to go everywhere and do everything, and yet they must paint a great deal to be able to have such lovely rooms."

"Perhaps they have private means, and only paint for pleasure," said Miss Humphreys.

"Oh dear, no!" replied Lady Wareham. "Young Hickes paid Maude so much attention in Scotland last year, that I thought it right to try and find out something about him. He is the son of Sir Hildebrand Hickes—old Yorkshire people, you know, but very poor. Godfrey has nothing but his brush to depend on."

"Perhaps Mr. Whyte is wealthy," suggested Miss Humphreys.

"On the contrary, he has a mother and sister to support, and is, besides, engaged to one of the daughters of the vicar in the next parish to ours in the country—a large family."

"Their studio is certainly lovely," said Miss Humphreys. "I never saw such hangings and such chairs anywhere else."

"Yes, and they have beautiful china and enamels too," continued Lady Wareham; "and yet one only comes across an occasional picture by either of them at an exhibition."

"Mr. Hickes paints more than his friend, but I fancy Mr. Whyte commands high prices for his little gems," said Miss Humphreys.

"But yet," persisted Lady Wareham, "to live in Elvaston Gardens, and to have everything so perfectly appointed, means a great deal of money. Why, I should be glad of the teacups they were handing about yesterday for the shelves in my drawing-room."

"I do not understand it, certainly," acquiesced Miss Humphreys, as the carriage drew up in the Cromwell Road, and they alighted at Lady Wareham's and went in to have tea.

A few nights later Godfrey Hickes was standing at

the top of the staircase in the same house, waiting till a concerto should be ended and Maude should come out of the drawing-room. It was late, and he had been standing on the staircase answering at random the queries of his friends, who asked him why he was so late, and if he were ill. He was sick of the world and its ways, and nervous and irritable besides, and as Maude came out of the room in her radiant beauty, he almost turned and fled, instead of going to greet her.

"Take me downstairs to get an ice," she said brightly to him; "the last piece of music was very classical, and I must be fortified before I hear another."

Amongst the palms and roses with which the dining-room was decorated, Godfrey found a sheltered corner where he and Maude could talk.

"You are ill, Mr. Hickes; you work too hard," said Maude, raising her beautiful clear eyes to his. "How many pictures are you sending to the Academy?"

"Only the one you have seen," replied he.

"But surely you paint a great deal?" queried Maude.

"I work a great deal, yes," said he, looking down. "Work!" he said bitterly, "I wonder if you would speak to me again if you knew *how* I work!" Then, as he saw her look of astonishment, he added lightly, "But men must work, of course, only some like their drudgery, others hate it."

"But surely—" began Maude, bewildered—"you love your art? I have heard you say a thousand times that no other thing is worth living for."

"I think I never said *that*," returned he with a gaze that made her lips quiver and her eyes droop, "but that art is to be loved and praised I do believe; she is a goddess and I worship her!" then he went on to tell what girls love to hear, lessons he had gathered here and there in this beautiful world of ours, and scraps of his artist life, and she listened with appreciation, for she was a willing pupil in the seminary where he wished to be master—the school that teaches love. The minutes flew all too fast, and they had to return to listen to the music. Godfrey soon bade her good night, left the crowded rooms and went quickly to his own dwelling. He had only a walk of a few minutes, but as he placed his latch-key in his door, he felt as if there were miles of distance between himself and the girl he loved. "I am a hypocrite!" he said between his teeth. "How can *I* dare to talk of art!" The house was dark and silent, he went upstairs past the floor on which were his sleeping-room and that of Whyte, and as he stumbled at the turning of the stairs a door above was widely opened and a stream of light flooded the staircase, while Whyte (who was dressed in an ugly suit of check tweed) exclaimed, "Come up, Godfrey, I have such a splendid thing on, I want you at once." With a heavy step Hickes went in and the door shut.

A week later, on a lovely morning, Laurence Whyte was standing in the garden at Holdstone, and May Elsworthy was remonstrating with him.

"It is much too handsome!" she said, as she unclasped a beautiful bracelet, and laid it in its case. "You should not be so extravagant, Laurence."

"You think I ought to have bought kitchen chairs instead? Yes; I know; but, darling, we shall have the kitchen chairs too, before very long; I am going to talk to your father to-day; it is your twenty-first birthday, you know."

"Then you have been successful with your pictures, dear? How many have you in the galleries now?" said May.

"Only two," answered Laurence.

"Only two!" exclaimed she.

"Yes, and they are the same size as usual," said Whyte laughing.

"They are *gems*, I know," said May seriously, but wondering a little in her heart that two bits of canvas, eighteen inches long by six wide, should be thought a sufficiently firm basis for her lover to build a house upon; however, she was too true a woman to raise a doubt or question when *he* spoke; and so the blissful day passed on, and Whyte returned the next morning to what he called his "toil." It was June, and the weather was very warm; there seemed more people than usual to follow each other about, and fill up every available corner at fashionable gatherings and favourite entertainments, and Hickes and Whyte were as usual overwhelmed with work and engagements. One night they were sitting in their library, Hickes smoking and Whyte writing one of his interminable letters, when their friend Morland came in. He was tall, thin, and with a gentle face, not handsome, but with a good, kindly expression, and a charming voice. Whyte left his writing and the three talked and smoked. Presently Morland said, "I think I must give it up and go to Australia. Art is so hard a task-mistress here; it seems only by a miracle that anyone without a name can live."

"You can't live till you have made a name, and you can't make a name till you have lived," said Whyte drily.

"That is just about it," sighed Morland, "but you two seem to have solved the problem," he added, turning to Hickes. "How do you do it?"

"Shall we tell him?" queried Hickes.

"Yes, perhaps he will join us, we certainly want help," returned Whyte. "Come upstairs, old man; we can give you work, and work that *pays*," he said, nodding expressively.

The three went upstairs; they opened the door of the room on the top floor and went in. There was silence for a time, and then they came out—Hickes, with his handsome face and tired eyes, coming last, holding the lamp above his head. As soon as they were in the library again Morland said to Whyte—

"I can't, my dear fellow! I really *cannot*."

"No? well, I felt just the same at first," returned he, "but your point of view alters when you are engaged to be married."

"Or want to be," put in Hickes as he leant against the mantelpiece.

"Besides, I should really be no help," continued Morland.

"Oh, yes, you would! I thought of a line for you before we went upstairs; but if you can't, why, there's an end. You won't say anything outside—eh?"

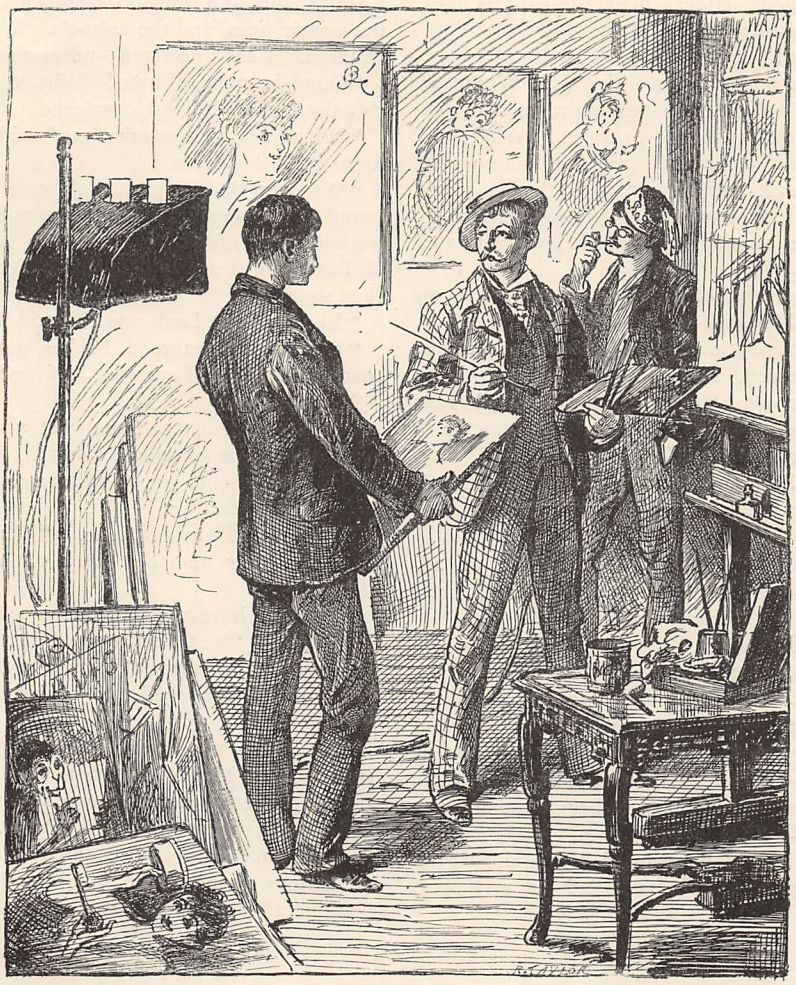
"Of course not!" said Morland indignantly.

"And if you change your mind, you know," said Whyte, "any time within the next three months we'll put you in. Good night; I must go. I never come in here again after I have worked up there;" and he went to the room at the top of the stairs. Hickes and Morland had one of the talks they loved, discussing everything good and high in art and letters, till the bronze clock on the mantelpiece struck two, then they parted.

The end of August came, and Whyte and Hickes were almost alone in town; they had had no holiday, and both looked jaded and ill. They had drawn their chairs to the open window in their library, and were looking out across the dusty strip of brown, dotted with dried shrubs, that was called by courtesy "the gardens;" and Hickes said, "Here comes Morland; how wretched the poor fellow looks!"

"Almost as bad as we do," said Whyte. Morland was ushered in by the grave man-servant, who placed a refreshing tumbler beside him, handed him a choice cigar, and departed.

Morland began at once. "I will join you—give me what you please to do, so that I can make an income."



"'WHY, THAT IS WHAT YOU DO PAINT'" (*p.* 90).

"Been away for a holiday?" said Hickes. "Fallen in love?"

"Well, yes," replied Morland. "I was in Scotland at my sister's——" and he hesitated.

"Yes, I know," said Whyte, "that is fatal. *She* was there. Moors—wet days—evenings when you are too tired for anything but to be played to. She walks and rides as well as she sings and plays tennis, and it is all over with you. We will go upstairs presently," he added.

Morland's eyes grew tender, and his voice was more musical than ever, as his friends asked about his holiday, and talked of the soft shadows on the heather, the gleaming of the waters, and the bubbling of the peaty streams. At eleven they ceased, and went once more up the staircase to the top floor.

"This is the workshop, you remember," said Whyte as he threw open the door of a great bare attic of which the dividing partitions had been removed, leaving plenty of space. Hickes made the gas-jets flare, and Morland looked round.

"You *are* busy!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Amuse yourself for a little," said Whyte, as he and Hickes went into a dressing-room, and presently came back with changed garments. Whyte had on the terrible suit of checked tweed, a blue tie with pink rosebuds on it, and a straw hat with a blue and pink ribbon. Hickes wore a shabby violet velvet coat, and a pale green smoking-cap embroidered with tarnished gold.

"But why in the world do you get yourselves up like this?" said Morland.

"Helps the imagination. It is a distinct aid to our work to be ill-dressed," said Whyte.

"I couldn't do my own work in the clothes I wear for this," said Hickes in his refined voice, going up to a large canvas and taking off the cover.

Morland had been amusing himself with turning all the pictures round that were placed with their faces to the wall.

"It is wonderful!" he said. "I never see an advertisement now without thinking you did it; but I suppose you are not the only men, eh?"

"Oh, no," said Whyte; "but we are at the top of the profession, and we began the sort of thing. Look here," he continued, "this was our first," and he pointed to a girl with a bunch of roses; "that was taken by a tobacconist; how he used it I don't know; then came these," and he touched a row of girls in every sort of dress and amusing themselves in every kind of way, "they are for——"

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Morland. "Man alive! don't I go on the Underground Railway every day of my life?"

"And this set was a happy thought that came to Hickes one day at the Zoo," continued Whyte, pointing to some capitally drawn animals that were disporting themselves with articles of household use or ornament.

"He paints them, you know, and the advertising agent says what he wants, and we put in saucepans or lamps, or looking-glasses or coffee-pots, or soups or cocoa, or anything else. I do all the love scenes or Eastern halls, and things of beauty generally; he does the comic ones and the animals. We want a set of children. I can't do them—never could."

"Good heavens, Whyte! Why, that is what you *do* paint," said Morland, perplexed.

"When I am downstairs, yes," said Whyte; "but up here, in this dress, no."

"We want landscapes, too," said Hickes, turning round from his canvas, where enormous grasshoppers were jumping about with "Wade's honeydew" stuck on boards on their backs or held between their legs as they stood up.

"But *you* paint landscapes?" said Morland.

"Downstairs," returned Hickes, putting a finishing touch to the eyes of one wise-looking insect.

Morland laughed.

"Well," he said, "give me what you like, I will do it; and don't be so doleful about it, Hickes. I can't see why you should put on such tragedy airs over good and useful work."

"Hear him!" said Whyte. "Three months ago, Morland, your remarks were of a different complexion."

"You shall have as much of it as you like next year," said Hickes; "we take no more orders after Christmas. The work downstairs will keep us going now, but this was how we managed to live before we made our names."

There were two weddings down in Heathshire in January, and Maude Wareham and May Elsworthy are closer friends than ever now that they live in town and their husbands are artists of note. The workshop in Elvaston Gardens is tenanted by Morland and an industrious young friend of his, and a great deal of "business" is still done there.

M. R. L.

THE KEY-NOTE OF DINNER.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," ETC.

SOUP, says Sir Henry Thompson, is "the best commencement, as it is the key-note, of the dinner, revealing also, as it does, nine times out of ten the calibre of the cook to whose talent the guest is entrusted."

There is no doubt that, in giving a little dinner, no series of after-successes will ever atone for bad soup. Most men, who have daily to undergo a mental strain, approach their dinner with feelings of exhaustion rather than hunger, combined too often with a feeling of irritability, which passes away after they have swallowed a plateful of really good soup. At the present festive season of the year, there is no harm in asking ourselves in strict confidence the two following questions: How often, when we dine out, do we commence our dinner with a plateful of really *good* soup? The second question is more serious, and that is—When we give a little dinner at home,

what is the calibre of the cook to whose talents we entrust our guests? We fear that some of us must honestly confess that in our innermost heart we feel that she has no "talent" and no "calibre" at all. The next question that naturally arises is—If we give a little dinner, how about the key-note?

Real turtle soup can be obtained ready made, the price being a guinea per quart. But as this soup is not adapted to persons whose means are limited, we will, of course, confine ourselves to the simple directions for making it at home. Real turtle can be obtained home-made in two ways. One is to buy a tin containing the turtle meat—not soup, but meat only—ready cooked; and the other way is to make it from dried turtle flesh, this latter method being the cheapest. In both methods, what we require is some really good clear stock, for we presume the soup will be required for a dinner-party, and it is a great mistake to commence dinner with a thick soup.

The turtle flesh sold in tins has simply to be added to the stock, and boiled with it for about an hour. These tins vary somewhat in price according to the maker, but, as a rule, a tin of meat sufficient to make two quarts of soup would not cost more than five shillings. One ladleful of soup is generally, at the commencement of dinner, considered sufficient for each guest; and as two quarts will make sixteen ladlefuls, we consider this quantity to be amply sufficient for a dinner of ten persons. Of course this would not apply to a bachelors' dinner-party in the City. It is chiefly, however, with the dried turtle flesh that we would deal at present. A pound of the dried flesh is sufficient to make *four* quarts of soup, and, as this flesh varies in price from four shillings a pound to ten, or even twelve, it is quite possible to have home-made real turtle without plunging into reckless extravagance, as we undoubtedly should do were we to buy it at a guinea a quart.

The best dried turtle flesh is the "Sun-dried," and comes from the West Indies. This is genuine *green* turtle. In the present day, however, a good deal of very second-rate turtle flesh comes from Syria and the East Indies; and, to make matters worse, the natives have a trick of drying the flesh of dead turtles, nicknamed "angels." Of course this is quite unfit for the purpose. The only way to guard against the danger of buying this rubbish is to deal with respectable tradespeople, and pay a respectable price. The rage for cheapness is often carried too far.

We will suppose that we have got half a pound of dried turtle flesh, and that we are going to make two quarts of turtle soup. The first thing to do is to throw it into cold water in a saucepan, bring the water to a boil, and let it boil for nearly an hour, take the turtle flesh out and throw the water away. Next place the turtle flesh in cold water—just sufficient to cover it—and let it soak till we have our stock ready in which to boil it. Next, how are we to make stock, so to speak, worthy of the turtle? For this we shall want about four pounds of knuckle of veal. We must cut up the knuckle of veal into small pieces, chop up the bone, and be very careful to remove any of the marrow, as this has a tendency to make the soup cloudy, and will consequently give us a great deal more trouble when we come to clear the soup. Put this in a large enamel saucepan, which is far better than a tin one. An enamel saucepan to hold four quarts should cost about three and threepence. We must also place with it two large onions or three middle-sized ones, one carrot, a small head of celery, and a small handful of freshly picked parsley. Put this on the fire to simmer gently, and there is no harm in putting in the pieces of turtle flesh at the same time, only be careful to count the pieces of turtle. This saucepan should be put on early in the morning, and allowed to simmer the whole day; and as, of course, it will boil away, you may add three quarts of water at starting. As the saucepan is an enamelled one, the last thing at night you can remove the lid, and place a plate on the top, and then leave it on the fire all night. At first starting it is very important to remove all the scum that arises from time to time, by skimming. Of course, also, we presume that the stove is a shut-up one. What is still better than a shut-up stove is a gas stove, as we can then simmer the meat without any fear of its boiling too fast, in which case it is best to have on no lid at all. Early the next morning remove all the fat that may have settled on the top while it is cold, and bring the stock again to a boiling point, when it can be strained off, and the pieces of turtle flesh put by on a plate. Now pour back the stock into the saucepan, and add the following herbs:— A brimming tablespoonful of dried sweet basil, another tablespoonful of mixed savoury herbs, similar to those you use in making veal stuffing, and a teaspoonful of pennyroyal; and let these boil in the soup for about an hour. Again strain off the soup through a hair sieve, so as to get rid of the herbs. Once more pour it into the saucepan, and add a large dessertspoonful of extract of meat, which is far cheaper than the four or five pounds of gravy beef which would have been used years ago. Next, we must clear the soup in the ordinary way by beating up two whites of eggs to a froth with a little water, adding that to the soup, and stirring it up, and then letting the soup boil gently for two or three minutes while we stir it.

The soup must now be strained through a flannel jelly-bag, or, what is much more simple, place a sieve in a large basin, and place a square piece of flannel in the sieve. It is generally best to pass the soup twice through the flannel, as when the flannel is quite dry the first lot that runs through is a little cloudy. When the soup is quite bright, pour it all back into the enamel saucepan, cut up the turtle flesh into pieces about an inch and a half square, and let it remain on the fire till each piece is perfectly tender and a silver fork will go through it without the slightest resistance. When this is the case, the soup is ready to be sent to table. It will require the addition of a little pepper and salt. Many cooks add wine, but it is not really essential. Indeed, in the opinion of M. Rouard, who is generally considered one of the first cooks in Europe, wine, so far from improving the soup, destroys

its more delicate flavour. Of course, if you have more than two quarts the soup must be allowed to boil away gently till it is reduced to this quantity, and there is no harm in letting the soup boil after the meat is tender. Many persons add a little lemon-juice; but it is better to have a little cut lemon and cayenne pepper handed with the soup. We cannot too much bear in mind the fact that tastes differ.

If you wish to make the soup richer and more pronounced in turtle flavour, you can accomplish this by buying what are called turtle chips. These must be first boiled for a short time by being placed in cold water at starting, the first water being thrown away. The chips can then be placed in the soup *after* it has been cleared, and the soup must be boiled gently until they are perfectly soft.

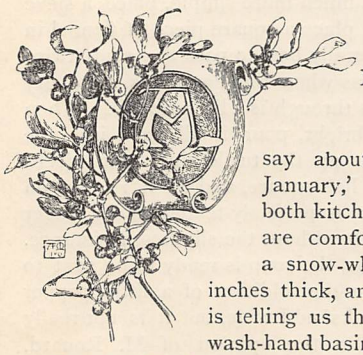
The chief drawback to making turtle soup from dried turtle flesh is that it is undoubtedly a work of time. In cold weather, if you have gas in the house, and a gas stove, or even a little gas stand attached to a burner, it saves a great deal of trouble, as you can let the soup simmer all night long, besides which it will help to keep the house warm, and prevent the pipes from freezing; but then the soup must simmer and not boil. One word of warning, if you leave the soup on the gas all night long; and that is, you must be careful that it does not boil away altogether, and consequently you must fill the saucepan up so that there is no danger. Another point on which you must be careful is this:—Suppose the cook, when she goes to bed about ten o'clock, leaves the soup all right, just simmering, which means an occasional bubble now and then. If, however, as is generally the case, she leaves the gas burning in the hall, and perhaps three burners in the dining-room—the master of the house, say, goes to bed between eleven and twelve—directly he turns out the gas in the dining-room and hall, the gas stove gets more lively, the result being, the soup will begin to boil, the house will smell of cooking, you will dream of turtle soup all night, and find the real turtle a blackened mass, owing to its having boiled away. Consequently, whoever turns out the last gas-jet must see to the soup.

As we have said, in making the soup from a tin of meat all we have to do is to make the stock as we have described, and then add the meat and let it boil for about an hour; but then the dried turtle flesh helps us in this way to make soup for other purposes: it obliges us to let the material stew a long time. This is the secret of making good soup. Cooks have an idea that they can make soup in two or three hours. If, in cold weather, they would go to the other extreme, and let the meat, bones, and vegetables, &c., stew for two or three days, the result would be far different; and when we have an enamelled saucepan, and use a plate for a lid, there is very little trouble, as it need not be strained off till the very last.

In making stock for turtle soup we have really learnt how to make high-class clear stock for an immense variety of other soups. For instance, suppose we want some good vermicelli soup, all we have to do is to take the necessary quantity of vermicelli, and boil it *separately* in a little water till it is tender. If we boiled the vermicelli in the soup direct, it would make it cloudy. We add this vermicelli to the soup just before sending it to table.

Again, a great variety of soups can be made by adding what is called Italian paste. This must all be boiled separately, like the vermicelli, in order to avoid making the soup cloudy. Another very nice soup can be made by adding a tin of mixed preserved vegetables, called macedoines, which are generally composed of green peas, carrot, and turnip, and small green flageolets, which are the white haricot beans before they are dried. All you have to do is to open the tin and pour its contents—juice and all—into the clear stock, and let it boil for five minutes before the soup is sent to table. We ought perhaps to add that the savoury herbs, consisting of the basil and other mixed herbs, are only to be used when the soup or stock is intended for the turtle.

THE GARDEN IN JANUARY.



AND what," it may be asked, "can you possibly find to say about 'The Garden in January,' in a month when both kitchen and flower garden are comfortably asleep under a snow-white counterpane six inches thick, and while Sam Weller is telling us that the water in our wash-hand basin is 'a mask o' ice'?"

But for all that, we are going to talk about the garden; and by way of a compromise with our imaginary grumbler we have decided to talk about the holly. And how could we possibly make choice of a more appropriate subject for a Christmas Eve paper, when young Squire "Jacob" is standing on the "ladder" surrounded by the fair decorators of the chancel—shall we call them the "angels"?—who, in eager competition, hand up to him ever and anon a prickly holly bough, with now and then—though, of course, quite by mistake—a spray of the mistletoe?

Since then the old squire has just told the head gardener that he "cannot have the holly-trees cut away like this," and his more fierce neighbour has positively offered a reward for the apprehension of the

WHAT BECOMES OF THE HOLLY.

depredators upon his shrubberies the previous evening, we gardeners have come to the conclusion that as there is annually such an enormous demand for this Christmas favourite—the holly—it ought even to be more extensively cultivated than it is.

Add to which, when we reflect that a little more pains taken in the cultivation of all the charming varieties of the holly would enable us to mitigate to a very considerable extent the usually monotonous appearance of the garden on Christmas Day, we have an additional incentive to approve of the choice we have made. What, then, have we got to say about the holly-tree?

Now, when our object is simply to add to our stock of holly, with a view to the demand made upon it at this time of the year, we cannot do better than decide upon more *holly hedges;* and a well-grown holly hedge is certainly a formidable obstacle with which to prevent an intruder from making his way to "the wrong side of the hedge." And, fortunately for many of us, the common holly, *Ilex aquifolium*, is not so particular as some trees and shrubs are with regard to the soil in which it grows. It certainly has a preference for a rich sandy loam; but the soil, whatever it is, must first be properly trenched and prepared, and above all things thoroughly well drained. Still more will many of our readers be glad to know that the holly will grow well even on a clay soil: at least, after it has become thoroughly established there. True, its *early* growth on a clay soil is not so rapid as it would be on a more fruitful one. Yet we cannot say that it will flourish to perfection in a really damp and marshy situation. But the holly likes shelter and a considerable amount of shade, and—what is more consoling than anything else—it does not very much object to that which would kill most things: namely, the drip from the boughs of any neighbouring tree that towers above it. Its general amiability of character, then, no doubt accounts for its popularity at this time of the year, for at Yule-tide anything which is unamiable seems utterly incongruous.

Now, the holly, of course, can be propagated by cuttings, and the more rare species had better be raised in this way; but the common kind is often raised by seed, though the process is certainly a long one before really fine shrubs can be thus obtained. The process is as follows:—Gather some berries when ripe, and after mixing plenty of sand with them to prevent any fermentation, bury them in a good deep hole. During the early part of the following summer you will have some good young plants; these you can afterwards transplant, but as holly is a slow grower, it will take some three years before you have a respectable shrub. The holly, again, ought never to be clipped or pruned: it will be at once apparent that a number of leaves cut half-way through would present a very unsightly object; cut them then, where necessary, with a sharp knife, merely removing any stray or awkward branches.

It is curious that some of the non-hardy and more ornamental species almost prefer damp and swampy situations rather than that sort of soil which we have said is better adapted for the common kind. For example, we may name an evergreen which needs green-house protection—the *Ilex angustifolia*, a shrub indigenous to the marshy ground of North America: it gives white flowers in June and bears globular berries, and has lanceolate or very *narrow* foliage, and hence the name by which it goes. The berries of the *Ilex Perado*, or the Madeira holly, are larger; it has ovate shining leaves, and though it must be classed among the green-house species, it might, under the very favourable circumstances of a thoroughly mild winter, survive with little or no protection.

But it will, perhaps, be more to our purpose to speak of those which are decidedly hardy evergreens. The *Ilex dipyrena*, for example, will grow to a height of twelve feet, and its small white flowers are succeeded by dark brown berries. Another hardy evergreen holly, indigenous to the Canary Islands, grows to

a still greater height, while its berries are black; and another hardy specimen, the *fractu-luteo*, bears yellow berries.

We have named these more particularly, as from the variety of the colour of their berries, we shall value them more for the purpose of any decoration for which the holly is so now sought after. Many other sorts and varieties could of course be named; but the simple *Ilex aquifolium* has had its praises sung by Evelyn, in his "Sylva," where he prizes it "above all the natural greens which enrich our home-born store": its timber, he adds, "is the whitest of all hard woods," and is much valued by the "In-layer."

The question as to the best time of year for the removal and transplanting of the holly has been a good deal disputed; but it is naturally and universally allowed that the best time for the removal of any plant or shrub is the period of its greatest rest. Now, the holly sheds its leaves about May or June, so that perhaps the time of its greatest rest will be in the preceding month of April, whereas if you move a holly in the middle of the month of November (more generally devoted to garden changes) you do so when it is in the very middle of its growth, and you are therefore liable to check it materially; whereas, removing it in April or by the end of March, you accelerate the fall of the leaf, and after removal, it has before it a whole season in which to recover itself. But in addition to our holly hedges, a well-grown holly-tree on the lawn is a noble object. Hedges and fences, however, may be well made up of holly and hawthorn in equal proportions.

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "Never Cleared Up," &c.

Part the Second.

IN AUSTRALIAN WILDS.

I.

FOR DEAR LOVE'S SAKE.

BY HERBERT WOOLDEN.

AGATHA was fond of calling me a great traveller, because I went backward and forward between Norfolk and Edinburgh, and because Eustace and I preferred the sea passage sometimes, and went to London or to Grimsby, as the case might be, that we might proceed to the North in the comfortable steamers which run regularly from port to port, on the eastern coast. I was always willing to pass as a hero in her eyes. Quiet fellows like myself are never loth to receive credit for having in them a strain of adventurous blood. The fancy never struck me then, that I should cut myself off from civilisation and plunge into the arid wastes of Australia.

It was love that did it; love for Agatha, first of all; I will be honest, and acknowledge the truth. Eustace and I were at school together, we were playfellows at home, we were comrades close and true at college, and we went together, step by step, through our allotted course, until the end was reached, and we were permitted by law to heal our fellow-men. I never had a companion whom I could place side by side with Eustace, among all the excellent fellows I have known. But that is not quite the same as the regard I had for Agatha. Love has its own sphere and fills it: friendship has its own sphere and fills that. If I put love first, let nobody think my friendship is less sincere.

It did not matter much to me that youth was pleaded as a disability, or as an excuse for delay, when I told Agatha of my love. I was willing enough to wait and perform my tasks dutifully, knowing as I did that her heart responded to mine. Time and

space were annihilated. I could think and feel and be satisfied.

We are not all alike, and I suppose the world requires people of various kinds. Men can be true according to their temperaments, some in one way and some in another. Eustace is different from me. "Not poetic," he said, "not poetic, not even semi-poetic." But he loved Althea almost as soon as he knew her, and he rebelled against the imputation that it would be better for him, and for all of us, that years should mellow our judgment before any binding vows were spoken.

He suffered terribly when it was publicly known that Dr. Falding had been in trouble at Nottingham, but he hid his feelings from all but me. At home, he took things calmly, or appeared to do so. He told his father not to care about it, and yet I had seen him in agony over that same painful business.

I think my father had doubts on the subject, which he fought against, but which he could not quite conquer. I have heard him say, "Daylight should look like daylight. You hear about snow in June, but did you ever see it in July?" He has a peculiar way of putting his thoughts; perhaps you do not agree with him, but the process of giving a satisfactory and convincing reply is not easy. I agree with Eustace when he says, "There is nothing like being categorical."

My father never said he would not consent to an engagement between Eustace and Althea, or between Agatha and me, but he assumed an awkward attitude towards the matter. "A clear road is a clear road," was one of his favourite remarks; "and an obstacle is removed when it is removed." My mother agreed with us, and that had a good influence on his mind. I am afraid I cannot say the same about Roderick. He had too much leisure on his hands, and he would have liked Agatha for himself. At one time he said he would have her; but he gradually, though unwillingly, learnt the painful lesson that nine successes are no proof the tenth endeavour will not be a failure. He had his own way in many things, but the time came when he was thwarted. Agatha was beyond his reach.

I was not surprised when Eustace decided to make that voyage to Australia. If he had not done so, Dr. Falding would have gone. I had several interviews with Dick Lowtitt, and my opinion was that it might be possible to make an arrangement with Amos Glew, so that a long and painful uncertainty should be ended. I thought at the time, and I think still, Eustace was likelier to carry the affair through successfully than his father. Dr. Falding had suffered intensely as the result of Glew's misbehaviour, and he would have administered personal chastisement on the scoundrel, I believe, if there had been any hitch in the proceedings. Eustace is impetuous, but he knows how to control himself. He did not feel as keenly about the affair as his father did, which was quite natural.

Roderick, my brother, is fond of doubting whether anybody can do what they undertake. He spoke disagreeably about Dick Lowtitt's communication, and never employed the Broad-man again. I, for one, was not sorry. Dick was safest when with the members of his own family. I do not think he was guilty of the crime for which he was transported, but he was a confirmed poacher, and that was known at the time. There may not be strict justice in my father's remark on the subject, but it contains a consideration which is worth weighing. "Transgression is transgression," he said, "and punishment is punishment; if they go together, they go together." When Dick heard about this summary he looked puzzled, but he did not deny the force of it.

Roderick doubted whether Dick had heard Amos Glew say anything about the stolen money; if Dick spoke truthfully, he doubted whether Amos meant what he said; if Amos meant it, he doubted whether he would reveal the secret to Eustace. It reminded me of the schedule of pleas sometimes put forward by the defendants in lawsuits, when a charge is denied and then justified.

Roderick was delighted to hear that Amos Glew had joined an expedition to the interior. He pretended that all such parties came to grief, and never returned. To hear him talk, one might have thought the Australian desert was strewn with the bones of explorers who had perished there. One or two misfortunes have happened, I know, but most of the men who have attempted to solve geographical problems in that great country have accomplished their object. He seemed quite radiant when there was no news of the relief expedition which Eustace had joined, and his remarks at the time had much to do with making me go out to see whether it was possible to be of any use to my friend. I hoped my medical training would give me an advantage in any application I might make to join a search party, if another were organised. I was prepared to do something in that line myself if the public did not take up the matter. Dr. Falding, and his brother Sidney, made arrangements for me to draw upon them for a considerable sum if necessary, so that no chance might be lost for want of effort.

I intended to proceed to Western Australia, from Adelaide, but when I heard about the Fortesque expedition, I changed my plans. Many writers had advocated the use of camels instead of horses for exploring purposes. In a country like that which lies between South Australia and the settled parts of West Australia, there are immense tracks of barren soil which resemble the places where the camel is the only possible beast of burden. Some camels had been imported, and they were to be employed in seeking a practicable route from the centre of the continent to the western settlements. Explorers had found that a great deal depends on the course which travellers happen to take. One would describe a land of desolation, and another, a degree or two away, would give a glowing account of the country and its prospects. It was thought that with camels a comprehensive survey could be made, and the contradictory statements accounted for.

When it was known that two parties had entered the desert from the west, and no news had been heard from them, the people under whom Fortesque was acting decided to change their purpose to some extent, and try to rescue their countrymen. It was known that a place existed in the midst of the desert to which both parties of travellers were likely to direct their steps. This was called New Ararat. It had been visited by white men, but only under very favourable climatic circumstances. After the rains had been unusually prolonged, when the water-holes and creeks were filled, it was possible to accomplish what at other times was beyond the powers of white men.

New Ararat was Fortesque's destination, and I was allowed to join him. It was not intended that a surgeon should accompany the expedition, and I was allowed to do so only with the understanding that I made myself "generally useful." I venture to say there was not a better shot in the party, and that consideration had its weight. What we learn young we learn well. My boyhood among the broads had made me familiar with many forms of sport, and a gun had been my companion from my tenderest years.

Fortesque was the right man in the right place, he understood his work, and he understood human nature. This enabled him to make the best of his resources. He acknowledged that he did not know much about camels, and I think he had no desire to perfect his knowledge in that branch of natural history. "The brutes are useful," he said, "but they are awkward."

Nobody can deny their usefulness for a purpose like that to which we put them. They are strong and hardy, they can find forage where horses would starve, and they can exist an incredible time without water. Several of our party, besides the leader, were old explorers; they had faced the arid wastes with horses, and they agreed that a horse must have water once in twelve hours, if it is to be worth anything, but a camel will go for twelve or fourteen days, if necessary, without drinking, and will carry a load weighing over three hundred pounds.

In my ignorance, I thought we might be able to support ourselves on the route by the aid of our guns, but I found that an important difficulty in Australian exploration arises from the absence of game throughout immense portions of the country, and the necessity, therefore, to carry sufficient food to last all the journey. Provender had to be taken for the camels, even. We did not burden ourselves with luxuries; flour, pork, sugar and tea, spare clothes and ammunition, filled nearly the whole of our numerous packages. There were some medical stores; but we were a healthy lot and, like most men in similar circumstances, counted on immunity from serious disorders.

Our party consisted of six white men and two aborigines, besides a Eurasian, from Bombay, who had charge of the camels. We started about the middle of March, and for a long time our route lay through the settled districts, for it was our intention to keep near the telegraph line until we reached the middle of the continent, and then to strike to the west, across the unexplored country between Central Mount Stuart and New Ararat. Most of the provision stores had been sent forward in light waggons, therefore we were able to make rapid progress during the first part of our journey.

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It would be easy to copy the entries which I made in my journal at the time, but I am afraid they would not prove very interesting, and I am sure they would occupy more space than I have at my disposal. Until we struck westward from Central Mount Stuart we were in well-known regions. The telegraph line follows that favourable belt of land which stretches across the continent from north to south. The stations have extended northward, and we found the squatters exceedingly hospitable. Each one was glad to receive us, and sorry to let us depart. Our object was well known. We had the best wishes of everybody, and might have had help of any description from the warm-hearted and adventurous hosts who entertained us.

We found stations connected with the telegraph line at regular intervals, and this robbed the first part of our long journey of its romance. Men talk about the "romance of science," but the marks of civilised enterprise and industry which were continually with us while we had the telegraph in sight made it difficult to believe how short a time it was since the route we followed was discovered by bold pioneers. When we encountered red sand-hills, we went forward with confidence, because we knew what lay beyond. Different was it however with Stuart and his two companions, who had to plunge into the unknown, ignorant whether they would find watered country again, or be hopelessly beset by Nature in her most barren and destructive mood. We talked about those heroes of the wilds, who were driven back only when the aborigines became dangerous. What could three men do against savage tribes, armed with weapons which they used with wondrous skill!

In my journal, I find many entries which mention the monotony of the landscape. I longed for variety, and often thought about the sylvan beauty of the broads, where trees appear to grow luxuriantly out of the water, and where the rich background of green is relieved with many lovely tints of varying sweetness. What would I have given for a peep at Wilsey Broad in June, when the trees are resplendent with bloom, and the wild flowers drape the margin of many a pool with indescribable loveliness!

One thought was entered in my journal which may be transcribed here. "The earth waits for man." The squatters all told us that both land and climate improve as the result of settlement. Grasses improve as they are fed upon by sheep, and new kinds spring up. A change takes place in the neighbourhood of stations, which cannot be accounted for. Nature seems to meet the worker half-way, and to welcome him with smiles; his toil is appreciated and supplemented, so that he literally reaps where he has not sown.

We studied our beasts of burden, that we might be the better able to use them when in the trackless desert, for it was not the intention of Fortesque to pursue the known way to New Ararat. He had to explore new

country, as well as to attempt the deliverance of the lost expeditions. Our camels recognised a ruler of the herd; this was an old bull called Bob; but he was like Henry IV. and there were several young bulls longing for his crown, or willing to separate part of his subjects from him, and set up independent governments far away. The possibility of their succeeding filled us with concern, for if it should happen in the

"I SHOULD HAVE FALLEN IF A COMRADE HAD NOT SUPPORTED ME" (*p.* 98).

sandy wastes our lives would "all be forfeit." The creatures were docile and sagacious. While Bob remained strong and well there was not much to fear, except when the herd became frightened by seeing or smelling a snake, then there was danger of a stampede. Once or twice this happened, and we had long journeys after the panic-stricken wanderers, but the two aborigines were invaluable on such occasions. They helped us to track the fugitives and bring them back again.

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Our cook, called McKinlay's Jack, who had been into the Northern scrub and the Western desert, was fond of telling us we should not know we were born until we reached the spinifex and the ants. I paid little heed to him, knowing something about the flora and fauna of that desolate land we had to traverse, after leaving the favourable central belt. But I will here record my opinion that spinifex, as it is called, is an unspeakable nuisance. It always signifies the poorest of poor soil. Porcupine grass is a better name for it. Growing in tussocks, two or three feet in diameter, its sharp spines are straw-coloured, and would pierce the legs of horses or camels, if those animals happened to tread on it. The camels cannot eat it, though they can feed on most kinds of vegetation. The only game found among it is the kangaroo rat, and that is not very plentiful. As McKinlay's Jack said, "Spinifex is grass which ought to be ashamed of itself." But the ants were worse. When we were among the undulating plains of sand, we could not rest for a moment without being covered

with them. If we found a shady place, we were debarred from availing ourselves of its welcome relief from the burning sun—ants in myriads attacked any venturesome mortal who dared to recline there.

McKinlay's Jack bore the discomforts better than any of us. Our sufferings proved him to be a true prophet, and from that fact he seemed to gather considerable satisfaction.

I, for one, was glad we had not to cross the wilderness. We were often without water, and we seldom had sufficient. The native wells never contained enough for us, and often we had to dig them deeper, and wait for the coy moisture to run in, before we could quench our thirst with the lukewarm mud.

At length we reached a better district. There was something besides spinifex to be seen. White gums made their appearance again, and one day we saw a hill in the distance.

"That is New Ararat," said Fortesque, "but it is twenty miles away."

We hurried forward, and before nightfall I saw the welcome face of Eustace Falding again.

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II.

A VERBAL MESSAGE.

BY EUSTACE FALDING.

I THOUGHT we were trapped at New Ararat, not by the contrivance or treachery of man, but by the remorseless conditions which Nature imposes upon the regions where she has unbridled sway. We had water enough there, and we could procure food, but around us was a waste, howling wilderness, which we dare not attempt to cross.

New Ararat is an extraordinary place. Immense masses of rock are piled together, and a mountainous elevation is formed. On one side, under the highest portion, there is a capacious natural reservoir, which holds water enough to supply the wants of any city in Australia. As Herbert Woolden says, "Water is the voice which cries 'Open sesame' to the food-stores of the world, and where it abounds, in a hot country especially, there is generally an abundance of vegetable and animal life."

It is only by contrast with the surrounding country, however, that New Ararat could be called an earthly paradise. With all its advantages there is a painful absence of edible plants. The aborigines find roots and seeds there, which are luxuries to them, but to a white man many of these are quite indigestible. The place is rich in birds, that is the best I can say about it, from what may be called a commissariat standpoint. Science is very well in its way, and I have quite an ordinary amount of interest for new species and fresh specimens; but hunger makes men gaze on bronze-winged pigeons, water-ducks, white cockatoos, and slate-coloured parrots, as no naturalist who stays at home ever regarded feathered creatures in his life. Swans are graceful on the water, and they are interesting out of it, but there comes a time when the heart rejoices at an opportunity to hurry them into the pot. We will call it pot for the sake of euphony, but in reality our cooking-vessel was an iron bucket. Eggs of the emu are treasured at museums, but we found a more practical use for them at New Ararat.

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"Shall we be sought? Shall we be found? Shall we be rescued?" These were the questions we asked ourselves frequently during our long imprisonment. We answered each other in as hopeful a manner as we could, but I believe in our hearts we often felt that we had reached a kind of living tomb, where we were destined to remain until sickness or old age put an end to our comfortless existence. Or, perhaps, hunger would do it. Our stock of ammunition was limited. What would happen when it became exhausted? We thought about Leichhardt and his mysterious fate. Had he perished slowly at some oasis like ours, or had he been suddenly overwhelmed and destroyed by savages?

I never expected to see Herbert Woolden out there. In my troubled dreams I often thought we were together on the broads again—fishing, shooting, and exploring. I heard the sweet laugh of Althea, as she blundered over some simple piece of water-craft which I endeavoured to teach her; I heard my sister, as she steered the boat through winding channels among the reeds; or I fancied we were all skating together on the glassy surface of Wilsey Broad; I, hand-in-hand with Althea, and Herbert hand-in-hand with Agatha, gliding from point to point, rejoicing in the freedom and speed. But it always ended with the dawn. Another day's rough reality was before me, another day of heart-gnawing and vexation that I could not get away.

What a sight it was which burst upon us when we saw the strings of mounted camels hastening towards us from the east! The poor beasts had been on short supplies of water for many a day, and though they were weary with the journey, and with the burdens they bore, half-starved, and sore in many places, yet they quickened their speed, and came nearer and nearer, until we cried to each other incredulously, "Is it the mirage?"

We had been tormented by false hopes before. We had signalled to shadowy forms and unsubstantial cavalcades, which suddenly drifted into the air, and left us wondering, but sad, in our prison, where great walls of sand, leagues thick, deprived us of liberty.

"Is it the *mirage?*" we gasped, pale and trembling. "It cannot be; it is not!" we cried, seizing each other's hands.

Then we ran to meet our deliverers, and I heard a voice I knew, shouting—

"Is Eustace Falding there?"

I became dizzy, and should have fallen, if a comrade had not supported me. The familiar sound reminded me of dreams and of bitter awakings. But it was real—thank God, it was real.

* * * * *

I was glad to take my father's place and pay a visit to Western Australia, before settling down among the broads as a country doctor. I always had a desire to see the world. But all the time I was crossing the ocean, I had my great object before me. The money

which Amos Glew had stolen must be found, if possible, and he must be prevailed upon to make a full confession. Looking backward, I cannot help feeling surprised at the impetuous confidence with which I went out. That Amos might be invincibly obstinate did not occur to me as a troublesome thought. He had acknowledged his single-handed perfidy, to Dick Lowtitt, and why should he not be equally communicative to me? Nobody was present to throw doubts across my expectation; but I can see now how easily I might have been disappointed, even if I had found Amos in the settled districts, as I expected to do.

The expedition he had joined was led by a man called Pressbury, who wanted to find fresh grazing land, free from the poisonous shrubs which have wrought so much mischief among the flocks and herds of the settlers: they are injurious to horses, deadly to cattle, if eaten green, and absolutely fatal to sheep. Pressbury went to the north-east, where he was convinced that extensive grazing land existed. He said there would be no difficulty about water. In the south part of Western Australia the rainy season is in winter, but in the tropical part it is in summer; and Pressbury had a scheme of his own, by which he intended to gain advantage from both climates. He was a practical man, who had not enjoyed much education, and who boasted that the rule of thumb was the rule which had no exceptions. All the members of the expedition were mounted on horseback; pack-horses conveyed the stores. Besides Pressbury there were four white men in the party, including Amos Glew, the farrier. His term of imprisonment had not expired, but he was what was known in the colony as a probation prisoner, which meant that he was out on ticket-of-leave. Besides the white men, two aborigines were with Pressbury's expedition. These were not civilised natives, but men who had spent most of their life in the wilds. They professed to know the district which the explorers wanted to reach, and their well-known tracking powers, together with their skill in finding the water-holes of their countrymen, made them valuable allies.

Pressbury set out in April, which has always been a favourite month with explorers for starting on their journeys in Western Australia. The party was provisioned for six months, an ample supply under ordinary circumstances. I heard that the leader was a headstrong man, and rather passionate, not to say violent, if crossed or thwarted. The opinion expressed in some quarters was that his temper was likely to have got him into trouble with his subordinates, or possibly with the savages in the interior.

There was an abundance of rain that year. Many of the people who had been twenty years in the country declared they had never known such a favourable season for exploration. They spoke about "Pressbury's luck," and implied that on various occasions accident had befriended him in a similar manner. He would undertake tasks in a reckless fashion, and the elements carried him through successfully. When September passed away, however, and he did not make his appearance, the public became anxious. October passed, and no news. November, December; still no news.

"He has tried his game on once too often," said those who had praised his sagacity and skill.

"The pitcher has gone to the well until it is broken," was the verdict of men who had been among the explorer's chief admirers.

When I reached the colony, I found the public mind agitated about the fate of Pressbury and his companions. Message-sticks had been received, which referred to trouble and calamity.

"Pressbury & Co. are wiped out," said a rough man, who expressed the further opinion that only fools would think of wasting money in trying to discover their fate.

There was a great deal of delay in equipping another expedition. Some of Pressbury's admirers adhered to the opinion that he would come out all right.

If the expedition had started as early in the season as it ought to have done, I should have been too late for it; but I was in time, and was allowed to join the rescuing party. Medical men were not very abundant in Western Australia, and they could not spare the time to join in a work like that; and yet it was felt to be desirable that a surgeon should go, if possible, when rumours were abroad that calamity of some kind had befallen Pressbury's party.

Simson was our leader; he had spent most of his life in Western Australia, and had been several times into the wilderness with previous explorers. He had crossed the desert once, but in a more southerly line than the one we prepared to follow. He had warned Pressbury that it was dangerous to go so far north, and his opinion was that the favourable season had tempted the intrepid explorer onward, until return had been rendered impossible by the evaporation of surface water.

"Pressbury talked a great deal about New Ararat," said Simson. "He never saw the place, but he thought a natural feature like that ought to be used as a rallying point, and that a wide district might be utilised, with a permanent water supply there, to fall back upon. He had an irrigation scheme in his mind, too. We must try to reach New Ararat, if possible."

There were six of us, besides three black-fellows, as the aborigines were designated. These black-fellows understood English pretty well, and had acquired some of the arts of civilisation; but they were also acquainted with the pursuits of their savage countrymen, and knew part of the region we expected to traverse.

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We looked a formidable party when we started. Twenty pack-horses carried our baggage, and all the men were mounted. People wished us good luck, and told us to come back safely, and bring Pressbury with us.

The bush is lovely in July, which is midwinter there. The red gum-trees were masses of white blossom, and the ground was carpeted with pink and yellow everlasting flowers.

I was only a "new chum," and did not care to say anything about my impressions, or I should have been tempted to express my surprise that so much had been written about the desolation of the country. When we camped at nights, especially when we reached the unsettled districts, I heard my companions talk about their experiences, and I soon learnt how easy it is to perish from hunger and thirst in Western Australia.

Gibbons, the second in command, was a well-educated young man, with a taste for geology. He made no secret of his intention to look out for anything which was likely to betray the presence of gold. Like many other persons, he believed that richer gold-fields exist than any which have been discovered, and he could not see why he might not hope to be the person who would lay the foundation of fortune for the colony. He told me what we had before us, and I perceived that there was no exaggeration about the accounts which have been given by explorers in that inhospitable region which lay to the east of us.

"The only wild fruit," he said, "is the native cherry; it is about the size of a marble, and the stone is very large. The juice has an acrid taste."

I was anxious to know what the scrub produced in the way of food; for nobody knows what may happen, and how soon a party may have to depend upon the natural productions of the desert.

His information did not make me desire to be dependent on the rough fare which we could hope to find, if our supplies failed through any unforeseen accident. There were several kinds of edible roots; acacia seeds could be pounded into powder, and made into bread. There were the scarlet seed-pods of the zamia plant, too. "They are poisonous," he said, "unless they are buried in the ground for a fortnight, then they become harmless enough."

My earnest wish was that nothing would happen to deprive us of our damper, pork, and tea. Damper is the name given to a kind of cake which is made of flour and water. We baked our dampers when we needed them.

"JIMMY MADE A MOUND OF WET SAND" (*p.* 101).

We came in contact with several parties of natives, and learnt from them which route had been pursued by Pressbury's party. The native Australians in their savage state are not charming to the eye—or, indeed, to any organ of sense. The men wear a kangaroo-skin mantle over the left shoulder, their faces are painted with a red earth, they carry a bundle of light spears in their hands, besides a variety of other weapons. The women are poor broken-down creatures who seem to do all the real work. They are tattooed in a coarse fashion, and are dreadfully dirty. From what I could learn, they are communists; what belongs to each belongs to all. The system has not done much to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people. All whom we saw were in want.

When we found Pressbury's track through the scrub, we had no difficulty in following it. In stony places, where I could see no mark on the ground,

our black-fellows went on without uncertainty or mistake.

"Pressbury went straight for New Ararat," said our leader.

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It is useless to give all the details of our sufferings in the wilderness. We passed a place where two graves had been made, and initials had been marked upon the rock—A. G. and H. W. they were. I knew that one was the grave of Amos Glew.

We passed other graves with initials, and at length we found one with no mark on it. The black-fellows had evidently buried the last of the party, and that must have been Pressbury, for his initials were on none of the other graves.

We had done our work, and intended to return, but could not. Time after time we tried, but when we reached a former camping-place, where we had left water, we found it dried up, and dared not venture further lest we should perish. There was a spring where Pressbury was buried, and we had always to return there. We tried other routes, but there was no water.

Our leader determined at last to push forward for New Ararat. Some of our horses died on the way, and we all suffered the agonies of thirst; but when we were ready to despair, we saw the welcome peak, and made one more effort, which was crowned with success.

At New Ararat we found the black-fellows who had accompanied Pressbury. They had been told to go there and wait, which they did. The white men had all died of dysentery, a scourge of the country.

One of the black-fellows, called Jimmy Tinkalaroo, told a story which he said Pressbury had told him, and Amos Glew had told Pressbury. It was a confused statement. Amos was in "big fellow trouble." If he had lived to reach the settlements he intended to reveal something.

Jimmy made a mound of wet sand; one side was excavated, and near the bottom of the excavation was a hole to the left, which he was specially anxious for us to notice. He said there was "big fellow stuff" in "big fellow place," which he associated with "jinga," the name for an evil spirit. He said something about "kazzlum," and "peekum."

When he had handed the responsibility to us, he was contented about things, in aboriginal fashion.

Had the communication anything to do with the crime which Amos had committed? I made a careful drawing of the mound, and wrote down the words which Jimmy used, and pondered over the matter thousands of times; for we were imprisoned there weeks and months. We sought for springs east and west, north and south, and were ready to despair of ever reaching the civilised world again, when our hearts were gladdened by the sight of those who came to our deliverance.

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But for those camels we might have been doomed to remain at New Ararat until sickness or hunger swept us away. Only in very favourable seasons are horses able to cross the wide wastes of sand which lie in every direction between the oasis and any settled districts. Salt is the element of danger which we had not taken into our reckoning. The pools and springs became worthless to us, and it would have been madness to venture far away from sweet water.

I shall never forget the joy I felt when I heard the voice of Herbert Woolden. It seemed to bring Agatha near. He was like a living tie between me and the dear friends in Norfolk.

He was as deeply interested in the message which Jimmy had conveyed to me as I was, and his bewilderment was as great. We both tried to gain additional light from the black-fellow, but were not successful. Fortesque, the leader of the camel expedition, was a specialist in the various Australian dialects, and we took him into our confidence, in the hope that his skill would enable him to understand what was perplexing to us.

It unfortunately happened that Pressbury had not been able to speak the native language, and that Jimmy had a very imperfect knowledge of English. All that Fortesque could tell us was that something pressed heavily on the mind of Amos Glew, and that Pressbury had promised to explain something if he returned to Western Australia, or if he reached any place where white men lived. Jimmy could not get beyond the mound of sand with its fantastic arrangements. The few words which he uttered had no signification, Fortesque said, except the word "jinga," which meant Satan; the others, he thought, were English phrases, rendered unintelligible by imperfect pronunciation.

It was decided that we should all return by the route which Fortesque had followed. What the camels had done they could do again, and it was thought that sufficient permanent springs had been passed on the way to serve the combined party. Simson purposed to cross the desert afterwards in a more favourable line, further south, where explorers had already succeeded in passing without great hardship through the unsettled region.

There is no need for me to go into detail about the rest of our journey. Herbert and I relieved the tedium by talking together about the beloved ones at home, or we discussed the problem which Amos Glew's message presented to us. As soon as we were able we sent a telegram, announcing our safety. Then Herbert obtained his letters—mine were waiting for me in Western Australia. But we shared them, and we shared the new trouble which they brought us.

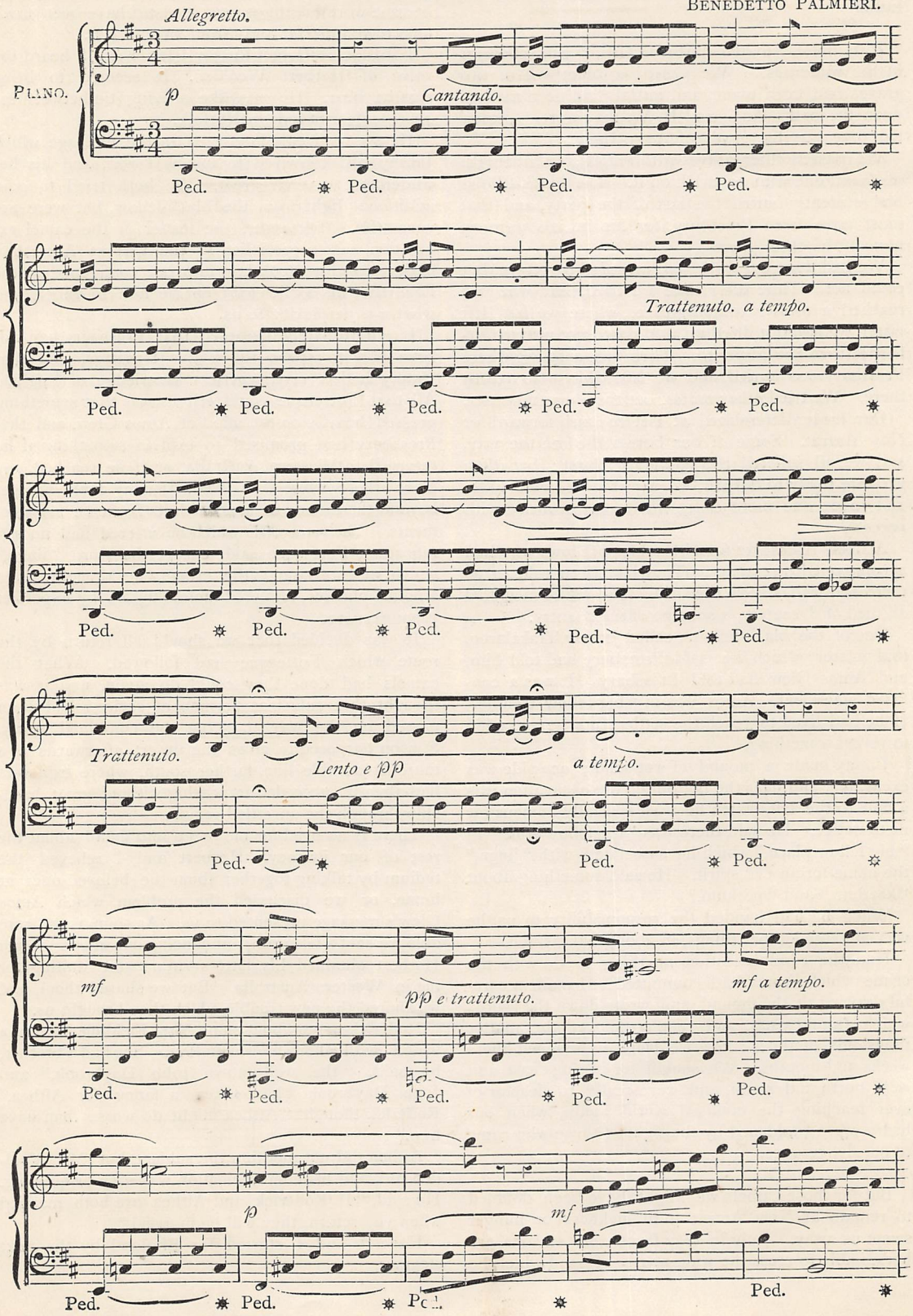
Roderick wrote about some Mrs. Fielding Mason, a widow, with whom he was in love. She had a brother, he said, "the well-known John Daybrook," and John Daybrook "had taken a fancy for Althea." Roderick thought "Althea might do worse than have him."

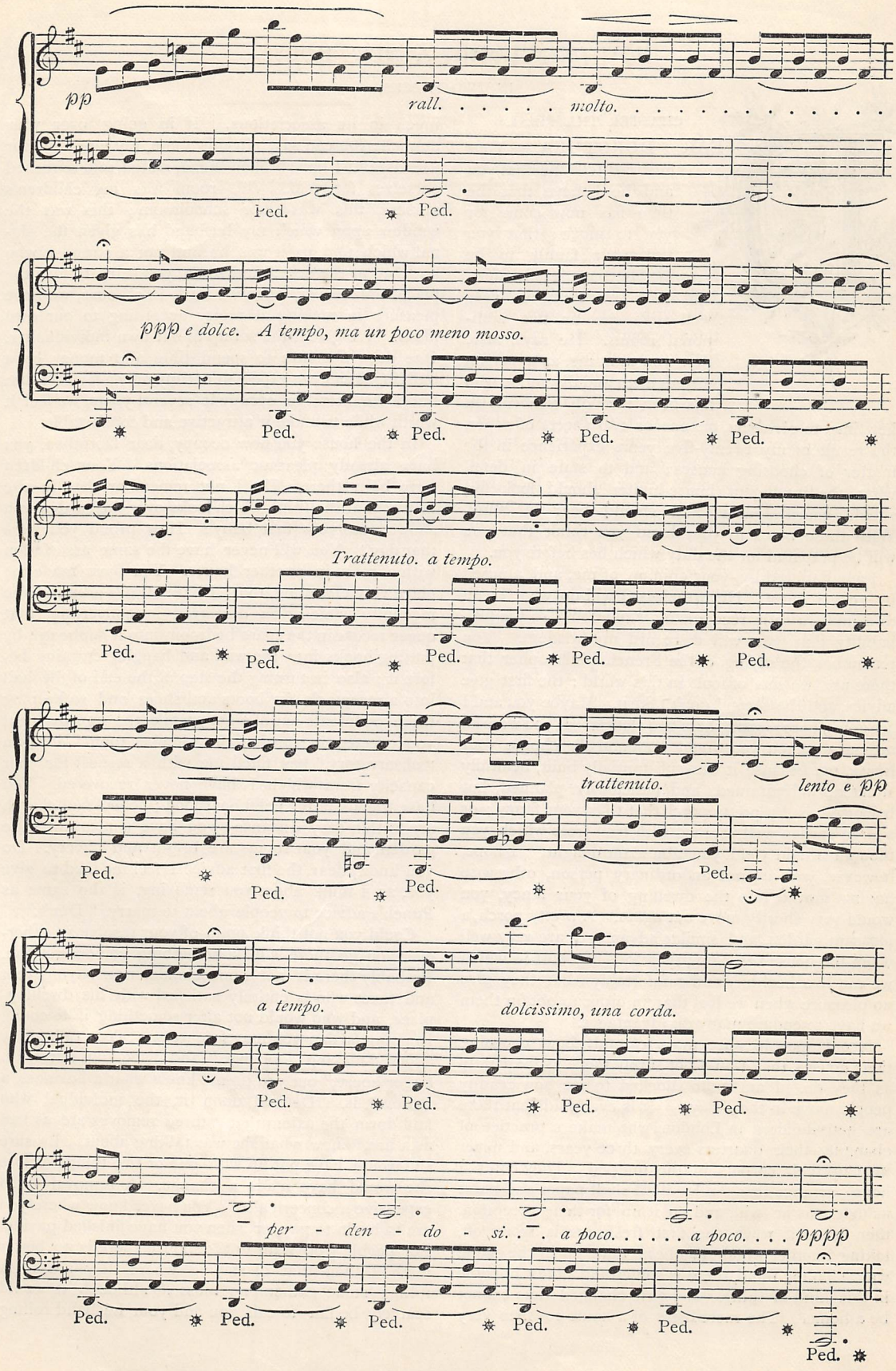
Althea did not mention the subject, but Mr. Woolden did, and his communication was very disquieting. He said, "If Roderick and Althea are both married when you return, they will be married."

Herbert and I started for England by the next steamer.

The Shepherd's Song.

BENEDETTO PALMIERI.




pp
rall. . . . . molto. . . . . .
Ped. Ped.
ppp e dolce. A tempo, ma un poco meno mosso.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Trattenuto. a tempo.
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Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
a tempo.
dolcissimo, una corda.
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per - den - do - si. . . a poco. . . . . a poco. . . . pppp
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HOW TO CHOOSE A NEW HOUSE.

IN TWO PAPERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

DEAR DOROTHEA, — Your husband tells me that you and he believe that the time has now come for you to move; that you feel your family to be growing beyond its borders, and that you could do very well with one or two additional rooms. He says, also, that you want me, as a person of judgment and discretion who has been through removals in her time, to give you, on one or two sheets of paper, the result of my twenty-five years' experience in the matter of choosing houses; and to state in detail what the intelligent house-hunter should look for, should guard against, and should bear in mind. With these notes in your hand you think that you will be prepared for the duty which lies before you.

I am flattered by your opinion of me, and amused by your request. Nevertheless, I will do what I can to comply with it, recognising while doing so the probability that you will disregard my wisdom. You remember the saying of the French philosopher that there are two sets of fools in this world: the first give advice, and the second don't take it. Maybe you and I are going to represent these two classes. If you were an ordinary person you would undoubtedly choose your house, not because it was substantially built, healthily situated, well drained, and judiciously planned, but because it had a pretty porch that took your fancy; or a large garden well stocked with fruit-trees which you thought would yield you abundant delight. I hope, however, you are not an ordinary person, otherwise having moved into the dwelling of your fancy, you would very shortly move out again. A pretty porch, a pleasant garden, and similar advantages are very well when the house belonging thereto is of a sort in which we can live healthily and comfortably; but they give no pleasure when we feel that in order to obtain them we have to endure many disadvantages.

If only people were more careful about choosing their houses, they would not surely move as frequently as they do. I am quite shocked to see how readily people move in these days. It is even said that there are householders in London who make a practice of changing their quarters every three years, and never take up their carpets in the interval. They enter a house, arrange that the landlord shall paper and paint as much as he will, and do it up for their reception, then leave it when the first freshness is worn off, taking another which has been done up in the same way. To my mind, there is something almost horrible in this kind of thing. A house changed thus cannot be a home. The sacredness of a home consists very much in its associations. If in going over your domicile you can say, "In this room, my husband, our friends, and I have broken bread, rested, and refreshed ourselves for years; this room was my children's nursery, this was their schoolroom; this was the window upon which my husband has given the signal which told us it was he and not a stranger who knocked at the door," and so on, you learn to love the place. Moreover, when we settle in a house, we have pleasure in making it pretty according to our own ideas. We give it the stamp of our own individuality. One does not care to spend time and money on a building which we expect to occupy only a few months; but if we intend to occupy it several years, we feel it worth while to make it attractive and comfortable.

In the house you now occupy, dear Dorothea, you have already pleasant associations. Your children were born there. Do I not remember that in the bedroom at the front, which looks over the garden, you showed me your first baby? How proud you were that day! You will never have the same association with a room in another house. You have made the place very charming, too. I have always admired the ingenuity which you displayed in converting that queer recess in the spare bedroom into a cupboard, by putting hooks into the wall and hanging curtains before it; also in turning the step at the end of the hall into a receptacle for boots and shoes, and so keeping these oddments out of sight; while the improvement you effected in turning the "lumber room" into an "observatory," has filled me with a respect for your capacity from which I have never recovered. You have friends in the neighbourhood; school and church are within easy distance; you have a pleasant little garden, and your rooms are bright and cheery. Do you know, dear, the first advice I feel inclined to give you, as I think about you removing, is the same as Punch's advice to people about to marry, "Don't."

Could you not think again of your resolve? Wherever you go there will be something you do not like. Probably there is not a householder now paying rent and taxes who is entirely satisfied with his dwelling-place, and who would not alter something if he could. In going farther you may fare worse. You talk glibly about "making a change" and "looking out for a larger house," but you do not know what a business a removal is. Depend upon it, the individual who laid down the axiom that "three removes are as bad as a fire," knew what she was talking about. Be sure she would have put up with one or two things before she would have made a change. A removal is so expensive a concern also. You never know where you are to begin to pay, or when you have finished paying. For people who want to economise there is no better method than that of staying where they are. "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" although it would scarcely be fair to call you and your husband rolling

stones when you have been so many years in your present house. You may think that with a little management you can soon be straight after a removal; and I have no doubt that you will manage as well as most folks; but it must be many weeks, if not months, before you are settled. Yet "settling" will simply mean that you are becoming reconciled to the drawbacks you have discovered.

If, however, you must go, if to make a change is inevitable, take a friend's advice and give yourself time to make a leisurely choice of your new abode. It is not at all easy to choose a new house wisely. One has to think of so many points, and in remembering one detail we are apt to overlook another. As I said just now, we never get everything we want in a house, and what we have to do is to be willing to sacrifice what is of less importance for the sake of what is of much importance. Give yourself plenty of time therefore, and before you begin to "hunt," spend a quiet hour in writing down in your pocket-book what you must have, what you ought to have, and what you would like to have. Under the heading of what you must have, you might state the number of rooms and closets that are indispensable; and furnish yourself with a memorandum that perfect drainage and other sanitary conditions are of supreme value. Under the heading of what you would like to have might be entered the pretty porch and the garden, mentioned just now; and it is even possible that a kitchen on the ground floor, or a bath-room with water laid on, would find a place here. In any case you may as well make up your mind that you will have to do without something; and if you carry your memoranda about with you, it will always be easy to glance at it in moments of enthusiasm after you have looked over a new house. There are few things more calculated to overbalance the judgment than the inspection of attractive details to which we are unaccustomed, and there are few things more calculated to restore the balance than to tie ourselves down to a memorandum book. "To pay ready money is a great check on the imagination," said Emerson. To consult memoranda is equally so.

I suppose you will adopt the usual plan of getting from a house agent a list of houses of the number of rooms that you want, in a neighbourhood that you like, and of a suitable rent. The plan is excellent, and saves much trouble. House-hunting is so very unpleasant, that we are justified in making it as little troublesome as we can.

One word I must say to you about the neighbourhood. Unless there is a specially good reason for seeking another, I think you would be wise to retain your present surroundings. You have friends near you now, and friends are much more easily lost than gained. People do not readily make friends when they are turned thirty. You deal with tradesmen whom you can trust, you know exactly where to turn to supply your needs, and you are respected by those with whom you have had dealings. If you voluntarily give up all these advantages, it will be a long time before they are yours again.

Having gone through your list and fixed on three or four houses which suit you so far as accommodation and appearance are concerned, it next devolves upon you to examine each one with regard to position, drainage, aspect, and condition, in order that you may determine which one is to be preferred. It would be hard to say which of these is the most important. Taken together they go to make a house healthy; and to have a healthy house is an advantage greater than words can express. "In a healthy house," says Dr. Richardson, "disease will never be generated. It is a house into which, if disease be introduced, it will remain for the briefest possible period." When a house is not healthy, mothers may expend all their energies in trying to "build up" the family, yet the family will always be ailing. Grown-up folk will be irritable and lacking in energy; but the children will suffer the most. If they do not exhibit some serious disease such as diphtheria or consumption, they will be "rickety," they will not thrive as they should do, they will have enlarged tonsils, and catch whatever childish complaints are going. On doctors and medicine the unfortunate father will have to spend treble the cost of a more sanitary dwelling, and the mother will be made miserable with nursing and anxiety. If only parents realised how necessary for the well-being of children it is that houses should be healthy, they would make enormous sacrifices and take infinite pains in order to secure this great good. Yet a sanitary authority declared not long ago, that there are still comparatively few dwelling-houses where the essentials to a healthy home exist.

Seeing then that the healthfulness of the house is so important, I hope, dear Dorothea, you will let me put down in a few words what I believe to be the facts with regard to the details I mentioned.

Position.—The position of a house includes the soil on which it is built, its situation, and the prospect it commands. A damp soil is always dangerous. It is likely to cause rheumatism, consumption, neuralgia, cholera, dysentery, and in children, tonsilitis. "Made soils" are also bad. Properly they ought not to be built on for three or four years after they are formed, yet we constantly see, especially in towns, rubbish being carted to a piece of waste ground, and building operations at once commenced. It would be difficult to say how much disease is produced in this way.

Inexperienced people often speak as if clay soil were always injurious, and sandy soil were always good. This is not, however, invariably the case. Clay soil that is fairly drained, is fairly healthy; and sandy soil that is near a cesspool is very unhealthy, because the lightness of the soil enables the poison to travel through it. The most desirable soils are granite, chalk, sandstones, deep high-lying gravel, and stiff well-drained clay. The worst are made soils, undrained clay, stiff marly and alluvial soils. Limestone is good when free from marsh, and sand when deep and free from animal or vegetable matter.

As to position, there is much difference of opinion, and a good many hints may be gleaned from experience. Houses which are placed on a very steep slope with a hill at the back are apt to have smoky

chimneys, and also to be damp. Also, if not most substantially built, they are liable to "settle" after frost and rain—"to settle" in this connection meaning to get cracks in the walls, so that doors will not open and locks will not fasten. The bottom of a hill is always to be avoided. It is easily reached, but it is very likely to be damp, because all the water runs into it, and in hot weather it is uncomfortable because no air seems to get to it. Yet an old writer tells us that "when choosing a house, we should chiefly choose a wholesome air, for air is a dish one feeds on every minute, therefore it need be good." The top of a hill is bracing but very trying, exposed to wind and weather. People who are asthmatic or whose hearts are affected ought not to have to mount a hill. The best situation is the gentle slope of a hill, and the nearer the top the better so long as shelter may be obtained. A great authority in building has said that "the perfection of situation is the slope of a not too steep hill, facing between south-south-east and south-west; high enough to get a good fall for drainage, and to be quite free from the miasma of the lower land; low enough to secure thorough protection from the cold winds of the east and the north." "The direction of the prevailing winds near a house," another authority says, "can frequently be detected by observing the way in which the trees and the shrubs in the neighbourhood are grown. They will generally be found to indicate by their shape the direction of the prevailing wind. The continued pressure of winds in one direction will bend the trees in one way, and the young twigs and leaves on the side on which the wind most frequently impinges get damaged and destroyed more frequently than those on the other side, where the trees are able consequently to grow more freely."

For the rest we might remember old Thomas Fuller's saying, "A pleasant prospect is always to be respected. A medley view, such as of water and land at Greenwich, best entertains the eyes, refreshing the wearied beholder with exchange of objects. Yet I know a more profitable prospect, where the owner can only see his own land round about."

Drainage is the next consideration, but I must leave that for another letter. It is so important and so little understood that it ought to be respectfully studied; and we should indeed make a mistake if we put it in the fag end of a letter. I will continue my discourse in a few weeks, and I sincerely hope you will be as interested in reading as I have been in writing.

Believe me, dear, affectionately yours,

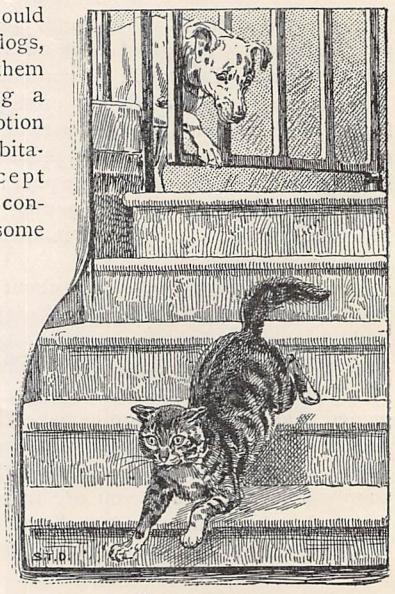
PHYLLIS BROWNE.

MY MONGREL: THE STORY OF A LOST DOG.

MY MONGREL AT THE BUTCHER'S.

FEW people, probably, except those who have themselves made search for a lost dog, are aware of the large number of canine waifs and strays which may be heard of and traced by a diligent inquirer in almost any quarter of London. It is generally supposed that the majority of lost dogs are sent to the "Home" at Battersea, where, if not claimed by their owners, they are either sold or put to a painless death; while such lost dogs as do not appear at Battersea are regarded as stolen, either to be returned, if a reward is offered, or exported to another district.

Some recent experience, however, has opened my eyes to the fact that, quite apart from these two recognised classes, there is a large floating population of lost dogs—or perhaps it should be said *found* dogs, since most of them are undergoing a course of adoption into new habitations. Except during the continuance of some special crusade against stray dogs, the police are not particularly active in effecting the arrest of "vagrants"; and numbers of dogs find temporary and then permanent



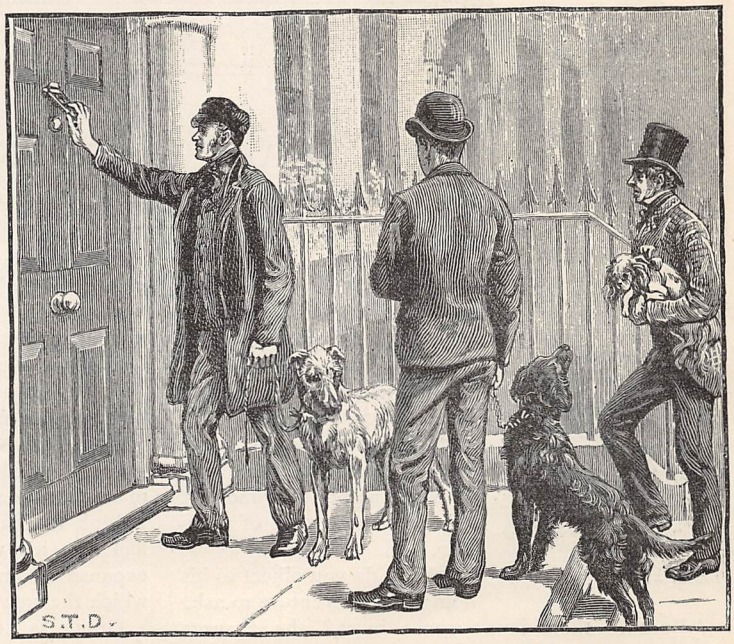
"POOR PUSSY."

IN THE COUNTRY.

homes with good-natured people, who, from laziness or mistaken kindness, do not hand them over to the police, thus rendering it far more difficult for owners to find their dogs than it would be if *all* the waifs and strays could be collected at Battersea. This revelation of the status of lost dogs I owe to my mongrel.

My friends had all warned me that a tragedy was inevitable if I persisted in taking my mongrel with me from the country to the town. For several years he had been a well-known local character in a remote Surrey village, where his affable disposition and tricksy habits had endeared him to a wide circle of rustic acquaintances. Often would he go the round of the neighbouring cottages, invariably securing a mutton-bone, or some other titbit, in the course of such domiciliary visits. Or he would exercise his fleet limbs and not inconsiderable vocal powers by yelping in pursuit after the carts and carriages that travelled along the straight sandy road; or waylay and "sore let and hinder" such other curs as were unlucky enough to pass by his haunts; or play the truant for a day or two with the cow-boys on the common, keeping meanwhile a very observant eye on the motions of the rabbits. It was urged by my friends that this ignorance of urban conventionalities on the part of my mongrel would unfit him for residence in a great city; but unfortunately I could not be content to "let sleeping dogs lie," and in a luckless moment brought my mongrel with me to this great metropolis.

For a few days all went well; for, confused by the strangeness of his new position, he conducted himself with unwonted sobriety and decorum. But soon, when the novelty had worn off, and he awoke to the El Dorado of scents and savours which lay around him, he began to "get his tail up," and, like many another provincial in similar circumstances, to develop a strong partiality for the excitements of London life. In the place of rabbit-burrows, he had now areas well stocked with cats; there were hundreds of dogs to waylay and thousands of vehicles to pursue; while the butchers' shops offered an *embarras de richesses* in comparison with the modest mutton-bone of a cottage scullery. To walk with my mongrel, even in the quietest streets, soon became an unpleasantly exciting pastime; and it was on one such occasion, when he had just chased an omnibus and then rifled a butcher's shop, that the necessity of withdrawing him from urban society was forced upon my mind. That very evening, as if divining my intentions, he himself took the initiative by escaping from the hall door and vanishing round the nearest corner. Like every other member of his species, this dog had his proverbial day, and his day, as far as I was concerned, was now over. The intricacies of the streets



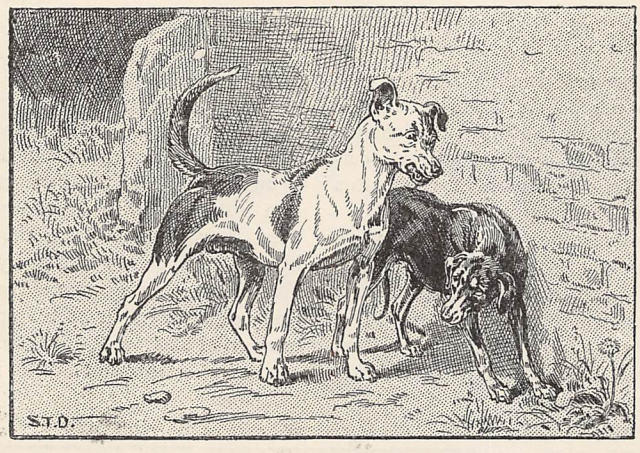
"MARVELLOUS INDEED WAS THE MOTLEY ARRAY" (*p.* 108).

were more than he had reckoned for—my mongrel was a lost dog.

Everything was done that could be done to effect the recovery of this strayed reveller. A reward, much in excess of his market value, was proclaimed by means of placards, posters, and advertisements; while police, postmen, milkmen, bakers, butchers, cats'-meat-men, and crossing sweepers were duly notified of his disappearance and exhorted to keep a careful look-out, but it was of no avail; neither the police nor "the fancy" had news or tidings of him; if he had "gone to the dogs," it was not to those assembled at the Battersea "Home." All that I gained by my search was an instructive insight into the number and condition of other lost dogs, and the amazing inability of people in general to note the salient points of the most clearly worded description. Marvellous indeed was the motley array of curs, of every shape, colour, and size, to which my attention was invited, in the confident anticipation that each would prove to be my errant mongrel.

Black-and-tan collies seemed to be the speciality in this unowned menagerie, but one and the same advertisement served to bring to my door black retrievers, white lurchers, long-haired spaniels, and short-haired terriers—anything and everything was held to correspond to the description of my lost mongrel. The one idea that never seemed to strike any of my informants was that it was their duty to hand over to the police the stray dogs in their possession; again and again I was told the same thing: that they had taken a fancy to the dog, and if he was not claimed they would themselves "give him a home." I am now driven to the conclusion that my mongrel has found a refuge in some such home as these, where I earnestly trust he is behaving himself in such a manner as to do credit to his former possessor.

S.



A SHARP EXPERIENCE.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "For the Good of the Family," "To be Given Up," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CONSCIENCE HOUSE.

I HAVE no choice but to keep pace with Gracie, as she follows Mr. Fane up the narrow hedge-lined pathway leading to the greenhouse.

"Whatever makes uncle persist in speaking to Kershaw to-night, I wonder?" she says in a tone of vexation.

"Why do you object to his doing so?" I venture to ask.

"Because there is no sense in it," she answers pettishly.

The pathway is a winding one, and at every turn I expect to see Mr. Fane come upon Gracie's late companion. However, the greenhouse is reached without any encounter having taken place; and there, sure enough, is Kershaw. Can I have been mistaken? As far as I can see, the pathway leads to the greenhouse only, and the hedge either side is too high to vault. Yet, as I glance at the gardener, I find it impossible to identify his appearance with that of the man who was standing so close to Gracie. The more I think of that individual, the more convinced do I feel that his waistcoat was low-cut, exposing a wide expanse of linen, against the dazzling whiteness of which the sparkle of a diamond stud was visible.

Gracie is very quiet as her uncle gives his order about the peaches, and I fancy I hear her breathe a

little sigh of relief when Mr. Fane turns to retrace his steps.

On the way back to the house she begins chattering again, and by the time the drawing-room is reached she is quite her natural self.

We have tea, and a little more music. I am rather tired after my journey, and am therefore grateful to Gracie when she suggests that I should, perhaps, like to retire early.

She accompanies me to my room to see if I have everything I want; and I keep her talking for a few minutes in the hope that she may say something about the garden incident. However, she doesn't allude to it in any way.

I lie awake for some time thinking about it. This task I have set myself, the making of Gracie Ogilvy a more thoughtful, earnest woman, will prove a difficult one, I fear. I was prepared to find her frivolous, and perhaps a little selfish; but I did not think she was untrue. Surely, even now, I must be mistaken. She would never have told her uncle so deliberate a falsehood! And if the man to whom she was talking was *not* Kershaw, who was he, and where did he get to? It *must* have been Kershaw. But directly I arrive at this reassuring decision, I am again haunted by the vision of a dress-suit and light overcoat. Shall I say anything to her about it? Perhaps I had better not. To treat people as if one believes them capable of deception will not unfrequently induce them to practise it, I reflect. And, after all, I may be mistaken.

The next morning Gracie and I breakfast together at a rather late hour. Mr. Fane, who, so Gracie informs me, is an early riser, has already gone out with his steward. I am much relieved. I doubt if I shall ever feel really at home with the master of the Manor House.

Gracie is in the best of spirits, and chatters away to her heart's content. Very charming she looks in her fresh morning toilet; and as I gaze on her sweet, child-like face, all my distrust of her melts away. I have never succeeded in persuading my masculine acquaintances of the truth of this statement, but I *do* like looking at a pretty woman.

"We are going to have quite a dinner party to-night in honour of your coming," Gracie announces.

"Oh, Gracie, why did you trouble——" I am beginning, when she interrupts me.

"You will never feel at home until you get to know the people round about. Besides, I like to be sociable, and now that you are here, I mean to make uncle keep open house."

For a moment I feel rather uneasy. Is it possible Gracie may have arranged for me to live with her, not from any desire for my society, but merely in order that she may make my presence an excuse for getting her own way? However, I dismiss the idea almost as soon as it suggests itself.

"But I have promised Eleanor Cathcart—she's the vicar's daughter—a private view of you. I thought we might walk down to the Vicarage this morning," continues Gracie.

"Are you and Miss Cathcart great friends, then?"

"Oh, she's quite elderly; she must be thirty. But she's very nice—*good*, you know;" and there is a little thrill of awe in Gracie's voice. "I feel sure you will like her, Olga."

Thirty does not seem to me to be exactly *elderly*. But then I want only four years to that age, while Gracie wants eleven, which would, of course, account for our viewing the matter in a somewhat different light.

Presently we start for the Vicarage. Much to my surprise, Gracie turns up the pathway leading to the greenhouse.

"I thought you said you were going to call on Miss Cathcart?"

"Yes; but we may just as well go through the wood. It is a little farther round, but it is shady, and the sun is so hot this morning."

As Gracie finishes speaking, she pauses to unfasten a door, which escaped my notice last evening, and in another moment a pathway leading across the wood is in view.

This, then, is the key to last night's mystery! Gracie's companion must have escaped through this very door directly he left her. Probably Kershaw was in the greenhouse all the time; and Gracie feared that should Mr. Fane see him just then, something might be said which should lead the gardener to deny that he had been speaking to his master's niece only a few minutes before. Hence her annoyance when Mr. Fane persisted in seeking the man.

In my astonishment, I stand still, staring blankly in front of me.

"I never noticed that door last night," I say at length, with the manner of one who has made an important discovery.

"Well, you needn't look so scared," replies Gracie, with a rather forced laugh. "Come along, dear—Eleanor will be expecting us."

I follow Gracie into the wood in silence. I can no longer doubt but that she told her uncle a deliberate falsehood last night. Moreover, she must know I suspect her of having done so. Shall I say anything? Would any good be done by trying to force her confidence? And then, if the deception she practised against her uncle were once spoken of between us, should I not be placed in rather an awkward position? I should certainly feel constrained to say out plainly what I thought of such conduct, and, as far as I can see, this would have no other effect but that of causing a breach between Gracie and myself. And after all, Gracie is probably already aware of my disapproval.

I am still thinking about it, when Gracie exclaims——

"How solemn you look, Olga! I believe the discovery of that door has quite upset you."

"It has," I answer gravely.

"Why? Do you fancy that goblins and ogres, and all the fabulous inhabitants of the woods, may force an entrance, in order to avenge themselves on the inmates of the Manor House?"

"It has made me fearful for the safety of *one* of the inmates, Gracie."

"My dear Olga, pray dismiss the idea. I assure you that no weird procession has ever been seen to pass through, and that none of the inmates are menaced by the slightest danger."

"*One* malignant spirit might do the mischief."

"I didn't think you were such a nervous person, Olga."

"I am sufficiently nervous to be distrustful of those who use the back entrance instead of the front door."

Gracie pauses, catches hold of my arm, and raises a laughing face to mine.

"Has Professor Vesey finished her lecture?"

"She doesn't want to lecture at all, Gracie; only when——"

"When she gets a wrong idea into her head. Yes? Go on."

"If it *is* a wrong idea, there is nothing more to be said."

"It is a wrong idea, so there! Olga."

Although her eyes are laughing still, there is a ring of defiance in her voice. Already I feel that I am being rather priggish, so I answer quietly—

"I am very glad to hear it, dear." Then by way of turning the conversation, I ask, "Whose house is that?" indicating a comfortable, red-brick edifice, which looks almost as if it had been dropped into the midst of the trees.

"That is Conscience House. It belongs to Richard Fane, Uncle Clarence's first cousin. Uncle built it for him as a wedding present."

I observe that Gracie replies rather eagerly, as if she were glad to welcome a change in the conversation.

"Is his wife nice?"

"He hasn't a wife. That's the funny part of it. The wedding never came off."

"Did the lady behave badly, then?"

"No, the engagement is going on still; but I don't fancy they will ever be married. The lady is Eleanor Cathcart, whom we are on our way to visit. She and Cousin Richard have been engaged for twelve years."

"Why do they not marry?"

"Mr. Cathcart won't give his consent until Cousin Richard reforms, and Cousin Richard is always promising to reform, and then breaking out again."

"Is he a very bad man?"

"Well, yes, I suppose he is, in a way. He is a great betting man, and is always dreadfully in debt. And then he has all sorts of men down to stay with him. Sometimes they are such shady characters, that Uncle Clarence won't receive them at the Manor House. Still I like Cousin Richard myself, with all his faults."

"What makes him call his residence Conscience House?"

"Because he declares Uncle Clarence built it with conscience money. Cousin Richard was heir to the property, but Eaton Fane, my great-uncle, disinherited him in favour of Uncle Clarence. Uncle Clarence, you know, married Florence Cathcart, Eleanor's elder sister; and I fancy he built a house for Cousin Richard to bring his bride to, in order to please Aunt Florence. When the house was once built, everyone thought that Cousin Richard and Eleanor Cathcart really would be married—they had been engaged eight or nine years then—but their marriage had to be postponed on account of poor Aunt Florence's death. Then it was arranged that it should take place the following spring; but a few weeks before the date fixed for the wedding, it was discovered that Cousin Richard was dreadfully in debt. I believe he had mortgaged the land on which the house Uncle Clarence had built for him stood; and altogether his affairs were in such a bad way, that Mr. Cathcart would not allow Eleanor to marry him. The engagement has been going on ever since, but I don't fancy it will come to anything."

"But doesn't Richard Fane try to reform?"

"Oh, yes. He has been going on very quietly for some months now; but he is sure to break out again. He always does."

"How does he manage to live? Has he any property of his own?"

"By the provisions of Uncle Eaton's will, Uncle Clarence is obliged to allow him a yearly income out of the estate."

"Was it not generous of your uncle to build him a house as well then?"

"Yes, I suppose it was," admits Gracie rather grudgingly. "But, you see, by rights the estate ought to have gone to Cousin Richard."

"But that it did not do so was no fault of your uncle's."

"Cousin Richard seems to think that Uncle Clarence did all he could to ingratiate himself with Eaton Fane."

I cannot help smiling at this. The idea of the mechanical statue trying to ingratiate himself with anyone is too funny.

"Judging by what I have seen of Mr. Clarence Fane, I shouldn't say that was at all likely," I remark.

"Oh, well, I don't know. I'm only telling you what Cousin Richard says. That's the Vicarage." And Gracie points out a house not far distant, as if she were rather tired of the subject we have been so long discussing.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ELEANOR CATHCART.

AFTER all I have heard of Eleanor Cathcart, I am somewhat curious to see her.

The introduction, however, does not take place immediately on our arrival at the Vicarage, for Mr. Cathcart is in the front garden, and keeps us talking for some little time. He is a tall old gentleman, with a long white beard, and a courteous but rather distant manner.

I have acquired a habit of picturing those to whom I am about to be introduced. That the beings created by my imagination seldom bear the slightest resemblance to those whom they are intended to impersonate has not, hitherto, discouraged my efforts in this direction. So while Mr. Cathcart and Gracie discuss parish matters, I set to work on Miss Cathcart, and

conjure up a vision of a sad-looking woman, whose beauty is faded, whose step is slow, and her smile wan.

But the Miss Cathcart, to whom a few minutes later I am being introduced, is a splendid specimen of womanhood : tall, well-proportioned, with a full figure, and large, white, strong-looking hands. I mention her hands specially, because they attract my attention at once ; they look capable of achieving so much, and yet they are so restful, never moving unless for some definite purpose. Her plain, dark blue, cloth dress fits her to perfection, while its severity is relieved by collar and cuffs of snowy white. She wears no ornaments, save a half-hoop diamond ring—Richard Fane's gift, as I imagine. Her large, grey eyes are peculiarly steadfast ; her abundant brown hair is coiled in massive plaits ; her strong, white teeth are very even, the upper row meeting the lower with great nicety. Everything about her is on a grand scale ; her voice is rich, her movements stately, her manner the perfection of graciousness and repose. She looks her full age. I can understand now how Gracie came to describe her as elderly. She is certainly not *that ;* but one experiences some difficulty in realising that she can ever have been a young girl.

She admits me at once to the privileges of intimate acquaintanceship. I am taken into her own little sanctum, and shown the treasures it contains. She is something of an artist, and the walls are decorated with her own sketches. Strangely enough she has selected the most homely scenes for reproduction with her brush : a thatched cottage, with the owner standing outside smoking his evening pipe ; a stream with a girl and a dog picking their way across the stepping-stones ; an old woman resting on a seat under an oak on the village-green. They are on a small scale, too, and the workmanship is exquisitely fine, the style being altogether different from that which I should have imagined Miss Cathcart would attempt. I am also introduced to her bookcase, and I notice all the well-known poets, both English and American, find a place on its shelves, as well as some whose names are to me unfamiliar ; while the best prose authors are also represented. Then I hear a word or two about domestic management ; the subject of schools and parish work is likewise discussed, and I am told a few of the aims and difficulties of the vicar's daughter in her attempt to be really helpful in the village.

Yet, notwithstanding the gracious unbending of my hostess, I stand a little in awe of her. She is simplicity itself ; but there is an indescribable something about her which constrains those in her presence to be at their best. I am conscious of this in myself, and I notice it in Gracie. In fact, that fascinating little person is quite unnaturally subdued, and has hardly made a frivolous remark for the last twenty minutes.

And all the time I am wondering what kind of a man Richard Fane can be to have won the love of this cultured, noble-looking woman. Disinherited for his worthlessness, so Gracie told me he was, and incapable of leading a life sufficiently respectable, even outwardly, for Mr. Cathcart to give Eleanor into his keeping, yet this pearl among women still clings to him. Is pity the magnet that draws her to his side ? A great sadness steals over me as I think about it. Surely she deserves a better fate than to sacrifice the best years of her life to love for an unworthy object.

Presently she speaks of Richard Fane. I listen eagerly.

"He called in here quite early this morning on his way to the station," she is saying. "He is obliged to go up to London on business to-day."

"To see a man about a horse," suggests Gracie, with a light laugh.

"He did not tell me the nature of the business," replies Miss Cathcart, with the slightest possible access of dignity in her tone.

"It is sure to be that. I have never asked Cousin Richard why he is going up to London but what he has told me the same thing," Gracie continues, in the same light vein.

I fancy Miss Cathcart winces a little, and that Gracie does not observe it.

"He may be a little late for dinner this evening. Knowing that I should see you this morning, he asked me to give you a message to that effect from him to Mr. Fane. Had I not been seeing you, Richard would have made a point of calling at the Manor himself. Would you kindly tell Mr. Fane so?"

"Uncle won't believe it, you know ; but, still, I will deliver the message all the same. I suppose I am to add that Cousin Richard's journey to town was quite unavoidable ?"

"He certainly gave me to understand that such was the case."

"I don't suppose uncle will allow the dinner to be delayed for him."

"Richard wouldn't wish it. I am sure he will make every effort to be at the Manor by seven. But if he catches the four o'clock express from Cannon Street, and has to go home to dress first, he won't have much time to spare."

"You and Mr. Cathcart will come in good time. You won't wait for Richard ?"

"Oh, no."

I cannot help feeling sorry for Eleanor Cathcart. She is very calm and dignified, still it must be painful to her to have to apologise for the man she loves.

"Canon Rutherford is coming this evening, Eleanor," announces Gracie, as we rise to take our leave.

"Indeed ! It is a long way for him to come for one evening."

"Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to accept the invitation. Uncle asked him when we were in Allchester last week. I really believe uncle *likes* Canon Rutherford. I know I am venturing on a most extraordinary assertion, but I cannot help noticing that uncle does appear interested in some infinitesimal degree when Canon Rutherford is speaking."

"Canon Rutherford is always well worth listening to."

"He would be very gratified could he hear you saying so, Eleanor."

Miss Cathcart looks Gracie full in the face long and steadily. Then she says, in her quiet but determined way—

"Canon Rutherford is already fully aware that I appreciate him."

"What fools women invariably are!" exclaims Gracie, as we walk away from the Vicarage.

"Is that a general statement, or does it apply to a particular case?"

"I was thinking of Eleanor Cathcart. Canon Rutherford, with everything to recommend him, would leap for very joy if she would condescend to bestow herself on him; and there is she wearing her heart out because Richard Fane does not care enough for her to give up betting and gambling for her sake."

"Poor Miss Cathcart!"

"But it is so idiotic of her! But, there, I suppose we women are all alike. We want just what we can't get."

"What a profound discovery, Gracie!"

"It's no laughing matter, Olga."

For a wonder, Gracie is looking quite serious, and I fancy that her lovely brown eyes are a little humid. Is she thinking of that individual in the evening suit and light overcoat?

We walk on, talking in a desultory way, until we are within sight of Conscience House.

Suddenly I notice a change in Gracie's manner. She begins talking quickly and rather incoherently, as if she were a little out of breath.

A tall, handsome man is coming towards us with long, leisurely strides, and head well thrown back. I do not associate him with the slight agitation in Gracie's manner until he is nearly upon us. Then I chance to glance at her. Her colour has deepened and her eyes have brightened until her face is simply radiant.

It is necessary to know a face very well before one can estimate how much feeling is behind a change of expression. That Gracie is pleased to meet the gentleman with whom she is now shaking hands, I do not doubt; but I cannot determine whether her agitation is due to gratified vanity or—love.

Not the latter, I hope. That is my first thought on being introduced to Mr. Anstice. Yet I could not explain why his presence fills me with dread. He is certainly a very handsome man, with dark eyes, olive skin, very white teeth, and a fine moustache. One seems to see almost too much of his eyes and teeth: the former are hard and a little staring—they might even become fierce on occasions; the latter are exhibited whenever a word falls from the lips of their owner. A handsome man need not necessarily be a bad man, I reflect, nor is a society air always a sign of insincerity.

"Dick has gone trotting up to London to-day," Mr. Anstice is saying to Gracie.

His voice is very soft—soft, mind, not weak—and possesses that peculiar intonation which suggests that it is adapting itself to the aural requirements of the one person addressed.

"And why did you not trot up to London with him?"

I am quite startled by the change in Gracie's voice. It is always sweet and clear, but now it is full of love, confidence, joy, and I know not what besides.

Mr. Anstice looks at Gracie long and meaningly. "Need you ask, Miss Ogilvy?" he says at length.

"I don't know," she replies. For a moment she glances up at him with a smile so full of happy confidence, that it belies her words; then she looks down and begins poking at a tuft of grass with her parasol.

"I should have been late for dinner this evening, you know."

"Would that have mattered much?"

She tries, I fancy, to throw some indifference into her tone, but fails utterly.

"Again, need you ask?"

There is a note of triumph in the man's voice which somewhat irritates me. Gracie is confident of possessing his love; while he is fully aware of his power over her. So far I am certain of my ground. And I *think* she loves him. But what are his feelings towards her? Is his vanity tickled or his heart touched? She is wonderfully pretty, and very attractive; but—well, why does he use the back entrance, instead of boldly knocking at the front door? For I feel convinced that this Mr. Anstice, and the individual in the dress-suit and light overcoat who was talking to Gracie last evening, are one and the same person. Oh, foolish little Gracie!

Gracie resumes her walk, and Mr. Anstice strides along by her side as a matter of course. I lag behind a little. They have both forgotten my existence apparently.

Mr. Anstice recalls it sufficiently, however, to raise his hat and wish me good morning, after he has said farewell to Gracie at the entrance to the Manor House.

"Is Mr. Anstice staying at Conscience House?" I venture to ask.

"Yes."

"He is not one of Mr. Richard Fane's visitors to whom your uncle objects, then, since he is coming here this evening?"

"How silly you are, Olga! Why should Uncle Clarence object to Lincoln Anstice? There is nothing to object to in him," Gracie replies sharply; "nothing whatever."

"I was only thinking of what you said about your uncle not always caring to receive Mr. Richard Fane's friends."

"Those are his betting friends, men who sit up gambling half the night, and that sort of thing. I told you Cousin Richard was on his best behaviour now. Lincoln Anstice has been staying with him for the last three months. He is as steady as a rock, and I am sure he must be exercising a very good influence over Cousin Richard."

I fear she loves him. A woman's heart is nearly always touched when she tries to persuade herself that the man who admires her is *good*. If it were only that her vanity was gratified by his admiration, she would not trouble herself about his character.

But I cannot believe in his goodness myself, seeing that Gracie's love for him is teaching her to deceive her uncle. If she were really convinced of his nobility, would she not endeavour to become worthy of his love?

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

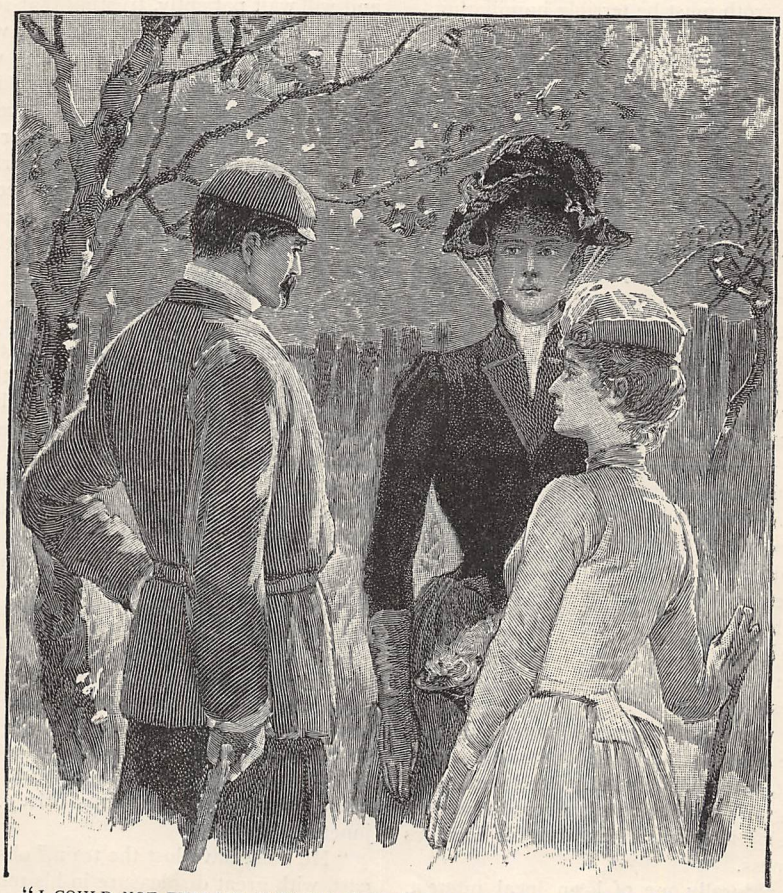
THE DINNER PARTY.

THE dinner party is, from my point of view, rather a dull affair. The guests are not only strangers to me, but they live in a world differing widely from that to which I am accustomed, and we have, therefore, but few interests in common.

A Mr. Alfred Pennington has taken me down to dinner. He is a very plain young man, with weak eyes, an irresolute mouth, and lank hair. He endeavours to interest me in local matters, and has an irritating way of trying to be so exceedingly agreeable. I am conscious that my attention is wandering, and I rather fancy Mr. Pennington finds me a little heavy in hand. This impression is borne out when he at length devotes himself assiduously to his dinner, relieving the monotony by casting anxious glances at Gracie, and angry ones at Mr. Anstice.

I am rather pleased than otherwise when Mr. Pennington gives me up in despair, because it leaves me free to observe the other guests, an occupation which I find far more entertaining than listening to him.

Gracie certainly makes but little effort to hide her preference for Lincoln Anstice. She was restlessness itself until he was announced, when she welcomed him with undisguised delight. *I* thought he accepted her homage rather too coolly, and I felt annoyed with him, and vexed with her. I never can bear to see a woman flinging herself at a man. Moreover, if Gracie is really anxious to attract Lincoln Anstice, I think she is going the wrong way to work, for he strikes me as being just the kind of man to value a woman's love in proportion to the difficulty he has encountered in winning it.



"I COULD NOT EXPLAIN WHY HIS PRESENCE FILLS ME WITH DREAD" (*p.* 112).

She is talking to him now in an undertone, and, although she is hostess, has neither eyes nor ears for anybody else. Nor is Mr. Pennington the only one who is observing her.

Mr. Fane, however, seems unaware that his niece is rendering herself conspicuous; but then I fancy he sees a good deal without appearing to notice what is going on around him. He is talking to Canon Rutherford, who is seated next to Eleanor Cathcart and immediately opposite to me.

The chair on the other side of Miss Cathcart is unoccupied. Richard Fane has not arrived yet, although the soup and fish are things of the past, and we are well on with the *entrées*. I observe that Mr. Fane glances at the vacant place now and again. I am getting to know his face, and I fancy he is a trifle annoyed, although he says nothing, not even when one or two of those present remark on Mr. Richard Fane's absence. Miss Cathcart, too, succeeds in suppressing all signs of impatience; nevertheless, I feel sorry for her. To be slighted in public by the man to whom one has plighted one's troth must be terribly humiliating.

I find myself getting very interested in Canon Rutherford. He is a fine-looking man with iron-grey hair, a fresh complexion, and large regular features. He literally teems with life and energy, every sentence he utters being concise and to the point, while his whole demeanour proclaims the possession of a sound mind in a healthy body. No two men could present a greater contrast than do Mr. Fane and Canon Rutherford, yet they appear to be mutually attracted.

The Dean of Allchester has died recently; and from what I can gather of the conversation, Canon Rutherford stands a good chance of being appointed to the vacant office. There is, however, another candidate in the field, whom Canon Rutherford pronounces "a splendid fellow."

Wonderful to relate, Mr. Fane's interest is evidently aroused, and he listens to all the canon has to say with grave attention. I am myself much struck with Canon Rutherford's method of treating the subject. He discusses it so openly, and says out so frankly how gratified he would be should the deanship be conferred on him; nor does he hesitate to admit that he possesses many of the qualifications calculated to enable him to discharge its important functions satisfactorily. At the same time he alludes in very eulogistic terms to his rival's abilities.

All this, to my way of thinking, speaks well for the robustness of the man's mind. He is quite sure he desires this thing, while he feels he is fitted for it; so he does not allow any morbid sensitiveness to prevent him from discussing his aspirations and his chances with equal frankness.

The subject is naturally one of keen local interest, and by degrees most of those present take part in the conversation. Lincoln Anstice leaves off talking to Gracie, in order to join in the general discussion, and I notice that all the animation fades out of her face as he does so.

Then a certain nobleman's name is mentioned; and I think it is Lincoln Anstice who suggests that were the facts of the case put before this nobleman in a proper light, he might thereby be induced to whisper a word into the Prime Minister's ear which should have the effect of rendering the aspirations of the rival candidate futile. But although Canon Rutherford listens to this suggestion with all courtesy, I can see at once that no scheme involving the back-handed pulling of wires would ever commend itself to him.

And that is just how I should imagine he would feel about something else, the possession of which, if I mistake not, lies much nearer to his heart than does the deanship.

Throughout all that has been said, the canon has shown himself conscious of Eleanor Cathcart's presence. Again and again he has turned to her, either to ask her opinion, or to make some little point in the discussion quite clear to her. Notwithstanding Richard Fane's existence, I cannot help thinking that Canon Rutherford, in his dream of the future, sees Eleanor installed in the deanery as its mistress. He loves her, and will wait patiently, trusting that some day the veil may be torn from her eyes, and she will see Richard Fane as he is; and seeing him thus, will turn for consolation to her true knight. And should she ever so turn, he would not, I fancy, let any mere sentimentalism mar his joy; he would never force her inclination; but when once she should have voluntarily given herself to him, he would not repine because the early strength of her woman's love was spent on someone else. But dearly as he loves her, patiently as he has waited for her, should she become Richard Fane's wife, he would not fold his hands, saying, or even thinking, that for him all hope of happiness was over; for he has so disciplined himself that, while he longs with a healthy longing for certain things that seem very good in his eyes, should they be withheld from him, he would still live a useful uncomplaining life.

All this I see, or, more correctly speaking, fancy I see, as I sit opposite to Canon Rutherford and Miss Cathcart, while the dinner proceeds, and still Richard Fane does not come.

"The express has been very unpunctual lately," observes the canon, as the clock on the mantelpiece strikes eight; and a slight pause which Miss Cathcart makes in what she is saying, shows that the lateness of the hour is not lost on her.

"I fear Mr. Fane must have missed it," she replies quietly. "He would be here by this time, even if the train had been a quarter of an hour late."

"What in the name of all that's wonderful can Dick be up to?" exclaims Mr. Anstice at this juncture.

"He must have lost the train," observes Mr. Cathcart, with great displeasure in his tone.

"Possibly he found the attractions of his club too alluring," suggests Mr. Fane, in his cold supercilious way.

But here one of the guests testifies to having seen Mr. Richard Fane driving from the station in a dog-cart.

"Someone may have called in about a business matter, and detained him," suggests Canon Rutherford.

"Yes; I think something of that kind must have happened," replies Miss Cathcart, still speaking with unruffled dignity.

"He has had to see another man about another horse in all probability," remarks Gracie lightly. The vagaries of Richard Fane always appear to afford her amusement.

"More likely he found he was later than he expected

to be, and so, sooner than cause a commotion, decided to dine at home, and come on here afterwards," says Mr. Anstice.

I fancy that this suggestion is thrown out with the two-fold object of excusing the absent one, and re-assuring Miss Cathcart, and I feel more kindly towards Lincoln Anstice.

Miss Cathcart's power of self-control is remarkable. When we ladies are in the drawing-room she takes a prominent part in the conversation, which turns on parish matters. No word of impatience or anxiety escapes her ; she listens with the greatest assumption of interest to all that is said, and has herself much to say on many subjects ; nevertheless, I fancy she is on the alert to catch the faintest sound of her lover's approaching footfall.

"I hope you'll give Dick a good scolding when he does come, Eleanor. It's nearly nine o'clock!" exclaims Gracie, during a brief pause in the conversation.

"He is doubtless unavoidably detained," replies Miss Cathcart quietly, and immediately turns to her neighbour and makes some remark about the management of the schools.

Then the gentlemen join us.

Gracie's eyes single out Lincoln Anstice at once, and as he crosses the room she shifts her position a little, as if to show her readiness to make room for him by her side. However, he stops short in front of Miss Cathcart.

"I think I shall just run across to Conscience House and see what's detaining Dick," he says, half interrogatively.

"Pray do," replies Miss Cathcart ; and for the first time this evening she lets a little of the real woman creep into her voice.

"Make my excuses to Mr. Fane, should he notice my absence, Miss Ogilvy," Mr. Anstice says to Gracie in rather an off-hand manner, and immediately leaves the room.

Gracie's eyes follow him to the door.

"Dick's always creating a disturbance!" she murmurs impatiently.

At this moment Gracie is called away to the piano to play the accompaniment for some gentleman who is about to oblige with a song.

Presently a desire is very generally expressed that Miss Cathcart should sing. She has, so Gracie whispers to me, a very fine voice, and is a finished musician.

"May I lead you to the piano, Miss Cathcart?" asks Mr. Fane, in his cold measured tone.

She is very pale now—I doubt if she ever has much colour—and as she raises her eyes to Mr. Fane, they are distinctly troubled.

He observes these signs of distress, for he says, almost hurriedly—

"Perhaps you would rather sing a little later on, Miss Cathcart?"

There is a murmur of dissent to this, to drown which, as I imagine, Mr. Fane asks me to sing.

In my position, such a request from him is almost a command ; so I rise to obey it, feeling, nevertheless, horribly nervous and uncomfortable.

I am about to seat myself at the piano, when Mr. Fane says, in his polite but authoritative way—

"Allow me to play the accompaniment for you."

I sing atrociously ; my voice is unsteady, and my time nowhere ; and I feel as if I had supplied an indifferent article for which my employer is paying a full price.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Fane," I murmur.

He receives my humble little apology with his habitual pause.

"You did make rather a hash of it, didn't you?" he says at length. Then, after a still further pause, he adds, "But you and I are probably the only two persons in the room who are aware that you did so. Miss Cathcart would have detected it had not her thoughts been elsewhere ; as for the rest, they only feign a knowledge of, and love for, music, because it is considered the right thing to do so."

I think he means to comfort me, as I am sure he tried to screen Miss Cathcart from observation. Can it be that his superciliousness is only skin-deep?

I am sitting a little apart from the other guests, feeling rather lonely, when Mr. Anstice returns. Mr. Fane and Canon Rutherford are playing chess, and are very quiet over their game, while Miss Cathcart is on my left, looking through an album of views. Mr. Anstice goes up to her at once, and I cannot help overhearing what passes between them.

"Dick'll be here in a few minutes now. A man has called in whom he can't shake off."

"Who is he?" and Miss Cathcart does not attempt to hide her anxiety now.

"Never seen the fellow before."

"He is still with Richard, then?"

"Yes. I saw him sitting in the library talking with Dick as I was passing, so I took the liberty of tapping at the window, thinking I might give the gentleman a hint not to outstay his welcome. Dick threw up the sash and asked me what I wanted, and I must say his method of eliciting information was more emphatic than polite. However, he assured me his visitor was on the move, and that as soon as ever he could get rid of him, he would come round here."

"What was the man like?"

"A common-looking fellow enough, rather showily got up—a small tradesman in his Sunday best, or something of that sort, I should say."

"And what do you think he wanted?"

"A speedy settlement of some kind, in all probability. The indelicacy of men of that stamp when one owes them a few pounds is something astounding!"

Then Mr. Anstice saunters off to join Gracie, and I again watch the chess-board. What a long evening it is! I suppose it is too much to expect that a young woman in love should make a good hostess when the object of her affection is present. At any rate, Gracie does not seem to trouble herself much about the comfort of her guests.

"Checkmate in six moves," says Mr. Fane languidly.

Canon Rutherford gives vent to his annoyance by an impatient exclamation or two—his whole soul is in the game—but after studying the board for a few minutes, accepts his fate as inevitable. Then he begins to set the men again as a matter of course.

"Do you play, Miss Vesey?" Mr. Fane asks.

The question takes me by surprise. I did not think Mr. Fane was even aware of my near presence. I reply in the negative. Mr. Fane is always asking me if I do things which I have to admit I do not. My ignorance has never before been brought home to me with such painful force as it has within the last twenty-four hours.

"Then I don't think we will play again," says Mr. Fane, and Canon Rutherford having seated himself next to Miss Cathcart, Mr. Fane takes a vacant chair by my side.

Only that it is so very improbable, or I should think Mr. Fane was taking pity on my loneliness.

"You must let me teach you chess of an evening, Miss Vesey."

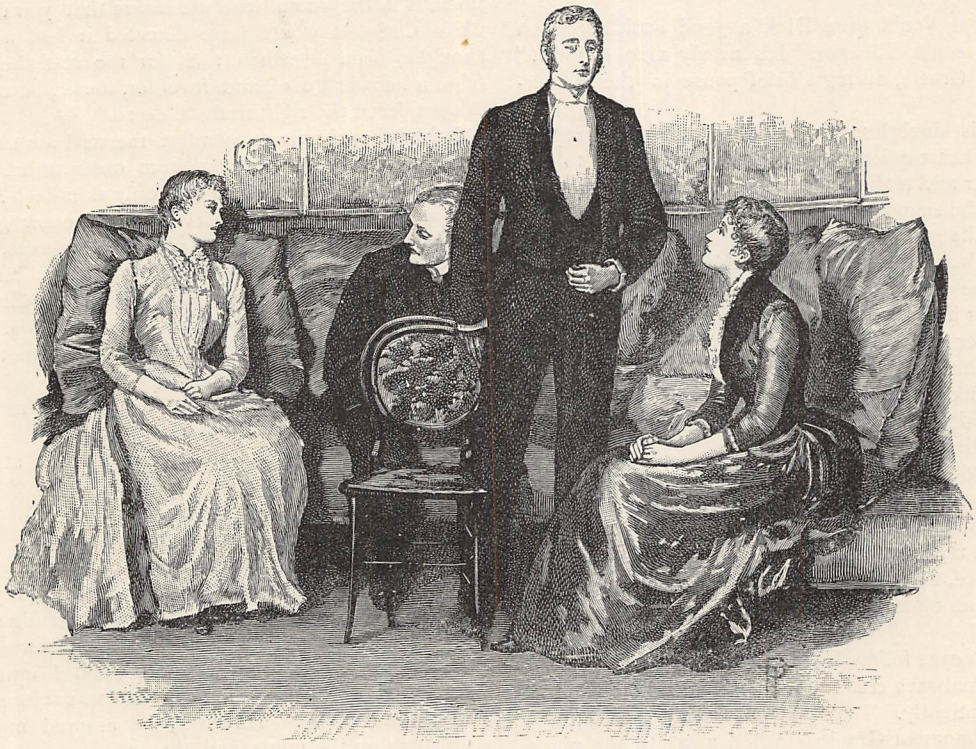
"I am afraid you would find me a very dull pupil, Mr. Fane."

At this moment Mr. Richard Fane is announced, and my modest rejoinder elicits no polite contradiction.

"No, Cousin Richard, I shan't shake hands with you!" exclaims Gracie. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, alarming us all like this. As Eleanor never will take you to task for your iniquities, I must."

I do not catch Mr. Richard Fane's reply in the surprise which his personal appearance occasions me. I expected he would at least be a fine handsome man, however much his masculine beauty might be marred by indications of a dissipated life. Great then is my astonishment when I see before me a dapper little man, with smooth, red-brown hair most carefully arranged, shrewd grey eyes, a ruddy complexion, clean-shaven face, and peculiarly wide-awake expression. And this is Canon Rutherford's successful rival, the man for whose sake Eleanor Cathcart is sacrificing her youth and happiness! Love, thou art unfathomable!

Mr. Richard Fane apologises to Clarence Fane for his late arrival with easy familiarity.



"'YOU MUST LET ME TEACH YOU CHESS.'"

"A bore of a fellow dropped in, and I couldn't induce him to make himself scarce. Just my luck, you know."

"Bad luck has ever singled you out as a victim, I am well aware," replies Mr. Fane, with thinly veiled contempt.

Mr. Fane moves over to the other side of the room, leaving me still sitting near Miss Cathcart. I feel there is no love lost between these two men. They live in different worlds, and neither troubles to understand the other. And yet, if all that Gracie tells me is correct, Clarence Fane has been more than just to his cousin.

Then Mr. Richard Fane greets his *fiancée*, and slips into a chair by her side.

"I have been feeling so anxious about you,

Richard," says Miss Cathcart in a voice so full and rich I cannot help following it.

He shrugs his shoulders slightly.

"Feared I was in hot water again, eh?"

"*Is* anything wrong?"

"Yes, and no, my dear," is the ambiguous answer.

"Mr. Anstice seemed to think you must owe your visitor money."

"The supposition does credit to Anstice's intelligence; nevertheless, he has not hit the right nail on the head this time."

"Am I not to be told the purport of this man's visit, Richard?"

"My dear Nellie, if you really insist, I cannot, of course, refuse to satisfy your curiosity; but——"

"I only want to know if you are in fresh trouble of any sort."

"You need not feel anxious on that score. I don't and never have owed this man a farthing. But at one time I thought we might transact a little business together to our mutual advantage. However, we disagreed about terms, and now I find that the fellow has been deceiving me all along. It's no end of a disappointment to me, I can tell you. If the business had been likely to lead to anything, I should have told you all about it as a matter of course; but as it is a long story, and nothing can come of it now, there's not much good in talking about it."

"Are you very disappointed, Richard?" and there is a solicitude in Miss Cathcart's tone, and a soft light in her eyes, that should set her lover's heart palpitating.

I do not hear Mr. Richard Fane's reply, for Mr. Clarence Fane comes up to me again, asking me to take part in a glee.

Much relieved, I accompany my "master" across the room. I am only too pleased to get out of earshot of the lovers, as I felt very uncomfortable while I was overhearing their *tête-à-tête*.

Soon after the glee is finished the guests take their departure, Mr. Richard Fane accompanying Mr. Cathcart and his daughter to the Vicarage. Mr. Anstice lingers a little when the other guests have gone, after the manner of one on very familiar terms with his host and hostess.

"I suppose you see a good deal of Mr. Anstice, as he is such a near neighbour?" I venture to observe.

Mr. Fane and I are standing together at one end of the room, while at the other Mr. Anstice is helping Gracie to sort her music, preparatory to putting it away.

"Quite as much as I desire, I think I may safely say, Miss Vesey."

"Do you not like him?"

The usual pause.

"I neither like nor dislike him: his existence is a matter of supreme indifference to me."

Mr. Fane has certainly been considerate to me on more than one occasion this evening, and I have in consequence felt my strong prejudice against him melting away. Now, however, it returns in full force.

"But it is not a matter of indifference to Gracie," I reply quickly, and perhaps injudiciously, while I am conscious that my colour is rising.

"Do you imagine not, Miss Vesey?"

I dare not trust myself to reply to this.

Later on, when Gracie is in my bedroom, wishing me good night, I try to say a word of warning to her. She pretends, however, to treat the whole matter as a joke, until I at last drop the subject in despair.

On the afternoon of the following day, Gracie and I are sitting on the lawn, when we are joined by Mr. Anstice.

Gracie feigns surprise, but overdoes it to such an extent that I can hardly keep from smiling. Had she good reason to believe Lincoln Anstice to be at the Antipodes, she could scarcely express more astonishment at seeing him. Nevertheless, I feel convinced that last evening he arranged to call here this afternoon.

I fancy the young people would feel grateful to me if I made some excuse to retire into the house. But this is just what I have not the slightest intention of doing. If the whole affair is only a little innocent flirtation, as Gracie so emphatically declared last night, my presence ought not to be a restraint to either party.

Presently Gracie goes into the house herself, to fetch a sketch, about which she has been speaking to Mr. Anstice.

Since Mr. Fane absolutely refuses to realise his niece's danger, and Gracie cannot be made to see the impropriety of her conduct, my only hope of averting a catastrophe lies in making an appeal to Lincoln Anstice himself. That the man has his good points, his conduct to Miss Cathcart last evening has convinced me.

However, although we are now alone together, I do not feel that I know enough of him to venture to take him to task; and so we talk of the neighbourhood and matters of local interest.

Then Mr. Anstice asks, without anything leading to it—

"Has Pennington been here this afternoon?"

"No; does Miss Ogilvy expect him?"

"He generally makes an excuse to drop in here in the course of the day."

"Indeed! Whom does he come to see?"

"Why, Miss Ogilvy, of course."

I suppose I look surprised, for Mr. Anstice adds—

"Well, until you came here, Miss Vesey, there was no one else whom he could see, except Mr. Fane, who is generally invisible to callers. Pennington is getting up a concert, you know, and Miss Ogilvy has promised to sing for him, so they have a good deal to arrange."

"I thought last evening that Mr. Pennington seemed interested in Miss Ogilvy."

"So are most people who have the good fortune to know her."

I had intended waiting until I knew Mr. Anstice better before sounding him on so delicate a subject as his preference for Gracie; but I cannot let such a favourable opportunity as this pass.

"Yourself, for instance, Mr. Anstice," I say insinuatingly.

"Well, I never!"

This exclamation takes me entirely by surprise. It is such an extraordinary way of replying to my question.

"I beg pardon, Miss Vesey; I think you were saying something."

"You seem surprised, Mr. Anstice."

"I *am* surprised. That man, who has just been admitted into the Manor House, is the man who kept Dick Fane talking such an unconscionable time last night. I can't for the life of me make it out."

In another minute Gracie joins us. So farewell to my opportunity.

"Who's that man who has just been admitted into the house, Miss Ogilvy?"

"Some London tradesman, I should think. He touched his hat, and said, 'Good day, miss,' as I passed him."

"Whom has he called to see?"

"Uncle, I suppose; he was shown into the library. Why are you so curious about him?"

"I rather fancied his face was familiar to me," answers Mr. Anstice carelessly.

Taking my cue from Mr. Anstice, I determine to observe a discreet silence.

Presently Mr. Richard Fane joins us.

"I thought I should find you here, Anstice," he says coolly.

We are still under the cedar-tree, when the mysterious visitor emerges from the house, and walks rapidly down the drive, without observing us.

"Do you see who that is, Dick?" says Mr. Anstice in an undertone.

"Good gracious! What in the name of all that's wonderful can the fellow be up to?" and Mr. Richard Fane stands aghast with astonishment.

Mr. Anstice glances meaningly at Gracie, and nothing more is said on the subject until Mr. Clarence Fane comes out, equipped for walking.

He pauses when he sees the group on the lawn, but does not look particularly gracious.

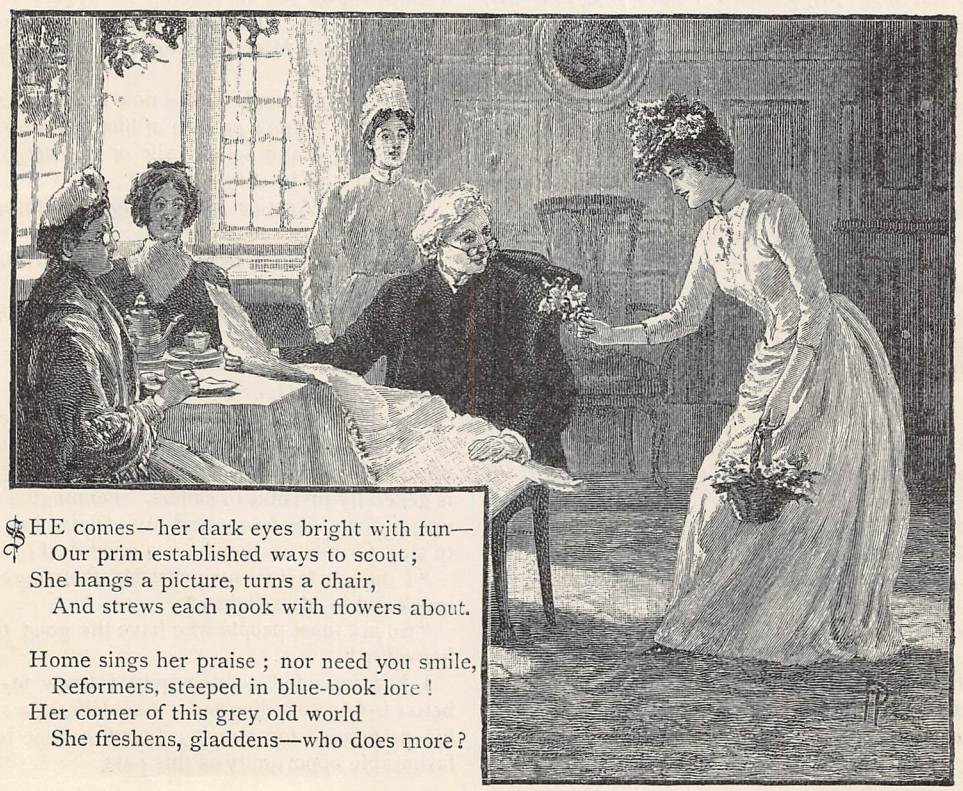
"Who was your visitor, uncle?" inquires Gracie, after a few words of greeting have been exchanged. "Mr. Anstice fancies he has seen him before somewhere."

"A knave who came on a fool's errand;" and, without another word, Mr. Fane raises his hat, and strides away.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

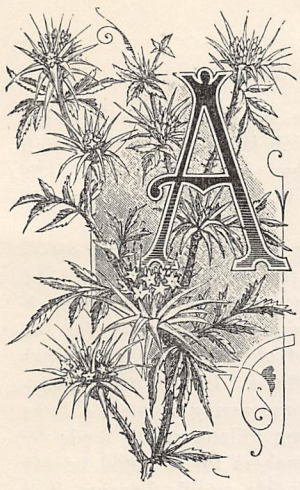
II.—OUR SOCIAL REFORMER.



SHE comes—her dark eyes bright with fun—
Our prim established ways to scout;
She hangs a picture, turns a chair,
And strews each nook with flowers about.

Home sings her praise; nor need you smile,
Reformers, steeped in blue-book lore!
Her corner of this grey old world
She freshens, gladdens—who does more?

A WORD ABOUT FLORIDA CRACKERS.



A GOOD deal has been said from time to time on the subject of Florida Crackers, and, inasmuch as full justice has not always been done them, a good deal more remains to be said. They have been accused *en masse* of lying, thieving, and inhospitality; but, while one must admit that they cannot lay claim to truthfulness as a pre-eminent characteristic, still Crackers do exist who are as incapable of a lie as you or I believe ourselves to be; and, while one now and again falls in with a "tol'ble hard cuss" in whose neighbourhood the chickens are not safe, and whose dealings among cattle savour of the freebooter, the majority carry dishonesty no farther than trying to get the better of you in a bargain, and some can be trusted even beyond that point.

You cannot go to a Cracker's homestead to make the most trifling purchase, or transact the most trivial business, without being warmly pressed to stay on and join in the next meal; and when these people ask you they really wish you to remain: your refusal is never received as a welcome relief, but taken in such a serious spirit of regret that you often find it impossible to repeat it without giving offence. A considerable "trade," such as the sale or exchange of a horse, if not conducted on their own premises, will almost invariably be accompanied by a present; and there is something so delightfully graceful in a Cracker's manner of giving, that the value of the little gift of fruit or game is enhanced tenfold by the tone and look with which it is presented.

They are, as a rule, extremely lazy, not caring to work harder than will serve to keep them and their families alive on the simple but far from wholesome fare which they love—fat bacon, insufficiently boiled "grits," and hot biscuits, with coffee. Some of the better-class Crackers, who have had a little education, are not without energy and enterprise; but the majority, who can neither read nor write, are not fond of exerting themselves beyond a certain point.

The women all look old and worn after a few years of married life, on which they often enter at the early age of fifteen or sixteen, being looked on as old maids if not married at twenty. Their work is endless; and cooking hot meals three times a day in a hot climate is enough to account for their pale jaded faces, without taking into consideration the care of the numerous little ones that seem to swarm like flies in every house one enters. The children, too, are almost always colourless and sickly-looking, at which I have ceased to wonder since a Cracker—a father of six—lately informed me that he always noticed his children looked peaky when fed on milk, but throve well on fat bacon. Of course, where such ideas as these are rooted, the little creatures stand a poor chance. One thing in their favour is the cleanliness with which they are brought up, and which undoubtedly helps them to live, and grow to be healthy men and women, in spite of the fearful diet on which they are "raised."

Among the very lowest and most poverty-stricken of these people, one meets with a natural good-breeding never distantly approached by the same, and much higher and better-educated classes among the Northerners; their manners are gentle and courteous, their voices low and soft and, as a rule, extremely sweet, and their desire to please general. They are, however, in some respects, little better than savages, using their knives with appalling freedom in the arrangement of quarrels, and often treating their animals with terrible ferocity in their fits of childish, unreasonable passion.

It happened to me a short time ago that, being camped out in the woods at a considerable distance from the nearest store, I was in difficulties about provisions, and met with timely assistance from a passing Cracker, whom I had never seen before, and who, in the most obliging manner, offered to bring all I wanted. He was a mild-looking, middle-aged man, civil, pleasant, and good-natured in the extreme. Being greatly struck with his kindness, I mentioned the incident to a friend, who was able to tell me the man's name, and added, "That is the Cracker I told you of a short time ago who killed his horse on the road because it refused to go on." I heard of another who agreed with a neighbour to plough for a wager, and killed his yoke of oxen on the spot because they lost the race. Their horses are generally under-fed and over-worked, but their dogs, which are indispensable to them for hunting, are fairly well treated.

The favourite occupation of a Cracker—business and pastime combined—is "trading." Whether it be a horse or a broken-bladed knife, an ox or a pair of boots, the interest is as absorbing, the pleasure as keen; one thing is as good as another for the purpose of "trading." He will exchange one article for another—sometimes with "boot" if the values are unequal; and the time spent in settling that question is the time of real enjoyment, when the trading parties, sitting on their heels on the sand in front of the picturesque wooden shanty, or lounging on the rickety, half-finished verandah, smoke their pipes, and argue long and softly over the points of the bargain. A man may have a horse that suits him in every particular, but be sure that it will never be in his possession longer than a twelvemonth; the love of trading is so strong, that if he cannot exchange it for a better, "you bet" he will for a worse; and if you ask him the reason, he will smile blandly and answer—

"Well, *because*."

M. PENROSE.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JANUARY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WE are entering on a New Year, bright, as a rule, with hopes, but sometimes fraught with fears. Fate has in store for all of us gladness and sorrow, but whether we are happy or sorrowful, the wheel of Fashion will go round. Our highest happiness and deepest woe demand suitable dresses. The routine of our household life continues through joy and sorrow, and it is well for us that it is so, for it compels us to exert ourselves and accept the fact that we have still to take our part in the drama of existence, even when it seems for a while that all that made it pleasant to us has passed away.

January is a cold month, and it is a good and an excellent plan to have a loose extra jacket, to be slipped on as occasion requires. The new shape which heads our chapter will be found to have many merits. The particular dress which accompanies it in the model is a pale tone of green vicuna, the sleeves braided all over, and the front of the full bodice just at the neck; also the collar-band and the pointed waistband, which latter hides the junction of bodice and skirt. They are sewn together, and the bodice fastens at the back. The skirt is perfectly plain so far as drapery is concerned, but it is bordered at the foot with a band of beaver, and above this is a pyramid-shaped braiding extending to the knees. In cold weather the accompanying jacket could even be worn indoors, but it is intended rather for outdoor wear. It covers the back well, ending above the waist, and you see by the illustration the shape it describes in front. It is made of velvet, in a darker tone than the dress; or, to be generally useful for many gowns, it might be made of black, and it is bordered with the beaver fur. The sleeve is full on the shoulder, and ends at the elbow, having similar fur edging; the braided sleeve of the dress appears below to the wrist, matching the small muff and the lining to the brim of the hat, which is made of velvet, with upstanding bows of ribbon back and front. The back is quite low, while in front the ribbons are pierced by a gold arrow.

The first month in the year is generally a gay one—the younger members of the family are home for the holidays, and sons and brothers who have gone out into the world contrive to snatch a few days for the old home, and all kinds of cheerful little gatherings demand some festive raiment. In the accompanying sketch of two handsome young women, I have specially selected an evening toilette really made by one of our smartest dressmakers for a noted beauty well known in the fashionable world—because it is simple and easy to make, and, moreover, is a style that can be adapted to dresses that have been worn a season or two.

Do you remember the exclamation of a gifted Frenchman, "Ste. Mousseline, où est-tu?" Well, I am

AMONG THE FAMILY PORTRAITS.

happy to tell you that muslins, pure white and in plain colours, are once more quite the fashion, *but* (note that "but") they are most extravagant wear for all who have not a maid prepared to iron them daily. There are, however, a variety of fabrics which are not costly and last much longer, and are well worn also. Chiffons, Japanese crêpe, crépons, and other varieties of these fabrics could very well be applied to the particular model I am describing. The skirt is cut quite in the old-fashioned style, with a plain front and trained back, and is bordered with a closely gathered flounce having a heading. The bodice is simply a low one, reaching to the waist, without any cording or any basque, cut even with the waist-line, and made in black velvet, so that it could be adapted to any other dress. It laces at the back, and it is trimmed with a cross-cut double fichu of the thin material edged with a frill. This is thrown over the shoulders —apparently, most carelessly— and fastens at the back, so that in front it forms natural unbroken folds, and can be made high or low, as the wearer pleases.

A MISHAP.

Many of the dressmakers last spring brought over Paris gowns made with long sleeves to low bodices, but they did not take in England. There are occasions, however, when delicate women hesitate to leave the arms bare, and with this dress there are close-fitting under-sleeves to the wrists, with no trimming whatever, made of the thin material; and they can be dispensed with, without interfering in any way with the style of the toilette, for above them is a drooping frilled sleeve reaching to the elbow, headed by a full puff which raises it on the shoulders.

The other dress in the same illustration is worn by a young matron in the third year of her marriage, and it develops all the rounded outlines of an exquisite figure. The material of which the dress is made is a velvet brocade on a cream satin ground, made up over white satin. It has the pleated fan back and three panels—one at either side, and one in the centre. The sides are attached to the back, but the front is quite distinct, and the interstice is filled up with a cascade of bead and silver fringe reaching to a thick frill at the foot. The bodice comes well down on to the hips, and the skirt is sewn to it. It is quite untrimmed, save for a wired Medici collar cut in vandykes and composed of lace and embroidery, a similar pointed wired lace encircling the armholes, having a pendant fringe attached. The sleeves are perfectly plain, and are made of net worked in coloured beads to match the colours in the brocade. It is a handsome gown and somewhat costly, but could be reproduced in less expensive materials, such as soft printed silk, or in black lace over a coloured silk, a style which is coming in very much again.

Some pretty mantles fall within the reach of everybody, and are quite the fashion. The kind I mean are capes rather than cloaks, but look smart and dressy, and are slipped on in a minute. They are made with coloured yokes and large upstanding collars, while to this yoke is attached a deeply gathered frill of black cloth. The high collars are somewhat extravagantly high, but these are so arranged that they can be turned up or down.

Another simple pattern is a triple cape with a double row of fur six or seven inches apart on each frill. They can be slipped off on entering a room, or put on in an open carriage over an ordinary jacket, and are well suited to evening dress, though, in fact, long mantles are most in favour for evening wear, made in dark cloth lined with fur, so that they answer equally well for a carriage.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The festivities attending the Jour de l'An generally bring out a few new fashions, and the dress in which Madame receives her visitors is one which has needed

much thought, and may be the expenditure of a not contemptible sum.

The little group in our illustration shows an aunt receiving two nieces, who are bringing her little souvenirs for the occasion—one of which has, alas! met with an accident—and I will proceed to describe what the three are wearing.

The aunt is arrayed in a soft woollen gown of a terra-cotta tone; the back is trained, but only slightly so, resting about a quarter of a yard on the ground. The front is gathered at the waist, and at the foot is drawn up, window-curtain fashion, with rosettes of ribbon over the pleating, which borders the foot.

The bodice of this dress at the waist is perfectly straight, and illustrates two of the leading features in the fashions of the day—the corslet waistband, and the short Zouave jacket. The belt is made of velvet; apparently it looks perfectly straight, and simply swathes the figure, but in truth it is lined and boned with consummate care and skill, or it would thicken the waist. The velvet is introduced on the lower portion of the sleeve, meeting an upper puff of the woollen, and there is a bow of ribbon at the junction outside the arm. The high collar and the Zouave are made entirely of passementerie of the same shade as the rest of the dress, and the latter falls over the pleated bodice, which disappears within the velvet belt. All these high collars require to be specially arranged for each individual wearer with much care, and they are likely to be unbecoming unless they are prettily filled in at the front of the throat. In this case there is a lace pleating let into a band from which falls a small lace jabot.

The child in the foreground wears a very simple frock—and simplicity is a great merit where children's garments are concerned. It is made in soft plum-coloured serge, reaches only to the knee, and is arranged in box-pleats all round. The bodice takes the form of a jacket and a full silk front of a lighter shade. This is gathered on an elastic encircling the waist, so that it forms a loose sacque just below the waist. The jacket is bordered with feather trimming, and is cut in a rounded form in front, just covering the waist at the back. The collar-band is entirely composed of feather trimming, which reappears at the wrist of the close-fitting sleeve gathered very full into the armhole.

The sister, a girl of fourteen, wears a frock that at her age would be suited to either full-dress morning or evening wear. It is made in nun's veiling of a light grey tone, trimmed with white silk heavily embroidered. The skirt is somewhat scanty, but is relieved by two perpendicular bands of the embroidery—one down the centre, and one at the side. This same trimming reappears on the bodice, where it is sufficiently wide to form a triangular-shaped plastron, and is gathered at the shoulder on the left side, so that it falls in soft diagonal folds. The material of the bodice is made slightly full, drawn in at a point at the waist; the basque bordered with two bias folds of the nun's veiling is left very loose, and ending on the left side of the waist in a ribbon bow. The sleeves are of the leg-of-mutton form, and have a pointed lace cuff.

Both girls wear black silk stockings and pointed black shoes, and the hair is simply dressed.

Frenchwomen devote a good deal of time to the question of hair-dressing, and wisely so; for in good truth however well-dressed a woman may be, she looks nothing unless she is *bien coiffée;* and however elaborate the arrangement, neatness has principally to be considered. The classic style adapted to the shapes of individual heads is the leading idea, and soft curls and marteaux fill up the intervening space between the forehead and the crown of the head. An easy coiffure is a closely curled front, all the rest of the hair combed to the crown of the head, and there twisted into a coil surmounted by two horizontal marteaux of hair arranged in a semicircular fashion to adapt themselves to the coil, and to show above the head in front. So much depends on the length of the head; but an easy way is to wave the hair behind the curls, and bring that to the back.

You never in Paris see Frenchwomen with a knob of hair pinned carelessly where it accentuates the natural excrescence of the head; nor do they, when they have passed the hey-day of youth, drag sparse hairs from the temple. I do not advocate French hair-dressing for English heads, but the dwellers in Great Britain would do well to study French modes and adapt them to their own idiosyncrasies.

Russian net is still worn, but it has become far more expensive on account of the designs in appliqué velvet which now distinguish it. The material is 156 centimetres wide, and displays velvet shamrocks, intricate Renaissance scrolls, and other devices. More costly, and certainly handsomer, are the black Spanish silk laces, wide enough for the depth of the skirt, the pattern emphasised by a rich black velvet appliqué with moiré introduced here and there.

Velours de Russie in light colours figures in many of the new evening gowns, and is only another name for terry velvet. Broadly speaking, tulle is out of date; and yet I am continually seeing beautiful evening gowns, if not made of this material, with a good deal of it intermixed with richer fabrics, and the new tulles brought out this year are embroidered with gems intermixed—the prettiest show gold thread and either turquoise, or pink topaz.

A recent novelty is a thin material, such as chiffon, crêpe de Chine, or tulle, with flowers in relief made with small pieces of puckered white crape, after the order of the embroidery produced in narrow China ribbons.

A new silk is the Velours triomphe, which hails from Lyons. It is very soft and corded, not at all expensive, and is made in all shades.

Feather-stitching and close gathering are both introduced on many new silk tea-gowns and evening dresses—often in somewhat incongruous fashion; but great neatness is needed in the work; when this is given it is most successful.

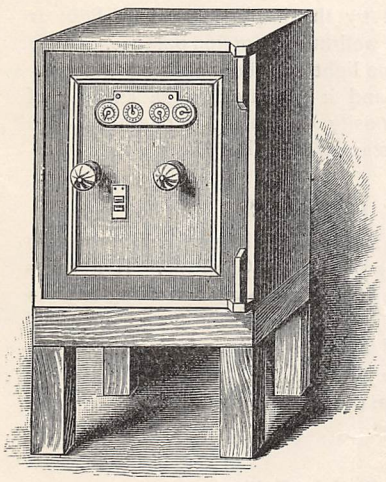
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Cypher Safe.

Mr. Stuart C. Munro has devised a safe which is intended to be proof against any unauthorised opener who may be provided with the proper key or a duplicate. The keyhole cover is made with a catch inside which engages with mechanism within the door and is held fast. This mechanism connects with the pointers of four dials, seen in our illustration, and the cover cannot be removed to allow the door to be opened until the pointers have been set at the figures of a predetermined cypher. When the cypher is indicated, the handle on the right is turned and the keyhole thus uncovered. Should the cypher be forgotten the cover can be cut open and a duplicate, supplied with the safe, substituted. The safe is fireproof and admits of 160,000 cypher combinations.



Ships and the Telephone.

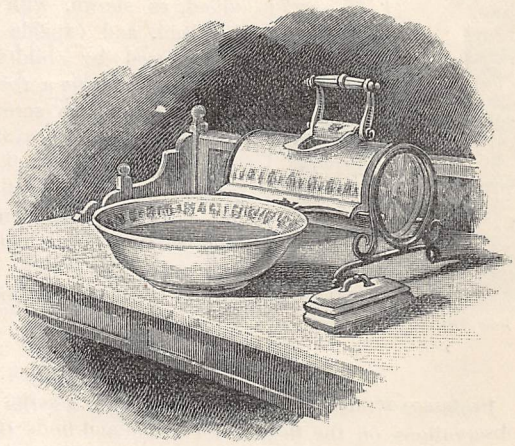
Experiments made in Madras harbour have been quite successful in establishing telephonic connection between the Central Exchange of the town and ships at moorings. A drum of insulated wire was fixed on the pier and the end paid out to a buoy, and from thence drawn on board the *Clan Macarthur*. The instruments were then connected up, and the other end of the wire being joined to the Exchange, conversation was carried on between the vessel and the offices of the company to which she belongs. It is proposed to attach a telephone cable to each buoy in port.

The Irish Tunnel Scheme.

The proposed tunnel between Great Britain and Ireland is intended to run from Whitehead, Ireland, to Goblins in Wigtonshire, connecting by rail with Stranraer. The heaviest gradient would be 1 foot in 75 feet, and according to Professor Hall of the Geological Survey the strata through which the tunnel would pass are not likely to offer any serious obstacle. It is estimated that the entire work would cost eight millions. Were it finished, the journey from Glasgow to Belfast, a distance of 153 miles, would occupy only four hours. The project is to be brought before the Government.

Naval Balloons.

Some interesting experiments were recently made in the French fleet at Toulon to adapt the captive balloons now employed in the French army for use at sea. The idea of utilising these aërial observatories in the fleet is due to Lieutenant Serpette, and the balloon employed was made at Chalais-Meudon, the shell being of silk with a capacity of 11,300 cubic feet of pure hydrogen, and capable of sustaining a single observer at a height of 1,200 or 1,500 feet. A silk rope was used to hold it, and after being tugged to the man-o'-war *St. Louis* by a torpedo boat, it was raised to the top of the after mast or tower by proper tackle. From this point frequent ascents were made, the balloon being manœuvred from the bridge of the vessel. The whole country for thirty miles round was visible, and the bottom of the sea could be discerned to a depth of 80 feet. Moreover, the movements of the submarine boat *Gymnote* could be distinctly traced under the water. M. Serpette also ascended without the use of the captive rope, and descended near the surface of the sea, then threw out his conical anchor, which held the balloon until a boat came to relieve him.

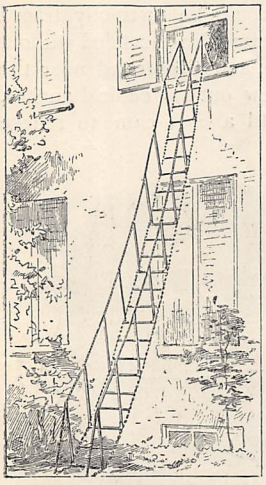


A Toilet Water-Barrel.

Our engraving shows a new water-holder, designed to replace the somewhat inconvenient water-jug or ewer of the toilet-table. It consists of an ornamental reservoir in the shape of a barrel, which is mounted in a frame and capable of turning on an axle. When the

handle is drawn forward, the water pours out into the basin. The "Aquarius," as it is called, is certainly preferable to the jug in that there is no weight to lift.

THE NEW FIRE-ESCAPE IN USE.



HOW THE ESCAPE IS FIXED.

A New Fire-Escape.

The fire-escape which we illustrate is a light ladder composed of iron chain and tubing provided, as shown, with a handrail, and capable of being used by children. It is fixed inside a room by means of two screws in the floor, and is readily placed in position. The escape is the invention of a lady. Experience shows that some such apparatus as this is sorely needed in large houses.

The Height of Clouds.

Professor Möller, of Carlsruhe, has made a series of observations on the height of clouds, and finds that cirrus and cirro-stratus clouds have an average height of 30,000 feet, while cumulus clouds range from 4,000 or 5,000 feet at their lower surfaces, to 16,000 feet at their upper surfaces.

New Photometers.

Iodide of nitrogen decomposes under the action of light and gives off pure nitrogen gas. Hence M. Lion has constructed a photometer in which equal surfaces of the iodide kept under ammonia water are exposed to the two lights to be compared. A differential manometer connects the two receptacles of the iodide, and the lights are shifted to or from the photometer until the rate of evolution of the nitrogen is equalised. The relative intensities of the lights are then proportionate to the squares of their distances from the photometer. We may add that M. Verschaffel has adapted the Crookes radiometer as a photometer. The revolving disc of the apparatus is suspended by a silk fibre and fitted with a scale and pointer, so that the angle through which it is rotated by the impinging ray of light is measured, as in the well-known torsion balance. With this photometer one light can be measured independently of another, and it is stated to be capable of measuring a luminosity equivalent to one-hundredth of that given by a standard candle.

Hydrophane.

Hydrophane, a singular variety of white opaque opal, has been discovered in Colorado. It absorbs water, and thus becomes transparent, revealing objects placed under it. The stone is said to be identical with the curious "tabasheer," or organic opal, sometimes found in the joints of the bamboo cane, where, like the pearl in the oyster, it is an irregularity, if not altogether a disease.

Buffalo Belting.

A new and strong belting for running machines from a motor was recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace Mining Exhibition. It consists, as shown in the woodcut, of a central layer or core of raw buffalo hide,

faced on both sides with stout woven cotton, the whole being sewn together and riveted with copper in the centre. As will be seen from the section represented, the edges of the hide project beyond the cotton covering as a protection to the belt when it comes in contact with the fork. The belts are warranted not to shrink, and to remain unaffected by heat or damp.

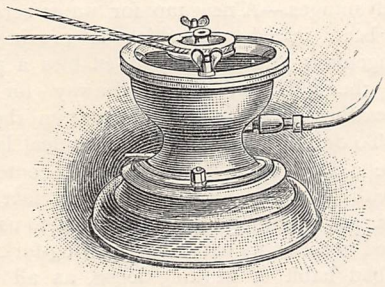
Ozonised Water.

It appears from the experiments of Mr. Ernst Fahrig and of Mr. E. G. Clayton, F.C.S., that phosphorescence can be produced by ozonised water. If distilled water be shaken up with ozonised oxygen and some of it added to about a litre of ordinary Thames water, drawn from the river in London, a luminous phosphorescence will be observed in a dark room. It is still uncertain whether or not the effect is due to the action of the ozone or the micro-organisms of the water.

Steel Islands.

At the recent meeting of the British Iron and Steel Institute, in Pittsburg, Pa., U.S., Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, the well-known naval architect, expressed

the opinion that we shall yet obtain a mastery over the ocean and live more happily in a marine residence capable of steaming fifteen knots an hour than we can ever live in sea-side towns. His idea is to build enormous vessels of steel, which would be unsinkable owing to their compartments, and be safe against fire for the same reason, while their size would render them quite steady. They would be too large for any harbour, and would in fact contain their own docks, into which lighters and other craft would enter in order to load or unload the vessel. Such a craft would be a veritable floating island or town with the combined advantages of land and sea.



A Centrifugal Milk-Raiser.

The milk-raiser shown in the woodcut is worked on the centrifugal principle, and can be driven from the intermediate shaft of the "separator," or, indeed, any other shaft, with the aid of a cotton or hempen belt. No lubrication is required, as the milk suffices, and the apparatus can be readily taken to pieces. Its simplicity of construction is in its favour for dairy purposes.

A New Microscopic Glass.

The object glasses for microscopes are now made in Germany of phospho-boric glass, containing phosphoric and boracic acid. It is stated that with lenses of this material an object $\frac{1}{820}$ of a millimetre in diameter can be distinctly seen.

A New Cartridge Sling.

A new cartridge sling, which ought to be very useful to sportsmen and travellers, has just been patented. The sling is made of light waterproof material, and is made to carry 24 or 48 cartridges at a time, in such a way that they cannot possibly get damp and so swollen, while, thanks to the ingenious character of the spring head to the sling, the cartridges may be readily extracted with one hand, while the other holds the gun, and that without the slightest difficulty to the wearer of the apparatus.

The Use of Flowers.

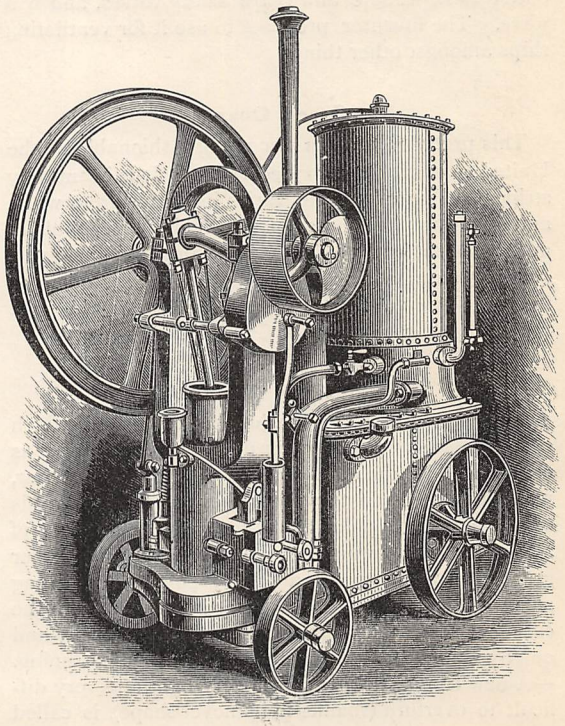
Darwin maintained that the chief use of the corolla of a flower was to attract insects and thereby help in cross-fertilisation of the plant; but according to a recent memoir read before the French Academy of Sciences, the corolla is before everything an agent of evaporation and respiration. Its activity in this respect contributes to produce the oxidated compounds that enter into the substance of fruits. Long experiments on the flowers of the climbing cobœa assign to the corolla a power of evaporation double that of leaves having an equal surface.

A Novel School-Fitting.

An ingenious little device, called by its inventor "A Combined Black-board Incliner and Black-board Map and Chart Hook," has just been registered, and ought to prove useful in schools. It is very simple and consists of a pair of strong spring clips coupled by a strong chain, which may be adjusted to any required length. If one spring be fixed to the top of the black-board and the other to the easel, the board may by means of the chain be held securely at any angle, while by the use of a roll on the front of each spring, maps or charts or drawing-copies may be readily suspended over the black-board, and a firm surface thus presented to the pointer, to the great advantage of the teacher, who not only has his map or copy firmly fixed, but will find it last him much longer.

A Portable Hydrocarbon Engine.

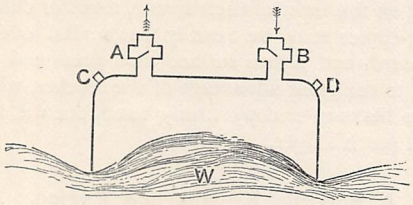
The "Griffin" portable engine which we illustrate is a combination of the well-known "Griffin" gas engine, with a generator for producing gas or vapour from hydrocarbon oils of low specific gravity, such as rectified petroleum. The gas used is formed before entering the engine, a new provision which ensures a good ignition and a minimum of attention. If necessary, a supply of the gas for heating or illuminating purposes can be drawn from a branch in the supply pipe of the engine. The gas is supplied to the engine



according to the load or work to be done, and it is maintained at a uniform temperature and richness. The oil reservoir is surrounded by a water-jacket to prevent explosion. The engine can be started in two minutes by the attendant and then continues to work automatically, generating its own gas according to its needs. It may be left to itself for hours at a time. The motor is particularly well adapted for use on tramcars, traction engines, launches, fire-engines, and so on, the gas being practically odourless.

A Wave Motor.

An air-pump wave motor, recently exhibited in London, aims at utilising the motion of the sea and river waves, either for working machines or ventilating



purposes. It consists essentially of an open cylinder, into which the waves surge and compress the air contained therein, forcing it through tubes fitted with inlet valves, which allow it to pass and be available for use. Other tubes communicating with the cylinder have outlet valves to prevent the passage of the air. When the wave recedes from the cylinder the inlet valves are closed, and the air in the tubes with the outlet valves enters the cylinder. The sketch will help to explain the action: A being the inlet and B the outlet tube, while C and D are safety valves, and W a wave. The inventor proposes to use it for ventilating ships amongst other things.

Green Onyx.

This pretty mineral is becoming fashionable in the United States for interior decoration. It is beautifully striped and mottled, and varies in colour from white and green to pink and salmon. While susceptible of a high polish, it is, unlike the onyx in general, capable of being wrought like marble. The stone is quarried from a fissure vein about 50 feet wide and over a mile in length, situated in Grant County, New Mexico.

Novelties for Home Use.

A new curtain carrier has just been patented, which certainly seems to offer considerable advantages as compared with the old-fashioned rings. The carrier, which can be made to work either upon narrow rods or large cornice poles as may be desired, consists of rings of metal or wood surmounted by a little roller grooved to fit the top of a rod or pole and travelling along it in every direction, as may be desired, with the excellent result that curtains may be drawn easily and quietly without fear of tearing or risk of unfastening. —A new candlestick, which is very light and very difficult to overturn (thanks to its novel shape), is called the "Pyramid." It is easily cleaned, and is provided with a special nozzle that admits of any size candle being used without paper packing, and will also allow the candle to burn to the last bit.—A safety burner for oil lamps has been invented by Mr. Postlethwaite, in which the light is extinguished by shutters which are kept open, as a rule, by a detachable cone or weight, but this weight is immediately displaced if the lamp be overturned, whereupon the extinguishing shutters come automatically into action and at once put out the flame. In some cases the burners are fitted with a lever which allows the owner of the lamp to use the extinguisher at will. As these burners may be fitted to ordinary lamps, they seem to possess great advantages.—A new tap for water service has recently been introduced, which is provided with a very ingenious attachment that enables a plumber to take the head of the tap away for repair without cutting off the water-supply from the whole house. To describe the tap in untechnical language would be a very difficult task, and we content ourselves with drawing attention to the fact of its invention, and pointing out that it seems to us admirably fitted to serve its purpose.—Carving-fork guards have a bad habit of working loose, as all carvers know, so we are glad to notice an ingenious little clip which has just been introduced to strengthen these guards where they need it. The device consists really of two small spring clips, one about twice the size of the other, and fixed at right angles to one another. The larger clip is fixed on the shank of the fork, while the smaller grips the guard and holds it in position. —Some new and well-ventilated in-soles for use in winter and damp weather have been invented by Mr. R. G. E. Lemprière. These in-soles or socks are made of felt on one side and rubber on the other, the felt side being, of course, that next to the foot. The ventilation is secured by the well-distributed punctures with which the sock is almost covered.

Springs for Harness.

As vehicles are now worked the draught animal is subject to sudden shocks and jars in starting or

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

stopping, and an inventor has therefore brought out a system of spiral springs attachable to the harness or the carriage, so as to do away with the inconvenience. Fig. 1 shows a form of spring adapted for compression or extension, which can be joined up at both ends. Fig. 2 shows a spring chain which can be used in place of the ordinary "hame" chains, and so on.

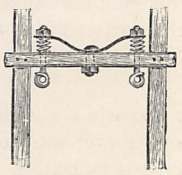


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3 shows a combination spring affixed behind the splinter-bar of a vehicle, and consists of a curving plate

spring combined with an open spiral spring at each end. By means of these appliances the jerk at the collar of a horse when starting a heavy load is much reduced.

A Jet Ship.

The jet-propelled vessel *Evolution*, which has been built for Dr. W. M. Jackson, an American, recently made a trip off New York, and attained a speed of ten miles an hour. She is 106 feet long by 23 feet wide, and has a displacement of 100 tons. The machinery consists of a powerful steam-engine and pump which ejects a jet of water under pressure. No screw is required, and the jet can be utilised to steer the boat, and turn her by shifting the hose or discharging pipe. The liquid jet, in fact, operates like a pole and oar.

Self-Locking Envelopes.

Doctors have inveighed again and again against the dangerous gum which is used on some envelopes, and mishaps have been frequent as the result of damping the gum on envelopes with the tongue. All possibility of such accidents is removed by the automatic lock envelopes which have just been patented by Mr. Hook. On the flap of the envelope are two projecting flanges, and all that it is necessary to do to close the envelope is to fold these flanges by ready-stamped lines, and insert the end of the flap thus narrowed in a slot provided, whereupon the folded flanges automatically lock themselves in the slot, and the envelope cannot be opened without tearing it. The operation sounds much more complicated than it really is in practice, for one of these new envelopes can be closed as readily as the better-known gummed envelopes.

Some New Cards.

Among the most striking novelties in this season's Christmas and New Year cards are the shaped ones which are published by Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner. One is shaped like a kitten, and another like a puppy, and both can be made "self-supporting" with a ludicrously life-like effect. Banjoes and violins are called to lend their forms, which open to disclose quaint old-world scenes or dainty landscapes. Autumn leaves, again, designed and tinted by Mr. B. D. Sigmund, are used as coverings for pretty pictures or autograph cards. The straggling purple "flag" blooms, skates, and birds are all used in their turn; and on some of the cards a very charming result is produced by a new and most delicate imitation of mother-of-pearl work, with all the iridescent sheen of the original. Quaint lines are supplied by Mr. F. E. Weatherly to a card representing the "four and twenty blackbirds" in their pie, and Mr. Rainey shows to advantage in his treatment of two or three child-subjects. Jewelled cards and souvenirs are also among Messrs. Hildesheimer's successful novelties. Whatever designs they take up—figure subjects, landscapes, sea pieces, or birds and animals—all are well and tastefully rendered. Messrs. Hamilton, Hills, & Co. aptly call their series of Christmas and New Year cards "Unique"—for unique they are, both in design and wording. Some of the cards show delicate little etchings reproducing well-known pictures, but most are of a humorous character, and are to be commended to those who wish for a little pleasantry in their Christmas greetings to their friends. Humorous as they are, the humour is always refined, and the most fastidious could not take objection to their fun, while their execution is at once artistic and successful. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Son have been very fortunate in their designs for frosted cards, their latest being a lighthouse, and a series of frosted gates and other outdoor scenes. Their autograph cards, with delicate vignettes of kittens, &c., and "Gem Greeting Notes," are very pretty and well deserve to be popular. Their calendars, too, are very beautiful and would make most suitable decorations, particularly for a lady's table or room. A booklet issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Son, in the shape of a large reel of thread, opens to show Hood's "Song of the Shirt," illustrated by J. W. Grey. Another booklet, shaped as a bell, is entitled "Silver Chimes," and is a collection of pretty verses and pictures. We must not forget to notice the exquisite "Gem Art Panels," which will serve as permanent mementoes of kindly thought at this season, or the excellent series of child-subjects. All alike are strong in colouring and execution.

Pyrogravure.

A process of engraving on wood, ivory, leather, and other materials, by means of a red-hot point which chars the lines, has been brought out by M. Manuel-Perier, of Paris, and various samples of his work exhibited at an Exhibition of Arts and Sciences in the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Élysées. These comprised paper knives, panels, umbrella handles, and what not, all cleverly done. The graver consists of a pencil having a curving point or beak of hollow platinum, which is kept white-hot by a supply of mingled air and the vapour of a hydrocarbon such as alcohol, wood spirit, or benzine. It has long been known that such a gaseous mixture if warmed in a platinum tube will combine with the evolution of heat sufficient to raise the metal to the incandescent state. The fact has been utilised by Dr. Pacquelin in performing the actual cautery, and now it has been applied to searing surfaces. The apparatus consists of a holder where the hydrocarbon vapour is mixed with air, and flexible pipes which convey the mixture to the graver. As long as the supply of gas is maintained, the point of the graver is kept hot. The invention promises to be useful for printing blocks and in branding cases as well as for decorative purposes.

Gout and Electricity.

Salts of lithium are administered in cases of gout in order to remove the concretions by forming urate of lithium. Lithium salts are, however, difficult of absorption by the tissues, and Mr. Edison, the well-known inventor, has conceived the idea of applying the salts externally, and assisting their absorption by the electric

current. He has attained a measure of success in the case of a man 73 years of age, who had gout in the little finger, which was 86 millimetres round. Edison made him put the finger and hand in an aqueous solution of chloride of lithium of 1·08 specific gravity, and the other hand in a solution of common salt, which is a good conductor of electricity. A current of 20 milliamperes from a dynamo was sent from one solution to the other through the hands of the patient, and after fourteen days of this treatment, four hours a day, the circumference of the diseased finger was reduced to 80 millimetres. Unfortunately the trial had to be discontinued, as the journey to the laboratory every day was too much for the invalid.

For the New Year.

Now is the time when we must take up our diaries for 1891. And, as in former years, those published by the Letts's Diaries Co. present a wide variety, in size and form. There are special issues for ladies and for gentlemen, for housekeepers and for lawyers, and in the "Nonpareil Diary" is a most handsome and useful pocket companion, beautifully arranged and printed on thin but strong paper. The "Clerical Tablet" is a handy memorandum block for the use of preachers and pastors, and the miniature "Finger" engagement book and the "Card Case Calendar" are marvels of compactness.

Some Christmas Gift-Books.

Poor Alice Havers (whose recent sad death we all deplore) probably never did prettier work than she gave to the illustration of "Some Old Love-Songs," (Hildesheimer & Faulkner), where her drawings are reproduced both in colour and in monotint. In "A Book of Old Ballads" (same publishers) the illustrations are by Miss Havers and Ernest Wilson, who is also lost to us, and the charming variety presented by the work of two such talented artists makes the volume a very handsome gift-book. Mr. Wilson's clever work is also seen to advantage in "The Harvest Fields," where the subject is one he had made peculiarly his own. Less ambitious works, but produced with equal care and the same good taste, by the same publishers, are seen in the new version of that old favourite of the nursery, "That Little Pig Went to Market," which Mr. F. E. Weatherly calls "A Tale in Five Curls," and "Songs in the Snowdrifts," a delicate little booklet of bird illustrations by Alice West. Others, which space will not allow us to describe in detail, are "London Sketches," "In Arcady," "Dame Pussy-Cat's School," and an amusing negro story in verse by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, entitled "Jeremi." It is safe to say that Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's list includes something to please every taste.

For Young Readers.

Some of the best and most popular of the old fairy tales are reproduced by Mr. Andrew Lang in the "Red Fairy Book" (Longmans), which is a sequel to the "Blue Fairy Book" which he published about this time last year. Linked with some stories less known, we have in this volume such old friends as "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Rat-Catcher," "The Three Dwarfs," and "The Nettle-Spinner," all splendidly told and illustrated.—There are two complete serial stories and a host of shorter stories, of fairy tales and pretty sketches, to say nothing of illustrations, large and small, coloured and in black-and-white, in the Christmas volume of "Little Folks" (Cassell & Co.) which is before us. Either of these books would make a most acceptable and seasonable gift for a young reader.

Great Men and Great Works.

Under the title of "Good Men and True," Dr. Alexander H. Japp has published a series of very interesting biographies of workers in the fields of beneficence and benevolence. Mr. Fisher Unwin has just sent us a copy of the second edition of this capital work, one of the "Lives Worth Living" series, and we are sure that it will find many more readers in its new form. Our friend and contributor, Mr. Henry Frith, is the author of "The Triumphs of Modern Engineering" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), in which he sketches the difficulties which had to be overcome in the construction of the great engineering works which are the triumphs of our age, and shows how these difficulties were surmounted, and the works carried to a successful issue. Railways, tunnels, and bridges are all dealt with, lighthouses and docks are carefully described, and even drains and pipe systems have a chapter to themselves. The book is a marvellous record of perseverance under difficulties.

At School and Afterwards.

The teaching of English Literature in schools was certainly neglected until recent years, but the quickened interest in, and demand for, a higher culture in every direction has led to a marvellous change in this respect, and we now have Messrs. Longmans issuing a "Handbook of English Literature," by Mr. R. McWilliam, B.A., intended, as the preface tells us, to give a simple and interesting story of the great English writers to pupil-teachers and other young students. The book is admirably arranged and proportioned, and its author is exceptionally happy in the apt quotations he makes from his authors as he goes along. We have every sympathy with Mr. McWilliam's aim, and we trust it will be successfully achieved. Boys who are leaving school, or perhaps, in the first place, their parents or guardians, ought to find very useful a little volume just issued by Messrs. Cassell, entitled "Guide to Employment for Boys on Leaving School." The work gives particulars of the examinations which have to be faced on entering the various professions and public offices, and thus enables parents and guardians to gauge readily the position best within the powers of their ex-scholar.

A SHARP EXPERIENCE.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "For the Good of the Family," "To be Given Up," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I FAIL TO MAKE ANY IMPRESSION ON GRACIE.

IT is over a month now since I first came to the Manor, and I am beginning to feel almost at home in my new quarters.

I cannot, however, make up my mind whether or no I like Mr. Fane. He interests me, I must admit; and when he condescends to bring himself down to my level, I enjoy talking to him. He takes me up so sharply at times, in his own polite way, of course, that I have to think well before I speak. However, it is good intellectual exercise, and I always feel the better for it.

Gracie tells me he has altered much of late; but of this I am not in a position to judge, as the change in him dates back to within a few days of my arrival. That it should do so, both Gracie and I are agreed, must be a mere coincidence, as my presence cannot possibly affect him in any way.

"How is he changed?" I have asked Gracie on more than one occasion.

And the reply is always much the same: "He has grown restless and irritable; altogether more *human* than he used to be. At one time I was wont to complain that I could never make him cross; now he is hardly ever anything else when I speak to him."

There is some truth in this: Mr. Fane *does* lose patience with Gracie occasionally; but then she can be very trying with her affectation of childishness. I have hard work to keep my own temper with her sometimes.

Gracie professes to be altogether at a loss to account for the change she avers has taken place in Mr. Fane. However, I have my own theory about it, but I intend to keep it to myself. I think it is due to some fresh trouble in connection with Richard Fane. That unknown man's visit to the Manor House, taking place as it did on the day following the one on which he had so long a conference with Richard Fane at Conscience House, and Mr. Fane's caustic reply when questioned on the subject, seem, to my mind, to indicate that a solution to the mystery is to be looked for in this direction. I thought Mr. Richard Fane's manner strange, too, when he recognised the man emerging from the house.

I have broached the subject once or twice to Mr. Anstice, but he tells me that although he has seized every opportunity of cross-questioning Richard Fane, he cannot get a word out of him. A very outspoken man is Lincoln Anstice about his own affairs—and other people's.

Well, whatever it may be, I do trust there is nothing seriously wrong with the master of Conscience House, for Eleanor Cathcart's sake. And yet, perhaps it would be better that something of a sufficiently grave nature should transpire to force her to admit her lover's unworthiness.

But however impatient Mr. Fane may occasionally be to Gracie, I have no cause to complain of any want of consideration in his treatment of me—in fact, I have received much kindness at his hands since I have been a member of his household, and not by word, tone, or look, has he ever made me feel the dependence of my position. Yet I cannot make up my mind to like him. I so often recall what Gracie said to me the first day I arrived here: "He is good to everybody, and nobody cares a bit about him." I wondered then that people could be so ungrateful; now I think I understand how it is. The man lacks human sympathy; he is good to those about him on principle, but he has no personal regard for anyone. I would rather be badgered and worried to death by a person who has some genuine liking for me, than treated ever so courteously by one who is absolutely indifferent to my very existence. Still, it does seem hard that no one is in the least grateful to Mr. Fane for all his liberality; at least, it would be so if he cared how people felt towards him. But of course he doesn't.

Sometimes he thaws a little, and I get very near to liking him. Then he will receive some impetuous remark of mine with one of his terrible pauses, regarding me meanwhile with cold eyes, and uplifted eyebrows, until I feel that I almost hate him.

Only this morning he vexed me so. Mr. Pennington called in to inform us that the contralto, who was to have sung a duet with Gracie at the concert, had been taken suddenly ill; and then he asked me if I would take her place.

"Oh, do, Olga!" exclaimed Gracie. "Your voice and mine harmonise so well."

I was about to promise my assistance, when I remembered that my "master" might perhaps object to his niece and her paid companion appearing together in public.

"Do you think Mr. Fane would mind, Gracie?" I asked.

"Oh, uncle wouldn't care either way. I doubt if he even realises that the concert is coming off at all," replied Gracie carelessly.

"Still, I think I ought just to mention it to him before promising definitely."

At that moment Mr. Fane entered the room.

"Olga wants to sing at the concert, Uncle Clarence, but she's afraid you won't let her," exclaimed Gracie.

"Indeed!" And as Mr. Fane spoke I observed that slight uplifting of the eyebrows, so expressive of contempt for the person addressed.

"Would you have any objection to my doing so, Mr. Fane?" I boldly asked.

He regarded me in silence for a few moments.

"There can be no objection to your singing at the concert, Miss Vesey, if you put no higher value on your time," he said at length with cold disdain.

"You think it waste of time, Mr. Fane?" I said, almost angrily.

"To be candid—yes."

"But we hope that the concert will be a thoroughly enjoyable musical performance," put in Mr. Pennington eagerly. "All those who have promised their assistance are talented musicians."

"Accept my most heartfelt congratulations, Mr. Pennington. Such a standard of excellence at an amateur performance is, I should be inclined to think, unprecedented."

I felt, and still feel, so angry with the man! Why should he sneer at everybody and everything? How can he hope to enjoy his niece's confidence, when he takes not the slightest interest in her pleasures?

And yet it is so imperative that someone should win Gracie's confidence.

I came here hoping to take the place of an elder sister to her, and was prepared to sympathise with her girlish joys and sorrows, and occasionally to give her a little of that sound advice which I felt I was so pre-eminently capable of offering. But alas! I find that instead of allowing me to exercise this beneficent influence over her, she uses me merely as a cat's-paw. She is constantly begging her uncle to do this and that to please "dear Olga," when I really cannot help seeing that it is her own amusement she is seeking. Yet all the time she looks so indescribably pretty, and her manner is so irresistibly charming, that one cannot help being fascinated by her. Often and often I determine that I *will* put my foot down firmly, but an embrace, a smile, a word, is invariably enough to frustrate my intentions.

After all, I should not much mind, only that I feel it is so bad for her to be under no restraining influence. She is either very reckless, or very sure of her own strength, or she would never dare to conduct herself as she does with Lincoln Anstice. Not only is he constantly at the Manor, but we never go outside the door without meeting him. Of course both he and Gracie feign surprise when they cross each other's paths; but they must indeed take me for a simple-minded person if they think I am deceived by such transparent pretences.

Sometimes I try to avoid the inevitable meeting by suggesting a different route. Gracie always falls in with any such suggestion in the most amiable manner, but at the last moment something invariably occurs which renders its adoption impossible.

Surely Mr. Fane must observe what is going on. If not, he is about the only person in the place who is not watching the course of events with more or less interest. Richard Fane jokes about it quite openly, with very questionable taste, as I think. By the way, I am not attracted by Richard Fane. I like him even less than I do Clarence Fane. Whatever the latter's faults may be, he is at least clever and intellectual, one whom it would be impossible not to respect; whereas the former is merely a commonplace, rather unprincipled little man, with far too good an opinion of himself. However, I think Mr. Fane is clearly to blame for allowing his niece so much liberty of action, and I very much fear he will have cause to regret his present indifference. Even Eleanor Cathcart has thrown out more than one broad hint on the subject, and she is not one to speak without well weighing her words first.

Then there is Alfred Pennington. He, too, is constantly at the Manor, and makes not the slightest secret of his admiration for Gracie. Of course this concert that is coming off constitutes an excuse for his visits just now; still, when that is over I feel confident we shall see just as much of him. He is an excessively plain, uninteresting young man, with, I should say, a very small share of brains; but still, one cannot help rather liking him, he is so excessively good-natured and unassuming.

Behind his back, Gracie makes unlimited game of him, but at the same time she never fails to impress upon me how very well off he, as the eldest son of the largest landowner in the county, will some day be. To his face she is all smiles, although, even in his presence, she makes no attempt to hide her marked preference for Lincoln Anstice.

I fancy Alfred Pennington has not much faith in the sincerity of Lincoln Anstice's regard for Gracie, and does not, therefore, consider her infatuation for him in the light of an insurmountable barrier to winning her for himself.

And that is just how I feel about Lincoln Anstice myself; the more I see of him, the more convinced do I become that it is his vanity that is gratified, and not his heart that is touched, by his easy conquest. Oh, why cannot Gracie see it for herself? She might at least save herself the humiliation of being thrown over in the sight of all men.

"Do you think it is wise, Gracie, for you and Mr. Anstice to see quite so much of each other?" I do at length venture to ask.

We have just returned from a little gathering at the Vicarage, at which Gracie and Mr. Anstice have been exchanging whispered confidences all the evening. Coming home I walked on in front with Clarence and Richard Fane. When we reached the Manor we had to wait quite ten minutes for Gracie, who was accompanied by Mr. Anstice, although the whole distance from the Vicarage is barely a mile. I thought Mr. Fane might have asked his niece why she lagged so far behind; but he had employed the time we were waiting in studying the heavens, and would, I really believe, have waited half an hour longer without inquiring into the cause of the delay.

"My dear Olga, would you have me dictate to Eleanor Cathcart whom she is, or is not, to invite to her 'at-homes'?" says Gracie, with a little toss of her head, in reply to my question.

"I did not mean to-night specially, Gracie. But you know, dear, hardly a day passes but what Mr. Anstice comes here, or else we meet him somewhere."

"It stands to reason that, in a small place like this, one must always be running up against people. Besides, why should we not meet? Lincoln and I are very good chums, you know."

"*Lincoln*, Gracie?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Anstice, I mean," replies Gracie, getting rather red.

"Does your uncle approve——"

"He has never broached the subject to me, and until he does, I have no reason to suppose I am incurring his displeasure."

This is so true that I feel I can say no more on the point.

"Oh, well, Gracie; of course it is no business of mine——"

"Of course it isn't, you prudish, old-maidish, interfering old Olga," exclaims Gracie, with something between a pout and a laugh.

"But, Gracie, dear, may I not speak if I am speaking only for your good?"

"Well, what do you want to say, then?" asks Gracie, settling herself on the arm of my chair, and toying with my trinkets.

But I do not find it so easy to say that which I feel ought to be said. You are making yourself cheap to a man who, as far as I can judge, cares very little about you—certainly not enough to ask you to be his wife. By behaving in this way you are preparing certain humiliation for yourself, and perhaps sowing the seeds of a life-long sorrow. Leave the man alone: if he really cares for you he will seek you; if not, you will at least be guarding your own dignity and self-respect. This is the gist of what I have to say to Gracie, in words which shall so far disguise my meaning that her pride shall not be wounded.

I find it no easy matter; still, I do manage, although I fear very imperfectly, to convey something of the working of my mind to her.

"Olga," exclaims Gracie, as I bring my little lecture to an end, "I'm disappointed in you; I am indeed. I always thought you a superior sort of person. I mentioned to uncle that you were before you came here. And now I find that you are just narrow-minded and prejudiced, like a schoolmistress who has never been beyond the four walls of her seminary."

I wait for her to further explain herself.

"I can't bear people who always imagine that because a man and a girl are on friendly terms, they must necessarily wish to marry each other, or at least, that the girl must wish to marry the man, if she can only wheedle him into making her an offer."

These have hitherto been precisely my sentiments. I think everything should be done to encourage friendship between men and women. Yet when this theory is advanced by Gracie, I feel instinctively that there is a flaw in it.

"I certainly see no harm in a man and a girl being on friendly terms within certain limits, Gracie," I say hesitatingly.

"And who, or what, is to define the limits?"

"But, Gracie, dear, you are so constantly with Mr. Anstice. Even if you do not fear any danger to yourself, is it wise to set everyone talking about you?"

"If one is not doing wrong, why mind what people say?"

Another pet theory of mine; but still I feel that somehow it does not apply. I am just trying to discover the fallacy in it when Gracie exclaims—

"Oh, Professor Vesey, dear, I'm so dreadfully sleepy. Mayn't I go to bed now, and listen to your lecture in the morning?"

Of course Gracie kisses me good night after this, and runs off to her room; and, equally of course, my lecture is not resumed the following morning.

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CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MR. ANSTICE PROMISES TO THINK OVER MY SUGGESTION.

I HAVE done it at last; I have told Mr. Fane plainly that he ought to put a stop to Mr. Anstice's frequent visits here unless he comes in the character of Gracie's accepted lover.

Since that little midnight lecture, which cost me so much thought ere I delivered it, Gracie has been rendering herself more conspicuous than ever. Whether she is doing it out of mere bravado, or is so infatuated with Lincoln Anstice that she is just losing her head, I cannot determine. Either way, it is high time someone interfered; and so I have just told Mr. Fane.

"Really, Miss Vesey, I think you are worrying yourself unnecessarily," Mr. Fane says, after one of his intensely aggravating pauses. "Gracie, I fancy, is merely amusing herself. Such amusement, I am inclined to think, is a necessity to her, strange as it may appear to sober-minded persons like you and me that it should be so."

"Mr. Fane, I don't think so; I believe Gracie is in earnest, and Mr. Anstice is not," I urge with much energy.

In my anxiety for Gracie I am almost forgetting to be nervous in speaking to my "master."

A satirical smile spreads slowly over Mr. Fane's face. "Gracie in earnest!" he murmurs. "Oh, impossible!"

"Gracie is very impulsive; and impulsive people sometimes do very foolish things on the spur of the moment."

"But Gracie will not; unless I am very much mistaken in her, her impulsiveness is as much feigned as are many of her other charming characteristics."

"Pardon me, Mr. Fane, but I fear you are not attaching sufficient importance to the affair."

"I must admit I do not fear that a crisis is imminent. Gracie has absolutely nothing of her own, and I venture to say Anstice is too wide-awake to commit himself without first ascertaining what provision I am likely to make for my niece."

"Mr. Fane, may I ask you a question?"

"My dear Miss Vesey, my one desire is to satisfy you on all points."

"If Mr. Anstice were to ask you for Gracie, would you welcome him as a suitor for her hand?"

"Certainly not; at least I should promise nothing in the form of settlements that he would be likely to regard in the light of a welcome."

"You do not like him, I presume?"

"I think the man a conceited ape; and, what is more, I believe he is well aware that such is my opinion of him. Besides, he is in no position."

"But if Gracie likes him?"

"Then, as a proof of her affection, she can, on coming of age, give herself to him."

"What if she were to do so now?"

"Anstice would politely but firmly refuse to accept the sacrifice."

"Then you will not speak to Gracie yourself, Mr. Fane?"

"Miss Vesey, why are you so eager to force the *rôle* of cruel uncle on me?"

"Because, as I said before, I am anxious about Gracie."

"Pray be reassured; really, it is a pity you should allow yourself to be disturbed about so trifling a matter."

"You think that I am making an unnecessary fuss, and interfering about that which does not concern me?" I say quickly, while I grow red with anger. Mr. Fane's superciliousness is almost more than I can bear.

"Only from the best, the very best, of motives: of that I feel convinced, Miss Vesey. Still, I think we may both of us safely rely on Gracie's discretion."

"Well, Mr. Fane, I have warned you, and for Gracie's sake I hope the warning may prove unnecessary."

"And we are friends still, Miss Vesey?"

"Oh, of course," I reply hurriedly; nevertheless, I do not feel very amiably disposed towards my "master."

Nothing shall ever induce me to speak to Mr. Fane on any matter of serious moment again. When talking to him in future I will confine myself to the veriest commonplaces. Even if he can see nothing calling for remark in Gracie's conduct himself, he might at least be at the pains of inquiring why I am so alarmed on her behalf. He might be sure that one woman would understand another. It isn't as if I were a silly schoolgirl eager to fabricate a romance out of the flimsiest materials; surely I am sedate enough, in all conscience, for my words to carry some little weight. Really, if it were not for Gracie's sake, I could almost wish something dreadful might happen just to prove to Mr. Fane how obstinately he has been shutting his eyes to what is going on around him.

I had intended, as a last resource, if I were not successful in rousing Mr. Fane to action, to make an appeal to Lincoln Anstice's sense of honour. Now, however, I feel too disgusted to do anything of the kind. Perhaps, as Mr. Fane seems to think, I am too ready to interfere in matters that do not concern me. After all, if Mr. Fane does not mind his niece making herself the talk of the neighbourhood, and Gracie has so little respect for her own dignity, it really is no business of mine. Matters must take their course; I shall make no further effort to adjust them in accordance with my ideas of propriety. I dare say I am old-fashioned.

However, the subject does come up for discussion between Mr. Anstice and myself, and in a way that would seem to suggest Mr. Anstice is anxious to sound me.

One afternoon I call on Miss Cathcart. She and I have become rather friendly, and it is not at all an unusual thing for me to stroll down to the Vicarage alone.

We are sitting talking near the window when Mr. Anstice passes and, evidently rather to Eleanor's surprise, turns in at the garden gate.

"Seeing me, he thinks Gracie is here," I say to myself. "How taken aback he will be when he finds she is not!"

However, he does not exhibit any surprise, and gives Miss Cathcart some unimportant message from Richard Fane, possibly, as I imagine, to furnish an excuse for calling.

When I rise to take my leave, Mr. Anstice offers to accompany me to the Manor House.

"Wants to be asked in, I suppose," I think to myself as I say aloud, "Oh, pray don't trouble."

"No trouble at all," he murmurs. "I must be getting back to Conscience House, and, if you have no objection, we may just as well walk through the wood together."

Then I wish Miss Cathcart "good-bye," saying something about Gracie having gone to spend the day at Pennington Hall. I smile inwardly. Will Mr. Anstice make some excuse not to accompany me as far as the Manor House, now he knows that he will not be rewarded by a sight of Gracie when he gets to the end of the journey?

But again he exhibits no surprise. Perhaps, after all, he does wish for an opportunity to talk to me alone about something. It would be strange if Gracie had not informed him of her intended visit to Pennington Hall. I wonder if he is annoyed with her for accepting the Penningtons' invitation, seeing that the eldest son is one of her most ardent admirers. If so, he can disguise his feelings to perfection, for his expression never changes when I mention Gracie's whereabouts.

"You are making a long stay in St. Leger Minor," I observe, when we have left the Vicarage behind us.

"Yes, there's nothing much for me to do at home, my eldest brother sees to everything; and Dick is good enough to say I help to relieve the monotony of Conscience House."

"I should think you must find it rather dull here."

"Oh, I make the most of any amusement that comes in my way, as you may, perhaps, have observed, Miss Vesey."

His manner is so insinuating that I cannot help fancying he wishes me to give him an opportunity of being more explicit.

"St. Leger Minor has not much to offer in the way of amusement," I observe indifferently.

If Mr. Anstice is anxious to get any information out of me, he shall come to the point first.

"Don't you count talking to interesting people an amusement, Miss Vesey?"

"Yes; sometimes it is an amusement."

"And at other times it is——"

"Rather a dangerous pastime, possibly."

"Under which category would you place talking to Miss Ogilvy?"

"That entirely depends upon who is talking to her."

"Well, take myself, for instance."

"Surely you are in a better position to answer that question yourself, Mr. Anstice, than I can possibly be."

"But supposing I want to hear your opinion on the point."

He is dragging the subject in by the heels in so obvious a manner, I can no longer doubt but that he offered to accompany me with a view to its discussion.

"Do you wish to know whether I think it a dangerous pastime or merely an amusement to you or to Miss Ogilvy?"

"To me, of course; I would not ask you to disclose any feminine confidences."

"I know of none to disclose," I answer, a little coldly.

"But you are not replying to my other question, Miss Vesey."

"How can I, Mr. Anstice, unless I know your motive in talking to Miss Ogilvy as persistently as you do?"

"Am I to understand you are, in popular parlance, asking me my intentions, Miss Vesey?"

"Pardon me, but I am doing nothing of the kind. If you remember, you introduced the subject yourself; and unless you particularly wish to continue it, I think we had better talk about something else."

The lecture I received from Mr. Fane about unnecessary interference is quite enough; and I am certainly not going to subject myself to a second at the hands of Mr. Anstice.

"I am fully aware that I was the one to introduce the subject, and I did so of set purpose. Miss Vesey, I am going to be very frank with you if you will kindly permit me to be so. I always think it is so much better to come straight to the point; so many people get misunderstood through beating about the bush. Acting on this principle, I will inform you that my intentions are—nil. To have intentions, a man must have an income: I have no income, therefore I have no intentions."

"And yet, knowing this, you have seized every possible opportunity of being in Miss Ogilvy's society," I say warmly, indignation getting the better of my resolution to remain neutral.

"In a dead-and-alive place like this, one is almost forced to be neighbourly with people living within a stone's-throw."

"Yes, neighbourly, Mr. Anstice," and I am conscious that my manner is full of reproach.

"Pray don't misunderstand me, Miss Vesey. I think Miss Ogilvy a really charming little girl; I admire her immensely; there's such a dash of mischief in her, too, and that is so refreshing after the insipidly good young ladies one is so constantly meeting. Still, as I have no income, my admiration cannot possibly lead up to the orthodox happy climax."

"Under the circumstances, would it not perhaps have been better not to see quite so much of Miss Ogilvy?"

"Possibly."

And Mr. Anstice shrugs his shoulders meaningly.

After all, I feel I am perhaps being rather hard on the man. He cannot very well defend himself by saying that Gracie throws herself in his way on every

"'I AM NOT ASHAMED OF MY PUPIL'" (p. 134).

possible occasion ; yet we both know that such is undoubtedly the case. But I will not altogether relinquish my point. If Gracie has not pride enough to protect herself, I will, now that Mr. Anstice has himself broached the subject, try to induce him to make it impossible for her to longer render herself ridiculous.

"It seems to me no good can possibly come of you and Miss Ogilvy always being seen about together."

"No, I'm afraid not. Were I possessed of a suitable income, I should be delighted to share it with Miss Ogilvy—always, of course, provided she'd have me."

The latter clause is evidently added as an afterthought.

"But you say you have no income."

"None worth mentioning. My eldest brother makes me an annual allowance, which has never yet covered my personal expenses. I suppose you have no idea what provision Mr. Fane intends making for his niece?"

Now at last he has come to the point.

"I am not sufficiently in Mr. Fane's confidence to be in receipt of information on so private a matter, nor should I feel at liberty to speak about it if I were," I say a little coldly.

"Ah, I was afraid you wouldn't know anything about it," replies Mr. Anstice with impenetrable good humour. "That's the worst of it, you see ; we are working so much in the dark. Much as I approve of plain speaking, I don't at all see my way clear to informing Mr. Fane that I am prepared to marry his niece provided he will make her an allowance sufficiently large to keep us both in reasonable comfort."

I smile as I imagine how very disagreeable Mr. Fane would make himself to a suitor who should apply for his niece's hand on such terms, more especially if the suitor were Mr. Anstice.

"No, I don't think you could do that, Mr. Anstice."

"Nor do I. And I don't see how I could very well sound Gracie—ahem—Miss Ogilvy on the subject, either."

"Miss Ogilvy might, perhaps, think it in rather bad taste were you to do so, Mr. Anstice."

"I'm afraid she would. Girls never seem to exercise their common sense about such matters ; I suppose their vanity blunts their reasoning faculties. No ; I'm afraid, all things considered, it's quite impossible for the happy climax to come off."

"That being so, would it not be better to retire in favour of another suitor—Mr. Pennington, for instance? He is always at the Manor, you know."

"Ah, poor fellow ! I fear he's hard hit."

"Why not give him a chance, since, in your case, the happy climax cannot come off?"

"It's so awfully dull here, you know; and really I don't think any amount of self-sacrifice on my part would be of the slightest advantage to Pennington. He's not half a bad fellow, either. Gr—Miss Ogilvy might really do worse than marry him ; the property's very snug."

The man is evidently frankness itself ; and, as far as I can see, he does not attempt to deceive Gracie—not, at least, as far as his matrimonial intentions are concerned. I think he lets her believe he loves her ; but then I fancy he deceives even himself on this point. He admires her, and finds her society a great relief to the monotony of country life ; but he cannot really care for her, or he could never bring himself to speak so calmly of a rival.

"Mr. Anstice," I say suddenly, after a rather prolonged pause, "don't you think you had better leave Conscience House?"

"Perhaps I had, Miss Vesey ; I dare say you are right. At all events, I will promise you to give the matter my most serious consideration."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE PIC-NIC.

THE concert is over : it was voted a huge success.

The night before it took place, Mr. Fane surprised me by inquiring what song I was down for.

"Let us try it over together, Miss Vesey," he said, preparing to play the accompaniment.

"Oh, come, Miss Vesey, you can do better than that. Let me give you a lesson," said Mr. Fane as the last notes died away.

Then he insisted on my singing it over again and again.

"There," he remarked, in his slow critical way, when I had gone through it for the fifth time, "if you sing like that to-morrow night, it will be worth the audience's while to listen to you."

My song was down in the second part of the programme. The duet with Gracie came in the first part. During the interval Mr. Fane strolled into the concert-room.

"Why, uncle, you here!" exclaimed Gracie.

I suppose I too must have looked surprised, for Mr. Fane regarded me for a few moments with rather an amused expression. I knew he had purchased half a dozen reserved tickets, and I had heard him say that having done that, no further obligation rested on him.

"Do you know why I have come, Miss Vesey?"

"How should I, Mr. Fane?"

"To play your accompaniment. I must see that my pupil does me credit."

"You never offer to play my accompaniments, uncle," said Gracie, with a little pout.

"I will do so whenever you wish me to," replied Mr. Fane—politely, it is true, but not very warmly.

"Not nearly up to last night's standard," was Mr. Fane's outspoken criticism, as he conducted me from the platform.

The tears started to my eyes. I had so hoped I deserved just one word of praise ! The audience was applauding loudly, but it might have hissed itself hoarse for all I should have cared, had my "master" told me I had done well.

"But a fairly creditable performance, all the same. I am not ashamed of my pupil."

My hand still lay in Mr. Fane's—he had just handed

me down, you know—and he pressed it slightly as he spoke, smiling at me with kindly eyes. I think he saw he had vexed me.

I suppose I was excited; anyhow, I caught my breath quickly in what sounded suspiciously like little sob, as I said hurriedly—

"You really mean it, Mr. Fane?"

A slight pause. "I have never yet paid *you* an empty compliment, Miss Vesey."

At that moment I was called upon to respond to my encore.

"Miss Vesey can't sing again," said Mr. Fane decisively. "The heat has upset her. Just go forward and bow," he continued, turning to me, "and then when you come down I will find you a cool seat, and get you some lemonade."

I did as I was told; it never occurred to me to do otherwise.

One other little incident in connection with the concert I must mention. Mr. Pennington sent Gracie and me most exquisite flowers to wear on the occasion. But when Gracie appeared on the platform, only one choice blossom, which I fancied I had previously seen in Mr. Anstice's button-hole, was fastened in her dress.

A day or two after the concert, Mr. Pennington suggested that all those who had taken part in it should go for a pic-nic.

The scheme has grown, as such schemes invariably do, until now at length, instead of the invitations being limited to those who performed at the concert, all the *élite* of the neighbourhood is expected to be present.

Gracie is in a great state of pleasurable excitement about it, and has ordered the most bewitching of costumes to wear on the occasion.

She has been a little quiet lately. Mr. Anstice has never alluded to that conversation we had together, but he is leaving Conscience House shortly; in fact, the pic-nic will take place on the last day of his stay in St. Leger Minor. This probably accounts for Gracie's slight depression of spirits.

Providentially, as it seems to me, Gracie has received an invitation to stay with some friends living about twenty miles away. She is to start on the day following that on which Mr. Anstice leaves. I do hope this little change will help to reconcile her to Mr. Anstice's departure. Poor child! She must see at last that he has only been amusing himself at her expense. I wonder if she regrets her own indiscretion now.

Mr. Fane has some business to transact which will detain him in London for some time. He leaves the Manor the same day as Gracie does, so that I shall be left alone, and the pic-nic will be the last festivity I shall take part in just for the present. I am afraid I shall feel rather lonely. However, it won't be for long.

We are all—that is Mr. Fane, Gracie, and myself—standing in the vestibule, when I hear that a groom is to drive Gracie and me to the station, as Mr. Fane is not coming.

By the way, I don't think I have mentioned that the pic-nic party is to muster at the station, proceed by rail to a distance of some fifteen miles, and then be met by carriages, which will convey it to its destination—some picturesque ruins about two miles beyond.

"Are you not coming, Mr. Fane?" I ask.

"No; pic-nics are not much in my line. I prefer the prosaic comfort of a dining-room in which to take my luncheon."

I am afraid I look as disappointed as I feel, for Mr. Fane asks, quite quickly for him—

"Would you rather I were going?"

"Oh, yes," I answer eagerly.

He considers for a moment.

"No; I can't manage it. I must meet that fellow in Allchester now I have arranged to."

I am surprised Mr. Fane should entertain the idea of altering his plans even for a moment, for I remember now that he is going to arrange about some rather extensive repairs that are needed on the estate. Mr. Fane is a very good landlord, and latterly, especially, he has spared neither pains nor expense in the interest of the tenantry.

"It's of no consequence, Mr. Fane; pray don't trouble about it," I say hastily.

"Of course it's of no consequence, Miss Vesey; I quite understand."

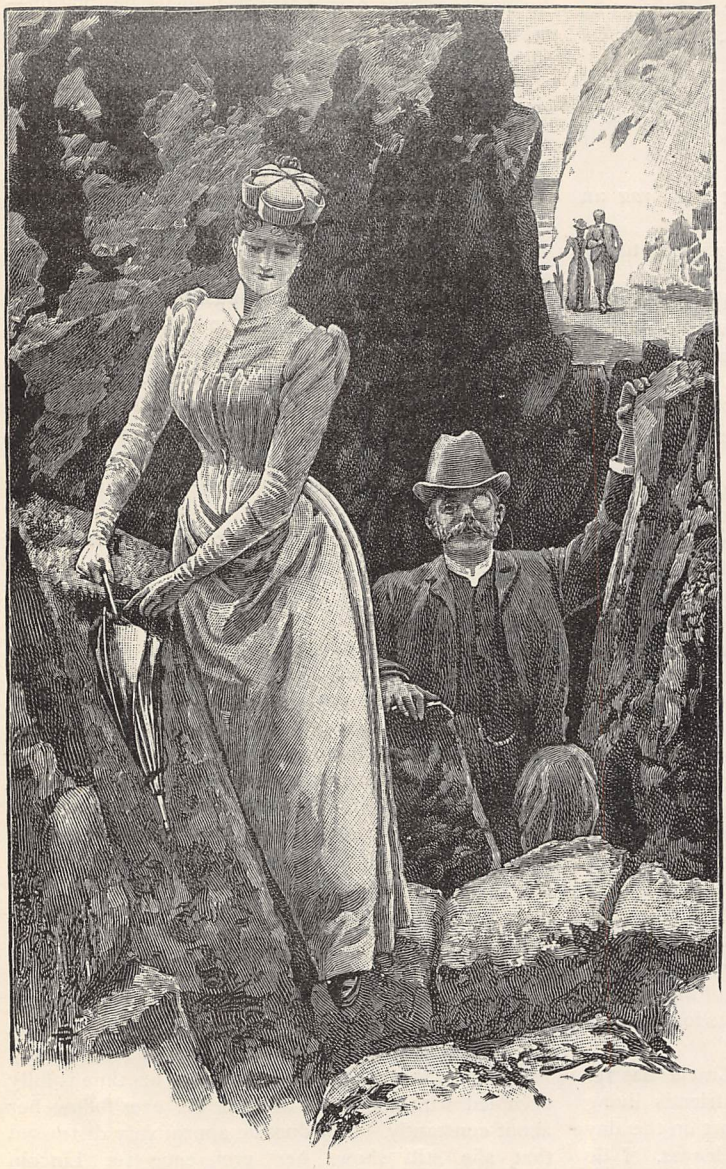
I meant only to efface myself and my own wishes, instead of which Mr. Fane evidently thinks me very ungracious. However, I stand too much in awe of him to make any attempt to remove the unfavourable impression I have left on his mind.

So I start for the pic-nic with a little ache in my heart. I know so little of the county people that I am invariably rather dull at their festive gatherings. Mr. Fane, however, always looks after me so well, that I can never feel uncared-for when he is present. And now, after all his past kindness to me, he has understood me to say it is a matter of indifference to me whether he comes or stops away.

We are a very gay party, and the luncheon passes off with *éclat*. There are many pretty women present, but none, to my mind, to equal Gracie. I fancy Alfred Pennington thinks so too, for although his time is fully occupied with his duties as host, his eyes follow her about constantly. Nor does he appear very distressed that she still shows her preference for Lincoln Anstice in the most marked manner. But doubtless he knows that this will probably be the last occasion on which they will meet for, at all events, several months, and the knowledge renders him calm.

A gathering of fashionable people always gives me food for reflection. To look at them and to listen to them, one might imagine that their only objects in life are to dress becomingly and to talk meaninglessly. If their spoken words were mute, and their thoughts were translated into intelligible language, what strange revelations there would be!

I never can feel really happy in a crowd of well-dressed people. Perhaps it is that I am unconsciously filled with envy, knowing myself to be not one of them. And to-day I feel even more out of my element than I usually do on such occasions. Not that I am exactly lonely, for Mr. Richard Fane has taken it upon himself to look after me. I think I must be



"'YOU HAD BETTER LET ME ASSIST YOU.'"

pining for the companionship of some kindred soul. I should like to talk quietly to Eleanor Cathcart, but she and Canon Rutherford are sitting together. Looking after me takes Mr. Richard Fane away from his *fiancée* a good deal, and Canon Rutherford is not slow to take advantage of his absence.

After luncheon, the party divides, and various small companies go to visit the different places of interest in the neighbourhood, with the understanding that all are to meet again for afternoon tea, after which the carriages will convey us back to the station.

"Olga, will you come and see the Cloister Cavern? Mr. Anstice and I are going there," asks Gracie.

I hesitate. It is not a very lively prospect, that of playing gooseberry; still, Gracie and Mr. Anstice ought not to go alone, and if I sacrifice myself now, it will probably be for the last time.

"You ought to see it, you know, Olga. It is one of the lions of the neighbourhood," urges Gracie.

I can hardly keep from smiling. It is so like Gracie to declare that I ought to see the cavern when she wants to go there herself.

"What ought Miss Vesey to see?" asks Mr. Richard Fane, who joins us at this moment.

"The Cloister Cavern," replies Lincoln Anstice.

"Of course she ought! Come, Miss Vesey; I know every inch of the ground, and the tide's out."

"That's right, Dick; you come with us," says Mr. Anstice, glad to welcome a fourth.

"But wouldn't Miss Cathcart like to join us?" I ask.

"I fancy she is going with Canon Rutherford and two or three of his party to some falls about a mile off. Besides, she has been in the cavern dozens of times."

Then, not liking to demur any longer, I agree to accept Mr. Richard Fane's escort.

Of course, Gracie and Mr. Anstice linger behind. I keep suggesting that we should wait for them, but Mr. Richard Fane declares we had better make straight for the cavern, and let them join us there.

I cannot say I am enjoying myself much. It is a scorching afternoon, and I find clambering over rocks very fatiguing.

"You had better let me assist you, Miss Vesey," says my companion. "You will slip if you are not careful."

"Thank you, I think I can manage," I reply.

Presently, however, the rocks become so rugged that I am obliged to accept Mr. Richard Fane's assistance.

"Mr. Fane, I am very tired, and I don't think I will go any farther, if you will excuse me," I say, seating myself on a rock.

Mr. Richard Fane throws himself down close to my feet.

"Yes, we may just as well rest a bit if you're tired."

I can hardly describe it, but there is something in Mr. Richard Fane's manner that I do not like.

"Well, I think we had better be getting on now, Miss Vesey," he says at length.

"I will wait here, Mr. Fane, while you go on."

"Do you mean you won't go to the cavern at all?"

"I would rather not; I am so tired."

"But Anstice and Miss Ogilvy will be waiting for us, you know."

"But they haven't overtaken us yet."

"They must have gone the other way."

"Why did you not tell me there were two ways."

"I did not see that it mattered."

"I would have kept with the others if I had known there was any possibility of losing them like this."

"Well, hadn't you better come on now? When once we get to the cavern, it isn't very far from there to the station. I think we had better go direct to the station, instead of going back to have tea with the rest of the party; we shall save time."

"Is it getting late, then?"

"I doubt if we should be back in time if we turned now. However, it will be all right if we go on to the cavern."

"Mr. Fane, I think you might have told me how long it would take;" and then I scramble to my feet, disregarding Mr. Richard Fane's outstretched hand.

"I dare say I can get you a cup of tea at the station, Miss Vesey."

"Thank you, Mr. Fane: the loss of the tea is of no consequence."

It is a long way farther to the cavern, and I am tired to death, and all the bottom of my dress is wet and sandy, by the time we get there.

But there is no trace of Gracie and Mr. Anstice.

"We had better wait for them," says Mr. Richard Fane.

We do wait what seems to me an unconscionably long time.

"They must have arrived before us and got tired of waiting, I should say," observes Mr. Richard Fane at length.

"They would be sure to go on to the station, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; Anstice has been here before."

"Then I think we had better make the best of our own way there. There goes five!" I exclaim, as I count the strokes of a church clock. "Why, the train leaves at half-past, doesn't it?"

"Six o'clock."

"Are you sure? I am almost certain I heard Mr. Pennington say half-past five;" and I try to hurry on.

"You had better take my hand, Miss Vesey; you will twist your ankles if you are not careful."

We hurry on, but the half-hour strikes before the station is in sight.

"There it goes!" I say, in accents of despair.

"I assure you, you are worrying yourself unnecessarily; the train does not leave till six o'clock."

But when we arrive at the station, at a few minutes to six, the train has gone, and there is not another for two hours.

"Oh, Mr. Fane, what shall we do?" I say, in much distress. "Isn't it dreadful?"

"For your sake, Miss Vesey, I regret it extremely, but not for my own."

It is not so much the words as the look that accompanies them which arouses my indignation. However, I merely draw myself up to my full height, and stare vacantly into space.

"They tell me there is an hotel in the village where we can get some decent tea," says Mr. Richard Fane, in no way abashed.

"Thank you, Mr. Fane. I shall remain in the ladies' waiting-room until the next train is due."

It is a great relief to me, when we do at length reach St. Leger Minor, to find Mr. Clarence Fane waiting on the platform for me.

"We made a mistake about the train: thought it didn't go till six," says Mr. Richard Fane airily.

"A rather extraordinary mistake to make, seeing that that train has been running for the last ten years," replies Mr. Clarence Fane contemptuously. "The dog-cart is outside. I will take Miss Vesey home. Sorry there isn't a seat to offer you. Canon Rutherford is seeing Eleanor to the Vicarage."

Mr. Clarence Fane wraps the rug around me without a word, then gathers up the reins, and we are off.

I feel like a naughty little girl being taken home in disgrace. I don't ever remember feeling so young before.

From time to time I glance at Mr. Fane's face, but it is set hard. I should like to explain how it was through no fault of mine that the train was lost, but I feel that it would be undignified to do so. After all, if he will misjudge me, what does it matter?

Presently it comes on to rain. Mr. Fane arranges the rug so that I alone reap any benefit from it. This he does with a hard-set face, saying hardly a word.

The mare shies. I start, and give vent to a stifled scream. I am not accustomed to driving; moreover, it has commenced lightning, and a storm always alarms me.

"Keep quiet, Miss Vesey," says Mr. Fane sternly. Then to the mare: "Now, now, it's all right, you silly little thing."

There is more tenderness in the man's voice than I have ever detected in it before.

"Is she all right now?" I venture to ask.

"Yes; it was only the reflection of the lightning in a pool that frightened her; she often shies at water."

"I am sorry I made a noise, Mr. Fane," I say humbly.

"I only feared you might frighten the mare still more; but there was no danger, I assure you: I had her firmly in hand. You are not frightened now?"

All the sternness has gone out of his voice, leaving nothing but kindly solicitude.

"Poor child! how wet you are getting," he murmurs, as he tries to pull the rug closer around me.

A great wave of happiness comes over me. I feel he has forgiven me. What do I care if the mare does shy and my dress is soaked through, so long as I am forgiven?

And then a longing to put myself right with

him takes possession of me. I cannot bear he should think I intentionally enticed another woman's lover away from her.

"Mr. Fane, it wasn't my fault about the train, and I was very unhappy when I found I was left behind with Mr. Richard Fane."

The words are out before I have time to weigh their meaning. But directly they have left my lips I wish them unsaid, and my face grows crimson with mortification. How silly he will think me!

But if he thinks me silly, he does not say so.

"Richard ought to be ashamed of himself," is all he mutters, under his breath.

Then I know that he no longer blames me in his heart for what has occurred.

When we reach the Manor House he lifts me down from the dog-cart as if I were a child.

"Drenched through," he murmurs, as he deposits me on the doorstep. "Here, Mrs. Morrison," he says, addressing the housekeeper, "just see that Miss Vesey changes all her things, and give her something hot to drink at once."

I feel younger than ever as Mrs. Morrison takes possession of me; but now I am a happy little girl, instead of a miserable one. I will never again believe that Mr. Fane is cold and unfeeling: no, not even when he makes one of his long pauses before replying to some question of mine, and seems to be looking me through and through with lofty disapproval.

My happiness, however, is short-lived, and collapses suddenly on the morning after Gracie and Mr. Fane leave the Manor, the former to stay with her friends at Drislington, and the latter to transact his business in London.

"You will be sure to write directly you arrive, Gracie," were almost my last words to her, "and then I shall get the letter first thing the following morning."

Gracie promised faithfully that she would do so. Judge then my surprise when the post, instead of bringing me a letter from Gracie, brought one addressed to Gracie in her hostess' handwriting.

I hesitate long. Shall I open it? Possibly it ought to have reached a post or two earlier, and is to ask Gracie to bring something with her which I can now forward.

Then I break the seal. The first sentence strikes terror into my heart: "We are so bitterly disappointed you have not come. Surely there cannot have been any mistake about the date."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

HOW TO CHOOSE A NEW HOUSE.

IN TWO PAPERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

DEAR DOROTHEA,—Once more I address you on the interesting subject of how to choose a house.

Drainage.—The position of the house you think of taking being approved, the next thing to be considered is the drainage. It is astonishing how much ignorance prevails on this subject, and also how impatient people become when drainage is mentioned. One lesson, however, which I have learnt in my twenty-five years' experience of housekeeping, is that though there are numbers of individuals who ought to understand the subject, and who profess to understand it, yet there are very few indeed who do actually and thoroughly understand it. Probably a chief reason why householders are impatient when drainage is mentioned, is that they have been so often taken in about it; and they think that if they pay the slightest heed to warnings about "something wrong," they will find themselves landed in a good deal of upset and annoyance, have a large bill to pay, and have nothing to show for all their trouble. Nothing to show! There will be something to show if we live in a house where drainage is defective: we shall open the door to danger and disease, and we shall be making arrangements to lose, not merely money, but our living treasures. Individuals who insist upon houses being properly drained are not wild lunatics, though they are often credited with being so; they speak the words of truth and soberness.

The fact is, that if there is one detail with regard to which it is not safe to aim at "doing things cheaply" it is with regard to drainage. The average builder, the average plumber, the average handy man, all are entirely incompetent to decide whether or not the drainage of a house is perfect. What is wanted is the opinion of a respectable, educated professional expert, an architect, or a sanitary surveyor. If an individual thus qualified be engaged as a matter of business to go through the house, examine it carefully, then give a written statement as to its sanitary arrangements, the householder will be as safe as human forethought can make him.

If I were acting for you and your husband, dear Dorothea, I would not even think of an agreement, or allow myself to imagine the conditions of tenancy, until I had ground to feel satisfied on this point. Even supposing things are wrong, while a house is empty they may easily be set right. It is the landlord's business to put them right; and he will be much more likely to take the necessary steps when he has the hope of a good tenant than he will be after the tenant is committed to the tenancy. Moreover, it is much easier to put drains right when a house is empty than

when it is occupied. Whether easy or difficult, however, on this point you should be firm. If the landlord will have no inspection, but contents himself with saying that "the drains are all right; he has paid large sums to have them made so, and knows they are," give up all idea of renting that dwelling. If he is reasonable, arrange for the house to be duly inspected, and pay your guinea for the business without grudging it. A guinea paid now may prevent untold disaster in the future. But in any case have it understood that should it be necessary to make alterations, the work is not to be considered complete until the professional expert who pronounced the drains imperfect has declared them to be satisfactory. To allow the builder who has made the alterations to pass them as perfect is to submit to a mockery.

Perhaps you do not know that where drains run underneath a house (a condition of things much to be deprecated, but which unfortunately prevails extensively in towns and old houses) there is a way of finding out whether they are defective which you might adopt on your own account. If disposed to experiment in this direction, you should buy of any good druggist six-pennyworth of the strongest oil of peppermint procurable. Now look carefully round the walls of the house on the outside, and in some convenient out-of-the-way place you will be sure to find a square hole with a trap, which is the opening of the drain. Pour the peppermint down this drain outside the house, then go inside the house and shut the doors. If after a few minutes there is a smell of peppermint in the house, there is reason to believe that the drainage is imperfect, and that there is a defect somewhere. Where the odour of peppermint can penctrate, sewer gas can penetrate, and though the one is harmless the other is poisonous. This test is rather a rough one, but it is tolerably certain. If the peppermint can be smelt inside the house a minute or so after it has been poured into the drain outside the house, there is abundant cause for uneasiness.

Even when the drainage of a house is all that it should be, householders have occasionally to complain that there is a bad smell outside the door. One way to prevent this annoyance is to avoid a house which has a sewer-flap in the pavement in front. Also if there is a choice it is wise not to occupy a house just opposite the small holes in the road by which sewers are ventilated. If there is a bad smell anywhere in a street it is almost sure to come from these holes, and in dry weather this nuisance can be smelt, as unmistakably as in frosty weather it can be seen.

Aspect.—When drainage is pronounced satisfactory, aspect has next to be considered. On the aspect of the house depends your getting plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Women, I am sure, do not sufficiently value sunshine. If the sun shines brightly into their rooms, they run to draw down the blinds and let down the curtains, for fear carpets or chair-covers should fade. They would be wiser to let the carpets fade rather than to keep out the sun, for furniture cannot be sweet and wholesome when the sun cannot get to it, and "life without sunlight is only half living." If we wish plants to thrive we put them in a sunny place; we know that if we set them in the shade they would pine and be weakly. Human beings are very much like plants. Dr. Richardson said a little while ago, "I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate contagious diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light." And in her "Notes on Nursing," Miss Nightingale makes some remarks about sunlight which ought to be read by everyone who is about to choose a house. I will copy them for your benefit.

"Second only to fresh air, I should be inclined to rank light in importance for the sick. Direct sunlight, not only daylight, is necessary for speedy recovery, except in a small number of cases. Instances could be given, almost endless, where in dark wards or in wards with a northern aspect, even when thoroughly warmed, or the wards with borrowed light when thoroughly ventilated, the sick could not by any means be made speedily to recover.

"Who has not observed the purifying effect of light, and especially sunlight, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everyone's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick-room or a bed-room there should never be shutters shut), and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close musty smell of corrupt air, of air that is unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners is indeed proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease is proverbial.

"'Where there is sun, there is thought.' All physiology goes to confirm this. Where is the shady side of deep valleys?—there is cretinism. Where are cellars and the unsunned sides of narrow streets?—there is degeneracy and weakness of the human race—mind and body equally degenerating. Put the pale withering plant and human being into the sun, and if not too far gone each will recover health and spirit.

"It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned towards the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light. A patient will even complain that it gives him pain lying on that side. 'Then why do you lie on that side?' He does not know, but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window."

To the same effect has spoken another lady sanitary authority, Mrs. Buckton, of Leeds. In her book "Health in the House," this lady says:—

"The Rev. J. H. F. Kendale, of Leeds, told me he once suffered from a sore throat for several months; no medicine did him any good. At last it occurred to him that the room he always sat in got no sun. He removed into another room upon which the sun was constantly shining. In a very short time he lost his sore throat."

Valuable though sunshine is, we ought to diffuse it judiciously, and we need it in some rooms and at some hours more than others. This is what twenty-five years' experience, observation, reflection, and inquiry have taught me about light.

The dining, living, and nursery rooms are wanted to be cool in summer. If they caught the hot afternoon sun they would be unbearable in the summer-time. Therefore living-rooms should not look west, or even south, if this can be helped. As old Thomas Fuller says, "A south window in summer is a chimney with a fire in it, and needs the screen of a curtain. In a west window in summer-time, towards night, the sun grows low, and over-familiar with more light than delight." The breakfast-room, on the other hand, should be on the east or south-east side of the house, because it is desirable that these apartments should have the morning sun. "An east window welcomes the infant beams of the sun before they are of any strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a sluggard." A library, however, should have a west aspect, because it is likely to be used most in winter and bad weather, when the sun's rays will be agreeable. A larder, on the other hand, should be on the cool side of the house, otherwise the provisions will not keep. "A north wind is best for butteries and cellars, for the beer will be sour if the sun smiles on it." Altogether we may accept the following summary of the situation:—

"A house with a northern aspect is very often damp and very often bleak and cold; a southerly aspect is as warm, dry, and bright as is to be had in the situation. An easterly aspect is cold, especially in the winter and spring, but as a rule tolerably dry. A westerly aspect is warm and inclined to damp, and likely to be exposed to wind and rain."

The *condition* of a house has much to do with its comfort. Before everything else it should not be damp, for "a damp house is a deadly house," says the proverb. Dampness is generally caused by faults of construction, and it is very difficult to cure. In looking over houses, therefore, I advise you to take careful note of the signs of damp; they are generally discernible enough before the house is done up. Mouldy dark stains on the walls, and the marks of damp on the floor, should make you turn away from a house and never enter it more.

The arrangement of the bedrooms is a detail not to be overlooked in choosing a house. One can scarcely lay down a general rule about the aspect of bedrooms, because their number necessitates their being of all aspects. The great thing is that they should be well ventilated, and so planned that the bed may be placed somewhere else than between the window and the fireplace, or between the door and the fireplace, or between the door and the window. The door also should on no account be made to open full on the place where the bed will be. Forgetfulness of these small details causes great annoyance.

Such, dear Dorothea, are the suggestions I have to make concerning the choice of a house. I hope you will find them of service. If in addition to the excellencies mentioned you can arrange to have a pretty house, you will indeed be fortunate. But concerning appearance it is with houses as with faces, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and what one would admire another would dislike; therefore in this respect you could scarcely do better than follow your taste. As, however, you think of going to a larger house than the one you now occupy, I might with advantage repeat the advice given by an author of two hundred and fifty years ago:—

"A house had better be too little for a day than too great for a year; for it is easier borrowing of thy neighbour a brace of chambers for a night than a bag of money for a twelvemonth."

Hoping that you will benefit by all the wise advice that has been given you, and that when you are settled in your new home I may be as warmly welcomed there as I have always been in your present home,

I am, dear Dorothea, affectionately yours,

PHYLLIS BROWNE.

WHEN MOTHER IS ILL.

"WHAT should we do if mother were dead?"
That's the refrain that comes into my head;
For everything's wrong, and the house is so still,
And at sixes and sevens, now mother is ill.

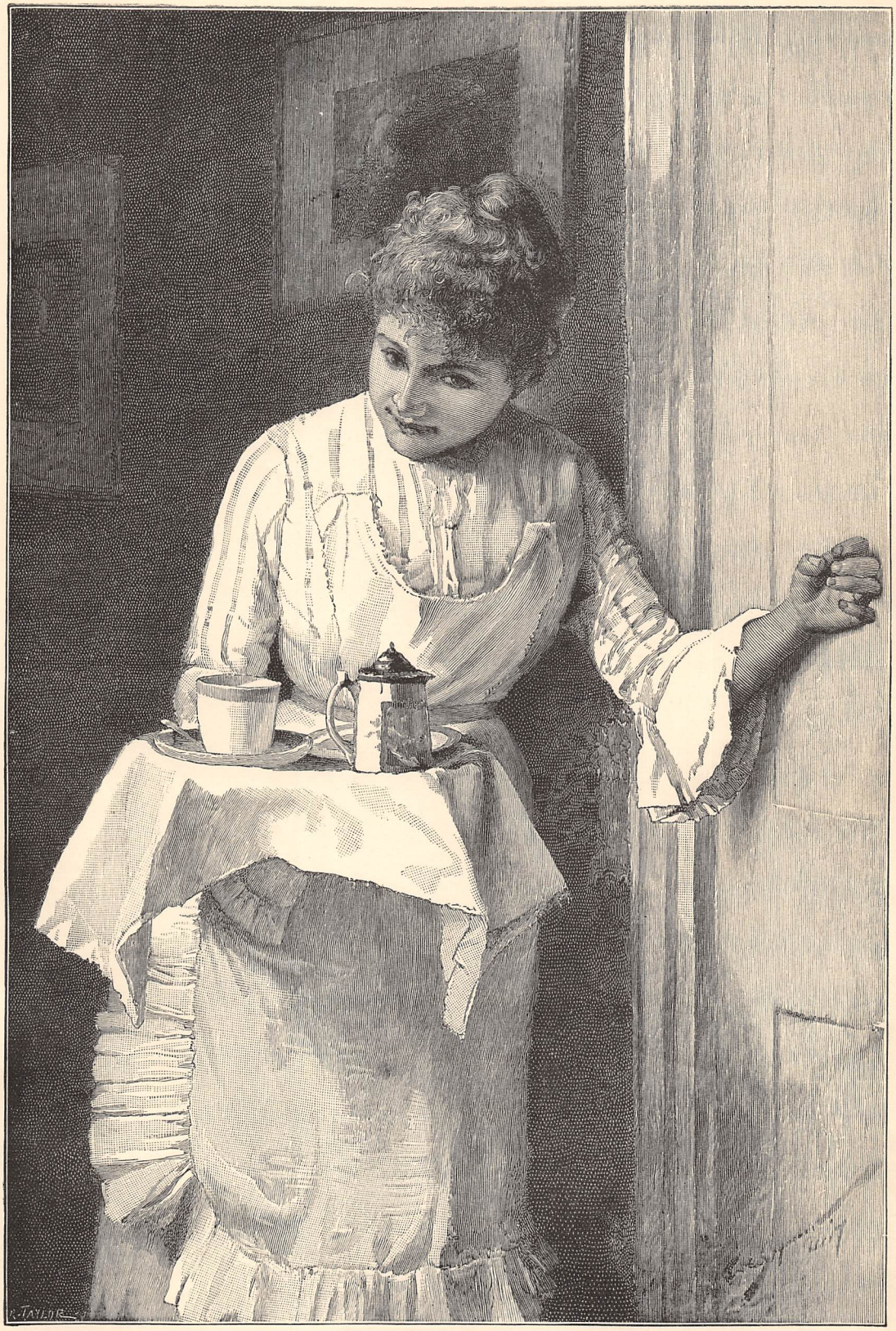
Serious? No. But, then, don t you see,
Though not so for her, yet it is so for me;
For I've to be mother, and daughter, and maid,
And there's hardly enough for the three, I'm afraid.

It really *is* trying—the butcher's so slow:
He won't send the meat up in time, don't you know;
So the cook's out of temper from morning till night,
And declares there is nothing I order that's right.

Yet I work like a slave—ah, you laugh, but I do—
I pour out the coffee at breakfast for two,
Then I order the dinner, as mother was wont,
For I know how to cook—though the cook says I don't.

Then—out of my way—there's her bell—don't you hear?
And she wants me to take up her cocoa, poor dear;
Can't stop to shake hands—you must come again soon;
Shut the door very quietly—good afternoon.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

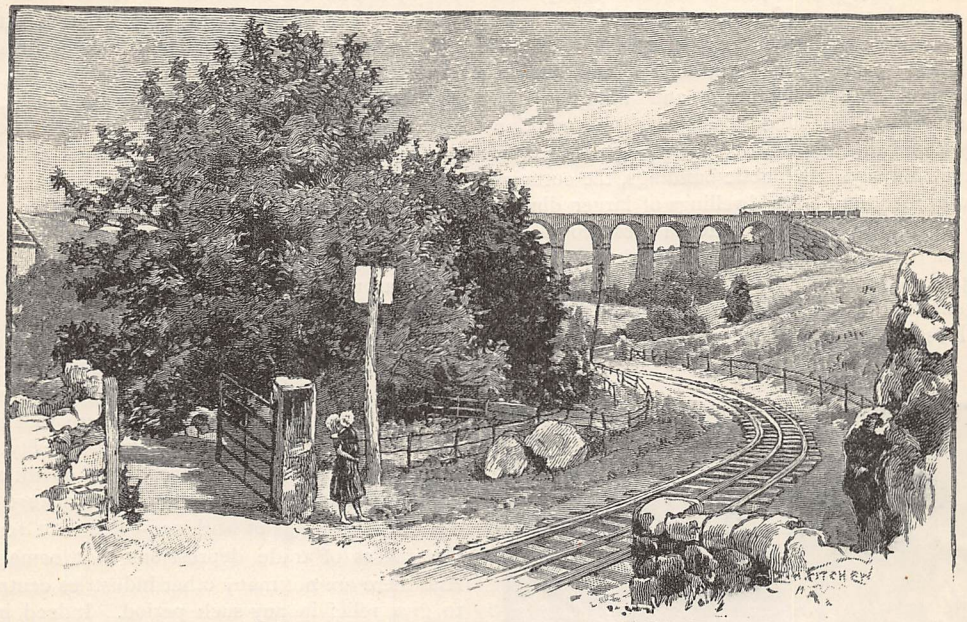


(*Drawn by* GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.)

WHEN MOTHER IS ILL.

(*See p.* 140.)

A MODEL IRISH TOWN.



THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAY, MILL VALE, BESSBROOK.

ON the journey between Dublin and Belfast, and when Dundalk is passed and the Gorahwood junction is near, a tramway-line may be seen burrowing deep under the main line. In that hilly region a town has arisen in recent years which has an interest and a history, and to which the electric tramway leads from the port Newry, in the valley below. The little manufacturing town of Bessbrook is neither so large as some of the towns near that build up the linen trade of Ulster, nor does there attach to it the historic association that others have, but as a social experiment it has an interest they have not. It is the realisation of a dream of a manufacturer, who desired to locate his works in a place where there should be "neither publican, pawnbroker, nor policeman." Trade had prospered with him, and he desired to so improve the surroundings of the workmen he employed that they should share in that prosperity. Hence arose what has been called the model town of Bessbrook. There have been others, earlier and later, who have endeavoured to build up towns free from some of the objectionable accompaniments of town life generally; but of all, the little Irish town may be said to be the most complete. It lacks the noble Grecian buildings which attract the visitor to Saltaire, but it has an isolation which the latter has not; and similarly it may be distinguished from other "model towns."

When the century was young, there was born at Lisburn, to a manufacturer named Richardson, a son, who was called John Grubb. Comparatively early in life he entered also into the linen trade, and shared in the prosperity the industry knew through the improvement of processes and through the introduction of steam power in the first half of the century; whilst later, some of the blows which wars have temporarily given to the cotton trade have benefited the sister textile industry.

Forty years ago the Bessbrook works were established. The estate of that name, consisting of some 6,000 acres, came into the market, and was bought by the Richardson family, and for years the direction of

BESSBROOK.

(From the Grounds of the late Proprietor's House.

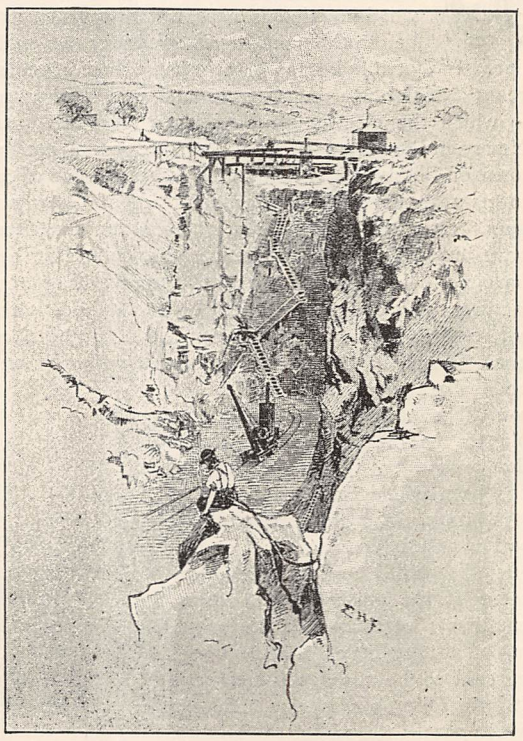
the concern was in the hands of the late Mr. John Grubb Richardson. Granite found on the estate has given much of the material for the massive buildings of the factory; then substantial streets arose, with dwellings of various sizes, each for one family, and with a central square, where are most of the more public buildings. A school, a dispensary, a news-room, formed part of the plan, but no public-house. Chapels and churches arose; and naturally the religious views of the founders suggested the addition of a Quakers' meeting-house. The huge mills, with their tall chimneys, the public buildings, the cottages of the workmen, and a few dwellings of larger dimensions—these form still the material Bessbrook—the centre of works which in normal times employ some 4,000 workpeople, and in the mills of which 800 looms and 13,000 spindles are placed. To the original design there have been slight additions: an

HECKLING AT BESSBROOK MILLS.

electric tramway carries goods and passengers down from Bessbrook to Newry, and gives the benefit of ready and cheap carriage thereto; education is assured to the workmen; provision against the accidents that will happen; and there are many organisations for giving, by co-operative effort, greater comfort to the workers.

It is this and the absence of drink which distinguish Bessbrook. In the actual work of the great mills there is little that is distinctive; the processes of the manufacture of flax are not widely different in the many mills in Ulster. In Bessbrook there are the huge steam-engines that drive the multifarious machinery, the hundreds of looms, and the thousands of spindles; there is spinning and dressing, weaving and pressing, and many a process until the flax becomes linen in the form desired. The workers, too, are of the type and largely recruited from the class long associated with the great textile trade of the north of Ireland. And probably, in the nature of the remuneration, in the method of work, and in the accompaniments of labour, there is little that varies at Bessbrook from other factories that feed the great warehouses at Belfast. But the difference lies in the absence of some evils which elsewhere manifest themselves in communities, and in the endeavour to foster habits of temperance, of thrift, and of recreation that is without the presence of "the drink." The colony at Bessbrook is in itself still free from the presence of what was desired to be absent, and is still thus a temperance town.

It is not yet a huge aggregation, it is chiefly dependent on one industry knowing some of the fluctuations of trade. But on the breezy uplands the cottages of Bessbrook, with their large gardens, give a fairly contented body of workpeople to the many-storeyed mills; peace is undisturbed by drunken brawls in its streets; and whilst around it there are patches of sterility, it is an industrial oasis, and one also that has its picturesqueness near in wood, and stream, and heath-clad moorland. The district it is centred in is one which is associated with the development of the textile trades of Ireland, and it is on the chief of these that the prosperity of Bessbrook depends. Its prosperity must in some degree, therefore, depend on the condition of the linen manufacture; for thrift can only cause the wise use of the earnings of workmen—it cannot remove all the causes of trade depressions that come and go. And there are not many other industries centred there to give relief in any such period. Indeed, in Ulster generally agriculture is the alternative great industry to linen; though there are iron mines and one or two other subsidiary workings. But the dependence so



THE GRANITE QUARRY.

largely on one industry will give to this little "model Irish town" a more partial prosperity, though it brings out into fuller relief some of the methods by which in it the Richardson family, who chiefly own it, are endeavouring to foster thrift, temperance, and industry.

IN BESSBROOK.

"ONLY JUST!"

THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" "MISS HILARY'S SUITORS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

LOVELY September afternoon was just on the wane; the wide gardens of Weston Manor still looked lovely, but the trees around were golden-tinted and scarlet-berried. The robin had nigh a monopoly of music; swallows circled restlessly under the clear sky in busy consultation about their seaward journey; and—

"Summer is nearly gone," said the master of the place, regretfully, to a late-arriving lady guest, a temporary neighbour only, who rustled along beside him in the splendour of much satin and jet, "so our young people are lucky indeed to have two such days for their tournament. When the weather breaks up, away go the tennis-nets till Whitsuntide."

"Oh, pray don't prophesy such disagreeable things, Mr. Clifford," begged the lady. "Please enjoy the present moment without dark forebodings. That's what I always make a point of doing. The present is *so* nice, *so* amusing, *so* interesting. Hark how they are clapping; do let us go and watch the final. I was in an agony for fear my stupid callers should prevent my getting here in time for it. I wonder which will win: your niece or my cousin."

"Both can't, unluckily," returned her host; "they and their partners seem so well matched one hardly knows which pair to back. Oh, good!" as a very pretty rally between the two girls ended in a stroke that sent the ball over the head of the taller one, to be dexterously whizzed back by her nimble partner, only to be still more cleverly taken in the opposite court by his male adversary, and "placed" so neatly that a headlong rush barely reached it at its second bound, and a shout of "Game!" rose from the crowd of onlookers. "Bravo, Jack! That was well played."

"My cousin is handicapped," exclaimed the lady, rather crossly, "your niece and Mr. Fergusson understand each other's style so perfectly."

"They ought. They've played often enough together; and I am bound to say successfully, too."

"Perhaps they will make a successful pair in another way before long," said the lady significantly. "I've heard whispers of that more than once."

"Whispers are not always right," said her host. "Come and have a cup of tea, Mrs. Forbes, before we watch the last game."

Handsome, suave Mrs. Forbes was no vast favourite of Mr. Clifford's. He was not disposed to confide to her what, nevertheless, he felt tolerably well assured of himself—that Jack Fergusson, the clever rising young doctor of this country district, had fallen more and more in love with his beautiful niece ever since he first settled among them, three years before: just the date when Clarice Clifford had been left at Weston Manor while the major, her father, went on foreign service for the last time. But that was the actual state of the case, and Mr. Clifford made no question but that the young people understood each

other perfectly, and he himself liked the hard-working young fellow none the less for his being a little bit shy, and too mistrustful of his own value to come forward and ask for his lady fair before his practice and position were well established. Still, he was not going to gossip about his niece's prospects, so, having served his guest with her tea, he promptly escorted her towards the ground, where excited spectators were watching the fast-rising score of what might prove the last game in the last set of that season's best tournament.

"Oh! is Valentine winning? He made up his mind to. He really must. He does so hate being disappointed," exclaimed Mrs. Forbes.

"The others would not prefer to get beaten," laughed Mr. Clifford; "let us save a little sympathy for whichever pair may want it."

"I shall not give any to Mr. Fergusson," retorted the lady sharply. (That individual had just taken a nasty ball with a splendid backhander, amid applauding cries of "Played!" "Thirty—love!") "He is one of those cast-iron unemotional people who never want anybody's pity."

"Don't know about pity," answered Mr. Weston, "but his patients would tell you he is not made of cast-iron. His heart is as soft as any woman's, though he mayn't wear it on his sleeve."

"Oh, no doubt," returned Mrs. Forbes, more affably (her cousin by some brilliant play had just brought the score to thirty all). "Of course he's most worthy. But—don't be offended—he really is not quite a match, personally, for Miss Clifford. She is *so* delightfully pretty. When my cousin first saw her last week he declared her *the* prettiest woman he'd met for ages. And he adores beauty, just as I do. He's so much like me in everything" ("Like him none the better for that," thought Mr. Clifford). "Oh, Valentine!"—jumping excitedly on a garden seat to watch the fight—"what are you doing? Ah—h!" screwing up her mouth—"what a miss! Forty; forty—thirty. Oh, oh, good, Miss Fox!" (Mr. Holt's partner). "Deuce! Ah—h!" (another of Mr. Fergusson's crashers)—"'vantage to them. Excuse me taking hold of your shoulder, Mr. Clifford: I shall jump off the chair if I don't. Now for victory and the cigarette-case.—Val, mind, do mind. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!"

It was "Oh dear!" indeed for the excited lady. To meet her cousin's last serve stood Clarice Clifford, her pretty figure straight as a dart; her brown hair touched into a halo by the sinking sunshine; her eyes—those blue-grey eyes, with their long black lashes, she had inherited with her touch of Irish blood—glowing and sparkling as they followed the ball's swift flight from her own racquet. Such a picture of vivacious grace the girl made; half the field watched her alone rather than the game, and beauty-loving Valentine Holt must have been of that number. A quicker glance, an extra spring, would have saved him. Now he missed the ball by half an inch. With a smothered shriek, energetic Miss Fox darted forward. Too late. "Game and set!" went up with a shout. Miss Clifford and Mr. Fergusson had conquered.

"I suppose it's very absurd of me," said Mrs. Forbes, dismounting from her perch with a frown, "but I do wish my cousin had won. Dear Val! He's so intensely feeling. Defeat affects him so disagreeably. I must go and condole with him."

Yes, defeat did affect Valentine Holt unpleasantly. Mrs. Forbes found him downright white with—fatigue she called it—someone who had caught her cousin's low muttered "Hang the whole concern!" as a score of voices proclaimed him beaten, put his pallor to another count. But his cousin's exaggerated sympathy annoyed him into pulling himself together, and pretending the indifference he was far from feeling.

"Fortune of war," he declared, jauntily lifting his cap to his late partner, who was being fanned on a bench close by. "Should have been charmed, Miss Fox, to see you receive the silver-backed brushes, had not unkind fate bestowed them opposite."

His glance went, half against his will, over the net to where Clarice Clifford, radiant with victory, was surrounded with a congratulating throng.

"Now then," to Mrs. Forbes, "shall we be off? I suppose there's no particular need to stay and see our enemies crowned with their spoil?"

"Wouldn't see one of them," said someone standing near. "Fergusson's gone: dead beat. However he kept on to the end I don't know. He'd been up over an accident case all last night and half the night before, and wasn't fit to play, only"—meaningly—"of course, he did not like to give up on this occasion."

"Of—er—course?" questioned Valentine Holt, with interest half affected, half real.

"Yes, wouldn't lose the chance of a tournament with *that* partner! Anyone can guess why. By the way, I was up by them when they won, and I don't think she was best pleased at his vanishing so fast. Didn't know the reason, you see. Fergusson never makes a fuss over himself."

"And Miss Clifford naturally expected a double allowance of compliments, eh?" Mr. Holt inquired.

"Maybe; she'd played splendidly and earned it."

"But didn't get it."

"Oh, that'll come by-and-by. Trust Fergusson."

"Fair lady nice and patient, I presume?" carelessly playing with his racquet, and hardly seeming to expect an answer.

"Patient! H—m! Miss Clifford is everything that's charming, but I should not think that's her strongest point."

"Do I take it that this interesting pair are affianced?"

"There or thereabouts; and Fergusson's such a right good sort that—asking your pardon—everyone's pleased for him to win both the game and the girl."

"Ha-ppy in-divi-dual," drawled Valentine Holt. Then, with an odd expression in his eyes, and turning to his cousin, "There goes Miss Clifford to the tent. I'll bury the hatchet and follow. We may as well see her claim her trophy."

In the tent, then, where Mrs. Clifford was presenting prizes—a huge feathery fan for the ladies' singles, a silver-mounted whip to a winning gentleman, and so forth—Valentine Holt edged himself to the fore just in time to make a neat little speech to the heroine of the hardest-fought game.

Miss Clifford was a little over-wrought by her exertion, perhaps, or—something else. He made her an easy bow.

"I shall treasure up your praise for *my* prize," he said, "and be amply contented with it. By the way"—looking round—"your fortunate companion, why

"'NOBLY GAINED AND RICHLY DESERVED, MISS CLIFFORD.'"

"Nobly gained and richly deserved, Miss Clifford. The pleasure of seeing such an antagonist win makes up to me for losing myself."

"That's very generously said, Mr. Holt," answered Clarice Clifford, and in her pretty impulsive way gave him a warm shake of the hand as she lifted her bright eyes to his.

He was quick to read their expression, having, indeed, had a good deal of experience in such studies. isn't he beside you?" Clarice's foot beat a quick tattoo on the turf.

"Oh, Mr. Fergusson—had to go—I imagine. He said nothing, so I suppose he escaped to a patient or —or to—where he was wanted."

Clarice felt half treacherous to the absent one even as she spoke. But she *was* hurt. She had been looking forward to this moment for weeks, and now it was shorn of more than half its pleasure. Her rising

colour and the all but pout of her pretty red lips betrayed her chagrin. The touch of petulance made her loveliness even more piquant.

"Foolish, foolish man," said Mr. Holt, very gently, as he stooped and pretended to be admiring her smart silver-backed brushes; "I only wish his opportunity had been mine. I fear no duty would have beguiled *me* away."

If patience was not among Clarice Clifford's strong points, just a trifle of vanity—low be it spoken, and very small be it printed, if you please!—was among her weak ones. A lovely colour rose, a smile chased away her half frown. Mr. Holt's pretty speech was very soothing. He had a taking manner of extreme devotion to any woman he addressed. Speech and manner he now brought into play with such effect that Clarice's ruffled pride was magically calmed. As other guests dispersed and this one lingered still, she was glad when her uncle almost perforce asked them to stay and dine, flattered by the undivided attention this almost stranger paid to her. *Some* people did not mind wasting their time upon her, at any rate.

And while Mrs. Forbes discoursed aside to her host and hostess of her cousin's culture and delicate much-travelled tastes, and the Devonshire property he had come into of late, Valentine Holt strolled about the lawn with his charming afternoon's adversary, and planted fascinating impressions on the girl's sensitive heart by a score of little courtesies beside which poor Jack Fergusson's brusqueries looked black as ink. A great round harvest moon gleamed down on the party as they separated. It saw Mr. Clifford turn back into the house with a somewhat dissatisfied air—it saw Clarice steal shyly away, blushing at Mr. Holt's fervid half-whispered adieu, and it saw Valentine himself lounging silently off beside his cousin, with a smile not entirely pleasant overspreading his undeniably handsome face.

The smile was due to something he was thinking. That something was—

"He may have won the game, but—he shan't win the girl!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

CERTAINLY "fate"—as it is called—does sometimes seem most unkind, and turns everything for some luckless individual as crooked as crooked can be! Thus ungraciously, just at this epoch, it treated John Fergusson.

The day after that fateful tournament he rattled through his morning's work, set the broken arm of a small boy addicted to climbing poplar-trees, comforted the young monkey's weeping mother, and attended a baby in convulsions: these last all in his luncheon hour, on purpose to make time for a call at Weston Manor; then when he got there he found eloquent Mr. Valentine Holt in the field before him, monopolising Miss Clifford by her particular bow-windowed end of the drawing-room, playing her a tarantelle he had picked up in Italy, singing her a snatch of a German student's love-song, telling her how she reminded him of a picture in last season's Salon—a picture he had felt impelled to return and gaze upon a dozen times: "it must have been a prophetic pleasure"—gracefully exhibiting himself as the man of ample means and unbounded leisure, against whom a poor drudge of a country practitioner was as a costermonger's donkey compared with a race-horse.

The young doctor had come intending to tell Clarice—not obtrusively, or so as to vex her, but just to let her know—the cause of the bolt he had made yesterday. That when he had reached home he had bowled over entirely for a few minutes. Then his old housekeeper had despotically shut him up on a sofa in a dark room, and not allowed him to see a soul the whole evening through. This and his admiration for her yesterday's plucky play, and farther admiration on casual topics that outsiders had nothing to do with, the young man had been longing for this opportunity to express, but here was this nuisance of a handsome fellow cutting in and spoiling everything. He could see Clarice was affronted (and ridiculously pretty she looked thus, with fine air of offended dignity), but no chance could he get of making peace. It was impossible to talk of having knocked up before that athletic young lazy-bones. Taunted by his fair lady's frown, and never too ready with words, John Fergusson could now simply devise nothing whatever *apropos* to speak of. Mr. Clifford was not there to help him. Mrs. Clifford was busy at the other end of the room with elder callers. A glass opposite showed him Mr. Holt's tall figure and chiselled features constantly close beside Clarice; himself apart, plain, thick-set, clumsy. The reflection made him feel rougher hewn than ever—a regular dolt. It took away from him what little conversational power he ever possessed, and presently, having enjoyed the luxury of hearing Miss Clifford laugh at Mr. Holt's wit, and of seeing her smile at his ready compliments, just as long as ever he could bear it, he got up to take his leave.

Cross with him still, Miss Clifford was also uneasily cross with herself for being so. Had they been alone, they might have cleared the air of all misunderstanding in a minute, and she might have pitied him very much, and the pity might have ended as pity so often does. But Mr. Holt stood by, covert amusement playing about his mouth. Clarice chose, therefore, to take leave of the other, the stupid man, very coolly. So just presenting him with the tips of her fingers—

"By the way," she said, rising, "you have not received your prize yet, have you? My aunt has it yonder," and crossing the room (both men watched the easy step and light form admiringly, caught each other so doing, and left off suddenly with a scowl), she fetched back the much-engraved cigarette-case, and carelessly presented it to the winner.

Mortified at her manner, "Thanks," said he, as indifferently as he could speak, putting it in his pocket without so much as a glance. "It won't be much use to me, though, as I don't smoke."

"But, really," said Mr. Holt, "you ought to begin now you have such a charming memento of such a delightful occasion."

"I'm afraid I shan't alter for such a small reason," said John Fergusson—not a gracious remark, he knew, but the only one he could think of.

Mr. Holt's smile deepened. Clarice turned red.

"As you don't care for the prize," said she shortly, "it's a pity you took the trouble to win it."

"I think so, too," said the young doctor grimly. Then he walked off very ill at ease indeed, irrationally, perhaps, but most devoutly wishing to kick Valentine Holt.

That pleasure, however, was denied him, and, as cruel fate willed it, all chance of explanation with Clarice was denied him too. A second call at the Manor missed her entirely. A stray meeting gained him such a distant bow he did not venture to stop her. The girl's face looked very wistful the moment he got by, but then he could not see that. Perhaps he ought to have gone boldly up and spoken out his mind to Mr. Clifford, and all the love his true heart held for Mr. Clifford's niece. But the man was reticent. Absolutely timid and distrustful of his own merits, he did not go, and—

Mr. Holt stayed on and on at Weston. Every day, and before long almost every hour of the day he seemed to pass the young doctor's door on his road from Elm Cottage to the Manor. And whenever Miss Clifford stirred out this gentleman appeared to be her attendant. The quest, begun half in revengeful sport, he carried on now with the zeal of a headlong passion. La belle Clarice had fairly bewitched him. In his cousin he found a ready ally. The very weather favoured him; rough days set in; garden gatherings were given up, but Mrs. Forbes was for ever devising *musicales* or entertainments of some sort, at which Clarice, with her sweet voice that harmonised so well with Valentine's, always made one.

Now, duets have a wonderful trick of drawing people together. Clarice fell under their spell. John Fergusson listened with great delight to music, but could not sing one note straight himself. By aid of music and every other taste he could press into the service Valentine Holt laid siege to her fancy, her heart, her hand.

In less than a month from their first meeting his proposal for Miss Clifford was made and—accepted!

Frankly, this was not to Mr. Clifford's liking. He had wished, had expected, another man for Clarice's bridegroom. But Clarice's young face grew extremely hard when he hinted this. She quite declined to go into that subject. Worried and puzzled, her uncle hoped for delay till her absent father's consent was gained, but the money, of which Clarice's suitor had a superabundance, settled that point all too soon. By telegram Mr. Holt received permission to claim his bride provided he could satisfy her guardians in England as to settlements, and this was readily done. November was barely in when John Fergusson heard what sounded like the knell of all his future happiness. Clarice Clifford was to be Valentine Holt's wife in early December. Henceforth, then, his profession must be his only love, and he wondered, poor fellow, roaming up and down his study the whole night after those hateful tidings reached him, however he should manage to bear the life before him—life that might be long, and now must be so lonely.

Clarice herself had time to think of nothing more but the present and her ardent lover.

Some gift or other he brought her every day. His delight in her beauty seemed fresh every time they met; his plans for the round of London gaieties he meant to give her when they returned from the Riviera in early spring, before they went down to their Devonshire home, were plans of social successes such as she had never dreamed of. If her head was not turned, it was certainly not her lover's fault, for never a girl was wooed for brief time with warmer passion.

For a brief while!

It wanted but a bare fortnight of their wedding-day, and Clarice was wanted in London for the immensely important event of fitting her bridal dress. Her journeying alone had been much demurred at, but her uncle had been summoned to Wales; her aunt undertook no expedition without her husband, so alone she was to travel her forty miles, an old servant meeting her at the end thereof.

Valentine Holt drove her down to Weston Station. With a thousand instructions to take care of herself, he settled her in a corner of a first-class carriage, and looked haughtily annoyed when another lady, young like herself, but far less fair, stepped into the same compartment.

"Remember," he bent forward to whisper, "whoever comes in, keep the windows up, and keep your veil down. *Pray* don't catch cold. You have to look your very, very best this day fortnight."

He pressed her hand; stepped back, his hat upraised; looked so devoted, Clarice felt he had earned one of her most bewitching glances.

His eyes watched her lovely young face with infinite satisfaction as the train moved slowly off.

"Yes, he'd got a wife who'd match him admirably! and"—chuckling as he nodded curtly at the occupant of a tall luggage-laden dog-cart which just then rattled into the station-yard—"beaten that physicking fellow gloriously!"

The morning was dull as Clarice started; the sky sunless, leaden, lowering; as she drew her soft fur rug round her, she shivered audibly.

"Cold, is it not?" said a voice from the left-hand opposite corner.

Clarice looked up with surprised questioning, then with a smile of recognition. Why, it must be Helen Freer, the clever ugly school friend of a few years back, head of all the classes, pride of all the masters; the girl who cared not one farthing for her own harsh-featuredness, but spent affection, hope, all on dead tongues and higher mathematics.

Helen it truly was, more severely plain than ever: atrociously ill dressed, but beaming with pride as she

poured forth to Clarice how she had coached up, gone to Girton, worked in term time and out, and been rewarded last June, when she was actually bracketed eighth wrangler with a first-class Trinity man.

"And now," ended Miss Helen, settling her spectacles on her funny little club nose, "I've given my brains a good rest in the country—fancy my not knowing I was within a few miles of you!—and I'm off to-day to meet some school trustees in town about a capital mistress's post. Don't you envy me?"

"I'm not sure that I don't," Clarice declared, a laugh and a sigh meeting on her lips. She had a trick of getting dull when Mr. Holt was not by. "But you and I are going different ways, Helen, just as we did of old, for I'm to be married next month."

"*Poor* thing!" said Miss Freer, interested, but somewhat scornful: "to that six-foot Adonis, I suppose, who was seeing you off; well"—seeking for something polite to say, and not finding it—"everyone to her taste. I presume he's everything that's desirable, but, candidly, I'd rather have my honours than your husband."

"As we can't change, you needn't be rude about it, Helen," said Clarice, laughing outright, though a trifle nettled; she would have preferred the shrewd young woman opposite to have implied a better opinion of her *fiancé*. "Remember people expect pleasant things said on these occasions."

"Oh, don't expect too much of me," said Miss Freer, pushing her hat back, "I never had much turn for little politenesses, and have less than ever now. I think I crammed too hard at Girton. My head is always aching. It's fit to split now."

"Oh, poor thing! have some eau-de-Cologne," said Clarice, opening her little Russia bag, one of Mr. Holt's last gifts—a dainty thing, with her name and address upon its small silver shield; "here, take it, and keep putting some on your forehead."

"Good girl. Thanks. I'll obey if you'll go on telling me all about your prospects," said Helen.

But Clarice, for some reason, chose rather to talk about old days and old schoolfellows than of her own immediate movements; and on that wider, safer range she was still speaking, when both girls were startled by loud detonating sounds.

"What's that?" cried Helen Freer nervously, thrusting the scent-bottle back into the bag upon her arm, as she sat bolt upright.

"Only fog signals," Clarice answered. "We have not been noticing what a dense mist has come up. We must be near Milchester; but not one chimney nor even the big water-tower is visible. There goes another signal."

"And what a whistle!" cried Helen, as a long shriek rang out from the engine, followed by three short ones in quick succession. "That must mean——"

"Danger," she would have said, but before the word could be uttered it was upon them, in an awful collision with the down express.

After that, chaos!

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IT was just noon that same day when a telegram carried the terrible news to Weston. The station-master himself bore the message from Milchester up to the Manor.

"Shocking accident! Miss Clifford severely injured. Taken to hospital. Down line cleared. Friends, please come immediately."

In dire consternation Mrs. Clifford sent the evil tidings on to Elm Cottage. A delicate and particularly nervous woman herself, she was utterly unfit—nay, unable to go to poor Clarice. Her husband could scarcely reach the sufferer that night, but Mr. Holt—Valentine—could hurry off instantly. Bathed in frightened tears, she had herself driven to the cottage, just in time to see the young man start on his grievous errand, and then remained with Mrs. Forbes to wait whatever further news he might send them.

Pale with dread, Valentine Holt made his way to the Milchester Hospital by mid-afternoon, just as the gloomy wretched day was drawing in. The house surgeon who received him, the physician who was fetched to speak with him, and the nurse who presently convoyed him upstairs, were all immensely kind and tender to the young man when they understood the position he held with respect to their unfortunate patient.

"We have not given up *all* hope. Youth and vigour are great helps," said one, but his tone almost belied his words.

"There's much to be thankful for. It's a simple miracle she was not killed on the spot, with the trains telescoping as they did," said another, shuddering at the remembrance of the scene.

"You'll please not speak to her, sir, however upset you feel," begged the nurse; "with her head so fearfully injured we mustn't run the risk of disturbing her a moment before she comes to of herself."

Mr. Holt bowed silently, almost sick with apprehension of what he was going to see. Then he followed through darkening wards, was led into a long white-walled room, passed other screened-off beds—from one came a low moaning: "Another case from the same accident, sir," murmured the woman—so to the spot where he was to look upon the stricken form of his almost bride, Clarice, his beautiful one.

"Here she is, sir, poor thing!"

He slowly turned and gazed down.

"U—g—h!"

A crushed, discoloured hand lay on the quilt, the arm up to the shoulder in splints. A hideous bandage stretched right across the bruised face, and—horror!—"You've cut her splendid hair off," he said, turning almost fiercely to the woman at his elbow.

"Why, yes, sir," she whispered; "the wound on the forehead runs right up, and couldn't be dressed till we got that off. Please God the poor young thing lives, she'll have to carry that scar to the end of her days. And the side is cruelly crushed, too. I doubt she'll get up a little lame. But there, you won't mind if you see her up, anyhow!"

Not mind! Not *mind*, indeed! To see Clarice

shorn of those gold-brown locks! Clarice disfigured—scarred—lamed—ungraceful for ever! Crushed now, unlovely, unlovable, insensible! A piteous object that he could not even look at twice!

Valentine Holt turned him about, such a picture himself of sheer physical disgust and ghastly misery, that the good nurse caught him quickly by the arm,

"'YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SIR—MRS. FERGUSSON'" (*p.* 150).

hurried him out into the corridor, and there hastily gave him the first restorative she could seize upon.

He stayed only to see the surgeon and hear confirmation of what the nurse had said; then got away from the hospital and passed a few hours at Milchester's chief hotel, trying to steady his shaken emotions with the best champagne the place could supply. But return to Weston to tell of the gruesome sight he had just left he could not. A lengthy telegram to Mrs. Clifford explained that Clarice still lived, but in unconsciousness. Another bulletin would be despatched from the hospital that night. Her uncle must be summoned from Wales to take her aunt to Milchester in case the worst happened.

And later still on that sad eventful day another message was wired to Mrs. Forbes from her cousin:—"Cannot come back to Weston. Too much unstrung. Am going to town by mail train. Shall wait further news there."

Long before the Cliffords reached Clarice next day, then, Mr. Holt had taken himself off from Milchester. At his request the house surgeon had telegraphed intelligence twice to him at his club. No improvement was reported. But the third message, delivered to him in the smoking-room of the "Isthmian," was from Mr. Clifford, and said: "Return at once; we have much better news for you."

Better news! He crumpled the paper fiercely up. Good powers, what mockery!

News, perhaps, that the shapeless, dislocated arm was mending, or the wound on the once fair cheek was stitched together, or the poor helpless girl had regained her senses and wanted him—close—beside her!

"Waiter, bring me some brandy!" he cried; and fortified by his fiery draught, he went to a writing-table, and with his handsome, sensuous face as white

as ashes, sat down and penned a letter. This, without a moment's delay, he went forth and posted himself.

Three days after that Mr. Clifford came over to Weston from Milchester for a few hours, leaving his wife with Clarice.

Scarcely had he entered his home before a visitor was announced, and Jack Fergusson, downright aged with anxiety, grasped the elder man's hand, asking—

"How is she?"

At the instant answer, "Better!"—"Thank God! thank God!" he said, and gave a great choking sob of joy, as if he'd been some silly, hysterical woman.

"Don't tell her—you won't, I know—nor—anybody else what an ass I am," he said presently. "I only saw about it yesterday in a Scotch paper. I'd gone north, you know, for two or three weeks till—till the wedding was over, and I could not rest one minute till I got back to hear—the worst or the whole truth. You know we were always rather friends, sir, till—lately."

Mr. Clifford turned aside and said nothing. The other went on more steadily.

"But as she's better, I'll be satisfied and not trouble you long. You look fagged out yourself. I suppose"—forcing the words forth—"Mr. Holt is with her?"

"Fergusson, sit down," said Mr. Clifford, and his colour rose and he looked less fagged than furious as he spread a letter open on the table between them. "This precious epistle came to me two days ago. It may be folly to let you see it, but I can't bring myself yet to speak of it to Clarice, and if I keep it to myself any longer I believe it will be the death of me. Read it, and tell me what to do."

The letter ran thus:—

"ISTHMIAN CLUB,
"November 20, 188—.

"DEAR MR. CLIFFORD,—It is with pain amounting to anguish I compel myself to write these lines. Your telegram bidding me return to Milchester has just been given to me. Alas! I cannot obey it. I despair of making you comprehend my condition. My distress at the sight of your niece has overwhelmed me. I have unhappily all my life been terribly sensitive to personal disfigurement. To be possibly maimed, certainly scarred!—this, I am told, must be Miss Clifford's sad fate. It could only be rendered ten times sadder by the fulfilment of that contract on which I entered under such different circumstances. Your own sense of honour, Miss Clifford's sense of delicacy will, I am certain, agree with me that her unfortunate condition is a full warrant for cancelling the engagement between us. I shall now leave England at once for several months—months which I sincerely hope may bring your niece a large measure of recovery, and more peace and comfort than, I fear, would be hers if, through false sentiment, I still offered to carry out our proposed marriage. With all best wishes for yourself and Mrs. Clifford under this sad trial, I beg to remain

"Truly yours,
"VALENTINE HOLT."

John Fergusson drew a long breath, and then he used one short word which it is no use repeating, as it would certainly not be allowed to go into print. Then he set his teeth and said—

"It's well for him he's got out of the way, sir, or, with your leave, I'd have gone and thrashed him within an inch of his life. Left her! Left Clarice! Ill, maimed, scarred! Why, if I might, I'd love her a thousand times more for being hurt and feeble! But, sir," springing up, his plain face radiant at the glorious thought, "listen to me. You ask me what to do. Well, don't tell her yet about him. The cur! Wait till she's stronger. And then, sir, then—bid her not to let her dear heart ache for such a one as him. Say there's another man that she used not to seem to hate, all ready and proud to love her, and cherish her, and give his life to making her life happy. And scars or no scars, she's always beautiful enough for that man!"

"Jack," said Mr. Clifford, staring at the speaker through a curious haze, "you *are* a good fellow!"

It was a sunny day in April after all these events when Mr. Valentine Holt came over from Calais, not much the better for his winter rovings, and scarcely had he landed before he encountered the last people on earth he wished to meet.

Watching the bright Channel waters from the end of the Dover pier stood Jack Fergusson, and leaning contentedly upon his arm, her—why, did his eyes deceive him?—her face *lovelier* than ever—soft and somehow nobler than it used to be, was——

"Miss Clifford!" advancing in haste, then retreating in confusion.

The other gentleman drew himself stiffly up and laid his ungloved hand over the lady's close-clasping fingers.

"You are mistaken, sir—Mrs. Fergusson. We wish you good morning."

Poor Valentine Holt!

As he learnt by a letter from his cousin, which had followed him abroad from place to place, finally reaching him a week after he got back to Devonshire, he had fallen into a terrible but most grotesque blunder.

Miss Freer was the worst sufferer in that railway accident. Her crushed form it was which had been dragged forth from the shattered carriage. The name upon the travelling bag she still held misled the strangers around. Clarice, unsensed by the fearful shock, but otherwise absolutely unhurt, had actually lain in the same ward while her betrothed gazed on the injured figure that so revolted him. She was only just rousing from the long deep sleep that nature healed her with when her uncle and his wife reached her. Then the identity of the two girls being set right, that telegram ensued which scared Mr. Holt in such haste out of the country.

The mortification with which the fast-recovering girl learned of her lover's desertion was largely mingled with contempt for her own weak judgment. The

lesson that taught her to discern dross from gold was a sharp one, but she is far and away the better woman for it.

Helen Freer is sound and strong again now. The slight traces of her accident do not afflict that strong-minded young person in the least. Happy in the mistress-ship of a flourishing high school, she never visits the Fergussons without telling them they ought to be profoundly grateful to her for the change she helped to effect in their destiny.

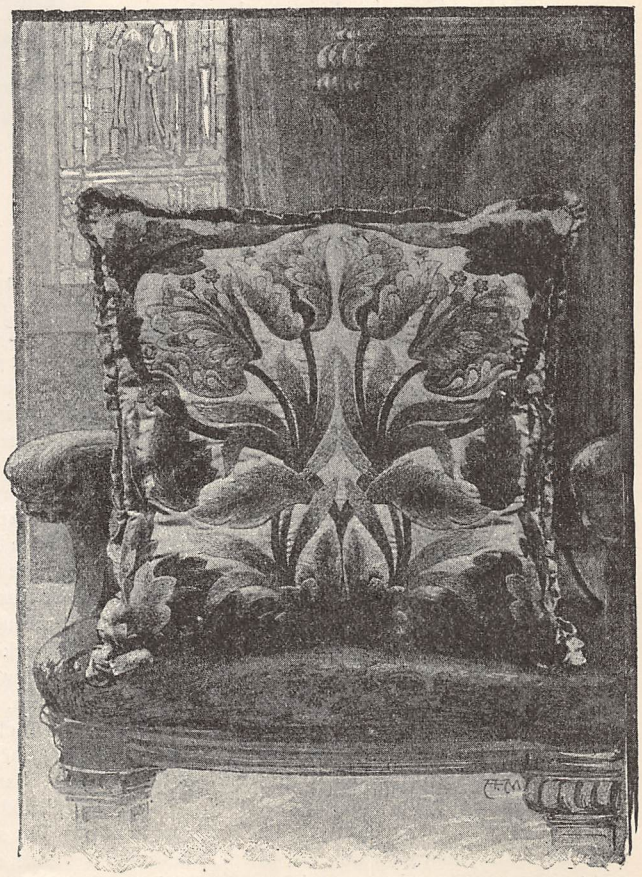
And grateful they are beyond words, although Clarice will persist in saying she is not one-quarter good enough for her husband.

But he is of an entirely different opinion

ON COLOURING AND MATERIALS FOR EMBROIDERIES.

A TREATISE on embroidery, or an attempt at a condensed dictionary of needlework, would both be utterly out of place in the pages of a family magazine, and I have no intention of trespassing even on the extreme limits of either. Just a popular paper on the most fashionable embroideries—skimming the surface of the subject, as it were, and giving some practical hints to workers — is, in all probability, what most of our readers will infinitely prefer. For those who wish to make deeper study of the subject, there are books treating exclusively of embroideries—the various schools, the stitches: in fact, the history of needlework. But to redeem my promise without further delay; for there is plenty of cream to be got off the surface, and valuable space must not be wasted in preamble.

It is generally acknowledged now by the best embroiderers that the most effective and pleasing harmonies of colours are produced by the judicious use of bright colours in suitable proportions. Some persons have a natural feeling for colour; they can tell at a glance, without seeming to give a thought to the choice, what tints will accord best on a given ground. Others have acquired the art of blending colours artistically, either by studying painting or by a continual intelligent examination of pictures by first-class artists. Our picture-galleries are of immense assistance to us. There we learn more of the theory of colour than many of us have any idea of. We get to understand somewhat of the value of certain colours, of the balance which secures a perfect harmony, of pleasant contrasts, of the simplicity of some of the richest tones of colour, of the effect of gentle gradations, of the value of half-tones. But, more than aught else, an observant eye to catch the sweetest of all harmonies—those of Nature—will help us to realise the possibilities of colour as we never could by any study, however profound and long-continued, of human work. Nature will teach us more in a week than we shall learn in years if we shut our eyes to her beauties, though we follow ever so diligently the old paths trodden by the best workers that ever lived. Not that I would say for an instant that it is useless to study the principles and methods of all the various schools, that we miss originality when we



CUSHION—TULIPS WORKED IN CREWELS.

tread partially in others' footsteps, that we get to work in stereotyped fashion, and to mark out no new departures, when we admire the antique embroideries. No; we must learn the art of embroidery, as we must all other arts, from those who have gone before us, but we can gather fresh ideas ourselves from Nature hourly. An error into which many fall—and especially novices—is that of using too many silks, crewels, or flax threads of varied shades in one piece. The delicate tints which are laid out before us on the shop counter when we are making purchases are most seductive. We fancy we cannot fail to produce a lovely piece of colouring if we become possessors of several of these exquisite shades. We are like the tyro at painting, who buys innumerable tins of colours, with the vain idea of equalling a master in the art, whereas the latter will probably use one colour to the former's three or four, and his picture will be a success, whilst the other's is a failure. The beauty, then, of embroideries does not depend on the number of tints, hues, and shades employed, but on the artistic arrangement of a few.

The colour of the material is as important as those used in its decoration. To my mind, the ground should be subordinate to the scheme of colour chosen for the decoration; but certainly tastes differ greatly here. The most brilliant colours are now very often chosen for grounds, such as crimson, bright green, or yellow. This, I should say, is one of the latest fads. Some time back such grounds would have been voted horrid. For public buildings, splendid striking effects are appropriate, and here brilliantly coloured materials are not objectionable; but for home use I cannot recommend them, unless in small quantities. We not only tire of pronounced showy pieces, but they are detrimental to far lovelier harmonies, and mostly kill all their surroundings. A small piece—for instance, a book-cover, a pin-cushion, a work-bag—glowing with colour, is sometimes an immense gain amid quiet surroundings; it gives just the touch needed to brighten, intensify, or relieve a scheme which is dull, wanting in force, or insipid. Used with discretion, such "bits" are the life of uninteresting decorative arrangements.

Many and varied are the materials now used by embroiderers. Each worker probably has her favourite one, and some will condemn as unsuitable a fabric that others admire. There are two fabrics I consider as about the least suitable that can be found for embroidering; but I differ from many workers, for these two are—or, at least, have been—very popular of late. One is plush. Beautiful as this is in itself, it does not show off embroidery to advantage; the stitches are lost in the high pile, and they indent the soft surface, and so detract from its beauty. There are some who will embroider plush with *crewels*, which is adding insult to injury. The other material to which I have an objection is felt. This is just as too hard and severe in appearance as plush is too soft, so far as regards the pile.

SACHET—DESIGN OF NARCISSUS.

A certain amount of substance is required in a perfect ground for embroidery, to carry the weight of the decoration without seeming to droop under it. This is an important point where draperies are concerned; where the work is used to cover any surface it is of much less consequence. A damask may be—in fact, always should be—of pure silk, but it will have substance enough to carry rich embroideries. Not so the thin Indian silks which we now often see embroidered. The decoration on these, to be fitting, must be of the lightest description—mere sketches rather than well-wrought-out elaborate designs. I grant that old workers used, and modern workers in Bulgaria and elsewhere are still using, with the best results, the thin, open-webbed muslins; but the decorations are so closely worked that *they* give the needful substance.

Satin is fast becoming a fashionable ground for embroidery once more, but it is not entirely satisfactory. The shine on its surface rather takes from the effect of silk embroidery. Arasene or chenille work, perhaps, may be said to look best upon it, but of this we are likely to tire soon. Plain ribbed pure silk is excellent.

Although thick, it is both soft in appearance and in reality, and it is pleasant to use. Damask is popular, as indeed it is likely to be, since the woven pattern gives an "under effect," which adds much to the richness of the piece when embroidered. Of brocade the same may be said, though the mixture of wool used in weaving detracts from the lustre which is so delightful a property of damask. There are three ways in vogue of embroidering these fabrics. One plan is to accentuate a flower and leaves, or a portion of the design, of whatever kind it may be, by working it out with silks, and to repeat this accentuation at long intervals on the brocade. The second plan is to work out all the design with silks; and the third plan is to embroider a totally different design on the brocade ground, merely letting the brocade pattern give the "under effect."

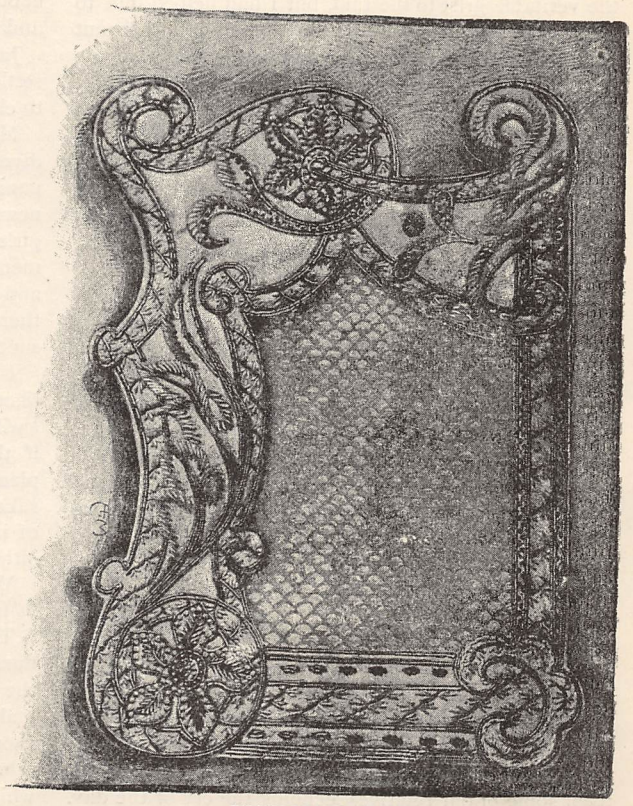
A superadded decoration is occasionally seen on printed velveteens. The pattern is outlined, leaves are veined, petals shaded, and so on. After all, though pretty, it is only an imitation of velvet, and is made of cotton. Some may say, "Linen is not rich or handsome, so why does that deserve such elaborate decoration as is often to be found on it?" Because linen is just what it claims to be—that is to say, *real* linen is—it is not a pretence. Then it is so unobtrusive that it gives the fullest value to the decorations. There will be rejoicings when the *beau ideal* linen is discovered. To mention all materials used for embroidery would be tedious for my readers, for their name is legion. Of woollen materials, fine plain French cloth is about the best, though the diagonal cloths run it close. Serge is greatly used, but I do not admire it. For footstools it is useful; for cushions I consider it too rough, and it catches the dust. White flannel is pretty for cot-covers and bedroom-sachets. The washing materials are as numerous. Oatmeal-cloth still holds its own, and fine jean is being used very generally. But though I need hardly enter more fully into this part of my subject, I must notice the fashion of using vellum and kid for small articles. Net is another ground that is likely to become popular, for the embroidered net chair-backs are pretty, and they will probably have a good run. White Indian muslin, with the threads far apart and uneven, is very attractive when embroidered; it is well suited for covering photo-frames. Gauze is not often employed, possibly because it is not the pleasantest of grounds to work on. It is utilised for fan-leaves, but these are done by professionals. I have seen a specimen of embroidered gauze which would be lovely for dress trimmings, if one had patience enough to execute sufficient of it for an evening costume. It was made of three layers of different coloured gauzes; the top layer was white, and the coloured ones beneath gave the effect of a shot material. The silks were carried through the three thicknesses of gauze, and the work formed an insertion.

Our readers will, I am sure, appreciate the excellent designs which the managers of the Royal School of Art Needlework have kindly lent us for illustration. Coming as they do from the fountain-head of modern embroideries in England, there is no question as to their merit, whilst their "fitness" and beauty commend them to us at the most casual glance.

The first illustration is of a cushion of white linen, worked with crewels. It is needless to describe the manner of working, as it can be learnt from the illustration itself; but I will give the colouring, as this will enable readers to get a more complete idea of the piece. The tulips are worked with shades of pink, and the foliage with shades of green, gold, and bronze. This design I chose as illustrative of the conventional floral style.

In the group of narcissus which forms the ornamentation of a soft grey royal silk sachet, we have a good example of the naturalistic designs. Even to the colouring, nature is followed closely. The flowers are white, with yellow centres tipped with red, and the foliage is carried out in quiet grey-green shades. Crewel-stitch is employed throughout the decoration.

The photograph-frame is a modern adaptation of rococo decoration to a fashionable article of the present day. The pure white vellum covering of the frame is simply worked with French knots and stars in greyish-green silk, and the outlines are of double rows of gold thread.



PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

"THEIR LIVING TO GET."

THE STORY OF FOUR GIRLS AND THEIR START IN LIFE.

BY THEIR MOTHER.

LET me tell you my story. Its recital may help some of my sisters in the world who are anxious about the future of their girls, and are perplexed as to what course to take; or, maybe, are placed in a difficulty similar to the one in which I was plunged a few years ago, when immediate action was imperative. Death took my husband from me in the full vigour of his life. I need not give you the particulars of the accident which in a few short moments extinguished life, nor is this the place to speak of the anguish of heart which such an event must bring to every true wife for many and many a day. I leave my sorrow in a silence sacred to him whose loss I mourned. When business matters were looked into, I found that I should have a tiny income, one which would keep the gaunt wolf from putting its foot on our doorstep, but one which would not bear the weight of five people—myself and my four daughters, together with the educational expenses of two of the family.

My husband was the actual bread-winner; my part was that of assistant bread-winner. I had not brought the veritable grist to the mill, but I had helped him to bring it; for, to my mind, those women are assistant bread-winners who, by the good management of the home, enable their men-kind—whether husbands, fathers, or brothers—to earn the money which buys the bread.

Freedom from domestic troubles, food well cooked, a cleanly house, well-trained children—these tend to the good health of body and mind of the man who has by his labour, whether it be physical or mental, to support the family.

Change the picture—put "bad" in lieu of "good" before the word "management," and notice how a man's health and wealth and wits are dragged down to a low level: it is so—it must be so.

Forgive this digression and allow me to introduce my daughters. Margaret, Janet, Susan, and Grace form the quartette. I shall not stay to describe their characters; you will gain an idea of their several idiosyncrasies when each one comes to be equipped for her start in life.

At the time I take up this thread of my reminiscences, Margaret was twenty years of age, Janet was eighteen, Susan was seventeen, and Grace had reached fifteen years.

Margaret was a sensible, practical girl, methodical in her ways, and one who threw all her interest into her work; but she had no special talent. She was not brilliant, but she was no dullard.

When she left the high school at the age of seventeen, some of our relatives, echoing the cry of the day, said to us, "What is Margaret going to be?" To their questions and their suggestions I replied that I thought that parents should study the characters and capabilities of their daughters, and also take into some consideration the inclinations of each—whether there are home duties which will employ her time profitably, or whether life at home would be one of ease and idleness—two things which mean uselessness and deterioration; whether the smaller details of the home occupations would chafe and fret and thus weaken her capacities, or whether they would by their multiplicity satisfy housewifely instincts.

After pondering the question, my husband and I came to the conclusion that Margaret's time would not be wasted, and our income would not be lessened, by her remaining under our roof-tree. Margaret became my right hand, and the thousand and one things that she learned in home life have stood her in good stead since she has stepped out of it into a larger but similar sphere of work.

For some girls, a general knowledge proves of most use; for others, a special application to one particular branch is of the most benefit.

But now had come a time when our plans must be rearranged. Margaret was old enough and strong enough to bear an additional weight on her shoulders, and she was willing and anxious to do so.

Janet, too, must decide upon her work. I left her to settle in her own mind which ladder she would aspire to climb, whilst I helped Margaret.

My girl and I agreed that it would be best to diverge from those well-beaten paths. Lady companions' and governesses' advertisements in every daily newspaper show in what overpowering numbers young girls and mature women alike fly to these employments. So we set those aside by common consent, and bent our minds to consider what occupations there were open in which Margaret was likely to succeed.

I suggested nursing the sick, and, as Margaret liked the idea of that profession, I began my inquiries. I will epitomise the result of my investigations; and if this mode seems to be abrupt and unmotherlike, please remember I have adopted the plan for the sake of giving information in a definite form instead of in straggling statements, interspersed with remarks either of my own or those made by Margaret.

What I gleaned about the profession of nursing was as follows.

There are three branches: there are the hospital nurse, the private nurse, and the district nurse. If the desire is for hospital work, the candidate has to make application to the matron of the hospital, and, should there be a vacancy, the would-be nurse is taken as a probationer. During the time of training, which extends over a year, and longer if deemed

necessary, the probationer acts as an assistant nurse. She receives £10 a year, together with board and uniform.

After a twelve months' training, if her efficiency is proved, the probationer is placed on the regular staff of nurses, and her salary is doubled. It is expected of each probationer that she remain two years at the hospital after her term of training is completed. Eventually she may become a matron or superintendent of a small hospital, infirmary, convalescent home, or such-like institution, for it is to the hospitals that committees apply when seeking someone to fill posts such as these.

A nurse who attends private patients at their own homes gets higher remuneration for her skill, and her work is not so laborious as that of a nurse in a hospital; but her income is variable, for her engagements may not be continuous. She cannot tell what length of time a patient may need her care, and thus between her engagements—when out of work, so to speak—she is out of pocket, for she has to pay for her board in a Home while waiting.

In years not long gone by, it was possible for a nurse who had not passed through a hospital training to find employment with private cases; but this easy method of becoming a nurse is almost, if not altogether, a thing of the past, and certificates and testimonials from recognised authorities are essential to secure the recommendation of a medical man.

With a view of raising the standard of nurses, the British Nurses' Association has been formed. The plan established is that of registration. All nurses whose names and addresses are found in this register may be regarded as professional nurses. The rules of the association are that no nurse may seek to be enrolled unless she has passed twelve consecutive months in a general hospital. The candidate takes her credentials to this association, whose committee examine them, and hold themselves free to admit or to reject them as they think fit. This careful selection constitutes the value of the register. Medical men and their patients can thus depend on a nurse's skill without further inquiry (for often the need of a nurse is sudden and urgent) and the nurses themselves can be more confident of securing constant employment. When enrolled, the nurse pays a subscription of five shillings a year, or a life subscription of two guineas. The office of this association is at 8, Oxford Circus Avenue, London, W.

I have now come to the district nurses: those who attend on the sick poor. These are recruited entirely from the class of gentlewomen, and although one might imagine that this particular employment would not attract that class to its ranks—for the district nurse has not only to nurse the patient, but has also to keep in cleanly order the immediate surroundings of the poverty-stricken sufferer—yet it is an actual fact that the majority of those who start in this track continue to walk along it, despite the disagreeables of dirt and misery which they encounter daily. The Central Home of the Association for District Nurses is at 23, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. Five or six offshoots from it have been formed in different parts of the metropolis, and others are placed in many parts of the United Kingdom. There is now the certainty that the numbers of these Homes will be increased, and, correspondingly, the numbers of the nurses will be augmented.

When the women of England offered their tribute to our Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Jubilee, Her Majesty gave the money thus contributed for the benefit of the sick poor in the United Kingdom. This sum has been invested, and the income arising therefrom is being spent in providing district nurses for both town and country needs, in establishing Homes for the nurses, and training-schools where they can be taught their onerous duties, and is giving pecuniary help, when needed, towards the expense of the training. All information connected with this fund is supplied by the warden of St. Katherine Royal College, Regent's Park, N.W.

The district nurses live in a home under the supervision of a lady superintendent; they pay visits to the patients under their care twice a day. Their salary commences with £30 a year, and an additional £3 is added yearly for the succeeding four years. Previous to their acceptance at a Home, they must have been trained at a hospital or a training-school for a year.

There is a training-school in Liverpool, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, in London, and other large towns, and the probationers who go to learn their work are no longer required to scrub floors and brush grates, as was deemed a necessary part of training at one period.

These facts I put before Margaret, and I told her that although there are about 15,000 nurses in the United Kingdom, yet there is prospect of employment for many more—not so much at hospitals, because I was assured that they had lists of applicants which would fill all vacancies likely to occur for the next year or two; but for the work of nursing private cases and for district nurses, the supply did not equal the demand.

There was one point more to tell Margaret, and that was that her age precluded her for the present from admission into the ranks of nurses. My inquiries in all quarters showed me that twenty-three years was the earliest age when she could begin her special training; the age of thirty-five was the barrier at the opposite end.

However, I did not consider that I had wasted my time, for it gave Margaret a few years to consider the question. Meantime, what should be her employment? My next inquiries were turned in another direction, but still in one which seemed suitable. I was told by an authority on whom I could rely that there was an excellent opening for those who had studied the culinary art, and that this demand would increase, because the Board Schools had added "cookery" to their curriculum, and therefore instructresses for that department were being eagerly sought after, and very good salaries were given to those competent to take these posts.

But before trying for one, Margaret would have to learn how to teach as well as what to teach, and she

would have to demonstrate the lessons she gave in a practical manner. Certificates and diplomas have to be obtained, and their acquisition can only be secured by attending some recognised school of cookery.

Three months at least would have to be spent in studying and practising, and for this term of instruction twenty guineas is usually charged. Margaret looked rather dubious about her success. Visions of the fifty or sixty golden guineas which we heard accompanied these posts tempted her to try, but visions of herself standing up to lecture and demonstrate made her pause. She was always diffident of her powers, and she was but young to undertake such a work, so I did not press the point. These details may help your daughters to take up this occupation.

To a laundry I turned my steps, for I heard that educated ladies are now sought for to act as superintendents. Maybe some people will think such work derogatory, I said to myself, but Margaret is too sensible to be scared merely by the name of a thing.

I found that the training for work of this kind—that of supervision—occupied about three months, and a fee of three guineas was charged, and Margaret could have her meals with the lady superintendent at the cost of a shilling a day. Tact, a genial temper, and good common-sense are required to ensure the harmonious and thorough working of a laundry. The work is hard, and robust health is necessary; the transitions from tropical heat to the frigid zone are trying to some constitutions, for the manageress has to go from one department to another, and thus meets these shocks of heat and cold. The remuneration given is not very high; it commences at £20 a year with board.

So I sped Margaret on her way, for she elected to take up this employment, for a few years at any rate. She finds that by gentle words, by example, by taking a kindly interest in the somewhat rough class she supervises, she has been able to raise the general tone to a higher moral standard, and she is at the same time earning her own livelihood. If she continues at this work she will start a laundry under her own direction.

Now that Margaret was fairly started on her way, I could turn to the help of my second daughter, Janet. I had said, "One at a time, please," for this first stepping out into the world demands much consideration, more especially if pounds, shillings, and pence have to be weighed.

Janet is the exact opposite of Margaret in disposition and character, and her talents are of a different order, and of a higher order in one sense. Her spirits rise at the thought of taking wing and soaring high; the idea of a narrow home-life is distasteful to her, and I think she would have dreamed the hours away, had she been kept within the confines of its small interests.

Janet is a devotee at the shrine of Art; what particular line of it shall I counsel her to follow? Whichever it may be, I must urge the necessity of its being steadily and studiously pursued, for the indifferent and the mediocre are pushed to the wall.

I did not feel inclined to make many inquiries about painting and painters and studios, for really it seems to me that during the last few years most of our girls have taken up the brush and seated themselves before an easel. There are instances where a decided talent, combined with years of close study, has produced the desired result, and the pictures have found admirers and purchasers; but in how many cases have weeks, months, years, together with a large outlay of money, been spent in vain, as it were, bringing no profit to the artist and no pleasure to the eyes of the public!

With these thoughts in my mind, I asked Janet if she was willing to lay down her brush (she had been working at a school of art) and take up her pencil, and turn her attention to the drawing of designs for wood engraving, following this up with the actual work of engraving.

The prospects of success seemed so encouraging, when one thought of the floods of books for children which yearly flow over the land, every one of which has its pictures more or less in number—of the magazines, and of the illustrated papers, all giving work to the artist.

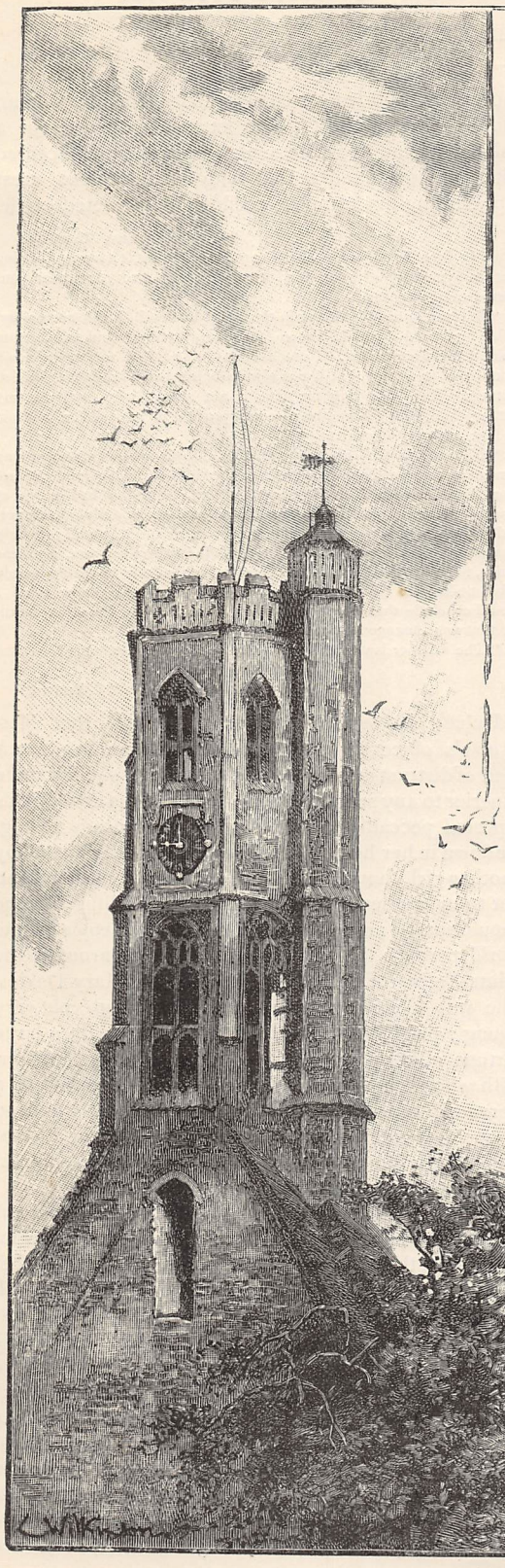
A knowledge of the art of wood engraving yields a good return for the outlay of time and money spent upon the study. More of the former has to be spent than of the latter; for excellent instruction can be obtained at a technical school for £3 a year, but, take notice, not one year nor two, but double that time has to be spent by the student before she is proficient in work of the highest order, and for that only is there any demand.

Janet was a good musician, and as that art gave her great pleasure, it seemed wise to put before her a musical career. The number of pianists appeared to be legion; it seemed useless to think of adding one more to their number, even although pianists are required as accompanists at concerts, in drawing-rooms at entertainments, for choral societies, by dancing-mistresses, and to give instruction to children. I shook my head. I feel sure there are sufficient to supply all these requirements; but what of the violin? It is quite a craze with mothers that their little sons and daughters should learn that instrument, and therefore instructors are wanted to teach these children, and for that purpose, doubtless, women have more patience with tiny fingers than men would possess; but Janet was rather too old with her eighteen years to take up violin practice, for that instrument more than any other demands early acquaintance with its mysteries, while the fingers are pliable, and the touch is sensitive.

No, Janet must play her music for recreation merely, and not seek to earn her livelihood by its help.

I knew there were one or two other fields in which an artist could roam with profit, and I determined to explore them. I am sure that you have heard enough of my doings for to-day: at some other time I will continue my narrative. It is delightful to talk to someone, for I am so much alone now that my daughters are occupied all day away from home.

(To be continued.)



THE BELFRY CLOCK.

HIGH up in the belfry tower,
The belfry clock proclaims the hour
Shadow and sun
For everyone,
Shadow and sun from the belfry tower!

Nine of the clock! 'tis morning gay,
The children sing at their merry play,
And bird and bee are over the lea,
And the ships are out on the dancing sea.

Twelve of the clock! 'tis golden noon,
The bells are ringing a happy tune,
And the bridegroom waits for his bride—sweet flower;
Shine on them! bless them, O bridal hour!

High up in the belfry tower,
The belfry clock proclaims the hour,
Shadow and sun
For everyone,
Shadow and sun from the belfry tower!

Six of the clock! the sun is low,
And homeward the weary world doth go,
And passing by they pause and sigh
Where the quiet dead in the churchyard lie.

Twelve of the clock! so time goes on,
So time shall be till time be done,
And the clarion ringeth its bidding clear,
"Sleepers, awake! the dawn is here!"

High up in the belfry tower,
The belfry clock proclaims the hour,
Shadow and sun
For everyone,
Shadow and sun from the belfry tower!

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

LORD MELVELL OF MELVELL COURT.

TWO letters came up with Dulce's morning tea, and she prepared to read them, leaning luxuriously back among her pillows.

One envelope directed in her mother's hand contained three sheets: one from Marjorie, one from Duke, and one from Mrs. Carruthers herself; and Dulce paused to think tenderly of dear Trelorn, and as to what the home party would be doing at that moment.

She could almost see them, sitting at breakfast—Marjorie with a fresh bunch of roses in her gown, gathered early in the garden, with the morning dew still on them, while *she* was wasting the summer sweetness of the morning in bed—resting after the unwonted fatigue of a dinner party, the night before.

Mrs. Carruthers' letter was full of tender thought and sympathy for her daughter; she told all the home news—the various trivial incidents, so uninteresting to an outsider, but so full of interest to a home bird away from the home circle. All mention of Jack was avoided in her letter, and Dulce, reading through the lines, could almost see how her mother longed to speak of him, but had been restrained by her husband's wise hand.

Duke's letter was very characteristic, very badly written, and very ill-spelt:—

"DEAR DULCE,—I am writin' this all by myself, and i hope you can rede it. My rabit has had two little rabits with pinke noses. The pigg is dead. Jon sed it dide of a suden, but i don't no what that menes. I hope you like London.

"I am your affec Brother,

"DUKE."

Marjorie's letter was rather longer, and Dulce took it up when she had finished her laugh over Duke's effusion:—

"DARLING DULCE,—We do miss you—in fact it is horrid without you, but I hope you are very happy, and that you won't get too grand to come back to us again. How lovely your new dresses must be! Mother has had your green serge altered for me, and it looks very nice.

"I have not seen Jack since you left, but think he is quite well. I expect he misses you awfully. I wanted to run down to read your letter to him yesterday, but father would not allow me.

"We are all very well, but Ted is very melancholy about Oxford, as usual. I think he is enough to drive us all mad—he goes about the house just like a chicken with the pip!

"Now good-bye, dearest Dulce.

"From your loving Sister,

"MADGE."

The other letter was from Mrs. Brown, and Dulce took it up in surprise. She had only left Trelorn one short week, and wondered why that estimable woman should write to her. The letter was written in a pointed Italian hand on superfine note paper, scented with patchouli, and sealed with an enormous crest representing two rampant griffins on a turreted castle.

"THE RECTORY, TRELORN.

"MY DEAREST DULCE,—I take up my pen to write to you, thinking that the sympathy of your friends may be useful to you under your altered circumstances.

"Is it not agreeable to live in the lap of luxury? I can remember, before I married dear Mr. Brown, the many luxuries and comforts to which I was accustomed. I was never even permitted to carry my own hymn-book to church, but it was always borne behind me by a liveried footman. Ah! marrying for love is not always wise, and you, my darling child, will, I hope, be wise and prudent in your choice, and not go from poverty to poverty.

"I hear from good authority that Dr. Mordaunt—who, as you may remember, I never liked—has distinguished himself since your departure by a flirtation with Miss Davies of Flavell. She has had a sort of illness—pretended, no doubt—for which he has been in daily attendance, and he was seen driving with her in her smart carriage and pair only yesterday. You know she has money. I do not want you, my dear Dulce, to be deceived by a worthless reprobate, who is in reality merely a fortune-hunter. I do not know whether your people know this. I should conclude that they do, as your father told me the other morning that your engagement to him was broken off.

"The weather is very fine. How is dear Lady Spenhouse?

"Your devoted Friend,

"J. BROWN."

Dulce's lip curled in scorn. She saw that Mrs. Brown's object in writing to her had been to plant a seed of distrust in her mind, and although she felt quite superior to any such distrust—quite callous as to Jack's reported peccadillos—yet there was an uneasy feeling, far down in her heart, of disappointment; for like many another girl, though she had almost made up her mind not to marry her lover, she felt very unwilling that he should marry anyone else. And of all people in the world, perhaps the only one who had ever aroused the faintest sting of jealousy within her was Mary Davies. She was a most attractive woman, though not very young; personally very fond of Dulce; with a large fortune of her own, shared with her widowed mother, with whom she lived. Being very delicate and of a nervously sensitive nature, she was constantly in need of medical advice, and Dr. Mordaunt spent a great part of his life at Flavell, and was on terms of great intimacy with both mother and daughter.

Of course this news was nothing to Dulce, and yet—Mrs. Brown's letter, combined with the strange intelligence that Marjorie had not seen Jack since her departure, roused her into something very like ill-humour, and she went downstairs with the reckless desire strong upon her of doing something unusual, if only an opportunity would present itself. Her two uncles were in the breakfast-room when she appeared. They had arrived the night before, and Dulce had scarcely had an opportunity of studying them till now. Clifford Carruthers reminded her forcibly of her father. He had the same "Vandyke" face with the little pointed beard; but instead of the dreamy eyes and absorbed expression of his younger brother, he looked

thoroughly wide awake and business-like. In him reserve almost amounted to pride, and though the expression of his face was thoroughly kind, yet he seldom opened his mouth to utter more than the ordinary commonplaces of daily life.

His half-brother, Alan, was a complete contrast in every way. He was rather above the middle height, and of a dark complexion with a luxuriant black moustache, and a manner that a little reminded Dulce of Rosalind Mason, only that he was apparently far more sympathetic, and seemed to go about asking his acquaintances for their confidences, which when once known to his attentive ear, did not always remain the private communication that their possessors had desired. Looking like a Guardsman, he was in reality nothing more nor less than "a man about town," whose object in life was to have as much money to spend as possible, to know nice people, and to be conversant with the spiciest gossip of the clubs.

Of her two uncles, Dulce felt certain that she should prefer her uncle Clifford; but as yet he had paid little or no attention to her, merely saying that he was glad to make her acquaintance at last.

Both the men seemed much absorbed in their letters and papers, but when Dulce entered, Alan politely laid aside his correspondence, and began to devote himself to her entertainment. He had been made aware, during a short conversation with his mother, the night before, of her plans for Dulce's settlement in life, and highly approved of them, feeling slightly nervous as to his future inheritance while this formidable rival was in the field.

"Are you going to Aunt Rose's reception to-morrow night, Uncle Alan?" said Dulce when they had exhausted the weather, and the beauty of the park, and the charms of the season in general.

"Yes. I came up partly for that purpose, and to see your *début*. It is your first party, I think. I know that Rosalind wished you to come out formally at her house."

"Yes; grandmother would not allow me to go to the two parties we had cards for last week, as she said Aunt Rose would not like it," said Dulce, laughing.

"Ah! you will soon find that Aunt Rose's will is law in this house; and that all she does, says, and wears is perfection."

"I think she is perfectly lovely," said Dulce enthusiastically. "I never saw anyone I admired so much.'

"Well, it is really quite refreshing to hear one woman admire another," said Alan with a short laugh.

Dulce opened her eyes widely with an innocent stare. "Don't women admire one another in London?"

"No, little Miss Innocence, they don't; and what is more, you'll soon find after to-morrow night that you have more faults in appearance and manners than you ever believed yourself to be possessed of. Or rather, perhaps, *you* won't find it out, but your relations and belongings will."

"Don't you think people will like me?" said Dulce rather aghast.

"Women won't," said Alan, laughing. "As for the other sex—well, wait till to-morrow night—that is *my* advice!"

"Don't talk such nonsense to the child, Alan; you will fill her head full of rubbish," said Clifford in his quiet, rather severe tones.

Dulce blushed. She was ashamed to confess to herself that the "nonsense," though rather bewildering at first, was privately pleasant.

"Are you fond of people—and conversation?" continued Alan unabashed, "for that is what a reception usually means: smart dresses, smart people, and conversation varying from the merest twaddle to the most scientific lingo!"

"I know very little about receptions," said Dulce modestly; "but my evening will have to be spent among the twaddle-talkers, I am afraid, for I am *not* scientific!"

"What is more to the point is that you are very fond of music, I hear," said Clifford kindly.

"Oh, yes, I am devoted to singing. You know I once thought that I should have to make my living by my voice, and Signor Marios, who used to teach me, said that it was quite strong enough for a large hall," said Dulce eagerly.

"I wouldn't allow that little fact to be widely known to the world if I were you," said Clifford drily. "It does not reflect much honour upon the Carruthers family in general. We are not so widely known as a generous, forgiving race as to be able to afford to have our defects blazoned from west to east."

"Signor Marios?" inquired Alan, taking pity on Dulce's bewildered confusion, "the fellow who lives out somewhere in the Maida Vale direction? the splendid tenor who is such excellent company?"

"Oh, yes; will you take me to see him some day?" cried Dulce. "His wife is such a kind little woman—she and I are the greatest friends."

"Hum—ha—oh, yes. We will see—perhaps so," said Alan; and Dulce knew that the visit to Maida Vale would never come off while she was under Lady Spenhouse's roof.

"You will meet him in society as a professional, no doubt," said Clifford quietly, "and if I am with you I will take care that you have a few words with him."

"Thank you, Uncle Clifford," said the girl gratefully. "He has been so very kind to me, and he never allowed me to pay anything for my lessons."

Clifford Carruthers looked up at his niece with grave approval in his eyes, but said nothing, as at that moment Lady Spenhouse entered, and the conversation became general.

Her grandmother had been pleased to find that Dulce was a good horsewoman, thanks to the Trelorns' kindness, for they all had in turns been taught by the old coachman, and accompanied Tom on his youthful rides. Then, until of late years, they had had a rough pony of their own, but that had succumbed to old age, and since then she had ridden but little.

But after a few mornings' early canter in the Park, she was considered capable of displaying herself in

the Row, and she prepared for her ride that day with a feeling of pleasurable excitement.

She had never looked better in her life than when she joined her uncles in the drawing-room to be criticised on her "turn-out."

Her closely fitting riding-habit encased her slender figure like a glove, and under the stiff hat and veil her fresh face smiled out like a June rose. Her grandfather had presented her with a little whip that had belonged to her grandmother, and which, with its gold mount and tiny diamond monogram, added a touch of richness to her dress.

Alan, with a few words of approbation, put her up on her horse, and they were soon cantering merrily through the Park gates and up the ride.

Dulce's mount was a charming little brown cob that seemed to appreciate her delicate handling, for he arched his neck and curveted along in the sunlight, as if he realised the worth of his beautiful burden.

The girl attracted a good deal of notice, much to Alan's satisfaction. She was talking in an animated way to her Uncle Clifford, and thinking of nothing save the sunshine and happiness of which she herself was the complete personification.

"Clifford, there is Melvell over there by the railings. Shall we go up and speak to him?" said Alan suddenly, bending towards his brother. And before Dulce knew what was happening, they were all three drawing up under the trees in front of a man who was standing a little way removed from the crowd, watching the riders, or more strictly speaking, the horses, for his eyes never wandered as far as their owners' faces.

"Hulloa, Melvell!" said Alan Carruthers briskly, "When did you come south, and how was bonny Northumberland when you left that part of the world?"

The man addressed lifted an astonished face to the speaker, and Dulce saw that he was a tall, sparely built man, faultlessly dressed and equipped. His face was Spanish in its dark, Don-like gravity, and his olive skin and dark eyes and hair were a curious contrast to the faces of the young England around him.

But when he spoke he had a pleasant grave smile, and his voice was low and reserved.

"How are you, Carruthers?" he said. "I came south yesterday."

Then his eyes fell upon Dulce, and his face became suddenly transformed with a strange light of wonder that died away as quickly as it had risen. She was sitting looking down at him with her clear, beautiful eyes, wondering at his curiously un-English face, an unconscious smile on her lips. Alan, quickly noting the effect that her beauty had upon the man, made haste to introduce them, and the spell was broken.

"Lord Melvell—Miss Carruthers."

They bowed quietly, and after a few words of greeting from Clifford, who now came forward, and seemed to be on fairly intimate terms with their new acquaintance, they separated.

As they parted, Lord Melvell laid his hand for an instant on the chestnut's neck.

"Are you going to Lady Mason's to-morrow night?" he said, looking up into Dulce's face with his dark eyes.

"Yes," said the girl, smiling. "Shall you be there?"

"I shall be; and no doubt we shall meet there."

"What! the taciturn, reserved Lord Melvell—the despair of all chaperons with girls on their hands—actually going to a London crush!" said Alan boisterously; and Lord Melvell withdrew into his shell at once like a sensitive snail whose horns have been touched by an inquisitive passer-by.

He stood watching the little party as they rode away, and as they vanished from sight, something very like a sigh stirred the depths of Lord Melvell's heart—a sigh, perhaps, for his vanished youth and the golden dreams of boyhood.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A TASTE OF LONDON SOCIETY.

MELVELL of Melvell Court, as he was generally called, had had a sad history and a varied life. He was that *rara avis*, a disappointed man who would have become a misogynist had he cared enough for women. As it was, he had lost all faith in them, and looked upon the opposite sex with a cynical air as being faithless and heartless—whited sepulchres without and within, full of all uncleanness!

His youth had been a melancholy one, tinged from his earliest days by the shadow of death. His mother had died in giving him birth, and his father, broken-hearted, had lingered only a few years, and had followed her, when their only child was launching into the new era of schoolboy life. His memories of home had been always of a large desolate house, where the blinds were generally drawn down, and where everyone wore mourning; where all the servants were middle-aged and gloomy, and where there were no childish amusements save a daily run with an iron hoop in the long, dark yew walks, or an unexciting game of ball with his elderly nurse.

The butler and nurse were both imbued with stern religious principles of a Calvinistic tendency, which combined with his father's freethinking opinions—which, though he never imparted them to his little son, yet seemed to cast a shadow of doubt and unbelief in the household—served to make religion a strange enigmatical bugbear to the boy.

Sunday was a day of horror, when he was regaled with fearful pictures of future torments, reserved for those whose opinions did not coincide with those of Nurse Jones. He was taken, a helpless victim, to a long service without music or singing which he did not understand; and in the evening crept down to his father's study for half an hour, where he sat on the floor, building his toy bricks in peace, or looking at quaintly illustrated old folios. His father seldom spoke to him, but usually sat with his hand shading his eyes, gazing into the fire, deep in melancholy thought.

Above the study chimney-piece hung a painting of his mother, taken just after she was married, and

Melvell often spent a great part of his time in looking up at the lovely laughing face, and wondering if it could have possibly been true that his mother had ever lived and smiled in this desolate house. Nurse Jones had been her maid before she had become his nurse, and he often wondered in his childish way if she had fell on the white wasted face, as Lord Melvell took his son's little cold hand in his, and half raised himself on his elbow to look at the boy with eyes fast growing dim with the shadow of death.

"Rupert," he said faintly, "remember I have made a mistake. I understand now what my life should

"'I AM SURE YOU ARE BOTH LONGING TO BE DELIVERED FROM THIS CROWD'" (*p.* 162).

frightened his mother by her dread Sunday stories as she now frightened him, and whether his mother believed them as implicitly as he felt he ought to do.

Old Lord Melvell never spoke to the little boy of his mother until the end came, and Rupert was summoned from his bed one night, trembling and frightened, but tearless, to the great bed-room where his father lay dying.

The shadows of the heavily curtained four-post bed have been. But, my boy, my heart died with your mother—it went away with her. Shall I see her again, my beautiful darling? Rupert, live so that you may be with her hereafter. I tell you there *is* mercy, there *is* a God."

Rupert had been led away, after those words, by his weeping nurse, and he remembered little more of this still more dreary time, until he awoke into a realised existence at Eton.

Eton and Christ Church were the brightest memories of his life, with the new experience of companionship and education. But it was at Naples—where he went when his education was completed—that it was reserved for him to know the maddest intoxication of happiness, and the most terrible abyss of misery.

He fell in love with a beautiful face—not in the transient passing fashion of the modern young man—but with the unreasoning passion of men of his reserved calibre, who fling their life and soul on one cast of the dice.

The lady of his love proved faithless, and threw him over for an Italian prince of fabulous wealth and handsome person; and Melvell retired from the world again, not to the house of his youth—for that he had at once sold when he came of age—but to Melvell Court in Northumberland, which his family had owned for centuries, but where they had seldom lived, as the place was too "far from all resorts of mirth," deep in the country.

There he had lived ever since—save for an occasional run up to town; and now that he was eight-and-thirty, people had long ago set him down as a confirmed cynical bachelor, lacking both faith in things unseen, and reverence for things seen.

People are not always what other people would have them to be, and Lord Melvell to his one or two intimate friends, was a very different man from the Lord Melvell known to the London world.

Not that he had many intimate friends, however, for he seemed never to care to open his heart to any human being—and without full confidence, no friendship can be intimacy. But among his acquaintances Clifford Carruthers was the one who knew and appreciated him best of all, and felt strangely drawn to this man whose life had been so completely marred. But in spite of all this, Lord Melvell was still considered the best, though utterly unattainable, prize in the matrimonial market; and many match-making mothers would have given their dearest treasures in the world to have brought him, with his wealth, a captive to their daughters' feet.

This, then, was the man whose eyes fell on Dulce Carruthers in the sunlight of her happiness and beauty. He wondered as he dressed for Lady Mason's reception the next evening, with something more of care than usual, if a face so fair could contain a heart so black and unworthy as the rest of her sex, and if those innocently lovely eyes would ever laugh away the joy out of a man's life and soul, as the Marchesa di Santiago's had done to him years and years ago. He felt absolutely impervious to the touch of love, but Dulce would be an interesting study; how long would she preserve that innocent look in the midst of London society, and how in the name of wonder did the worldly Lady Spenhouse come to have such a granddaughter, and above all to have been trusted with her?

"Another victim," he muttered to himself. "But I declare if Clifford Carruthers was not her uncle, and if he did not hate Lady Spenhouse with such an exceeding hate, I would pay no attention to this child. But Lady Mason is an amusing little person, though absolutely heartless. Still, a heart is an inconvenient possession in this world, and no doubt she gets on very well without it. At any rate, she is a pretty little woman, and her parties are always at least more bearable than other people's."

Dulce dressed for the reception with feelings of the most intense excitement. She surveyed herself in her long mirror when Hepburn had put the last finishing touches to her hair. She could scarcely believe, as the mirror flashed back to her the slim fair figure, with soft chestnut hair piled in low masses round her head, plaited in and out with pearls—that here stood the little Dulce Carruthers who but a few weeks ago was playing in the sunlit garden with Marjorie, clad in a simple print frock.

Now, she was gowned in clouds of white tulle looped back with water-lilies, every centre of which was a shining pearl.

Was it a change for the better? Yes—a thousand times yes—said Dulce to herself, as she listened to the enthusiastic admiration of her little maid.

The steps and pavement in front of Lady Mason's house in Park Lane were bright with scarlet cloth, and the balcony and verandah glowing with flowers and lights when they drove up.

Alan Carruthers met them at the foot of the stairs. He and Clifford had dined early with their sister, and they had had a quiet talk as to the merits of Lord Melvell—though Rosalind had shrugged her shoulders incredulously at the bare idea of his admiring any woman under the sun.

Lady Mason was standing at the door receiving her guests, and looking, as usual, the most distinguished person among the very distinguished company that was filling her stately rooms with mirth and brilliancy.

"Very nice indeed, my child," she said, with an approving nod, as she introduced Dulce in her off-hand way to her husband—a meek young man with a tendency to baldness—who was standing beside her. "Yes—but I don't mean you to monopolise my new beauty, Herbert; an old dowager will do for you. And you need make no engagements of any sort with Miss Dulce, for if you do you will have a duel or two on your hands before a week is over. Captain Feversham, may I introduce you to my niece, Miss Carruthers?"

She rattled on for a few moments, introducing Dulce to so many men that she felt perfectly bewildered; and to add to her confusion, a delicious song was being rendered by one of the queens of melody at that moment, not a hundred yards away, and she felt it absolutely barbaric to chatter nonsense while a woman whom she reverenced as excelling in her own art, was making music fit for the gods to this careless, empty-headed crowd, who listened and talked at the same time.

"Oh, here is Lord Melvell at last," said Lady Mason, laughing. "I am sure you are both of you longing to be delivered from this crowd, and enjoy the

enchantment of the night air and the music on the balcony. "I can answer for Dulce's wishes; but can I answer for yours, my Lord Melvell?"

He came silently forward, and offered his arm with a smile to Dulce.

"Oh, you have a great deal to answer for. Half of my niece's new acquaintances are breaking their hearts to occupy that snug little seat on the verandah."

"If everyone had to answer for all their shortcomings, Lady Mason would have so large a list of broken-hearted admirers that, before it, the list of victims of any other victorious belle would fade into insignificance."

Lady Mason, well pleased, dismissed them with a smile, and together they passed down the length of the room out on to the balcony, where they took possession of a little nook with two chairs, screened from all observing eyes by a miniature forest of flowers and ferns.

Dulce sank into the luxurious lounge, and he seated himself at her side, and taking her dainty little fan in his hand, began to use it as a punkah with refreshing success, as the night was hot, and the air heavy with the perfumes of the flowers that were massed in profusion around them.

He was observing his lovely companion at the same time, with a close, almost stern scrutiny, of which she was not aware, for she sat with her eyes fixed on the glimpse of the street and the Park, seen dimly through a hedge of fern fronds.

"How do you like London after your Cornish life?" he said, at last.

Dulce's happy face turned eagerly towards him, and he was rewarded for his long conversation with Lady Mason that morning in the Park, by a brilliant flash of delight from her eyes.

"Oh, do you know Cornwall? Do you know Trelorn?"

"Yes. I used to know Trelorn years ago. At least, I once rode there when I was staying with the Menheniots, and I remember thinking it such a peaceful haven of repose."

"So it is," said the girl, with a wistful look stealing for an instant into her face. "But I like London immensely at present—it is all so new. Fancy my never having been to a reception before—and hardly ever out of Trelorn itself."

He echoed her bright laugh with a new sensation of amusement.

"Dear me, how much you must have to learn!" he said with a touch of cynicism in his tone.

"Yes, there are so many things I must not do which are quite natural to me. I have to remember not to talk about my past life in the country—you know, of course, that there has been a quarrel for years between my father and grandfather; then I have to get used to having everything done for me by a maid, which I am beginning to hate; and I must not go out for walks alone, and—oh, heaps of things! And perhaps I ought not even to be talking to you like this, as if you were one of my brothers!" she added with sudden dismay as she realised her companion's age and position, and reflected how very little her doings could interest a man who, to her eyes, had lost the first freshness of youth. He must be beginning to think her a very ignorant, silly girl.

"For pity's sake!" he cried hastily, "be natural, child! I am beginning to think that there is nothing natural and real left in the world—neither in people nor religion!"

He glanced for a moment at Dulce, wondering if she would laugh at this strange conversation. But her face was perfectly serene and grave, though crossed by a little line of perplexity. She was far too thoroughly accustomed to her father's serious topics of thought and conversation.

"Nothing real—in religion!" she said, turning her eyes upon his face with a shocked expression of incredulous surprise.

"No, I agree with the Frenchwoman in the story," he said lightly, "who said that in her country they had a hundred and one soups and only *one* religion, while in England we have but *one* soup and a hundred and one religions. Does not that make it rather hard to believe in anything?"

"Hard to believe in anything?" she said wonderingly. "It is not hard to me. But if everything was quite easy to believe, there would be no need of faith. Faith is the evidence of things not seen."

She spoke in a hesitating voice, as if afraid of saying too much to a man who must know far more about everything than she did. But yet there was such quiet conviction running through her words that a new sense of confidence began to dawn in Lord Melvell's heart.

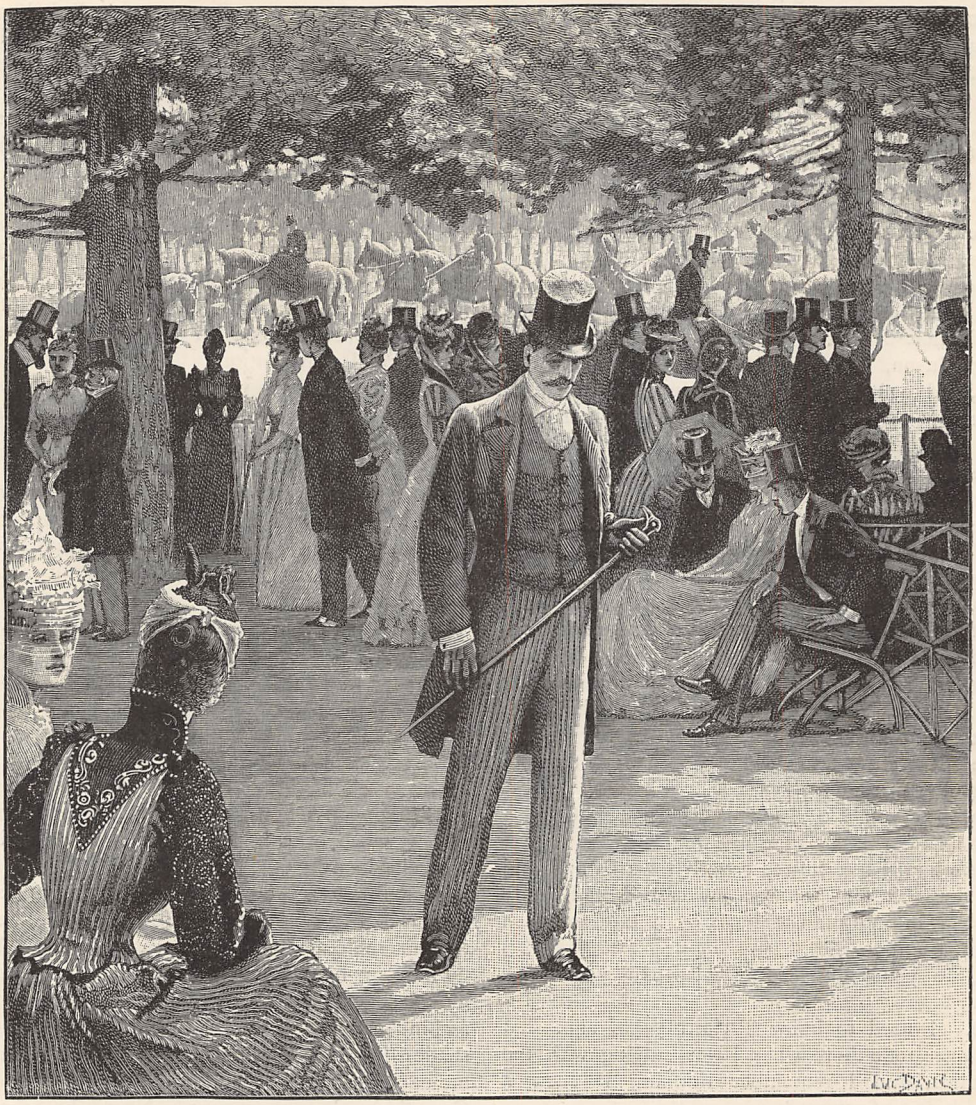
"I had not the chance of learning to believe anything when I was a child. I will tell you some day of the miserable farce of religion in which I was brought up from my babyhood. And in return you must tell me all about your Trelorn home and your people. I feel inclined to say with Festus: 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' If anyone could give me back the faith of childhood, it would be you, Miss Carruthers, I am certain. Now," he concluded, abruptly changing the subject, "I must take you back to your chaperon. You must be longing for an ice or some tea."

Lord Melvell left the room very shortly. He was in a sense bewildered and inclined to be annoyed with himself for having been, as it were, compelled to confide so many of his inward thoughts to this young girl. But he had obeyed an irresistible impulse, and had spoken as he had never spoken in his life to anyone before.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

DULCE IS *NOT* ENGAGED.

DULCE spent the greater part of the next morning in her own little sitting-room. She was feeling rather tired and languid after the unwonted late hours of the night before, but although her head and her limbs ached, still she had the delights of many recollections. She



"HE WAS ASKING HIMSELF . . . . WHY HE LINGERED SO LONG IN LONDON" (*p.* 167).

smiled with a little thrill of triumph as she remembered how great and surprising to herself her success had been, and how, before she had started for the reception, she had wondered with mingled shyness and distrust if anyone would even look at or single her out in any way from among that gay throng of beautiful women and fastidious men.

She had felt so thoroughly a little country girl until the first glance of admiration, the first whisper she had caught of surprise and wonder had woke her to the consciousness that she was the admired of all eyes.

Several men to whom she had not been introduced besieged Lady Mason for an introduction. She had dropped her fan, and immediately all the men in her immediate neighbourhood had sprung forward to restore it. She had heard a number of people—both men and women—say audibly—

"Who *is* that lovely girl with the water-lily dress?"

In fact, she had realised that she was the belle of the evening, and that before her face and dress all other beauties faded into minor significance. The consciousness of her triumph had added fresh colour to her cheeks and light to her eyes, and she had flashed bright repartee backwards and forwards with her admirers.

The excitement of the scene had added to her beauty the additional charm of brilliant manner and conversation, and she had been for the time the acknowledged wit, as well as the belle, of Lady Mason's reception.

Her aunt and grandmother had been delighted with

her marked success and the compliments that in her behalf had been showered upon them. Lady Spenhouse was too old and her daughter too secure in her position of original beauty to feel even the least spark of jealousy, and they had expressed their pleasure very openly to Dulce.

Something, too, had been hinted about Lord Melvell, but the girl in her innocence had never imagined that here was the rich Prince Charming intended for her bridegroom, and had said quite simply that she liked him immensely, but had found Captain Lefroy and Mr. Stuart more amusing and with far more to tell her about the pleasures of London life.

Lady Spenhouse wisely held her tongue and put no new ideas into the girl's head as to his attentions, for she noticed with thankfulness that her granddaughter was not one of those silly girls—alas ! too common in this world of ours—who think that every man who addresses more than two words to them must be head over ears in love with them.

At the same time she thought that with two attractive eligible strings to her bow, in the shape of Captain Lefroy and Mr. Stuart, Dulce would be far more likely to attach Lord Melvell to her permanently through the medium of a successful touch of jealousy. For a man never admires a woman so well as when she is admired and sought after by other men. Lady Spenhouse flattered herself that she was perfectly capable of checking any budding signs of affection on her granddaughter's part towards either of the two young men in question. As for their feelings and affection, of course, they went for nothing : if they chose to immolate themselves on the altar of Dulce's beauty they were quite at liberty to do so, as long as their feelings were not reciprocated. Of course, there was always the chance that Lord Melvell would not propose—and in that case, either of the young men would be a most suitable husband, providing no one better turned up in the interim, as each possessed somewhere about five thousand a year.

So Lady Spenhouse, like the fox in "Uncle Remus," "lay low."

Dulce, in her white morning wrapper, lay idly in her lounge chair. Some letters from home, half read, were beside her, while she thought over all the events of the preceding evening. Jack Mordaunt's name was, by common consent, not mentioned between them. But the letter from her mother was in answer to one of hers, in which she had rather bitterly referred to Jack's intimacy with Miss Davies.

Mrs. Carruthers' words were : "I think, my dear child, that you have judged poor Jack far too hastily, as I am convinced that the so-called attachment is a pure invention of Mrs. Brown's fertile brain. The fact is that both poor Mary Davies and her mother are in a very delicate state of health, and Dr. Mordaunt being a friend of theirs, it is perfectly natural that he should attend both of them. His present plans are, he tells me, to start next week, with the Davieses and some friends of theirs, for a tour round a great part of the world in their yacht. As to the wisdom of the plan, I say nothing ; but his words to me were, yesterday, when he came up to bid us farewell, 'Tell Dulce my love for her is unalterable. I cannot endure being in Trelorn without her, and this absence will make the time of our separation much shorter.' He intends, I believe, to be away for a year, meanwhile putting in a friend as *locum tenens* in this place. You must remember, darling, that although Miss Davies is a very attractive woman, still, she is a good deal older than Jack, and must be at least five-and-thirty. Your father was not pleased at Jack's message, and bade me tell you that you must remember you are entirely a free agent, and that no idea of sentimentality should bind you, if you find that you could be happier in a different station of life——"

This was the sentence in her mother's letter over which Dulce had lingered longer than usual ; but she did not ponder so much over Jack's words as over her father's message.

Dr. Mordaunt was going off to sea with the Davieses, she said, with a proud lifting of her head—and a sea voyage is an excellent opportunity for developing a latent flirtation. She never paused to think that probably the Davieses had offered him a large sum to accompany them, which Jack would welcome as a glad addition to his little store towards housekeeping : that he was forbidden to correspond with her, and that, above all, love is made up of faith and trust through difficulties.

To her this incense was so new and so delightful—this phase of life so enchanting—that she was beginning unconsciously to discover how very difficult it would be to her to live without it. Among her recent acquaintances had been one or two men who had heard her sing at Trevithick on that memorable night, and they had been so eager to hear her voice again, that Lady Spenhouse had already begun to plan a select little *soirée*, and one or two afternoon teas. Dulce's voice would be not one of the least of her charms, and it never need become publicly known that it had been trained for any special purpose ; and to the one or two who were aware of the fact, it would only add an additional halo to the romance surrounding the young beauty.

Young Stuart had sought an introduction to Dulce on the strength of having been at school with Ted. Ted was the only one of the family over whose school education pains and money had been spent. With the last of Mrs. Carruthers' savings he had been sent to Marlborough for four years, and it was there that he and Mr. Stuart had been acquainted. The young man by a lucky flash of recollection had remembered the name of Carruthers in connection with his school-days, and although Ted had been a little boy when he was in the sixth, still, some incident had fixed his identity on his memory. Perhaps it had been the extraordinary and dog-like devotion with which the small boy had regarded the school hero. At any rate, his exertion of memory had been rewarded by a delighted smile and a long confidential conversation as to Ted's virtues and merits, carried on between the pauses of the music. And although perhaps Frank

Stuart would rather have conversed on some other topic than that of a grimy little red-headed schoolboy, yet he hypocritically pretended to take as deep an interest in his career as even Dulce could have wished. He lamented over the difficulties in the way of Oxford, and prophesied great things from Ted's brains if his desires were ever realised, and ended finally by saying—

"How I wish I could help him, Miss Carruthers! If it ever lies in my power to do him a good turn, believe me, I shall remember him for your sake."

He had uttered these words quite fervently, and probably, like other lunatics, believed them at the time, and fancied that he would go through heaven and earth to serve Ted Carruthers—if he only had not, the very next day, entirely forgot his existence. But he had attained his object—a delicious smile from Dulce, and a warmly expressed hope that they would shortly meet again, which hope he intended at once to realise, and to present himself in a day or two at Lady Spenhouse's afternoon tea-table.

Someone else did not forget that he had promised Lady Spenhouse to call upon her very shortly. And, in fact, Lord Melvell surprised everyone, and himself into the bargain, by walking into her drawing-room the very afternoon after the reception.

Dulce and her grandmother were, for a wonder, alone, with the exception of Rosalind Mason, and old Lord Spenhouse, who was sitting half asleep in his chair by the window. They had all just returned from a drive in the Park, and the cosy little family group struck Lord Melvell at once with a sense of his own isolation and loneliness as nothing had ever done before. There was tea on a little round table, with sparkling silver and dainty little Dresden cups, and the subdued sunlight fell through the light lace curtains on to the figures of Dulce and her grandfather, throwing them into relief against the more sombre background of the room. The girl was amusing him by some little anecdote of their drive, and her silvery laugh was the first sound that met his ears when the solemn old butler threw open the door and announced him.

"How do you do, Lord Melvell?" said Lady Spenhouse, well pleased; and Dulce blushed becomingly as she laid her little hand for an instant in his, and then went on quite unconcernedly with her story to her grandfather, only a little confused at the idea that Lord Melvell had heard her laugh so very loudly, and she feared in such an unrestrained fashion.

"Are you very tired after last night?" he said as the elder lady gave him a cup of tea.

"Oh, no, thanks, not at all," she said; then trying to draw Dulce out of her corner, "but Dulce was rather done up and good for nothing this morning. She is longing to talk about it all to you, I know."

"Is she?" said Lord Melvell laconically.

"Yes," chimed in Rosalind, "and everyone was saying how charming it was to see you in society again. In fact you quite made your *début* last night with Dulce. Now, my dear child," turning to her niece, "do come out and be sociable, instead of getting wedged in behind that sofa."

"Must I, Aunt Rose?" pleaded Dulce. "Grandpapa and I are so very snug in this little corner."

Lady Spenhouse smiled indulgently.

"I never saw such a domestic little girl as my granddaughter," she said aside to Lord Melvell—"Although she enjoys gaiety as much as any girl of her age, she is perfectly contented to sit by her grandfather if she thinks that he needs her—for hours together. And although she has so many admirers, I am perfectly certain that the silly child cares nothing for wealth or position, and that she will never marry for anything but love, and you know that is hardly the thing nowadays!"

She looked, under her half-closed lashes, sharply out at her visitor, to see how this speech affected him.

"And I suppose, like all other girls, she is engaged to half a dozen unfortunate men at this moment," said Lord Melvell, brushing a tiny speck of dust from his coat-sleeve.

Lady Spenhouse bent forward impressively, though she pretended to be playing with her peacock feather fan.

"My granddaughter is perfectly heart-whole, and has never been engaged in her life," she said, with an inward air of triumph, as she reflected that this was indeed a trump card she had just played.

He looked up quickly, and she fancied that there was an expression of relief on his face.

"What a charming affair yours was last night!" he said to Lady Mason, with such a total change of manner and expression as absolutely bewildered her. And the conversation drifted into commonplace topics in which Dulce gradually joined after Lord Spenhouse had left the room.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

AN "AT HOME," AND A SONG.

DULCE CARRUTHERS was fast becoming the fashion! At every tea-table, in a certain set, people asked each other eagerly if they had met her. At every crush and dinner where she did not appear, they speculated on her absence; or when she arrived under her aunt's wing, they mobbed her as far as such a highly select and aristocratic crowd could be said to do such an essentially "lower ten thousand" thing. There were "Dulce" hats and collars in some of the leading modistes' shops which she personally patronised. And an enterprising photographer had even gone so far as to request a sitting from her to adorn his window. This her grandmother had of course refused—nevertheless feeling gratified at the request, which she was careful to make public.

Although she enjoyed all this incense thoroughly, and felt that it was fast becoming the very breath of life to her, it had not as yet spoiled the girl's sunny nature.

Lord Melvell had asked her once casually, at one of their frequent meetings, how she liked this atmosphere of flattery, and she had turned her laughing face,

grave for an instant with a momentary home-sickness, upon him. "Oh, sometimes it *is* a nuisance!" she had said, "when people bother for introductions, and that sort of thing. But I am afraid sometimes that I am getting to like it too well, and I often wish that some good fairy would come and waft me away out of it all into the quiet country, before I am hopelessly spoilt."

They were careless words, spoken perhaps under the pressure of the worry of a badly fitting gown, or of a letter from Trelorn full of the woes of the boys. But Lord Melvell heard them with a strange sensation of pleasure, and treasured them up in his heart.

He had been beginning to fear that this innocent child was losing her first alluring charm of freshness and unworldliness, and was beginning to change into an ordinary commonplace London beauty with no ideas or interests above admiration. But this answer reassured him, and he felt almost certain that he should like to be the fairy who should waft her to an enchanted paradise of country life. But he could not be quite sure as to his own feelings, or Dulce's, just at present. He had a strong suspicion that it must be some stronger passion than mere friendship on his side, that made his eyes instinctively turn to her when he entered a crowded room. But on her side he did not for an instant associate her friendly, easy manner when in his society with a warmer sentiment. He was certain that she did not love him, though not so certain about his own feelings. He knew, or rather saw through, Lady Spenhouse's deeply laid plot to bring him and her granddaughter together, but he held back with an attempt at passionless self-control, until he had gauged the depths and desires of their two hearts.

With himself, he felt that his second love would not by any means equal the passionate force of his first, into which he had entered with wide eyes, seeing as he had done above its portals the hopeless legend of Dante's "Inferno."

He had no wish to "dree his weird" for the second time, and to complete his mental and moral ruin. He thought that he saw in this girl the guiding star that would lead him back into right paths, if only her first pure affection might be given to him; but until he was certain of that fact, Lord Melvell could very well afford to wait and contemplate. Lady Spenhouse had been lately giving a series of musical "At homes," and it was to one of these that he was wending his way one June afternoon slowly through the Park.

He was asking himself, as he surveyed the brilliant patches of flowers and shrubs that in cultured profusion bordered the neatly kept walks of that Elysium, why he lingered so long in London.

He knew with a true country-lover's instinct how perfect would be his Northumberland home in the June sunlight. He could almost see the green depths of the wooded gorge or Dene running down to the sea, and the cool splash of the little brawling river as it leaped the brown boulders in its haste to compass the four or five miles before it rushed straight into the arms of the blue, sun-touched ocean. There were trout with their silvery stomachs lurking under the mossy stones in that stream, and bream and perch darting hither and thither, while every now and then a trout more energetic than its fellows flashed out of the deep pool after an appetising fly. How much rather would he be lying with a book deep in the masses of bracken and moss in Melvell Dene, than here in the heart of the London season, dressed in the height of the fashion, with an orchid in his buttonhole!

He sighed as he rang at the door in Hyde Park Gardens, and he must have unconsciously brought in with him an atmosphere of country life, for Lady Spenhouse greeted him with—

"Are you, like Dulce, sighing for the country? I do believe that that child will never survive a whole season in London. She is positively drooping with the heat to-day, and I think it so refreshing. Can't you go and take her into some cool corner where you can talk 'country' to your heart's content?"

Lord Melvell smiled and went off obediently to where Dulce was standing talking listlessly to one or two men. Her face brightened as he approached, but Lord Melvell failed to see the "drooping" condition to which her grandmother pathetically referred. The girl looked much as usual, in her fresh, white dress.

"Lady Spenhouse told me to ask you to conduct me to some cool retreat, where we two, who are supposed to be pining for the country, might find a little solace," he said, smiling.

He felt a malicious satisfaction in observing the deadly scowl of hatred that at once swept over the faces of the two or three young men around her. He was for the moment a second Pluto to this fair Persephone.

"Do you think that any place would be cool in this fearful heat?" she said rather languidly, much to the relief of the youthful court around her, who in delighted chorus gave a decided negative.

"You will be ever so much cooler in here, Miss Carruthers," ventured Frank Stuart; "for, you see, the blinds are drawn so closely that not a ray of sun can penetrate into the room."

"And *I* incline to the Fernery," said Lord Melvell, smiling. "I know of a deliciously cool seat under the big tree-fern."

Dulce acquiesced, and they strolled off together to the end of the big drawing-room, where a thin Japanese curtain of loose-patterned beads and rushes veiled the Fernery from inquisitive eyes within the room. It was a charmingly cool retreat, rather small, as the Fernery of a London house must needs be, but with a pleasant sound of falling water and a pleasant sense of shade under the well-managed fern-trees and palms. The drawing-room beyond was not very full, for Lady Spenhouse had only asked a few of her most intimate friends, and the occasional sound of music and the hum of voices sounded quite far away in the dreamy atmosphere of the Fernery.

"How much I have been longing to get back into the country to-day! London is dreadful in the heat,"

said Dulce, lying back in her chair and lazily surveying the depths of green above her head. "I have been trying to fancy myself back in Trelorn to-day."

"And I, too, would give a great deal to be back in Northumberland," said her companion.

"Then why don't you go? What have you to keep you here in this world that you hate? You have no grandmother to tyrannise over you!" she said quickly, and perhaps ungratefully.

He looked at her for an instant with dark, passionate eyes.

"I have ceased to wonder why I stay in London," he said in a low voice; and Dulce, with a sudden pang of alarm, turned the conversation by asking about his Northumberland home.

He wove her long histories of the Dene and the trout stream and the shadows on the cliffs, thinking his thoughts out loud, till the noise of the streets and the oppression of the London air seemed to vanish, and both together in imagination were wandering on the breezy Northumbrian coast.

Dulce brought them back to the realities of every-day life by saying suddenly—

"Lord Melvell, who is Horatia Bird, who is coming to stay with us to-morrow? Grandmother will tell me nothing but that she is a young lady who comes to her every year for a fortnight or so in the season. Shall I like her?"

She was so earnest as she looked at him that Lord Melvell laughed.

"Who is Horatia Bird? Nay, rather, who is she not?—in her own estimation, at least. No, but—without jesting—she is a very handsome woman, on the wrong side of thirty, whom everyone sets down as the future Lady Melvell. I admire her immensely, and as a study she is deeply interesting. She has no heart—which, perhaps, is a good thing nowadays. She dresses magnificently, acts like a Bernhardt, and rides like an Amazon."

Dulce smiled a little at this lucid explanation.

"Then you are in love with her?" she said innocently.

"I in love with Horatia Bird?" he said, and then paused, afraid of betraying himself. "Well, she thinks so," he added, "but the truth is, I love her as much as I trust her, and that is—not at all."

"Why not?" said the girl, with horror in her voice at the thought of the charming companion that her grandmother had provided for her.

"Oh, well, you must find that out for yourself," he said, with a reassuring smile, mentally applauding Lady Spenhouse for her genius in providing so perfect a foil for her granddaughter as Horatia Bird, with her dark beauty and proud, almost overbearing manners, was sure to be.

Before he could add another word, however, their sanctuary was invaded by the *frou-frou* of a silk dress and the tapping of a high-heeled shoe across the *parquet* floor.

"Good gracious me! I thought at least that you were a couple of lovers spooning," said Rosalind's high, clear voice behind him. "I am so sorry to disturb you, but, Dulce dear, you are wanted at the piano, and you must sing something that will harmonise with the heat of the day and with our feelings generally. I will look after Lord Melvell while you are away. Fasten back the curtain on your way out, so that we may hear your song."

She patted the girl's flushed cheek with her cool, diamond-covered fingers, and sank gracefully into the vacant chair as her niece vanished obediently.

"And so Horatia Bird is coming up to-morrow?" were Lord Melvell's first words.

"She is; my mother thought that Dulce needed companionship. She is getting so tired of society, and told me this morning that she was longing to be a child again. We thought that Horatia might take her place occasionally and accompany my mother when Dulce did not care to go about. Perhaps," she added mischievously, "you will be glad to see your old friend again. You must tell me when I am to buy a wedding present!"

"This is rather unkind, Lady Mason," he said, strangely moved. "You, of all people, ought to know where my hopes and affections are centred now."

She looked at him in pretended astonishment.

"Do you mean to say, Lord Melvell, that your attraction for Dulce has gone further than I thought?"

"I mean," he said, "that my love for Dulce is the very centre of my being; that I have known and felt it since the very first moment I saw her, riding in the Park with her uncles."

She laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"I am so glad," she said. "There is no one to whom I could have confided my niece with such complete trust and confidence in her future happiness as with you. But does she know anything of your feelings?"

"Not a word," he said emphatically. "I have never breathed a suspicion of them to her. I feel as if I dare not do so. How can I ever be worthy of her first love?—it is too great happiness even to dream of it. I dare not speak, at least till I am certain that my love is returned."

"Let me tell you something, fair sir," said Rosalind triumphantly. "It would not be fair for me to betray the poor child's secrets and confidences, but

> 'He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desert is small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all.'

And I, for one, know positively that you will not lose!"

"Lady Spenhouse assured me that her affections were quite free," he said hastily, almost indignant that Rosalind should have even hinted to him the secret confidences of Dulce's innocent nature, though they were so favourable to his hopes. "I could never have married a girl who could not give me a whole—first love, and if I thought that was not the case with your niece, I would go away, even

at the eleventh hour, and not condemn our two hearts to lifelong misery."

"How *could* Dulce have found anyone to love down in that out-of-the-way Cornish hole?" cried Rosalind. "She is not the sort of girl to flirt with the postman or the cowboy, and she herself assured me that there was no one else. But let me give you one word of excellent advice: one perfectly certain way to her heart and confidence is through her brothers, whom she adores. If you will suggest to her the idea of helping them in their professions—for my poor father hates the very sound of their name, and they have been dragged up without any education, I believe—she will at once love you with all the power of her nature. After all, gratitude is one of the broadest ways to love—or rather to the perfecting of love—and Dulce has the most passionately loving heart I know, and so tender that a hard word would be far more than a blow to her. Now come to the doorway—you will hear her voice better than in here."

Lord Melvell followed her, and together they stood looking out through a fringe of ferns at the slim white figure at the piano. Rosalind always bewildered him with her prattle, and he could hardly make up his mind as to whether to be annoyed or pleased with her remarks. But at that moment he did not feel capable of making up his mind on any subject, for the girl he loved was singing, and her exquisite notes went to his heart like a ray of sunlight.

They were the old words that have so often touched many a heart to tears, and are second to none in the English language for beauty.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

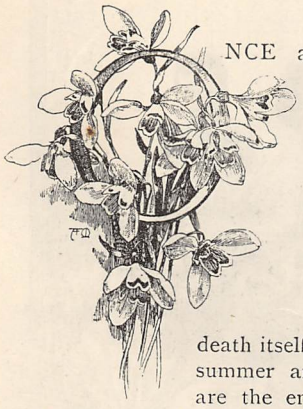
* * * * *

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love—
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life, the days that are no more!"

He wondered as he listened at the passion with which she sang those words of Tennyson's, thinking that she, of all mortals, could know least of "wild regrets." While she, with tears almost breaking through her voice, felt that she was singing the dirge of her own past life.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.



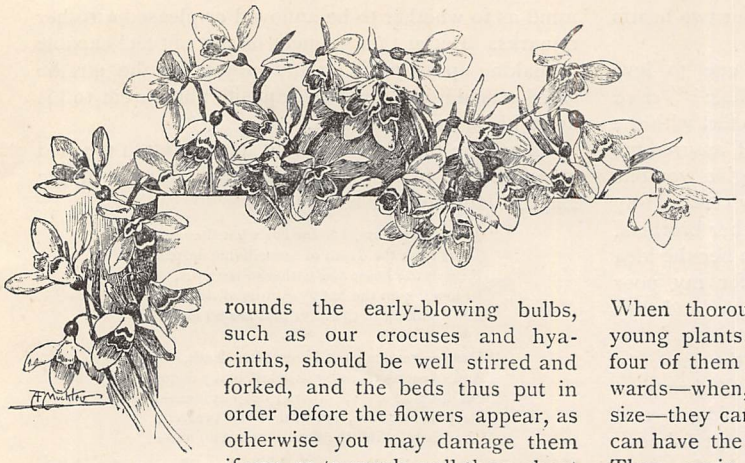
ONCE again we are congratulating ourselves that the winter is being left behind. Despite all the happiness that centres round our Christmas fireside, we with one consent associate winter with night, darkness, cold, and dreariness; nay, it is to us the very image of death itself, while, on the other hand, summer and its forerunner, spring, are the emblems of hope, warmth, enjoyment, and indeed of life itself—the very absence of "night," in fact, making up a wonderful and mysterious item of the beatific vision.

Our spring gardening operations, then, it is once more a pleasure to discuss, and so manifold are they in this important month of February that we must take a hurried tour round the entire garden, with a view to notice what is of urgency, before selecting one or two subjects of which we may speak more in detail.

And first, then, we are very busy in our greenhouse, re-potting the greater portion of our stock there. This is an operation invariably reserved for February; the nature of the weather outside—that is to say, a backward or a more genial season—merely influencing the time we select for making a beginning of this very essential, but somewhat tedious, gardening item. An ungenial season, then, renders it advisable to postpone our annual re-potting, more particularly if, owing to a severe winter that is still disposed to linger on, we have found it necessary to give a very considerable amount of artificial heat, which has had the effect of enervating our whole stock, and making it delicate and susceptible to change. In re-potting, then, always commence with the most vigorous plants, giving, on the other hand, to the weaker ones proportionately smaller pots, and a less rich and exciting mixture of compost.

Turning to our fruit garden, the general pruning of all hardy orchard fruits should be at once completed, while the pruning of more tender wall fruit should not be delayed later than the middle of the month. This we name as an operation, indeed, that does not admit of delay; just as when speaking of making up new strawberry beds we prefer naming the middle of August as a limit of the time for setting out new runners. This mention of our strawberry beds, however, reminds us that the plants in the old beds should this month have the dead leaves cut off, the soil about them forked up between the rows, and the manure that you probably put there in the autumn now turned in.

In the kitchen garden, later on in the month, some sowing may perhaps be begun, and every preparation at all events made now for the general sowing next month, while in the flower garden the soil that sur-



rounds the early-blowing bulbs, such as our crocuses and hyacinths, should be well stirred and forked, and the beds thus put in order before the flowers appear, as otherwise you may damage them if you, so to speak, pull them about much after they are in bloom. Little attentions of this kind paid to the flower beds sometimes, before they break thoroughly into bloom, will add much to their beauty and perfection later on.

And now, what shall we select to speak of more in detail? Why should we not have a word to say about a popular flowering shrub with which we are all familiar: the rhododendron? Of the hardy sorts that bloom in our shrubberies, along perhaps the sides of our lawn in the early summer or late spring months, we sometimes hear the complaint that there are occasionally years in which our rhododendrons refuse to bloom. Now, when the bloom-buds begin to swell, the shrubs will need copious watering; and we must remember that, as a rule, May is not a month for much rain, and even when rain does fall, it may be that the moisture hardly gets thoroughly to the roots, as generally our plants are so large as to form almost a sort of umbrella to keep off the rain from the main stem and the roots themselves. And it may have been noticed by some of us that where the rhododendron is growing in a hollow, or we may say in a ravine, it very rarely misses bloom or requires any water.

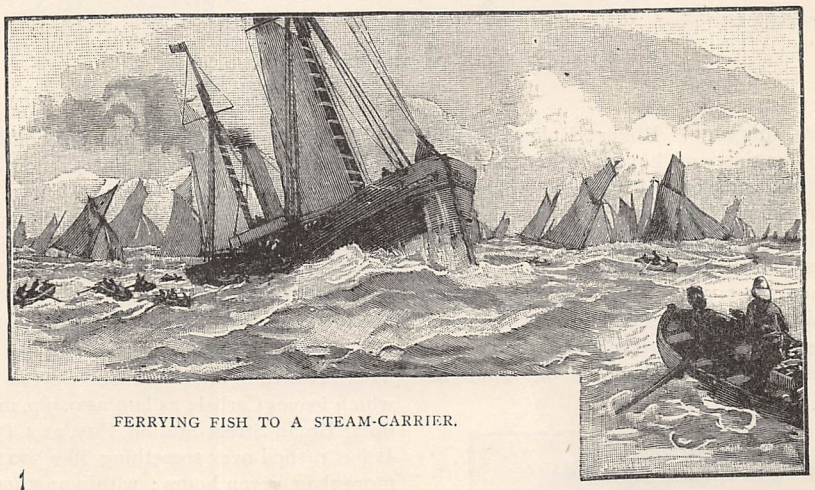
The writer of these papers has now in memory a wonderful rhododendron display in Kent, that was annually visited by admiring lovers of the garden; a large number of the shrubs lay in a natural and deep hollow, at the bottom of which a fine spring of water came bubbling up, and tumbled along a small brook in delightful music. The whole tableau was one never to be forgotten; the brilliant expanse of varied colour, rendered more exquisite by the light and shade of taller and surrounding trees, the music of the waters in which many nightingales joined overhead, made up in all a very paradise. Water, then, is of paramount importance for the rhododendron, but when any of the flowers have passed their prime they should be taken off as close as possible to the under flowers, since, as there are embryo branches in all parts of the stem, you thus, by the removal of the decayed flowers, throw the strength into the younger shoots, whereas if you leave dead flowers to develop seed-pods, these will tend much to exhaust the whole plant, and thus weaken it in its future growth. Rhododendron seed may be sown this month in pans placed either in our greenhouse or in a cool frame, and in a compost of sandy peat. When thoroughly capable of being handled, your young plants can then be pricked out, some three or four of them in, say, a forty-eight-sized pot, and afterwards—when, that is, they have attained a sufficient size—they can be potted singly. Tender specimens can have the protection of a frame during the winter. Then, again, the rhododendron can be grafted or in-arched, just as the camellia is. Young and hardy seedlings, however, can be bedded out six inches apart the first season, and double that distance the next season, and these can be allowed to remain to bloom. As time goes on, and while your plants are making

RE-POTTING.

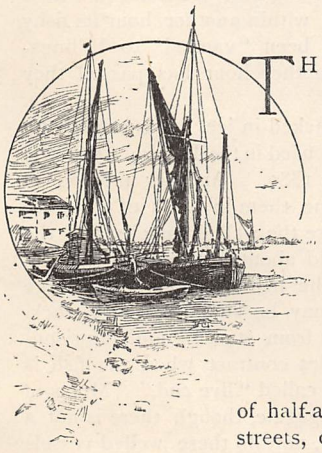
their growth in the open ground, take care not to encourage more branches than the beauty and general appearance of the plant requires, and you may find it necessary to take off a few, so as to throw all the strength of the plant into the stems; and, indeed, any branches that appear to be taking the lead too much should be cut back, otherwise the uniform vigour of your plant will be spoilt. Sometimes, for example, you may notice in a shrubbery an ugly and, as it were, one-sided specimen of the rhododendron, with one or two bunches of bloom on one side only, and the remaining part of the shrub all spindly and exhausted. Uniformity of growth is a principle that at this time of the year cannot be too much insisted upon, for it is in the bursting spring season that we can train and check growth more than at any other time of the year.

HOW LONDON GETS ITS FISH.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



FERRYING FISH TO A STEAM-CARRIER.



THROUGH the hours of night steam swiftly large fish-carriers from the grey North Sea; more swiftly, flash quick railway trains from the ends of Britain, bringing loads of fish to the mighty metropolis.

And if you rise very early in the morning, and make your way through the long lines of half-awakened or still sleeping streets, down to the well-known mart of Billingsgate, you may see something of the way in which London is supplied with fish.

You should have stout boots, steady nerves, and a keen eye. Stout boots, because the place and the approaches thereto cannot be called exactly dry or particularly clean; steady nerves, because there is very much crowding through which you must thread your way, and much shouting and noise to which you may prefer to be deaf; a keen eye, for there is much to see and much to avoid.

It is well, for instance, to keep out of the way of that line of fish-porters who are bringing boxes of soles or skate, or what not, from the steamer out there on the river. Nor is it pleasant to be so jostled and hustled by fishy folk, with fishy clothes and fishy loads, that on your exit from the little world of general fishiness you carry with you an odour that is not savoury. Therefore, be wary, be vigilant, and dress to suit the occasion.

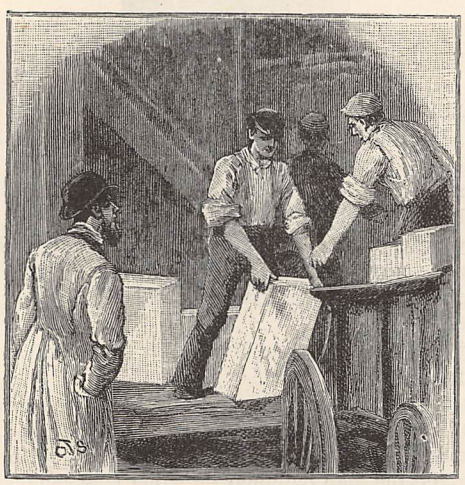
Billingsgate, of course, is down by the river. It lies not far from the east side of London Bridge. Thames Street, which runs in front of it, has the reputation of being the coolest street in London in summer, and the warmest in winter. Perhaps its proximity to the river and the high buildings on either side conduce to this, the latter keeping off the sun and wind.

Now, before you, on entering the market from Thames Street, are the lines of the roof and pillars framing the grey sky, the crowds of men, and if you are near enough to see them, the grey river and the craft thereon. Within, all seems chaos and confusion. Who are those men perched up somewhat higher than their fellows, and shouting lustily? What is the key to the confusion? What is being done? Simply this: the fish is being sold by auction almost as fast as it is being brought into the market.

FISHING FLEET ON THE DOGGER BANK.

"Roker-buyers, this way! Roker! Roker!" You hear a loud cry like this, and buyers gather round an individual, who proceeds to put up the "roker" to auction. Roker is fish lingo for skate, and the fish you now see sold will perhaps appear later on in the day cooked for some snug little dinner.

If the morning is yet young—say half-past five or six—the prime fish, such as soles, are most likely being offered. As the day rises to eight or nine, the coarser fish, such as plaice, are being disposed of. And the



CARTING ARTIFICIAL ICE.

market, which opens about five, is practically over at from nine to ten. The gates are thrown open at five, but the actual selling may not commence until half-past. Within these few hours scores of tons of fish change hands, and carts or vans soon whirl them away to other localities.

But before that time huge vans have brought boxes of fish from the railway stations. Here, for instance, are turbot, cod, and brill, say, from Grimsby; haddock and plaice, or herrings, from Yarmouth or Lowestoft, mackerel from the west, and salmon from Scotland, though salmon, like the lordly fish it is, comes in more or less at all hours of the day. Steam-carriers have probably brought some of the fish from fleets "far away on the billow" to the harbour where it is transferred to the railway. Thence the fish trains start for London, and flying over the rails, discharge their finny freight at about three or four the next morning. There is a train known as the "Scotch fish and meat," which leaves Carlisle as late as 9. 9 p. m., and yet pulls up at Broad Street Station, City, at 4. 15 next morning, It has rushed over something like 300 miles in a little more than seven hours; within another hour its fishy contents have probably been "vanned" to Billingsgate, and before yet another hour has passed they have been sold.

The fish are usually packed in ice. It is said that a thousand tons a day were used in the London fish trade during the summer of 1889. Another method of keeping fish is to confine them in wells of water on board vessels. These are the welled smacks, and the wells will sometimes hold about a thousand codfish. When brought to port, the fish are pressed into large boxes, and, if desired, may be sunk in a fish dock. Numbers are said to die from starving and imprisonment. But if the muscles contract when the fish is crimped or cut, it is still called "live cod." Much of this fish is sold at Billingsgate, though there is not a fish dock at this market, nor do these welled vessels bring fish to it. But the market is now within a few hours' travelling of many of the British fishing ports.

Practically, there are but two fish markets for London. These are Billingsgate and Shadwell. The business at Columbia is substantially nothing, and at the London Central, Smithfield, the trade is retail almost entirely, while the fish is taken there from Billingsgate.

According to estimate, 140,000 tons come through this latter market yearly, and of these 60,000 tons are borne over the sea. To Shadwell last year (1889)

came 18,000 tons, the value of which was some £168,000. The Annual Fisheries Report, however, for that year shows there were 7,452 tons decrease at Billingsgate.

Of the Billingsgate fish, about 1,727 tons were salmon. That delectable food is brought in boxes, each one of which weighs about a hundredweight. Large as the total seems, it was larger in the two preceding years, and salmon is clearly one of the fish decreasing at Billingsgate.

By far the larger quantity of the lordly fish comes from Scotland. Berwick-on-Tweed, which, curiously enough, is given separately in the report as being neither Scotland nor England, sends a good deal in proportion to its size, viz., 1,105 boxes. England and Wales did not send double this quantity. Ireland is next to Scotland, sending a little more than seven times that of Berwick, while Scotland sent not quite twenty times the quantity. Small supplies also come from Holland—of all places—and Sweden and Norway.

In addition, great quantities of tinned salmon are now used in this country. The great bulk of this comes from Canada. Over 8,500 tons are said to be used here yearly, and the sale is increasing. It is retailed, we suppose, at sixpence a pound, which is less than half the price—sometimes, indeed, a third of the price of fresh British salmon! This, however, by the way.

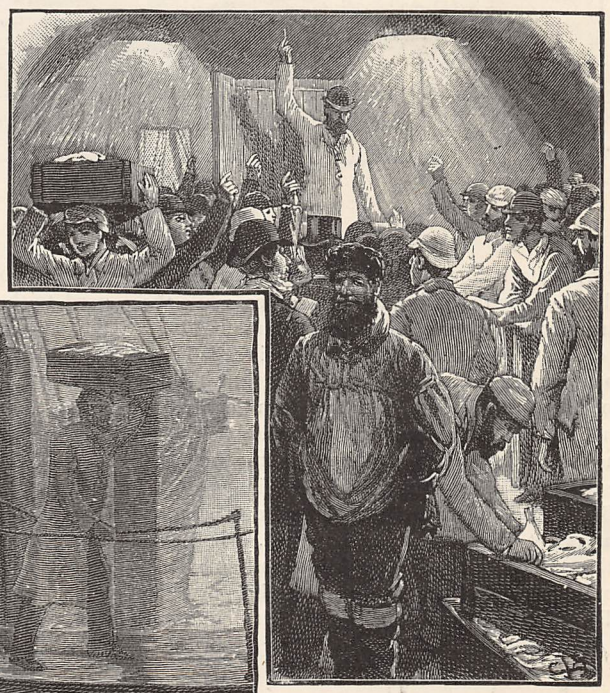
Now, it must not be supposed that all the fish sent to London is consumed in the metropolis. We cannot say, for instance, that Londoners consumed all those 150,548 tons of fish which were brought to its markets last year. London is also the channel through which fish flows—if we may use such a term—to many parts of the country. And here we begin to see signs of anomaly and needs of reform. Thus, even at seaside places it is no uncommon thing to find that the fish has come from Billingsgate. Indeed, Mr. J. Lawrence Hamilton, of Brighton, estimates in his Report on Fish Trade Reforms, &c., "that upwards of 10,000,000 persons get their partial or entire fish supply from London." Bearing in mind that Britain is comparatively a small island, it certainly seems strange that so large a proportion of the population should receive their supply of fish food through the metropolis. Yet so it is. The causes thereof are somewhat complicated. Probably it may be explained something in this way—that both custom and readiness of sale conspire to keep the fishermen to the plan of consigning their fish straight away to Billingsgate. In other words, the fishermen have not the trouble and risk of finding a customer.

But there may be other causes. Mr. Hamilton, in the pamphlet referred to, asserts that the auctioneer advances money on fishing boats, which prevents the fishermen consigning their fish to any other person.

Of course it is impossible to say how far this practice obtains. Another alleged practice is that fish is sold to middle-men dealers, who gather round the auctioneer, and often prevent fishmongers, &c., from buying, and who sell again by auction. Chiefly on account of this practice a great firm of fishermen left Billingsgate for Shadwell.

But Mr. Hamilton quotes from a law passed in Queen Anne's reign, which enacted that, "in order to supply London and its neighbourhood with good, wholesome, cheap, and seasonable fish, no fish shall be sold more than once within Billingsgate Market, nor within 150 yards of Billingsgate Dock." This would seem to show that the practice of re-selling by

BRINGING FISH ASHORE AT SHADWELL ON A FOGGY MORNING.



FISH AUCTION—SHADWELL FISH MARKET.

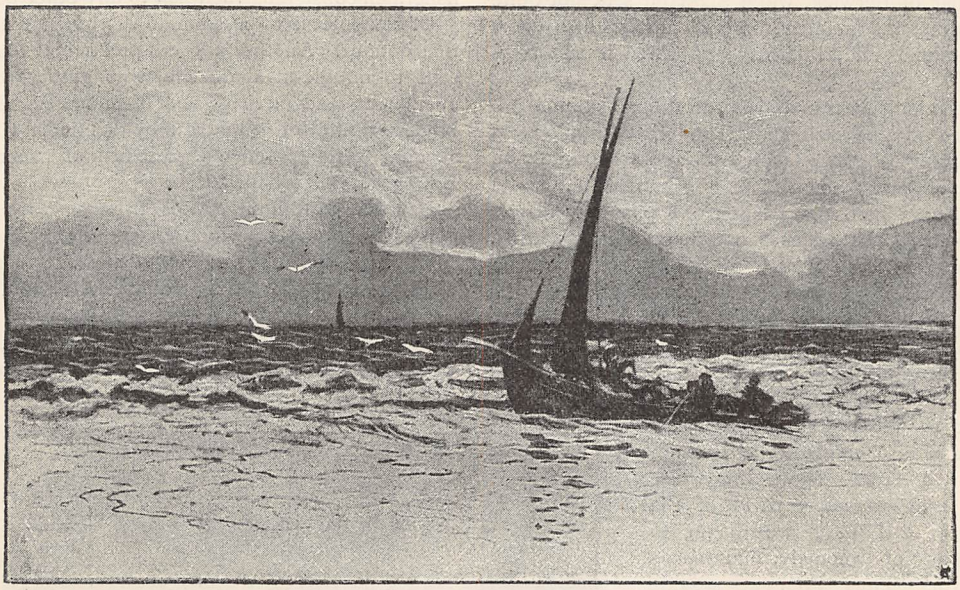
middle-men was not unknown even in those far-away days, and it also indicates that summary interference was taken with the liberty of the subject in that respect, even at that time.

This law, Mr. Hamilton maintains, should be enforced "in a public market held on trust for the people." Fish should then be cheaper for the people on the one hand, while the fisherman would obtain more money for his arduous toil. This we believe is, in a few words, the "Billingsgate ring" question, of which at times we have heard so much.

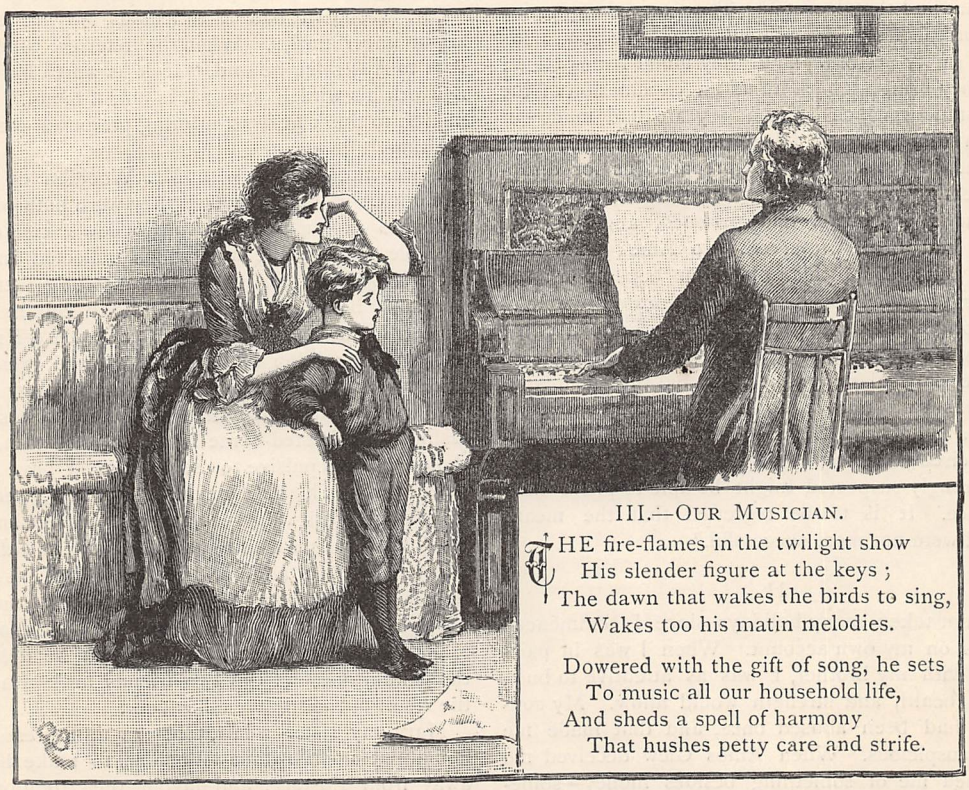
On the other hand, it may be urged that, being an open market, the auctioneer must sell to whoever will bid the highest price, and it is not his business to inquire what the purchaser does with his purchase: whether he sells it again or not. Moreover, it may answer his purpose to sell in large quantities, while the secondary auctioneer may break up the bulk and offer smaller quantities for sale. The business is called that of an open market, and doubtless it is so; but it must be obvious that the dweller in Kensington, in Hampstead, in Clapham, and other suburbs, would not care to journey down to Billingsgate early in the morning to jostle with the dealers, and buy a shillingsworth of fish! But as we understand Mr. Hamilton's contention, that is not so much what is wanted. It is that the auctioneer shall sell to *bonâ fide* fish tradesmen, *i.e.*, fish shopkeepers and costermongers, who, in their turn, sell direct to the public. But Mr. Hamilton would go much farther than this. He would abolish Billingsgate Market, and render its companion at Shadwell "a modern model Metropolitan Fish Market," under the County Council.

The great importance of Home Fisheries, as a means of industry, will be seen when we say that according to the estimate of the Collectors of Customs, as given in the Fisheries Report, no fewer than 33,474 men and boys were constantly employed in sea-fishing in 1889, while 9,999 "persons other than regular fishermen" were occasionally engaged. The depression or decay of this industry, therefore, would be a serious matter, and of more than local importance.

Now, Mr. Hamilton is an industrial scientist who appears to have given great attention to the question, and he contends that the principal point with regard to the improvement of the fishing industry and the cheapening of fish is the immediate bleeding and cleansing of fish on capture, and their transference as soon as possible to a dry air refrigerator. In other words, he would have fish cleaned and frozen as soon after capture as possible, thus converting a perishable article into a reliable and comparatively permanent commodity. As a result he contends that instead of the poor of London paying from a halfpenny to twopence for a "bad herring," six two-eyed steaks or Billingsgate pheasants—which is London slang for that useful fish—could be bought for a penny, frozen, fresh and clean!



FISHERS BY NIGHT.



III.—Our Musician.

THE fire-flames in the twilight show
His slender figure at the keys ;
The dawn that wakes the birds to sing,
Wakes too his matin melodies.

Dowered with the gift of song, he sets
To music all our household life,
And sheds a spell of harmony
That hushes petty care and strife.

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "Never Cleared Up," &c.

Part the Third.

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

BY SIDNEY FALDING.

I.

IT is wonderful to me how time travails with truth, and how the hidden things of the world are brought to light.

When my nephew, Eustace Falding, was supposed to have perished in Western Australia, I felt sorry that anything had been done to roll back the cloud of mystery which hung over an event of painful importance to me and to his father—an event which had cast a blight upon our lives, but which we tried to live down. The sadness which filled my heart when mail after mail arrived from Australia and there was no news of him, was far more distressing than what I felt after Amos Glew's crime made me a poor man, and placed me where the evil-minded could point the finger of scorn at me.

Distance from the field of operations seemed to intensify the pain of uncertainty. "He may be dead ; he may be safe," I kept saying to myself.

I felt some measure of new hope when Herbert Woolden went out; and yet, I suppose, a careful analysis of probabilities would have shown me how little it was possible for him to accomplish in a vast country like Western Australia. But self-encouragement is not fond of carefully analysing its evidence. We grasp at favourable possibilities and cling to them when we are persuading ourselves to believe that the "winter of discontent" will be made "glorious summer" by somebody or other.

Oh! the joy we all felt when the brief intimation was first received, "Eustace and Herbert both well.

Returning home." Herbert had gone into the silent wilderness like Eustace, and the painful dread had taken hold of us, "They may both have perished."

"What had they learnt?" That was the question which presented itself continually when the good news of their safety arrived. Had they found Amos Glew? Were they bringing back to us an explanation of the circumstances which for many years had made our position difficult? A telegraphic summary which appeared in the newspapers prepared us for disappointment. We learnt that all the white men in Pressbury's expedition had perished, and that no journal had been preserved. So Amos Glew was dead! But we had this to feed our hope upon: "A peculiar message has been communicated by one of the aborigines. It is supposed to refer to a crime which was committed long ago. We are not able to give the particulars, and it is feared the meaning of what was said may never be understood; but we believe a member of the expedition desired to explain certain circumstances in his past life, that some persons wrongly suspected might be able to prove their innocence. It is to be regretted that the means adopted were not more successful."

II.

I HAD not taken many holidays since I commenced business on my own account. When I was in partnership with my brother, I was as attentive to business as health and strength would allow. My confidence had been abused once, and that made me always suspicious. When Amos Glew deceived me he robbed me of something besides money—something, I am afraid, which money can never replace. The feeling took possession of me that it was necessary to watch men. My old trustfulness had been paralysed, and a morbid sense of uncertainty took its place. But in spite of myself, the tendency to think well of men, which I believe is my innate disposition, reasserted its claims, and while Eustace was away I paid more than one visit to Wilsey Grange, leaving my affairs in the hands of subordinates who had merited confidence. It is a more pleasant task to record faithfulness than unfaithfulness. Let this stand, then, as the counterpart of Amos Glew's treachery: I had never any reason to regret what I did, but I was served faithfully and well.

Agatha had passed from childhood and become a woman, during the years which elapsed without my seeing her. It was very sweet to hear the words, "Uncle Sidney," from one so beautiful and good. My own life had been lonely, and I often felt thankful there was nobody to share my struggling sorrow; but when I saw and heard my brother's daughter, I perceived how many compensations he must have enjoyed in his own household, during the years when I was fighting single-handed to win victory under painful circumstances.

I wondered what kind of man it was to whom she had given her maiden heart. If I had judged Herbert Woolden by his father or his brother, I should have been uneasy; but I preferred to give him credit for resembling his sister, Althea, or Mrs. Woolden, and I waited with tolerable contentment for the fuller knowledge which only personal contact can give.

Mr. Woolden had a ridiculous way of speaking about uncertainties. When he referred to his son's visit to Australia, he said, "If it is worth his while, it is worth his while; and if it is not, it is not." He appeared to think he was uttering profound wisdom all the time.

I was not pleased with Mr. Woolden or his son Roderick. I soon perceived they were both willing to think no explanation of Amos Glew's conduct was possible, except the one which reflected most unfavourably upon us. Roderick was little better than a country boor; in appearance and culture he was almost on a level with the Broad-men. His father had a high opinion of him, and showed great deference to his opinions; but why, was a mystery to me.

I learnt that at one time Roderick, in his coarse fashion, manifested some fondness for Agatha. The thought was repulsive to me, as it must have been to her. Perhaps his antagonism to us was started by the indifference with which my niece regarded him.

All that was past and gone, however; his affections had been won in another direction. But his opposition did not die out. He hinted about "going on a wild goose chase, and not getting the wild goose after all." This was the manner in which he designated the painful quest of the two friends in Australia, and the result of their brave endeavour.

Mary, my sister-in-law, told me that pressure was being put upon Althea Woolden to make her turn away from Eustace, and favour the attentions of a man called Daybrook, who was brother to the lady whom Roderick was wooing.

III.

I WAS not at Wilsey Grange when the young men returned. I could have been there if I had chosen, for I knew when the ship was expected to reach Southampton, and I knew when the wanderers had landed safely and taken the train for Norfolk. A correspondent of mine sent me telegrams from the port of arrival, announcing these important facts; but I stayed on at Nottingham a day or two longer, that the freshness of the reunion might wear away before I made my appearance at my brother's house.

Eustace had paid me several visits on his way to Edinburgh, during his student days, so there was no chance of my experiencing a second surprise, like the one I felt when I saw Agatha after an interval of ten years. But he was changed, in manner especially. He had been face to face with death. His heart had hungered, during long weary months, for the deliverance which he feared might never come; and he had striven to understand a perplexing enigma, which he knew might contain within its involved obscurities an answer to all the surmises and innuendoes which made his father's position painful, to say nothing of mine.

When I went to Wilsey Grange, I was thinking about Amos Glew, and I was wondering what my nephew had learnt. The subject was not mentioned

"EUSTACE BEGAN MOULDING IT INTO SHAPE" (*p.* 179).

for some time after my arrival, and that suggested to me the fruitlessness of the young man's endeavours. But there seemed room for joy only. "Was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." Those words came into my mind, and I thought how appropriate and how sweet they were, though Eustace had not been a prodigal, but he had come back to his father's house bringing the best robe of honour with him. I tried to content myself with reflections like that.

But the subject introduced itself, as was only natural. I had many questions to ask about the several expeditions, and the name of Amos Glew was mentioned.

It was night. Eustace had been spending the afternoon with Herbert on Wilsey Broad. Agatha and Althea ought to have accompanied them, but some difficulty had been raised about Althea going, and Agatha had remained behind.

"When the Faldings have a clean record," Mr. Woolden had said, "Althea shall go on the broads with them as often as she likes, but when things are not satisfactory they are not satisfactory."

Words of similar import had been spoken to Eustace. I do not suppose the prohibition was put in brutal plainness to him, but he understood the meaning, and he was in low spirits.

It was not the day of my arrival, but the day following. Bertrand, my brother, had been busy seeing his patients, and I had spent a few hours with Dick Lowtitt.

Dick was a man who enjoyed telling people all he knew. There was no reticence about him, even when the subject referred to that period of his life when, to quote familiar words, he had "left his country for his country's good."

"Amos Glew would have cleared it up," Dick repeated, time after time; "and from what I hear it will have to be cleared up, before things run as they ought to do. Mr. Roderick has been putting his father up to a lot of tricks, and Mr. Woolden enjoys being awkward as well as any man here or there."

Then he told me about Mrs. Fielding Mason, the lady whom Roderick was courting.

"Her husband was a great friend of Mr. Roderick's," said Dick, "and her brother is a great friend of his now. They call him 'Wideawake,' at Norwich, and well they may, because not many folks could take him in, if they tried."

I could not hear that John Daybrook spent much of his time in that neighbourhood, especially during the racing season.

"He is too fond of horses to care much about anything else," Dick remarked; but "folks say he gets everything he wants, sooner or later. It is a great pity Amos Glew did not make a clean breast of it sooner. The doctor was very kind to my Nance, poor child, and I do not like to think he or his family may suffer for want of a few words being spoken. Mr. Woolden does not want to think what I said was true, and Mr. Roderick keeps him in that mind."

This conversation with Lowtitt was fresh in my memory, and I knew the Broad-man did not exaggerate the importance of Amos Glew's confession. The

whole affair was dreadfully annoying, but I resolved to know the worst of it, therefore I said—

"Now, Eustace, explain how things stand. Has your trouble been for nothing?"

I noticed a look of disappointment on his face, and my brother frowned as if the subject were painful to him.

"We were too sanguine," Bertrand said, "and yet I believe we missed the explanation by a hair's-breadth only. Show your uncle that sketch, Eustace."

My nephew took a note-book, and showed me a rough drawing of Jimmy Tinkalaroo's handiwork. It resembled one of the sand-heaps which children pile together at the sea-side. It was a mound, scooped out at one side; there was a hole at the bottom, and marks on the ground near it.

"What are those marks?" I asked.

"I cannot tell," said Eustace. "Jimmy called my attention to them."

At the top of the mound several uneven fragments were represented.

"Do these mean anything?" I inquired.

"Yes; Jimmy called my attention to them also," was the reply.

Then he repeated to me the cabalistic words which had been uttered by the Australian, and he explained to me something about the peculiar English which is employed out there in communicating with the natives. It was all very interesting, but I could not see how we were to reach the end for which our souls hungered.

I did not intend to make a long stay at Wilsey Grange, especially when I saw how little was to be gained by it. My best plan, I thought, was to go back home, and toil along as I had been doing for twelve years, hoping for the best, and enduring the worst if it came.

I met Mr. Woolden one day, and he acted very cordially. He introduced our trouble in a gentle manner, and expressed his sorrow that things had turned out so perversely. I believe he thought himself the fairest-minded man in the world. Whether he was practising duplicity, or following his natural impulse when away from Roderick, I do not know. I had very little patience with him, and could scarcely stand to hear him talk.

"A bad job is a bad job," he said, "and when you see a good way out of it, you see a good way out of it."

I had no wish to bandy words with him, or I should have asked whether he considered John Daybrook the fortunate avenue along which it was possible to travel in peace and safety.

"Is it your opinion that any stigma rests upon us in connection with Amos Glew's affair?" I asked, allowing my indignation to carry me away. I was thinking about the young people and the ease with which their lives might be wrecked.

"When people say a thing, they say it," he replied.

"We shall clear it up yet," I exclaimed indignantly.

"Do so," he said, seizing my hand. "When I am satisfied, I am satisfied. Nobody can call me obstinate or unreasonable. Clear up this business, and I'll light a beacon at Wexbrent. We'll fire a cannon and roast an ox. Bob Woolden is Bob Woolden."

"A weak man," I said to myself; "but, like many other weak men, he may nevertheless have power enough to make good people unhappy."

IV.

I HAVE now to relate how a mere accident revealed to us a clue which all our careful cogitation had not been able to discover.

I wanted to return home, but Bertrand proposed a trip to Cromer before doing so, and he promised to separate himself from his duties for a short time if I would accompany him.

"We will all go," he said. "Herbert Woolden can do the rounds for a few days. He is always ready to lend a helping hand; he is a good fellow."

I felt in no humour for pleasure-seeking, but I thought the change might do some of us good. Mary and Agatha looked sad, and Eustace was low-spirited. My brother thought he would make them happy, and they appreciated his motive; though I doubt whether any of us enjoyed the prospect before us.

It was July, and the fashionable season had not begun; but that was no drawback to us. We had no desire to find the hotels crowded and the lodgings full. Herbert would have gone with us if it had been possible, but we told him with forced glee to look well after the sick people, and he should have his holiday when we returned. He was a long time bidding Agatha good-bye, and he had something of a confidential nature to tell Eustace. Was it a message from Althea? I wondered.

It does not take long to explore Cromer. The quaint village has sprung up around the church without any plan or system. The streets are narrow and crooked, and lead into each other at unexpected points. The beach is good, and the Lighthouse Hills are pleasant.

"My intention is to sit down a great deal, and watch the sea," said Bertrand. "You must not expect me to run about like a man who has lost his senses, and expects to find them in half a dozen different places."

We spent a good deal of time sitting on the sands. Mary did some kind of work, Agatha and Eustace were reading, but they often gazed wistfully towards the distant horizon, and I knew that painful thoughts were filling their minds. Bertrand and myself chatted about various subjects, none of which, I venture to say, were very interesting to us. We also had a background of sorrow and disappointment within us.

On the third day, we were strolling about the Lantern Hills, and were thinking of going down to the beach, when I heard Agatha say—

"Oh, Eustace, there is Mrs. Fielding Mason, with that man!"

I turned my head quickly on hearing this, and saw a lady and gentleman approaching us. "That man," I surmised, was the lady's brother. They were not looking in our direction, and passed on without seeing us.

Eustace was crimson, and Bertrand looked as angry as if somebody had struck him.

"We had better go home again, if they are here," my brother said indignantly. "Cannot we spend a few days in peace?"

Mrs. Fielding Mason was a good-looking woman, not as young as she wanted to be (which anyone might judge from her dress). Her brother was also conspicuous by his raiment; he was in various colours, and the colours showed themselves distinctly. We stood together in silence until they disappeared over the hill; then we turned in the direction of the sands.

"Rest yourselves," I said, "while I fetch a book. I am resolved to be studious."

I went into the village, and procured my book. The first person I met afterwards was Roderick Woolden.

"You here?" he asked.

"You here?" I replied.

"Double and quits!" he exclaimed, with a laugh, as if I had made a rich joke. "Have you seen Mrs. Fielding Mason about anywhere? Do you know her?"

"I saw her with her brother, some time ago," I said.

"Wonderful woman!" he exclaimed. "Does everything tip-top, and knows how many odd coppers there ought to be in her change. Her husband was not a bad sort, but he never appreciated her. Her money was her own, and he couldn't touch it. She is a wonderful talker. It takes away your breath to listen. I never knew her equal, never."

How long he would have continued I cannot tell; but I left him there, and went on the sands, where our party were seated, looking thoroughly disgusted.

"Roderick Woolden is here," I said.

Bertrand threw himself back, and began to groan.

"What sort of woman is this Mrs. Fielding Mason?" I asked.

"She talks too much," my brother replied, "and she seems to talk ten times more than she does. She has the gift of interruption, that is the reason."

I did not care to ask about her brother; but I fancied if I had made inquiry, the reply would not have been more favourable.

I was beginning to feel interested in my book, when I heard somebody say—

"Lions must be lionised. I mean to hear the story from your brother, when I have a chance, Roderick. Now I will hear it from Mr. Eustace Falding. If Jack will not come, Jack can go away."

I looked up, and saw Mrs. Fielding Mason coming towards us, all smiles and determination. Roderick was looking somewhat sheepish, and "that man" was strolling towards the water's edge.

There was a confused scene of introductions. Several of our party had spoken to the lady before, and the rest of us were duly presented by the awkward and unwilling Roderick, who was pliable as wax in the widow's hands.

"I want to hear all about the heap of dirt which a nigger showed you in Australia," Mrs. Fielding Mason said, addressing Eustace. "I cannot understand Roderick's tale. 'Drink truth at the fountain-head,' has always been my motto; so I said, 'Here is the man who was on the spot, and he shall tell me all about it.' I am sure you will oblige."

It was an awkward moment, but Eustace was too well-bred to refuse.

"You mean the message of Jimmy Tinkalaroo," he replied, with a very faint smile.

"What a name!" the widow exclaimed, with a ringing laugh.

There was a heap of sand not far away, where some children had been playing. Eustace went to that, and began moulding it into a shape which reminded me of the sketch in his note-book.

"Jack ought to see this," said Mrs. Fielding Mason, looking round. "There he is, trying to count the waves. Why has the silly fellow gone there?"

"That is exactly like the mound that Jimmy made," Eustace remarked.

"What a queer thing," exclaimed the widow. "Now tell me the gibberish the nigger spoke."

"Jinga," Eustace uttered, as if afraid, and pointing to the place where the sand had been scooped away.

"Does that mean Jingo?" she asked, laughing.

"It means the evil spirit," he replied.

"Big fellow," he continued, pointing to the hole at the bottom. "Big fellow, findum." Here he seemed to be exulting.

"Peekum, kazzlum," he added, spreading his hands over the whole structure.

"It means Peak Castle," Mrs. Fielding Mason replied, with the utmost composure. "That is Peak Cavern; everybody in Derbyshire calls it Devil's Hole. Those marks at the bottom are the stream which flows from a tunnel at the entrance to the cave, and there at the top are the ruins of Peveril's Castle. The whole thing is as simple as A B C. How did you get your clothes washed and mended at New Ararat? You must have been awkwardly fixed."

Nobody noticed the last remark. Eustace turned his eyes with an eager look at me, so did Agatha. My dear sister-in-law, the long-suffering and ever-patient Mary, laid her hand on my shoulder, and asked—

"What do you think, Sidney?"

For a few moments I could not speak. Strange thoughts were rushing through my mind. I did not wish to raise false hopes, so I answered, as if I doubted my own words—

"It may be true."

My brother had remained where we were seated before, and he looked surprised at what was happening.

"Come here, doctor," the widow called, in a voice rather too loud to be agreeable. "Come and see the riddle I have guessed."

Bertrand complied.

"This is Peak Cavern, in Castleton," she said—"That money of yours is hidden there, as sure as odds

are odds. I know Castleton better than I know my prayers, and that is saying something."

The last remark appeared to restore Roderick's good humour. He had been looking very sulky while the widow was explaining what she called the nigger's "fee-fo-fum."

We were soon left to ourselves. Mrs. Fielding Mason was too volatile to remain long in one place. She told us Jack would be impatient if she stayed much longer; informed us that they were over from Norwich for the day; suggested that we might all arrange to have an outing together before long; then hurried away with Roderick by her side.

There we stood, gazing at the mound.

I remembered that Amos Glew was fond of Castleton, and generally spent his holidays there.

"Is there any likelihood of this interpretation being true?" my brother asked.

"I think so," was my reply. "Amos often went to Castleton."

"Then we will go and see," he said decisively. "No chance must be missed."

That night we left Cromer, and returned home. The next day we went to Buxton, where we stayed the night. Then we took the coach to Castleton.

V.

It was a grand ride through the Peak scenery, and Bertrand enjoyed it exceedingly. For twelve years, almost, he had been in a very flat country. What a difference between the broads and the rugged beauties of Derbyshire!

As we approached Castleton, both of us were silent. Long before we reached the village, while the coach was sweeping round the foot of Main Tor, we could see all that remains of Peveril's Castle, on the lofty eminence where it stands. A group of children were waiting to greet us, and they raised a noisy cheer as the four greys broke into the customary canter; for they finished the journey well, without the whip, and drew up at the Castle Inn as if proud of their achievement.

"THE OLD MAN STOOPED AND ENTERED THE LOW OPENING. WE FOLLOWED" (*p.* 181).

"We will go to the Peak Cavern at once," my brother whispered. "If we are on the wrong track, let us know it."

I was willing. We gave our bags to the porter, inquired the way to the cave, and started, without delay, for what I could not help regarding as the goal of our hopes.

A narrow ascending path, through a deep ravine, brought us within sight of the Cavern. We stood in amazement, and gazed at Nature's stupendous workmanship. A lofty cliff was before us, some hundreds of feet high. In the face of it was an arched opening, dark and capacious. On the top of the cliff were the ruins of the Castle.

As might be expected, we looked at once for the opening, at the left-hand side, that Jimmy Tinkalaroo's

mound of sand led us to expect. There was such an opening, without doubt. We had followed the bed of a stream in approaching the Cavern, but it was almost dry. At the mouth of the cave was a low, natural tunnel, through which the stream ordinarily flowed. But the summer was exceedingly dry, and the water had almost disappeared.

What may be called the vestibule of Peak Cavern is occupied by rope-makers, who ply their unromantic calling in the dim light which the rocky shelter affords. One of them, an old man, approached us, with the information that the guide had taken a party into the cave, but he would soon return.

"Would it be possible to go in there?" I asked, pointing to the hole at the foot of the cliff.

"Yes," he replied, "when the weather is very dry—as it is now, I am sorry to say—you can go a good distance, till you reach a cavern with a deep overflowing well in it. Shall I take you?"

"Had we not better wait for the guide?" my brother interposed.

"Nobody knows these caverns better than I do," said the old man, hurrying away to a hut on one side, where he procured candles.

"It is a rough job," be began, when he returned, "and only in a very dry season is it practicable. My name is James Dakin. You need not be afraid of trusting yourselves with me, anybody will tell you that."

"How long is it since you had the last dry season?" I inquired, as we clambered down to the place we purposed to enter.

"Twelve years," he said. "Everything was dried up that summer, and we had to fetch water from a distance. You must bend low, and mind how you tread. Keep your candles well before you. Now, gentlemen."

The old man stooped and entered the low opening. We followed, and after various stumbles, we found ourselves in a fairly commodious chamber, formed in the hard limestone. The floor sloped towards the centre, where a pool of still water stood.

"At ordinary times," said Dakin, "that water rushes through the passage, and nobody could safely enter here. I brought several parties in, twelve years since, and it may be twelve years more before anybody could reach this point without great danger."

He was explaining something to my brother about the water, and I examined a rocky shelf about five feet from the floor. Behind a piece of stone, I found a plated sandwich-case: dull enough it looked, but the initials A. G. were on it, and I recognised a gift of my own to Amos Glew. Placing it in my pocket, I suggested that we should return, as our object was accomplished. My brother understood me, and we stumbled back again, along the low passage to the outer air. Then we rewarded our guide, and hurried away to our hotel, that we might examine the sandwich-case.

There were two hundred fifty-pound notes in that box, the notes which Amos Glew had drawn from the bank. Why he placed them where he did, and when he intended to recover them, we shall never know. Twelve years before, in a drought of painful severity, he had concealed them. In another year of hot sun and cloudless sky, we were led to the discovery which cleared our name in the eyes of all men, and restored to us the fortune we had despaired of ever regaining.

At one time, the loss of money was what made my regret the keenest; then, as I laboured on under a sense of wrong, I felt as if a blighted reputation was man's heaviest cross. But new thoughts had taken possession of me, and in the great joy which filled my heart when the proofs of triumph were before me, I remembered with chief pleasure the dear young people in Norfolk, whose love had been overshadowed and whose happiness had been endangered by the crime and cupidity of others.

It was the same with Bertrand. He began to talk wildly, and he laughed with a childish glee.

"I only wish Agatha and Eustace were here," he said, "and Mary; we ought to have brought the lot of them. Then there is Herbert Woolden, a better young fellow does not breathe; and Althea is the gem of the broads. I tell you she is. Ha, ha, ha! Let us go home. Bravo!"

VI.

I MUST do justice to Mr. Woolden. When our success was known, he came to Wilsey Grange, and said in his oracular manner, "A thing which is found is found, and whatever is past and gone is past and gone."

It was not for us to dispute his word. We did not even go into particulars about John Daybrook, and the position which he occupied in reference to Althea. I may mention, however, that a remark of Mrs. Fielding Mason's was repeated to us. She said to a friend at Norwich, "Jack knows that only one can win in the race for a wife, and he would not give twopence for a fellow who cannot lose without whimpering."

Mrs. Fielding Mason became Mrs. Roderick Woolden, and I must say Roderick might have done worse.

It was pleasant to see the change which came over Agatha and Eustace when the announcement of our discovery took away the last excuse for reproach which the world had against us. Can the young renew their youth? They can. For care makes ravages like time, and leaves its victims sad and worn, as if with age. They renewed their youth, and the cloud which had gathered round them seemed forgotten. Althea and Herbert, too, were at the Grange or on Wilsey Broad continually. We heard laughter like that of children, and saw sunny faces, which increased our thankfulness for the great mercy and unexpected deliverance that had come to us in our sorrow.

* * * * * *

And now the end.

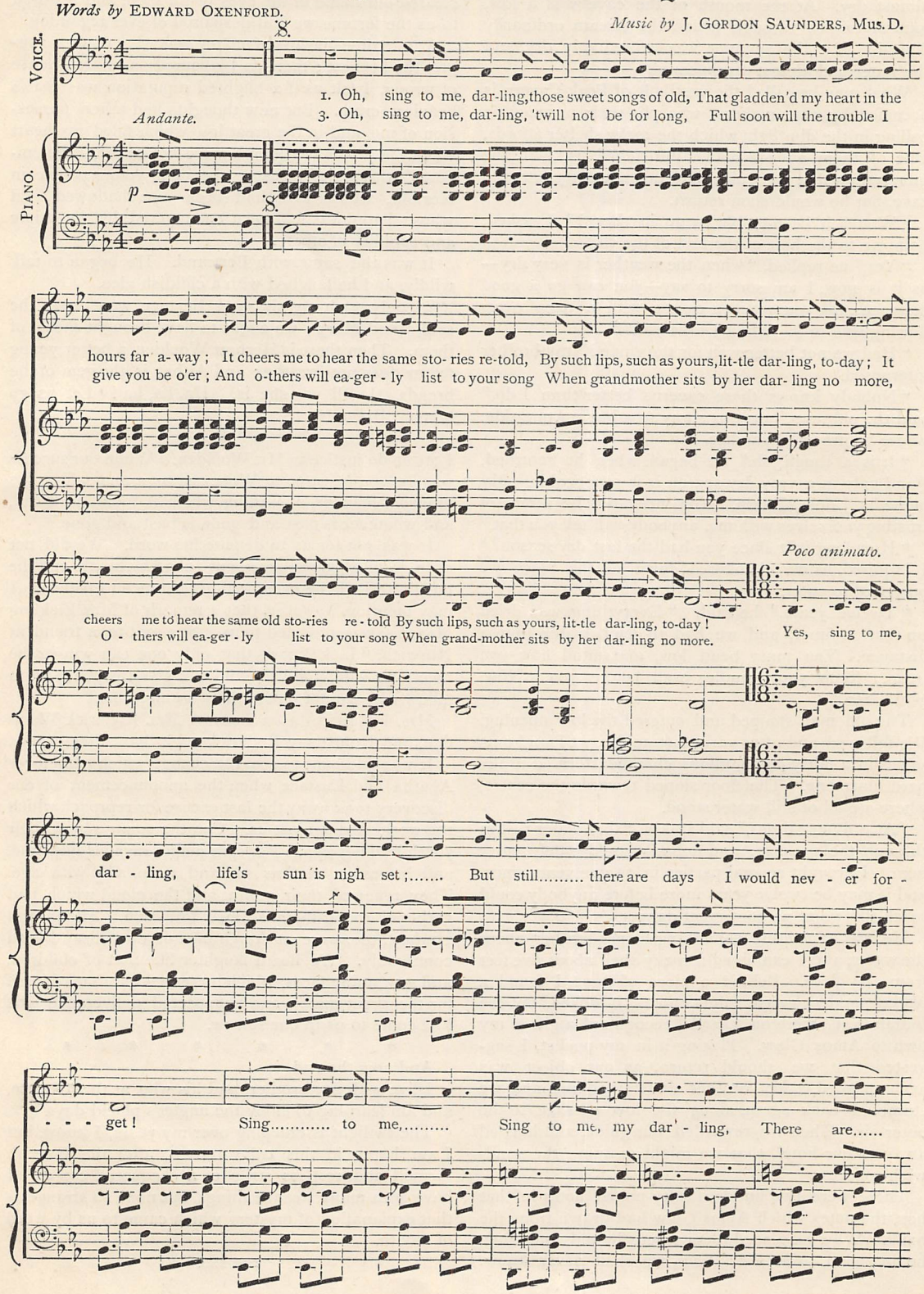
I live with my brother and his wife at the Grange, and am learning to enjoy the angler's placid days.

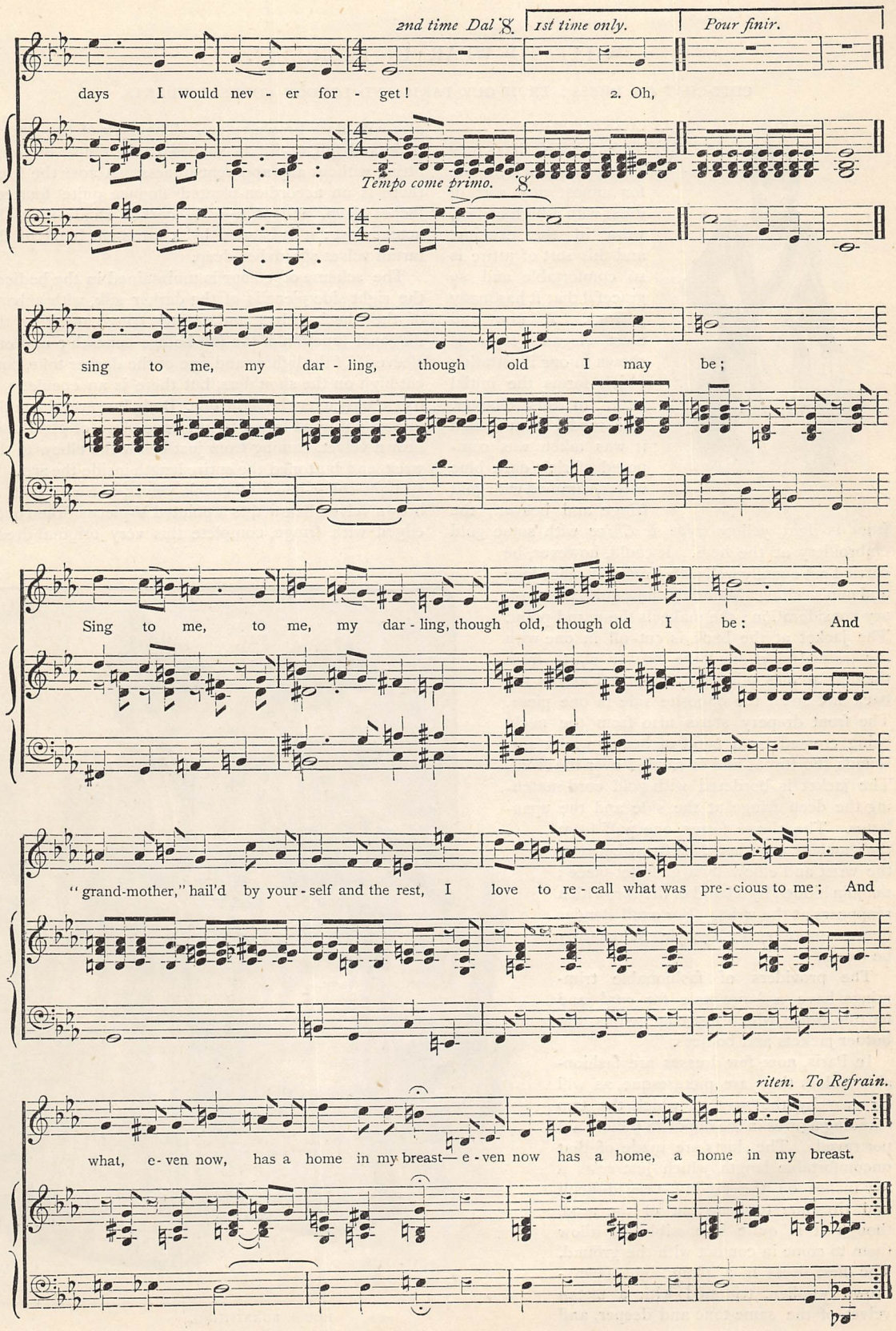
The twilight is creeping over my years, I know, but I am happy in this calm retreat, after the feverish turmoil and restless strife of a chequered career. I have seen many strange things, but none so strange as that explanation of mystery which came to us by word of mouth.

THE END.

Sing to me, Darling.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.




2nd time Dal 8. 1st time only. Pour finir.
days I would nev - er for - get! 2. Oh,
Tempo come primo. 8.
sing to me, my dar - ling, though old I may be;
Sing to me, to me, my dar - ling, though old, though old I be: And
"grand-mother," hail'd by your - self and the rest, I love to re - call what was pre - cious to me; And
riten. To Refrain.
what, e - ven now, has a home in my breast— e - ven now has a home, a home in my breast.

WHAT TO WEAR IN FEBRUARY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

A TEA-GOWN has now become a generic name for almost any sort of dress with a high bodice, worn in the evening, and this sort of attire is so comfortable and so graceful that it has many patrons. A new and most elegant style is shown in our illustration which forms the initial letter to this chapter. The model from which it was taken was composed of rich dark blue velvet, trimmed with gold fringe and beaver; the front is light yellow *crêpe de Chine* with some gold embroidery at the hem. It could, however, be carried out equally well with chiffon or piece lace and nun's veiling. Material is now quite a secondary consideration; the make is the grand point. The jacket at the back is cut all in one with the trained skirt, and the beaver starts from the foot at one side, and is carried across the back and down the opposite side in one piece. The front drapery starts also from the neck, being crossed by a band of beaver which surrounds the throat and is carried over the front. The jacket is bordered with gold cord matching the deep fringe at the side and the epaulettes. The sleeve forms one puff from the shoulder, is gathered half-way between the wrist and elbow by a gauntlet-piece; the join hidden by a band of the fur, which reappears at the wrist. For a tall slender figure, a more becoming style could hardly be found.

The providers of fashionable trimmings have a large sale for cord and narrow gimps, which just edge seams, and border jackets and bodices.

In Paris, now, few dresses are fashionable unless they are picturesque, as will be seen by the way in which the two standing figures in the opposite picture are portrayed. The skirts are made of that uncomfortable length which just rests a few inches on the ground, very difficult and tiresome to keep out of the mud, though it is quite impossible to allow them to come in contact with the ground. The first dress is a plain light fawny-brown woollen, trimmed with a tartan velvet of the same tone and deeper, and also with dark brown velvet. The back of the skirt is plain and full, and it is shaped to the figure in front, fitting without any apparent fulness. Across the front there is an accordion-pleated flounce quite fourteen inches deep, and of a little darker shade than the actual skirt; it is headed by a cross-cut band of the tartan velvet six inches deep.

The scheme of colour is maintained in the bodice; the right side piece is of the darker silk, with a band of the check velvet and falling fringe marking the diagonal junction of the full bodice beneath; and one sleeve is of the lighter and one of the darker tone, both cut high on the shoulders, but there is an epaulette of fringe only over the right one. Both, however, have the fulness gathered into a tight sleeve-piece of plain dark brown velvet, coming from just below the elbow to the wrist, and buttoned the entire length inside the arm. A straight collar-band of check velvet, a Swiss belt of brown velvet, below this a pointed V-piece of the check edged with fringe, complete this very original dress,

HOUSE FURNISHING.

which develops all the best points of a good figure. The liberal use of fringe and the distinct sleeves are new ideas. The hat accompanying it is a shape likely to be worn late into the spring; the broad brim is bent, and ostrich tips peep over here and there. In England you seem to place all your trimmings at the backs of hats and bonnets. In Paris they are in the front, and even head-dresses for evening wear stand proudly erect.

The shapes of our most fashionable cloaks are inspired by the modes of Henri Quatre, Henri Deux, and Sir Walter Raleigh, modified to our modern requirements. What could well be more becoming than the mantle in our sketch? It can be reproduced in cloth, velvet, or woollen brocade. The model from which the picture was drawn was a dark ruby velvet embroidered in gold, bordered with beaver. It is a jacket with long ends in front, and hanging sleeves over close fitting under ones. The basque falls about four inches below the waist. It is of the habit form at the back; while the front ends are only two inches shorter than the skirt. Note the collar; there is a straight all-round band to protect the throat, and a collar lined with fur turning backwards so that it does not rumple the hair at the nape of the neck. There are tight under-sleeves to the wrist, with a beaver cuff, and the over-sleeve is gathered full into the armhole, having gold embroidery on the outside of the arm, and lined throughout with satin of a lighter tone. The fronts of the jacket are also embroidered like a Bolero jacket, and a deep point in the same gold cord descends from the neck between the shoulders in the centre of the back. It is a light, warm outdoor wrap, which could be well worn in the evening also, though, speaking generally, the distinctive feature of evening cloaks would seem to be the high upstanding square collars lined with feather trimming—such a becoming background to the face. Consequently our model would be equally *à la mode* if feather trimming replaced the fur.

Very long wrap-cloaks are so generally useful, that they form an item of most wardrobes; but so much attention is now paid to figures, that there is a strong tendency to wear jackets still. In Paris these are being most fancifully trimmed. Fan-shaped pieces of gold or silver solid embroidery are laid on the fronts to simulate a jacket, and from these issue two scarf-pieces which are closely folded and cross each other. They are kept in form at the waist by a shaped belt of the same gold or silver work, and then fall to the feet, being edged with fringe.

COMPARING NOTES.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

When February comes the worst of the winter is over, as far as the dark days are concerned, but it is often desperately cold. The shortest day is a date long past, and in the country the floral heralds of spring begin to pierce through the earth. Still we have more occasion than ever to wrap our furs around us, though the sun makes the dresses worn in the depth of winter, in the fog and by the fireside, look as though they had lost their freshness, and it is an excellent time of year for investing in new raiment, which can be worn in England well on to May. Our sketches show two distinct classes of dress: one purely an outdoor garment, the other suitable, if preferred, for indoors. I will begin with the latter. It is made of the new material—woollen corduroy—with a most visible rep, and known as Cotelet. This is made up with a dark brown velvet brocade, on a ground of the same colour as the rest of the dress. The velvet appears on the side panel, on the V-shaped vest, at the throat, and forms the tight gauntlet-pieces of the sleeve. The fur is chinchilla, which of late has come mightily into favour; you will note that it is only used on the front of the dress, where one long piece from shoulder to hem wraps over. This style needs most careful cutting and adjustment, so that it indicates the waist well and does not fall in too heavy folds. The back is

princess. The sketch supplies all other information required. The hat is of the new felt form; the upturned brim describing a point over the forehead. It is of the colour of the chinchilla, with brown ostrich tips. Brown and grey is an admixture of tones likely to be the special fashion of the spring for outdoor wear, and grey and yellow for evening.

The other dress was originally made in plain electric blue, intermixed with brocade; the design in black. It is trimmed with beaver; the muff is beaver, the fulness drawn in the centre with black — a bias band of black silk, having a bow in the centre — indeed, two bows: one opposite the other. The idea of two garments rolled into one, each asserting itself through the other, is a very favourite one, and you see it here. There is a plain straight collar-band at the throat; and below it, broad revers of the beaver fastening on one side. No jacket would seem to be complete without these additions. The centre of the front has a straight piece of the brocaded material bordered on each side with a narrow band of beaver. There are side jacket-pieces of the plain bordered with a narrow herring-bone design in black braid; this falls well down on to the hips over a plain panel. The back of the skirt is all brocade in close-set single pleats. The sleeves are of the bell form, which is coming in again, and over this is a full plain upper portion laid on diagonally. It is a warm, graceful, and most comfortable garment, worn with a flat felt hat covered with feathers, straight in front, high at the side, turning down at the back, for no two brims seem to be bent alike, the more fantastic being the more fashionable.

Lacings are introduced on the sides of skirts with ribbon or cord, and for stout figures considerably diminish the apparent size. I see the idea prettily applied to a new and smart make of jersey. The jacket with one revers opens over a closely tucked shirt, and a pointed stay-piece; the upper point reaching to the bust, the lower falling from the waist. This is laced down the centre with cross lacings by means of ribbon, which forms a large rosette at the lower point.

Elastic bodices will never go out of fashion: they adhere to the figure as nothing else will, and when fleecy-lined are exceptionally warm.

There is a revival of aprons, especially in the country, where they give an element of smartness, protecting the dress while arranging flowers, painting, modelling, or whatever the occupation may be.

The "English Rose" apron is among the latest styles. The bib is cut in such a fashion that it combines a pointed belt. This and the side trimming are often of a figured material of a colour in contrast with the plain centre, cut in vandykes at the edge. It can be made in cotton, wool, or silk, and is exceptionally pretty.

The home dressmaker will be glad to hear of an inexpensive substitute for whalebone, which rejoices in the name of "platinum." (Alas! whalebone becomes dearer and dearer.) It is a made-up substance—a combination of silver, steel, and platinum—made in two thicknesses, and covered either in black or in white, so that it is ready to put on. The ends are so protected that they cannot push through the dress, and it is an elastic substance which does not break. There have been so many unsuccessful productions of the kind that a good one deserves notice.

Checked materials are cut on the cross, and a simple style is a plain cross-cut skirt and full bodice, with a velvet yoke and velvet Swiss belt, the points turning up and down at the waist; round the yoke is a cross-cut frill of the material. The sleeves are full and cross-cut to the elbow; the rest velvet, close-fitting to the wrist; the Medici collar of velvet. Very cheap remnants are often to be bought at the winter sales, which could be made up thus with little trouble. Women who have thin throats will be glad to hear of a fashionable necklet; it is made of a ruche of ribbon in double pleats; from this is a centre loop of velvet, double and longer than the others, which fall from this ruche in graduated lengths; there is more warmth than would appear in these ruches. Chiffon, though sadly perishable, is used for a variety of purposes, especially for neckties of delicate tone, tied round the very high all-round linen collars now in fashion. This is one of the many ways in which women imitate masculine fashions; sailor ties and, indeed, all other kind of masculine ties are faithfully copied by wives and sisters, and, moreover, become them well.

LIFE'S LESSER LIGHTS AND SHADES.

SONNET.

WITHIN a glade, 'neath high o'er-arching trees,
With patient hands and eyes an artist sits,
And seeks to paint each varying light that flits
Through leaves and branches flutt'ring in the breeze;
Yet fails his own true critic's gaze to please,
Though he could show with wondrous truth the gale
That sweeps with fury over hill and dale,
Or summer's sunshine flooding all the leas.

So, too, an author oft portrays with ease
The golden sunlight and the stormy strife—
The highest joys, the keenest woes of life;
Yet, toiling through long days, he fails to seize
The tints of flickering sunshine, fleeting shade—
The things of which man's truer life is made.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

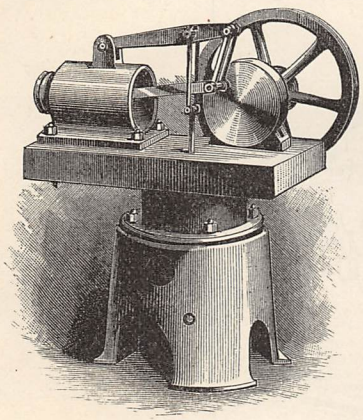
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Small Air-Engine.

The small air-engine which we illustrate herewith is made in several sizes up to about four-man power, and is intended to be useful in places where small steam or gas engines would be too inconvenient. It consists of an air chamber, heated at its lower end by a slow fire of gas or coal. Above it is a working cylinder containing the piston, which, by its to-and-fro motion, drives the flywheel. The heated air is admitted to the working cylinder by suitable valves and passages, and there is a "regenerator" for cooling the air. The working piston is moved by the changes of pressure in the air, produced by this means. As the regenerator works, the air is alternately heated and cooled, and the piston keeps in stroke. The engine is easy to start and stop, and requires little attention. Moreover, the smaller sizes can be worked by oil lamps.



Testing Railways.

Professor Milne, F.R.S., and Mr. J. McDonald, of Tokio, Japan, have invented an ingenious apparatus for recording oscillations, which has been employed with success on the railway trains of Japan as a mode of testing the condition of the line and carriages The oscillations, from whatever cause, are registered in a curve on a band of travelling paper, and subsequently examined. The paper moves at a certain speed, and thus the time of stoppages is also shown. The instrument was recently brought before English men of science at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The Gyroscope at Sea.

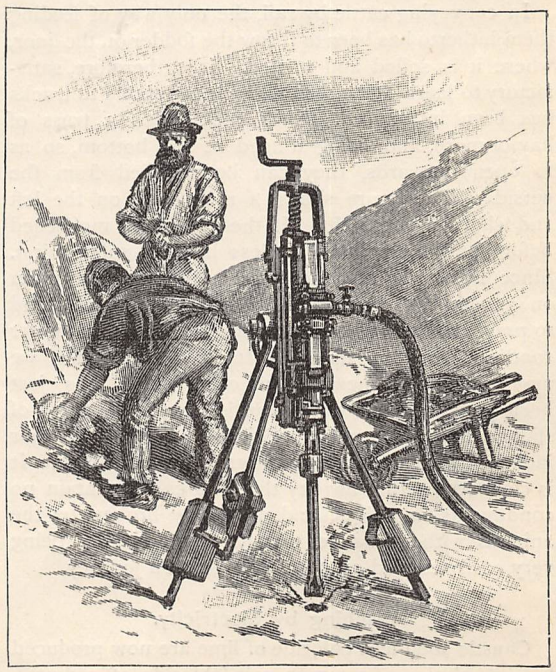
We are all more or less familiar with the propensity of a spinning top to keep its position and go on spinning, even though it leans over so much that were it not spinning it must fall on its side. In short, the axis of the top tends to keep its position in space. The gyroscope may be regarded as a scientific top, or teetotum, and when spinning round at a high speed its plane of rotation is practically invariable, and may be regarded as giving a fixed position or direction in space. This property has recently been taken advantage of on the French man-of-war *Turenne*, in order to correct the compass. The gyroscope is spun, giving a fixed direction, the ship is then swung round and the direction of the compass needle compared with it. A small gyroscope has also been fitted to the ship's sextants, so as to give an invariable line of sight, independent of the motions of the ship, from which to measure angles during rough weather or in the dark.

A Rock Drill.

The tool shown in our engraving is a drill for piercing rocks for the introduction of blasting materials. It consists essentially of a cylinder enclosing a long piston, the rod of which carries a boring bit of steel at its lower end. The piston is actuated by steam or compressed air, which is controlled by an automatic valve admitting and releasing the air alternately, so as to deliver a series of rapid blows on the rock. The machine supersedes the laborious method of drilling by hand with advantage. By its means a hole eight inches deep can be bored in hard granite in ten minutes.

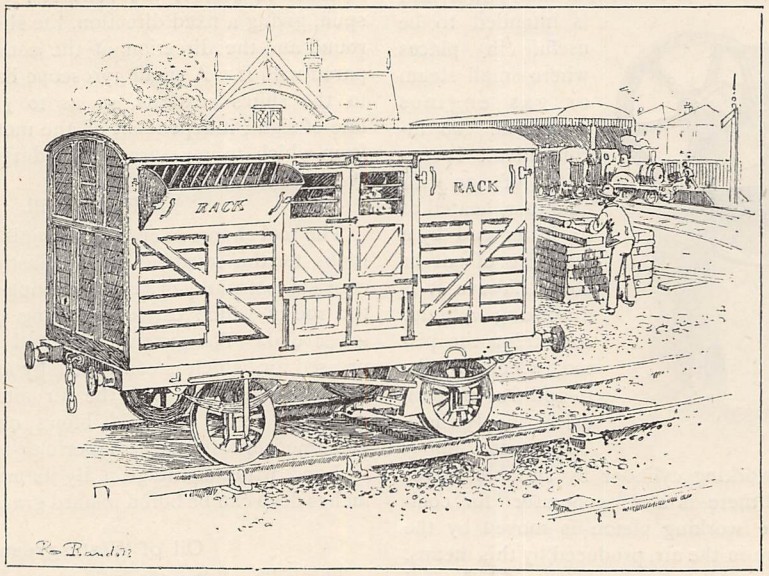
Oil of Wintergreen.

This oil contains ten per cent. of a volatile hydrocarbon called gualtheriden, and ninety per cent. of salicylate of menthol, and, according to Mr. J. D.



A ROCK DRILL.

Staple, M.R.C.S., it is a good remedy for rheumatism, especially of a chronic order. His method is to rub the part affected with a liniment of equal parts of olive oil and the oil of wintergreen, then wrap the limb in cotton wool, lightly bandaged. The pain generally ceases in five or six hours after the application. In chronic cases the liniment should be well rubbed into the affected region. Mr. Staple says that he has used the oil in over a hundred cases, and of these only two patients failed to be relieved by it.



A FEEDING CATTLE-TRUCK.

For Cattle and Horses.

In conveying cattle by rail, the only way of feeding them hitherto has been to throw the fodder on the floor, where it is soiled and wasted. It is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that a feeding rack adaptable to trucks has been introduced. Each rack holds a truss of hay or more, and, being hinged at the bottom, so as to open outwards, they can be supplied from the outside. The figure shows a rack open on the left and shut on the right. If the fodder is moistened beforehand, the animals are less likely to suffer thirst. Since live-stock are more liable to catch infection on an empty stomach, these humane racks will tend to prevent disease, while keeping the stock in better condition for the market.—In this connection we may mention a new forage cake which has just been patented, and which consists almost entirely of slightly bruised corn, formed into cakes of about four inches square and three-quarters of an inch thick. It is claimed for this novelty that the cakes contain no condiments or spices, and are easily broken by the animals without danger to the teeth, besides being very easily carried or stored for use on a journey.

Bleaching by Electricity.

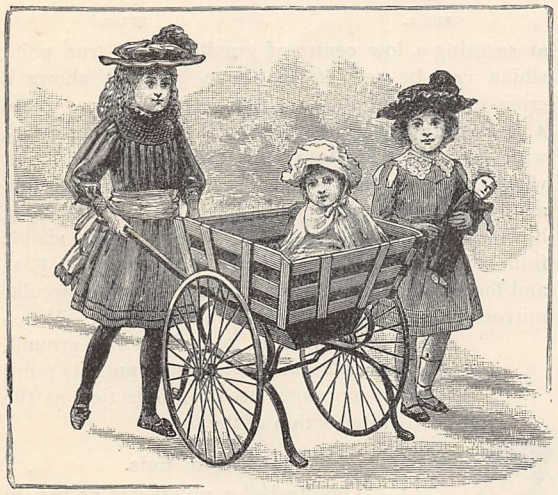
Caustic soda and chloride of lime are now produced from a solution of common salt (chloride of sodium), by decomposing it with an electric current. The caustic soda is removed from the bath, and the chlorine gas given off is absorbed by slaked lime, forming chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, which, like the caustic soda, is of great service in paper-mills.

Physical Tests.

Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., the well-known anthropologist, and author of "Hereditary Genius," has brought before the notice of the Civil Service Commissioners a scheme for adding physical to the literary tests for admission to the Army, Navy, and Civil Services. At a recent lecture to the Society of Arts he gave a clear account of his plan, which is at present in the balance. The proposed tests are only intended to apply to candidates for active professions in which high physical powers are requisite. The present system of examination will not be disturbed. Mr. Galton only wishes to supplement it by another touching faculties which the literary and medical examinations now in vogue do not reach. The new tests would not require any special preparation on the part of the candidate. He does not propose an athletic competition, which would burden the student with an additional training: his object is to test the natural capacities of the man apart from special training, which might give a fictitious and misleading estimate. At present there is a selection made for extraordinary duties—for example, on an Arctic expedition; but Mr. Galton wishes to reduce the matter to a system applicable in general. Character as a whole and a manly bearing might, he thinks, be available for marks as well as the specific tests he would apply. The latter would comprise stature and proportions, such as the span of the arms; height above the seat of the chair when sitting, and length of the neck; weight; strength of grasp; breathing capacity;

quickness of response to a signal by sound; quickness of muscular action; simple tests of vision; simple tests of hearing. These tests have been in operation in the South Kensington Galleries of Science for two years, and only occupy fifteen minutes. Special instruments have also been devised, and these can be seen at Mr. Galton's laboratory, Imperial Institute Road, Queen's Gate, Kensington. In assigning marks for these trials, the examiners would exercise their discretion, for certain faculties would have to be taken together. An upper and a lower limit would be fixed, so as to exclude all candidates below the minimum, and fix the maximum number of marks. For instance, the upper and lower limits for strength of grasp might be 56 and 96 lbs. A person falling below the former would receive no marks, and one rising above the latter would receive the highest number of marks but no more. It must be understood that the marks obtained for these tests will not incapacitate the candidate altogether; this is left to the medical examination. The marks from these physical tests would be taken in conjunction with those from the literary tests, and thus a person of poor physique, but not hopelessly defective, would have a chance if his mental powers redeemed his physical weakness. In this a great commander or administrator would still be saved to the services.

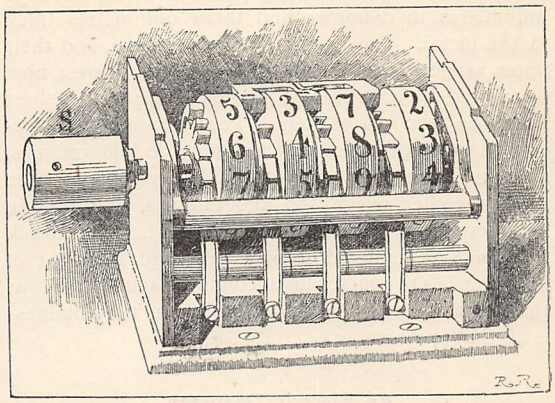
A New Baby-Cart.



A new perambulator, or rather cart, for children is shown in the figure. Owing to the wide axle and the four legs between the wheels, the vehicle is not apt to be upset, and its body is roomier than a perambulator. The curving legs or stays are padded with india-rubber to prevent jarring. The body is walnut or other ornamental wood, and lined with carriage-cloth, while the seats are cushioned. The vehicle is very light, and capable of holding two children rising three or four years of age.

A New Counter.

Mr. Snelgrove, a well-known inventor, has devised the new counter which we illustrate. The spindle, S, will revolve in either direction, or work a to-and-fro motion if desired. The units, tens, hundreds, and thousands are shown on dials, worked by panels



and ratchet wheels in a novel manner, which, however, we need not particularise. The counter is fitted with the usual cover.

A Substitute for Vulcanite.

A new insulating material, intended as a substitute for ebonite, vulcanite, or other preparations of gutta-percha and india-rubber, has been introduced. It is, we understand, a preparation of oils, such as linseed oil, oxydised by treatment with certain acids, and amalgamated with another substance to give it the consistency and mechanical qualities of a practical insulator. As the supply of gutta-percha is nearly exhausted, owing to the reckless destruction of the *Isonandra gutta* tree of the Malay Archipelago, and that of india-rubber is declining, such a material is a desideratum.

Triple Screw Propellers.

Three screw propellers instead of one are likely to be used in future on Atlantic liners and fast men-of-war. As yet, however, the best arrangement of the screws has not been quite determined. Figs. 1 and 2 show how the screws have been placed on the *Montebello* and *Monzambano*, war ships of the Italian navy; but this plan is not considered satisfactory for ordinary vessels. The naval authorities of the United States have lately been considering the matter, and their experiences should prove of great service.

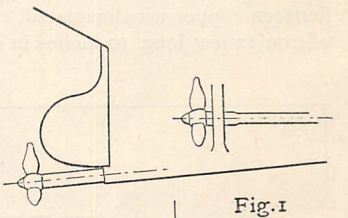


Fig.1

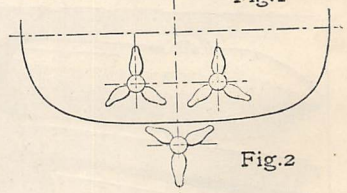


Fig.2

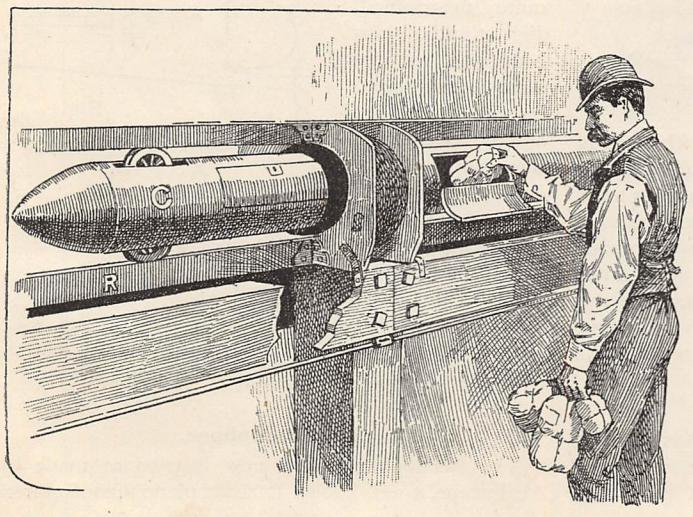
The Codophone.

The "codophone" is a new instrument made by M. Lacape, a well-known Parisian piano manufacturer,

for the service of the Grand Opera House in "Le Rêve." It is designed to imitate a carillon, or peal of bells, and consists of 25 pipes of brass, each 36 millimetres in diameter and three millimetres thick in the metal. They are of varying lengths, and their notes range through two octaves. The lowest note is emitted by a pipe 1·85 metres long; the highest from one 0·90 metres long. The former note corresponds to that from a bell weighing 80 kilogrammes, and the latter from one of 33 kilogrammes. The pipes together weigh 100 kilogrammes, and replace bells weighing 2,000 kilogrammes. They are struck by hammers actuated from a keyboard, like that of an organ. Of course, in a confined space, such as that of a concert-hall or opera-house, the loudness is all that is desirable.

An Electric Despatch.

A cylindrical coil of insulated wire, or "solenoid," as it is called, has the power of sucking a mass of soft iron into its hollow when a current of electricity passes through the wire. If, then, a row of such coils are excited by the current one after another, the mass of iron can be drawn through the midst of them like a shuttle through the loom; and if this mass of iron contains a chamber in which a letter or parcel is placed, we shall have an electric despatch or post. This is the principle of the Portelectric Company's despatch, which has been experimentally tried over a short length of track at Boston, United States. The figure shows a portion of the track, which is elevated on stout posts a few feet above the ground. There are two rails, one over the other, so that the cigar-shaped core or carrier of soft iron, C, runs on wheels between them. A door in the carrier allows of the packets or parcels being inserted in it, as illustrated. At intervals of six feet there is a solenoid or hollow bobbin, S, encircling the track, so that the carriage can dart through it on its way to the next. Each coil has about 20 lbs. of number fourteen copper wire insulated. The car is a cylinder of iron 12 feet long, 10 inches in diameter, and 350 lbs. in weight. The experimental track was not very favourable owing to its curves and grades, but a speed of the carrier of 45 feet per second has been obtained. The dynamo furnishing the current was of the Edco type, and driven by a Sturtevant engine of 20 horse-power. The electromotive force of the current was 1,000 volts. By an ingenious arrangement, the car in its passage actuated the switches and transferred the full power of the current from one solenoid to the next, so as to draw itself along the line. Professor Dolbear, a well-known electrician, who is the engineer for the company, is confident in the ultimate success of the system, and expects the carrier to outstrip the fastest express train.



A Scientific Plummet.

The Standards Department of the Board of Trade have adopted a new plummet in preference to the ordinary one, which is defective. The new design aims

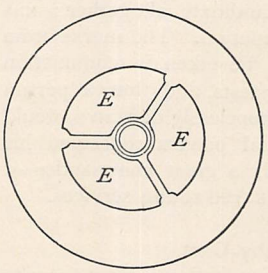


FIG. 1.

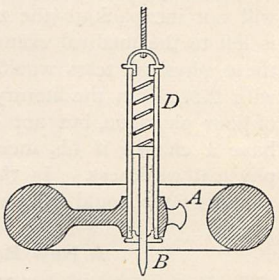


FIG. 2.

at securing a low centre of gravity and a true point which can be seen from above. Fig. 1 shows a cross-section, and Fig. 2 a plan of the device, where A is a heavy ring or wheel of brass or gun-metal, with three light spokes; and B is a fine steel point which when pressed upward by violence retreats into a sheath, D, for protection. A spiral spring in the tube, however, presses it outwards. The point is visible from above on looking through the spaces E, E, E, and for greater accuracy of adjustment a small circular mirror marked with cross-lines is provided. When the mirror is placed on the ground, the plummet is adjusted until its point is opposite its own reflection at the intersection of the lines.

Vinegar Eels.

Tiny "eels," a millimetre or two in length, are sometimes found in weak or impure vinegar. How they get there is uncertain, but they seem to come at certain stages of the manufacture. In vinegar made from wine by the quick process they are very rare. Dr. G. Lindner states that they thrive best on a diet of egg, withstand even strong vinegar, but are killed at once by pure acetic acid They flourish best at temperatures ranging from 60° to 80° Fahr., and are killed by a temperature over 107° Fahr., or one below the freezing

point. These eels or worms are not exactly dangerous, but it is safer to be sure that the vinegar is of the better sort and free from them, or, at least, to boil and filter it, so as to expel them.

The Frog as a Chameleon.

M. Dutartre, Preparator of the Faculty of Science at Besançon, has discovered that light has a direct action on the colouring matter of a frog's skin, thus enabling the animal to adapt its colour to the medium surrounding it. The colour is due to chromatoblasts and chromatophores in the skin, the former giving a blue and yellow, the latter a black tinge. The direct influence of the light is, however, under the control of the frog's eye by some reflex action, for it is much slower in blind frogs. The change in question is doubtless for a protective purpose, since a frog placed in clear water assumes a lighter shade than when immersed in dark water.

Electricity from Light.

Dr. Samuel Sheldon, of the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, New York, has performed a memorable experiment—to wit, the generation of electricity by the conjoint operation of light and magnetism. It will be remembered that Faraday caused the plane of polarisation of a ray of light to rotate through a certain angle by passing the ray along the "lines of force" between the poles of an electromagnet. This was the first great experiment which demonstrated a hidden connection between the phenomena of light and magnetism. Dr. Sheldon has reversed Faraday's experiment, and by rotating the plane of polarisation of a ray has caused it to generate an electric current and produce magnetism. He sent the ray from an electric arc lamp through a glass containing bisulphide of carbon, a clear liquid with a high refractive index, which took the place of the heavy cobalt glass used in Faraday's well-known experiment. The bisulphide of carbon was placed within a coil of wire corresponding to the electromagnet of Faraday's arrangement, and the terminals of the coil were connected by wire to a telephone in a distant room. The ray of light was polarised in a Nicol prism and reflected from a mirror that oscillated through an angle of 45° three hundred times a second. The plane of polarisation of the ray was thus rocked through an angle of 90° three hundred times a second. When the mirror was oscillating, the telephone was found to emit a musical note, in pitch an octave above the tone made by the oscillating mirror. If the circuit between the coil and the telephone was interrupted, the note ceased, proving that the currents exciting the note in the telephone came from the coil; and Dr. Sheldon concludes that they were generated in the coil by the oscillation of the ray of polarised light. Faraday, in short, by sending a current through the coil of his electromagnet, had rotated the ray of light, while Dr. Sheldon by rotating the ray has produced a current in the coil. The strength of the current was comparatively feeble.

Copper and India-rubber.

Salts of copper are very injurious to india-rubber, and as they are sometimes used in dyeing waterproof cloth, the speedy decay of the fabric is inevitable. According to Mr. William Thomson, F.R.S.E., the oily rubbers are peculiarly apt to deteriorate in this way, because the oil dissolves the copper. Warm copper plates in contact with rubber tend to destroy it, while the metals, silver, zinc, and platinum, have no such effect. The heated copper seems to have the power of oxidising the gum.

An Electrical Tree-Feller.

In the Galician forests a saw is in use for felling trees, which is worked by an electric motor, mounted on a cart, and so carried to the foot of each tree as required. The electric current for the motor is conveyed by wires from the nearest generating station.

Birds and Lightning.

A head gamekeeper at Briese in Prussian Silesia found a covey of fifteen partridges lying dead within the area of a square metre, and on examining the ground concluded that a flash of lightning had killed the birds. The track of the discharge could be traced, and the grass around it was yellow and scorched.

A Book for Boys.

A capital book to put into the hands of any thoughtful boy is "Dick's Holidays, and What He Did with Them" (Fisher Unwin), edited by Mr. James Weston. We are always glad to welcome a work which is calculated to draw out the interest of young people in nature and natural phenomena, and this is one of those best calculated to achieve this desirable result.

For Mothers and Wives

Are the third and fourth volumes of Messrs. Cassell's "Book of the Household," which have just been issued, and complete the work, which deals with almost every branch of household decoration, arrangement, and management, though we would call special attention to such articles as those on washing. As an illustration of the scope of the work, we may mention that while such subjects as laundry work are so effectively treated as we have indicated, others perhaps of almost equal importance to the household well-being, but widely differing from them, as cycling, are also very thoroughly treated. The four handy volumes make a *vade-mecum* for a young housewife, and would form a suitable present for a bride.

An Indian Story.

One of the most remarkable stories of Anglo-Indian life that we have seen is "The Rajah's Heir" (Smith, Elder & Co.) which has just been issued in a single-volume form after having met a very warm welcome in the traditional three volumes. There is an atmosphere of half-explained mystic influence pervading the story; but the tale as a whole is so vividly told,

so instinct with life, and so evidently from the pen of a writer who knows the people and the land she (for we believe the author is a lady) is describing, that one is content to leave something unexplained for the sake of the charm of the story. We confess we should have liked a brighter ending to it, but perhaps that was impossible, so we must be content to leave the hero happily married, though not, alas! to the ill-fated and beautiful heroine.

Old Friends.

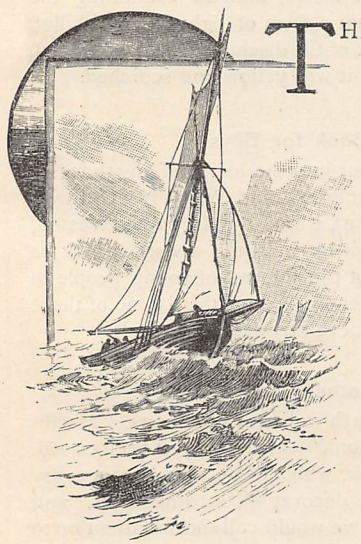
All who remember Mr. Palmer Cox's "The Brownies, their Book," will be glad to hear that a sequel to it has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, under the title of "Another Brownie Book." The Brownies, as described in the verses or pictured in illustrations, are just as amusing and original as ever; and children, whether of normal or larger growth, will be glad to welcome them on their reappearance, we are sure. A word of praise is due to the publisher for the charming get-up of the volume.

The Last Days Before Caxton.

The period that came between the days of Chaucer and the introduction of the printing-press by Caxton was one of great activity in English literature, as may be seen from the sixth volume of "English Writers" (Cassell), in which Professor Morley deals with the epoch. While it is no doubt true that the introduction of printing did much to secure the spread of literature, we cannot help the thought, as we run through Professor Morley's pages, that the increase in literary effort was equally powerful in securing the introduction of the printing-press.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE."



THE successful competitions for Eight- and Four-Part Serial Stories, which were held in connection with this Magazine during 1890, must be within the recollection of all our readers. Like all our competitions in former years, they resulted in the introduction to the Editor of writers hitherto unknown to him, and the prize-winners were, one and all, new to the Magazine. The outcome of these two competitions for serial stories was so gratifying to the Editor that he has been encouraged to set on foot a new Competition, this time for Short Stories. The pages of this and other magazines show that where one serial story finds acceptance, four or five short stories are used. The labour involved in writing a short story is neither so great nor so prolonged as that necessitated by a serial, so the Editor trusts that many more of his readers may be led to enter the lists. The stories must be bright, original, and suitable for family reading. Under these conditions,

THREE PRIZES of TEN POUNDS, EIGHT POUNDS, and FIVE POUNDS respectively, are offered for the Best, Second- and Third-Best Stories of not less than 6,000 words, or more than 8,000 words in length, suitable for use in this Magazine. Each story must be accompanied by a short outline (about 300 words in length) of its plot.

The following are the regulations under which these prizes are offered:—

1. Every reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages, or a prize-winner in the 1890 competitions) is eligible to enter the competition.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of the stories in detail. *The particulars given are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. All communications regarding the stories must be sent in the same packets with the MSS. No subsequent communications (except under Rule 7) can receive any consideration. The award of the judges will be published in the Magazine as soon after the close of the competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.

4. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration *that the work is original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—*i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

5. The copyright of the prize work, or works, will become the property of the proprietors of this Magazine.

6. Should two stories be, in the opinion of the judges, of equal merit, any two prizes may be divided between their authors at the discretion of the Editor. Any, or all, of the prizes may be withheld in the event of no story being thought by the judges to be worthy of distinction.

7. All packets containing MSS. should be prepaid. The Editor will not be liable for loss or miscarriage of any work. Unsuccessful competitors may have their MSS. returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award*. Any such application must be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage.

8. All MSS. must reach the Editor on or before JULY 1st, 1891, and should be addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and must have the words "Story Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

FOR THE BOYS' SAKE.

LADY SPENHOUSE, at all times a formidable person, appeared to Dulce as a very Nemesis the afternoon after the "At Home" at which Lord Melvell had played so important a part.

The girl was reading in her boudoir, and so absorbed in her book that she did not hear the opening of the door, and started and blushed when she looked up at the sound of her grandmother's voice to see her standing over her with a strange smile on her face.

"Dulce, my dear," she said, taking the girl's hand with an overwhelming air of patronage and pleasure, "I am sure you will not be surprised to hear that Lord Melvell is in the morning-room, wishing particularly to see you alone. You must let me congratulate you on your conquest, and on the pleasure that your engagement to so charming a man will afford the whole family."

Dulce, bewildered, and scarcely awake from the Tennyson dreamland in which she had been revelling, looked up abruptly.

"I don't know what you mean, grandmother," she said sharply, catching her breath in a sudden gasp.

Lady Spenhouse's manner changed, and her voice became slightly acid.

"I dare say you are surprised at the speedy realisation of your good fortune, Dulce; but you, at least, can have no excuse for ignorance of the cause of Lord Melvell's visit."

Dulce, rising to her feet, pushed back her hair from her forehead with an impatient movement.

"Do you mean that he wants to marry me?" she cried, with a sudden sharp ring of pain in her words. "Is *that* what he has come for, Lady Spenhouse?"

"That is the object of Lord Melvell's visit this afternoon." And Lady Spenhouse looked threatening.

"I can't—oh, I can't do it!" moaned the girl, with a sudden overpowering sense of the precipice on the brink of which she stood. "I do not love Lord Melvell. I am engaged to——"

"Dulcibella, I could shake you at this moment, you little fool!" said the elder woman, with suppressed passion, gripping Dulce's slender wrist. "Do you know that you have encouraged this man in every way?—that you have flirted with him disgracefully?—and that if you refuse him now, besides breaking his heart, you will be pointed at everywhere with scorn as a flirt and a jilt? And also let me tell you that if you refuse to marry Lord Melvell you go straight back by the next train to your Cornish home, there to starve for the rest of your life; for unless you do as I wish, your grandfather and I will wash our hands from this moment of you and your family."

She paused for an instant, and Dulce, trembling with fear at her violent words, said faintly—

"What am I to do? Oh, what am I to do?"

It was a helpless cry for sympathy, and she cast an agonised glance round the room, but there was no escape from that merciless tongue.

"Do you want to marry your beggarly lover and live in a cottage? Pray do so," continued Lady Spenhouse in a cutting cold voice. "Still, I should have thought that this London season had not been quite the best preparation for love in a hovel in a desert land."

Then, as the girl stood pale and motionless, she continued in a kinder tone—

"Certainly I am rather disappointed in you, Dulce, for I had thought that you were a really unselfish girl when you first came to us. And now, when Lord Melvell promises to send one of your brothers to Oxford and the other to Woolwich immediately, you hesitate to pay the really trifling cost which is all he asks. By this marriage you restore your whole family to their position in society and render your brothers happy in their future careers. Love is not necessary to make a marriage a happy one! That notion is certainly an exploded one. Esteem and affection you can certainly give Rupert Melvell, and that is all he asks."

"Is it?" said Dulce, shivering as she spoke with a sense of her own weakness. Her eyes, wide with agony, were fixed on her grandmother's unyielding, pitiless face. Like a bird fascinated by a snake, she listened, scarcely recking of her own suffering. Her love for Jack Mordaunt had come back upon her with such intense strength that she knew and felt the wickedness she would be committing if, with her heart bound irrevocably to one man, she promised her troth to another. But she was not strong enough to resist Lady Spenhouse's will; and besides this, there were her brothers, and, after all, riches were a pleasant possession. She who hesitates is lost, and Lady Spenhouse, reading submission in every line of the girl's drooping figure, said cheerfully—

"That's right, child. Don't look so frightened. Your eyes are like a startled rabbit's, and Lord Melvell will think I have been beating you. There is one thing now that you must do before you go down to the morning-room, and that is to write a letter to that aforesaid Trelorn lover, telling him of your approaching marriage. It need only be a short line,

but you had better be off with the old love before you are on with the new, and I will see that it is posted."

She put paper and pen before the girl, and Dulce sat down with the desperate resolution to go through with the farce to the bitter end, and wrote with a trembling hand :—

"I am going to marry Lord Melvell. I was never worthy of all your love for me. He is going to help the boys and send Ted to college. God bless you!

"DULCIBELLA CARRUTHERS."

"That will do," said Lady Spenhouse drily, taking possession of the poor little note; "and now go down to your impatient lover. And, above all things, say nothing of this Dr. Mordaunt to Lord Melvell, for he particularly requested that he should not be bored with your *ci-devant* love affairs, and he, on his side, would spare you the recital of his own. You know, of course, that you are not his first love by any means."

Dulce bent her head in reply, not pausing to wonder at the strange want of interest apparently displayed by her lover in her past life. She gave her grandmother credit, at least, for strict truth-telling, little thinking that she was, in more senses than one, "weaving fringes to the truth."

"I shall go down to Lord Melvell now," she said, with sudden haughtiness. She felt goaded to desperation between what she thought was her choice and duty and what she knew was right, and her very despair gave her fresh strength. If she had been a weak, tremulous child but a moment before, she was a match for Lady Spenhouse herself in her suddenly assumed dignity.

Lord Melvell was standing by the window trying to occupy himself with a magazine when she entered the room. But the lines swam before his eyes, and the point of the interesting article which he was apparently reading with such intentness was entirely lost upon him. For he was thinking of Dulce, and wondering how he should express himself in the fateful interview which was approaching.

But the set phrases and well-planned turns of speech died on his lips as he turned and saw Dulce standing in the doorway—the sunlight falling on her crown of chestnut hair, on her downcast face, and the scarlet roses in her white gown. He never noticed in his flush of triumphant love that her face was white and strangely hard, and that her beautiful mouth was set in a determined line that was very far removed from its usual gentle expression.

"You wanted to see me, Lord Melvell?" she said, and her clear voice had an almost defiant ring in it as she closed the door steadily, and came forward into the patch of sunlight that stole along the floor through the green Venetian blinds. He made one step forward, and caught her two hands in his.

"My sweetest," he said passionately, "are you come to tell me that you will make me the happiest of men—that you will teach me—as my wife—how to lead a good life?"

"Yes," she said, without any hesitation, looking straight into his eyes without the shadow of a blush—until, like an arrow, straight through her heart darted the memory of another wooing in the spring twilight not so long ago—and the vivid scarlet dyed her face and neck till she turned away, afraid to meet his eyes, fearing lest he should read her secret heart.

But Lord Melvell, mistaking her blush for natural modesty and innocence, stood rapturously gazing at her in silent ecstacy. It was not in his nature to be demonstrative, and he contented himself with silently touching her cheek with his lips. But she shrank away from the contact.

"Oh, no!" she gasped, "not that. I cannot bear it."

"Poor child, did I frighten you?" said Lord Melvell, smiling tenderly. "You see, I have so much to learn. I am not used to ladies' society."

"I am very silly," said Dulce penitently, "but I don't like being kissed."

Then seeing that he looked hurt, she suddenly lifted his hand to her lips, and with a half-sob she continued—

"Be good to me, Lord Melvell, and, oh! I will try indeed to be a good wife to you."

"Dearest," he said, as he drew her close to him, "I will devote my life to making you happy. I have been hearing so much of my little Dulce's past life from Lady Spenhouse—so much of her good deeds, and her wishes about two clever brothers who are at once to be sent to Oxford and Woolwich—is not that so? And don't you think, my pet," he continued, "that a letter had better be written at once and despatched to Trelorn, to announce the news to these two brothers?" He was pathetic in his eagerness to please her—afraid too that she might, even at this, the eleventh hour, draw back from her word.

She looked up at him, and her lip quivered.

"How good you are to me!" she said quickly. "How Ted and Dick will rejoice—but are you sure that you can afford it?"

He smiled down at her in her sudden careful mood for him and his.

"Yes, Miss Dulcibella—quite sure that I can afford to gratify my tastes in every way—and yours also, for the matter of that. Of course, if you took to hungering after Cleopatra's Needle or the Taj Mahal, I might find my powers limited. But otherwise, you have only to command, and I to obey. But—and there is a 'but' to everything in life—I am going to demand a price—and a very exorbitant price—for this arrangement."

"What is your price?" she said, with a sudden oppression at her heart, for she knew what his answer would most surely be.

"My price is your own sweet self—that you will give yourself to me very soon. Dulce, is it possible?"

"I will marry you whenever you like," she said calmly; and he, although he wondered silently at her speedy answer, and the unconcerned manner in which she spoke, thanked her with a look of love so eloquent that her eyes fell under his gaze, and for the first time losing her self-possession, she began to pull her roses to pieces petal by petal.

"Aren't they like drops of blood from a broken

heart?" she said abruptly, looking at the scarlet shower that lay around her on the dark carpet.

"Child, what a fantastic, absurd idea! there are no broken hearts here," he said lightly, pulling the writing-case towards him, and beginning to plan a letter to Trelorn, every moment breaking off to ask the girl's advice or question her about her brothers. He lingered over her name with such tenderness, repeating with reverence "the quaint old name," that, as he said, suited her so well—reminding him of the stately old-fashioned days when the world was so much better and more child-like than it is now—"when every girl was a Dulce, and yet none so sweet and perfect as this Dulcissima—my pearl among women!"

It would have been a pathetic scene to an onlooker who knew the ins and outs of the whole affair; for Dulce sat with her hands crossed on her lap, her eager eyes following the pen that was despatching happiness to her dear ones at home. Her heart was very full of gratitude towards this man, who, with his naturally noble instincts, was wording so perfectly this somewhat difficult letter, begging as a personal favour to him to be allowed to help the two boys who were already well-known and endeared to him through Dulce. The gift should be his wedding gift to his wife, and was to be given in her name. Their acceptance of it was to be the sign that he was accepted by them as their future son-in-law.

"This is almost like bribing you to become my wife, sweet one," he said, without looking up from his letter; "and if it were not that I knew you loved me, I should begin to tremble for our future."

He smiled with a secure sense of happiness, and looking up at her an instant later, failed to see the expression of despairing misery that flitted across her face, giving place, at his glance, to an answering smile of gratitude.

Lady Spenhouse had done her work well, and Lord Melvell had not the faintest idea that Dulce's love was bestowed elsewhere—believing that she loved him, if not as much as he could desire, still with the first fresh affection that marriage would ripen into the more perfect and eternal love.

When the letter was sealed and dropped into the hall box, Lord Melvell took from his waistcoat pocket an exquisite opal ring set in diamonds, which he told her had been the betrothal ring of the Melvells for generations past. It fitted her slender finger so loosely that she slipped on her grandfather's ring above it, and the blaze of the jewels as they caught the sunlight first made her realise the fact that before many weeks had rolled over her head, she—little Dulce Carruthers—would be a Viscountess.

"You know," she said suddenly, as they stood together in the hall, saying "Good-bye," "I seem to know so very little about you. I am not quite sure even of your name, Lord Melvell."

"My name is Rupert Seymour Dane," he said quietly. "Some day, before long, I hope that you will be able to leave off the formal 'Lord Melvell,' and give me my own name. It is so long since anyone has called me by it. I began to think that love was a thing of the past for me until I met you, Dulce."

"It is so little that I can do for you to thank you for all that you have done for me—Rupert," the girl said shyly, rewarded by the instant look of pleasure that came over her lover's face.

When he had gone she went upstairs to the drawing-room.

Lady Spenhouse was sitting upright in a straight, uncompromising chair, writing a letter. It was one to Dulce's father, full of delight at the girl's engagement and success, and speaking of the extraordinary affection of the two lovers, which was really quite touching. Dulce walked straight up to the table, and said in a hard voice, looking straight at her grandmother—

"I have come to tell you that I am engaged to Lord Melvell, and that I honour and respect him for his goodness to me far more than words can express. I have consented to this marriage entirely for the good of my family; and I give you fair warning that if in any way you attempt to interfere with me again I shall throw it all up, and return to Trelorn at once."

Lady Spenhouse, for once in her life subdued and almost submissive, looked at the girl's defiant figure, and answered nothing but—

"Very well Dulcibella; we understand our relative positions."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

WHEREIN HORATIA BIRD APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

HORATIA BIRD did not arrive until they were dressing for dinner that evening, and as she was shown straight up to her room, Dulce did not see her until the party gathered in the drawing-room before dinner. Lady Spenhouse seldom dined alone. She said that a *tête-à-tête* bored her, and that evening several young people were clustered round the room, all of them acquaintances of Dulce's and old friends of Miss Bird's.

Horatia was the centre of one of these groups, and when Dulce came quietly into the room she started forward at once to meet her with great *empressement*.

"Is this Dulce—the future Lady Melvell?" she said, in full rich tones that seemed to fill the whole room. "Oh, yes, my child, we know all about it. The wooing, the conquest, etcetera have been most delightfully and fully described."

Dulce drew herself up with dignity, and gave a scornful glance across the room at Lady Spenhouse, who had the grace to look slightly abashed, and reprove Horatia's too ready tongue.

"I am much obliged for the interest you all seem to have displayed in my private affairs," she said haughtily; and after touching Miss Bird's outstretched hand, she moved away to speak to Frank Stewart.

Horatia was a most strikingly handsome woman, and when Dulce recovered presence of mind enough to be able to look calmly at her, she set her down in her own mind as the most ideal likeness of Cleopatra that she had ever seen.

Her full red lips, dark complexion, and splendid black eyes began the idea, which was carried out to

perfection in the Egyptian style of dress which she always affected in the evening. Her folds of crimson satin, laced and brocaded with gold, were set off by the quaint jewelled châtelaine she wore, ending in a dagger in a sheath set with rough brilliants, brought to her from some far-off land by an appreciative admirer.

Even her smile was the slow, sleepy one of the daughters of the Nile—rather at variance with her firm brusque way of talking, which was so essentially English.

Dulce took an instinctive dislike to her, although, as a woman, she could find no fault with her massive beauty; and apparently Horatia, on her side, regarded her rival in the lists of beauty with no very great favour, for she returned to her friends with a slight shrug of her white shoulders, and a muttered—

"'When Greek meets Greek!' What has become of the naïve little country girl I was to meet to-night?"

Lady Spenhouse had watched the meeting of the two girls with considerable interest, but though she looked annoyed, and vented her annoyance on Dulce by speaking severely to her for the rest of the evening, the mutual aversion caused her no surprise, for their two natures were so essentially different in every respect.

Frank Stewart took Dulce down to dinner, and she did not find him a lively companion, for he was extremely silent, and scarcely vouchsafed more than monosyllables to her remarks.

"How silent and morose you are to-night, Mr. Stewart!" she said at last, petulantly.

He went on eating his olives with an unmoved countenance, only saying rather stiffly—

"The news I heard to-night rather surprised me, Miss Carruthers. You must allow me to congratulate you on your engagement to Lord Melvell."

"You ought to congratulate him—not me. He is the fortunate man," she said, annoyed at his manner.

He bowed. "*Cela va sans dire*," he said calmly.

"How different everyone seems to be to-night! I believe some fairy has bewitched you all!" cried Dulce.

"Are you sure that the change is not in yourself?" he answered sadly.

"Do you mean to say that the mere fact of being in love has changed myself and the world around me?" she said, with a light laugh.

He looked up at her with an expression of such profound pity that told her that he, at any rate, had divined her secret, and that the loveless marriage was in his eyes a sacrilege.

The idea of this made her so angry that, turning from him, she began to rattle away to her next neighbour in quite the approved London society fashion. She talked and laughed to such good purpose that she atttacted the eyes of the whole table to herself, and she heard her grandmother say, in very audible tones—

"What capital spirits Dulce is in to-night! She is so enraptured with her lover and her happy engagement, that it is quite delightful to see her."

She hated herself for her merriment, and she hated all around her for noticing it, and yet she felt a wild pleasure in outshining Miss Bird; and when her singing after dinner drew everyone round her in raptures of delight, and Horatia was left alone in her corner, she felt that her triumph was complete. Miss Bird, when Dulce's song was ended, rose leisurely from the low couch where she had been lying back among her cushions, and walked over to the piano.

"What a splendid voice you have, Miss Carruthers!" she said rather insolently, looking straight at the girl. "It sounds to me exactly as if you had been trained for the profession. With your manner and beauty you would have made quite a furore."

"I was trained by Signor Marios for public singing," said Dulce haughtily, in a clear voice that reached Lady Spenhouse's ears, and made her wince. "Before I came to London I thought that I should be obliged to make my living by my voice."

"And you are going to make a wealthy marriage instead; surely a good exchange!"

"No doubt to some people it would seem to be the ultima-thule of their hopes and life. But I have never found it expedient to pursue a vain shadow in the shape of a rich husband!"

She turned away, conscious of having had the best of the little sparring match. Horatia, who had pursued Lord Melvell with much zeal for several seasons with no success at all, changed colour, and went back discomfited to her cushions.

Clifford Carruthers returned next day to Hyde Park Gardens, on a longer visit. He was decidedly anxious about his father, who seemed to be gradually fading day after day, and who now never left his room. Lady Spenhouse said that his mind was wandering a little, and never allowed Dulce to visit him alone; but it seemed to the girl as if the poor old man was merely depressed by the constant presence of the dreary Smith, and was longing to have some of his relations around him. Lady Spenhouse expatiated to Clifford on the excellences of the valet, who never left his side, and was much annoyed with her step-son when he said calmly that to his mind Smith was more like a mute at a funeral or a religious ghoul than anything else, and that to have him always at his side would drive him melancholy mad at once, for his own part.

But neither Alan nor Clifford had the strength of mind to resist her ladyship. They were both cast in much the same mould as their father, and although Clifford regarded his step-mother with the same aversion at seven-and-forty as he had felt at fourteen, still he was of too quietly phlegmatic a nature to withstand her in any decided fashion.

Dulce felt relieved to have a friend in the house now that both Horatia and Lady Spenhouse had, in a manner, declared war against her. For although her grandmother was delighted at her engagement, she did not at all approve of the haughty demeanour and independence which Dulce had exhibited since the event, and above all things she regarded all relations with Lord Spenhouse with watchfulness and suspicion,

which made every visit paid to the old man a painful ordeal.

Lord Melvell was constantly in and out of the house, and the warmest congratulations that the engaged couple had received were from Clifford Carruthers, who was honestly pleased that his niece should have attracted such a good fellow as his friend.

"HER EAGER EYES FOLLOWING THE PEN" (*p.* 195).

Lord Melvell used to sit at Dulce's side, listening to her singing, or reading aloud to her, or more often perfectly silent, evidently satisfied to feel that he was in the same room with her, breathing the same atmosphere, and living in the same world.

Dulce herself was sometimes unspeakably bored by this silent homage, and often felt a wild desire to jump to her feet and give vent to some sudden shriek or pirouette round the room—anything to bring a new expression into his face, or a more lively tone into his even, quiet voice.

She had changed much since we first made her acquaintance at Trelorn. The little country girl had faded away, and in her place had risen an excitable woman of the world, straining every nerve to get away from herself and her own thoughts, and striving in a round of gaiety to forget the past. Her prayer-book had been folded away with Jack's photograph and her mother's letters, in her desk, and if she knelt morning and evening at her bedside, it was merely to repeat a barren form of words; for prayer would have made her think—and thought would have been fatal to her resolutions.

And yet none could have said that Dulce was unhappy; people noticed how much gayer she was than of old, and how much oftener her voice rang out in its clear laugh; they said that the rusticity which was the only fault to be found in Miss Carruthers had been worn away through contact with society, and that she was now perfection.

The letters from Trelorn, written after the announcement of her engagement to Lord Melvell, were characteristic. Her father wrote—delighted at the prospect of the marriage and of the advantages to the family that would follow on it. He avoided any mention of Dr. Mordaunt; but Dulce could read between the lines, and saw the nervous way in which he steered clear of the subject. Marjorie's letter was a simple outpouring of anger at Dulce's behaviour. She wrote in her usual downright fashion, and after having said that she did not know who was to tell Jack of Dulce's faithlessness, she ended by saying that she should write to him herself, for from no other pen would he believe that his sweetheart was a heartless flirt; as for marrying a man whom you did not love—for the sake of your brothers—she believed it was a sheer impossibility. Dulce must have seen the fascination of riches, and have been bitten with the desire to possess them.

Mrs. Carruthers' letter was very short and tender, and full of pathos, breathing in every word and line the desire for her daughter's happiness—that it must be at the expense of Jack's peace of mind was a misfortune, but Dulce was her first thought, and if she loved Lord Melvell better than Jack Mordaunt, it was not surely her fault.

Ted and Dick both wrote, gratefully declining Lord Melvell's help until such time as Dulce should become his wife, after which they would gladly avail themselves of his generosity. This, they said, was their father's advice.

Dulce, as she read her letters of congratulation, smiled bitterly to herself. She was past being hurt by praise or blame, and even Marjorie's letter scarcely touched her, with its fervid expressions of disapproval.

She threw them all into her writing-table drawer carelessly, and then dressed herself to go into the Park with Lord Melvell.

It was a lovely afternoon, and they sauntered along the Row, till Dulce, remembering that she had not given her brothers' letters to Lord Melvell to read, asked him to return to the house for a few moments, and wait for her until she brought them down to him.

She ran upstairs to her boudoir, and entering the room hastily, surprised Horatia Bird in the very act of reading a letter beside the open drawer of the writing-table.

She started away and flung down the letter as Dulce entered, laughing nervously as she did so.

But caught red-handed in the very act, she was for once non-plussed, and utterly without a word to say for herself.

Dulce faced her like an avenging spirit, the angry colour flushing her cheek and forehead.

"How dare you!" she cried, stamping her foot on the ground. "How dare you come sneaking into my room and pry among my letters!"

She snatched the papers from the table as she spoke, and crumpled them up in her delicately gloved fingers. She looked so lovely as she stood there, her bosom heaving with the force of her agitation under her white gown, her colour coming and going with every breath, that even Horatia could not but admire her involuntarily.

"I knew you had a secret, and I was determined to find it out," she said sullenly. "You supplanted me with Lord Melvell, and I want to be revenged on you, *voilà tout*. I have found it out, and I am so sorry for Jack that I think I shall restore you to his arms. Your sister writes a powerful letter—I should say that Miss Marjorie had the Spenhouse temper."

Dulce caught her by the arm, and looked straight into her dark beautiful face, sullen now in its dogged resolution.

"What do you mean? Are you going to tell Lord Melvell about a silly little love-affair that I had when I was a child—before I had seen the world?"

"Does he know of it?" said Horatia, pausing.

"Yes, I believe so; for he requested me to tell him nothing of my former love affairs. But before you tell him what your prying has discovered, I am going straight to Lady Spenhouse to tell her where I found you, and ask for a key for my door, that by some means I may preserve my letters and personal possessions from inquisitive eyes."

It was Horatia's turn to wince now from the threat.

"No, don't do that," she said, in a commanding tone. "I should never be asked here again; and this is a pleasant house to stay in, in the season. I shall say nothing to Lord Melvell—I have changed my mind. It would do me no good, and it will be always an advantage to me to have your secret to hold over your head as a threat. I shall wait till you are married, and then some day tell him of my little discovery. Is it a bargain that if I refrain from telling your—lover of this little *contretemps*, you, on your part, say nothing to Lady Spenhouse of my having been in your room to-night? I admit, perhaps, that it was unwise, but I am not accustomed to stick at trifles in gaining my end."

"So I should imagine," said Dulce drily. Then pausing an instant—for the thought of being bound in any way to Horatia Bird was exceedingly bitter to her—she continued: "I agree to your bargain; but go away now, and don't speak to me more than you can help in future, for, oh, I hate you!"

"And I you also, *ma chère*," laughed Horatia, as she shut the door behind her, leaving Dulce a prey to the most conflicting thoughts. That Lord Melvell knew nothing of her previous engagement she felt absolutely certain, for only the day before he had said casually, talking of a mutual friend, that he could not imagine a man's marrying a girl who had been engaged to anyone else, or whose affections had been seriously fixed on another man. She had been on the very point of confessing her previous engagement, but

the very thought of the difficulties the confession would entail at this late period prevented her from so doing. Why had she not spoken of it at once, before promising to be his wife? Why had she had the moral cowardice to obey her grandmother? If she told him now, he would be angry with her for her deceit in keeping the truth back from him, and might break off their engagement, in which case she would be the laughing-stock of London. How could she give up the idea of greatness and riches, to which she was becoming so accustomed, and the admiration and congratulations of all around her? The very idea of the thing seemed impossible to her now.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

DICK'S OPINIONS ON VARIOUS MATTERS.

DICK CARRUTHERS was to come up to London, to be introduced to his grandparents and his future brother-in-law. Dulce was delighted at the prospect of his visit, which Lady Spenhouse took great pains to tell her was brought about entirely through her engagement to Lord Melvell.

Most amicable letters had passed between Hyde Park Gardens and Trelorn House, and although Lady Spenhouse never entertained for an instant the idea of asking her step-son and his wife to stay with her, yet she had gone so far as to say, in casual conversation, that Mrs. Carruthers must have been very beautiful when she was young, and that romantic marriages were getting to be quite the rage now-a-days.

From these sentiments Dulce augured good things for the future, and a not very distant reconciliation between the two houses.

Lady Spenhouse had chosen Dick as the grandson whose acquaintance she wished to make on account of his superiority in looks over his elder brother. She had studied their photographs, and had pronounced Ted to be freckled and plain, but that Dick looked at any rate quite passable, and would not be a discredit to the family. As he had just passed his sixteenth birthday, she decided that the future Woolwich cadet should be treated as a person of some consideration—which was a relief to Dulce's mind, as Lady Spenhouse was accustomed to regard young people as fit subjects for pruning and repressing, and the process was a painful one for both victims and onlookers.

Dick turned up for his short visit of from Saturday to Monday looking very bright and handsome, and he brought quite a ray of unaffected sunlight into the fashionable atmosphere of the house. He was a singularly fascinating boy, both in manners and appearance. He had a bright, clear complexion, blue eyes, and fair hair, and aristocratic little hands and feet. He was a great favourite with everyone who came across him, and while his love of books and varied knowledge of all sorts made him an interesting companion to his seniors, his devotion to outdoor sports and boyish amusements prevented him from being considered a book-worm by his contemporaries. He was adored by his sisters, whom he regarded with great affection, and if it had been in his sunny disposition to be spoiled—spoiled he would have been long ago. But he was unspoilable, and therefore delightful. He was rather shy when he arrived, but Dulce carried him off straight to her boudoir, and there hugged him to her heart's content.

"Oh, you dear darling old Dick!" she cried, with tears in her eyes. "You are just a breath of Trelorn life to me. How glad I am to see you! Tell me all about them at home."

"Why, Dulce," he said half-shyly, "you have altered awfully! I say—when I came into the drawing-room I hardly knew you. You aren't a bit the same Dulce you used to be."

"No, no, Dick dear, I am not; I am quite different—and I shall never, never be the same again. The Trelorn Dulce has vanished," she said, with deep sadness, but suddenly flinging off her depression, she cried, with her new manner and a dainty little pirouette, "and behold! here in her place stands a future Viscountess. How do you like the idea of a Lady Melvell for your sister, Dick?"

"Not at all," said the boy bluntly, looking at her with boyish distaste. "You have done your hair in a new way—and what a smart frock you have got on! and, my goodness, what rings! Let me look at your finger, Dulce."

"Well, you rude boy, have you quite finished your remarks on my personal appearance?" said his sister, laying her hand on his—her hand, which was never now stained with gardening or fern-hunting, but which lay like the soft petal of a white rose on his rough coat-sleeve.

"I say," he said, after a moment's pause, "couldn't you be the old Dulce again for a few minutes, and put on your old gown, and do your hair in the old way? I think I could talk to you so much better."

"No, darling, never again—never again," said Dulce, with such intense pathos that her words were like a sob of pain, and Dick walked away to the window, and stared out disconsolately into the busy street.

"Marjorie told me how it would be," he said at last, still with his back to her. "You know you are awfully splendid, Dulce—much more beautiful than you used to be at home; and I expect you are—very happy."

"Oh, yes, very happy," said Dulce, catching her breath with a sound that was almost a sigh, and which belied her light words. "How could I be otherwise with a lover rolling in riches, handsome, and devoted?"

"Dulce," said Dick, with a sudden burst of feeling, "I never knew till Marjorie told me how badly you had treated poor Jack. I didn't understand properly about it when I wrote to Lord Melvell about going to Woolwich. Father said that both Jack and you had found you weren't suited to one another, and it was all fair and square, and Jack was going to marry rich Mary Davies. But Marjorie says that you just went and chucked poor Jack over in the dark, so to speak, when you found the other fellow was richer. It all happened when I was at Truro, so of course I did not understand properly about it. But I am so awfully fond of Jack that I could not go to Woolwich with

the other chap's money: it would be beastly mean when Jack was such a chum! I didn't think you would have behaved like that, Dulce."

He spoke more in sorrow than in anger, and Dulce felt a most bitter pang of remorse.

She sat down with her face turned away from the light, and took up a dainty little paper-cutter, twisting and turning it in her nervous fingers until the thin ivory snapped and broke, and the little silver band rolled away to Dick's feet.

She had never deemed it possible that the boys would misunderstand her object in engaging herself to Lord Melvell, when the principal thought in her mind had been their welfare; it seemed terrible to her that an entirely sordid motive should be attributed to her.

"Dick, Dick," she whispered, in a voice that was hardly audible, "I did it for you boys, that you might get on in life."

Dick looked at her with brotherly contempt.

"Dulce, you know that's rot! If you had thought that you would be miserable, you would not have promised to marry this chap. But it is no good jawing about the thing now; it's done, and all the fuss in the world can't undo it. Besides, do you think that Jack would take you back again when you had thrown over this chap?"

Dulce rose and went over to him, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Don't let us talk about it any more. Oh, Dick! Dick! sometimes I think my heart's broken!" she said drearily.

"It's Jack's heart that is broken," said the boy stoutly. "*You'll* be jolly enough in clover for the rest of your days. I'm not going to Woolwich, but I'm just going into old Trevor's bank. I shall tell the pater I have changed my mind, and, at any rate, Jack will know that he has one faithful friend."

"Have you heard from him?" said Dulce, her eyes fixed on the green of the Park outside; "and will he marry Mary Davies?"

"He wrote a little line to Marjorie the other day, but she cried over it so much that she would not let me see it. And as for marrying Miss Davies: why, she is dying, and has only a week or two to live. They are bringing her home to Flavell to die there."

"How very sad!" said Dulce, in a hushed voice.

"Yes; but cheer up, old girl, now, you know. You have got changed, and you can't help it, I suppose—anyway, it's no good crying over spilt milk; and if you are a London beauty, why, I suppose you have just got to marry someone to suit you."

"Don't talk about Jack here, please, to anyone," said Dulce hurriedly, turning away her face. "Lord Melvell—Rupert, I mean—would not care to hear about him."

Dick gave her a queer glance, and then shook his head.

"All right," he said laconically; and then added: "I say, do you know that Mrs. Trelorn and the Miss Vassells are coming up to London to-day? They were awfully excited to hear about you."

"What did they say?" said Dulce eagerly.

"They weren't very pleased, but they said they supposed it was natural," said her brother; and Dulce knew that very few of her old friends would condone her offence against Dr. Mordaunt.

After this, their conversation slipped into more ordinary topics, and by-and-by the restraint between the brother and sister wore off, and they talked away happily of home and school life, until a messenger from Lady Spenhouse summoned Dulce to see Lord Melvell, who was in the morning-room.

"Will you come with me, Dick?" she said hesitatingly, and the boy, seeing that he would please his sister by so doing, followed her silently.

The introduction between the future brothers-in-law effected, the conversation flagged, for Lord Melvell was not fond of boys, and never could find anything to say to them. So while Dulce was admiring and sniffing delicately at an exquisite posy of yellow roses that her lover had brought her, the two members of the sterner sex were furtively surveying one another out of the corners of their eyes.

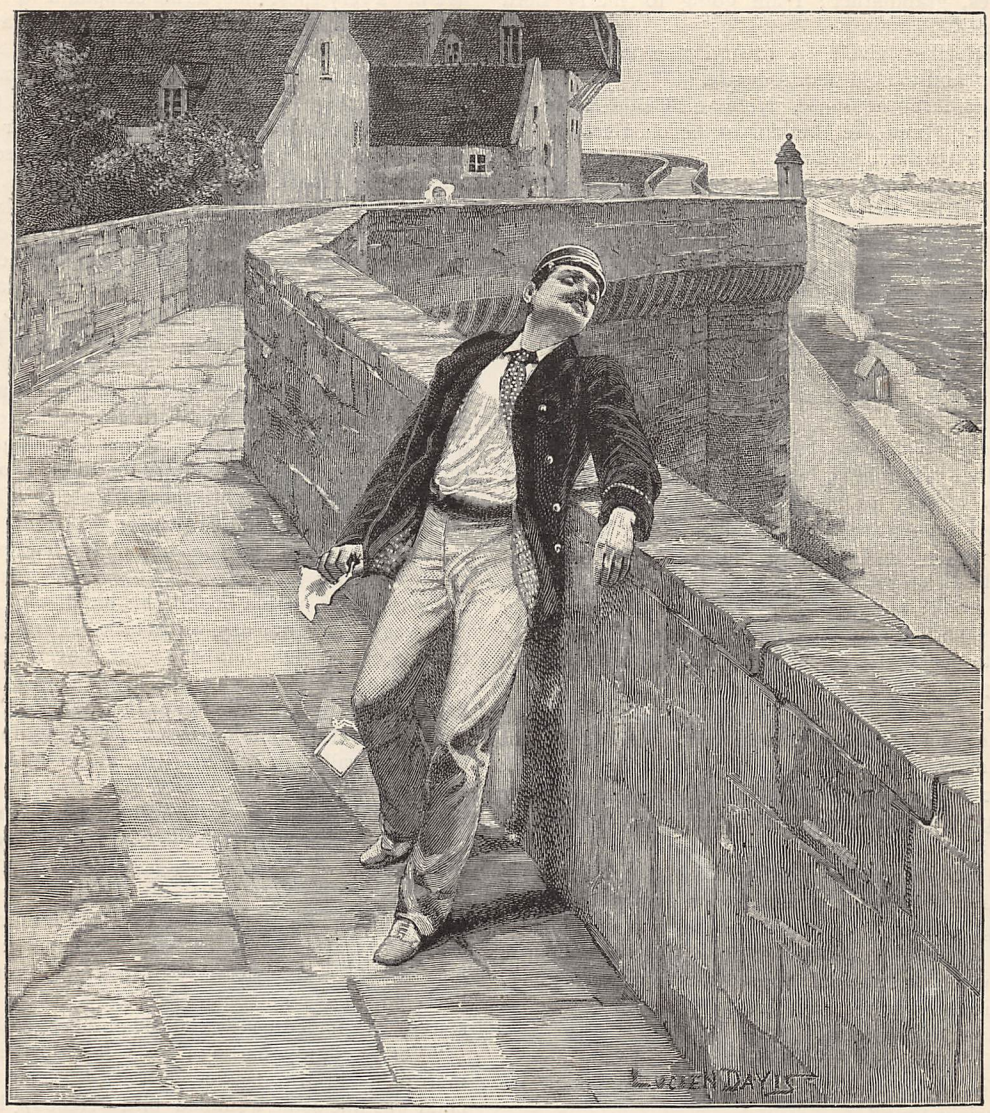
Dick was thinking that Lord Melvell was a foreign-looking chap, whom Jack Mordaunt could lick into fits for looks and figure, and did not feel that he, on the whole, approved of him. And Lord Melvell, tugging at his heavy moustache, was meditating on the unmitigated nuisance of having this lad to interfere with his *tête-à-tête*, and wondering how on earth he could get rid of him. Dulce, having sprung as usual from the lowest spirits to the highest, felt an irresistibly mischievous mood steal over her, and played off Dick against her lover with such good success as to make him furiously jealous. Then, as he was leaving her in a tempest of ill-concealed feelings, she exerted all her powers of fascination, and lured him back to her side with the most winning words and looks. And despatching Dick to her room for a smelling-bottle that she knew was not there, she gave Lord Melvell the *tête-à-tête* for which his soul thirsted.

The next morning being Sunday, Dick requested after church to be introduced to his grandfather, and Lady Spenhouse, after some hesitation, consented to escort both Dulce and her brother to his room.

It was useless to attempt to go without her, for without her consent and approval Smith would never have admitted them to Lord Spenhouse's presence. So resigning themselves to the inevitable, they formed a solemn procession down the long corridor.

Dick was so much impressed by the gloom of the whole proceeding that he found spirits for no other piece of mischief than taking a shadowy running kick behind his grandmother's stately figure, which nearly upset Dulce's gravity.

The old man was more bent and withered than before, and Dulce saw a great change in the shrivelled face out of which the two eyes looked, still bright and full of a haunting anxiety that seemed to be unable to find vent in words. His hands were restlessly plucking at the rug that was wrapped round his shrunken form, and Dick was so much shocked and horrified by this new species of grandfather presented to his



"HE FELL STAGGERING AGAINST THE WALL, BLIND WITH THE FORCE OF HIS WONDER AND HIS GRIEF" (*p.* 203).

eyes—so unlike what he had expected—that he felt inclined to take to his heels. But overcoming his repugnance at the sight of this unlovely old man, he laid one of his chubby schoolboy hands—still young with the outline of boyhood—upon the bony fingers.

"My lord," said Lady Spenhouse, in a clear cold voice, "this is your grandson Dick, Norman's second son, who has come to see you."

"The heir—is it the heir?" said the old man feebly.

"I said Norman's *second* son," said Lady Spenhouse, raising her voice. "The future Spenhouse is not here—there is no heir to anything here."

Lord Spenhouse pulled down his grandson's face to a level with his own, and looked eagerly into the bright, serious eyes.

"You are like your poor father," he said at last. "You have his eyes and face. He was just like you at your age when he came to tell me he was top of his form, and wanted to leave Eton and go into the army. Why did not I allow him to have his own way—he'd have been a much better man—instead of taking up with artists and books, and such-like?"

Dulce laid a gentle hand upon her grandfather's shoulder.

"Dear grandfather," she said softly, "I am sure all you did was for the best, and everything has turned out happily, as you know."

"Happily?" echoed the old man drearily. "There's very little happiness in the world. Did they tell me right when I heard that you were going to make the match of the season, and place a coronet on your pretty head, Dulcibella?"

"Yes, grandfather; I am going to marry Lord Melvell."

"Melvell—Melvell. A dreary man and a dreary house," said the old man vacantly.

"Nonsense—nonsense, Norman!" said his wife sharply. "You are thinking of the old viscount. It is years ago since he died."

"Are you happy?" he continued, looking suddenly into Dulce's face. "Your eyes have not got the light that they wore that night at Trevithick."

"Oh, I am perfectly happy, thank you," she answered quickly, and then changing the subject, she turned to her brother affectionately.

"You know that this boy has never been out of Cornwall, or further than Truro, in his life," she said. "Just think what a revelation London must be to him!"

"Poor boy! poor boy!" said Lord Spenhouse, pitifully. "But here, bend down your head, so that I may whisper to you," he continued in an eager whisper, seeing that for the moment Lady Spenhouse was engaged in talking to Smith. "Some day you shall be rich—you two boys—if I can do it by hook or by crook; not your—oh, yes, my lady, I was merely telling Dick about the great scores that his father used to make at cricket," he ended, with a complete change of tone, in a voice that was almost a whimper as his wife turned round.

"Really a most confidential communication," said she coldly. "Now, young people, we must go back to the drawing-room: the doctor's orders are that your grandfather is not to be excited, and your Aunt Rose is coming in to tea."

Both Dulce and her brother would far rather have stayed in the gloomy, sunless room, and tried to bring a brighter look into that hopeless, almost imbecile face; but they could not disobey Lady Spenhouse's commands, and she only paused on the way out to ask Smith if he required an interesting book to beguile his hours in the sick-room.

"No, thank you, my lady," he replied. "I do not care for reading. I consider it an unprofitable waste of precious time."

"Well, Smith," said Dulce lightly, "if everyone was of your taste it would be a bad world for booksellers and authors."

"Very true, miss—very true," was all he replied as he noiselessly closed the door upon them.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

ON BOARD THE *SEA-GULL*.

AND now to return for a brief space to poor Jack Mordaunt, whom we have deserted in the most barefaced manner, and left alone with his misfortunes and his griefs.

He had gone, at the earnest desire of Mary and Mrs. Davies, as their friend and medical adviser on board their yacht—the *Sea-gull*. He had the truest feelings of compassion for these two lonely women, both on the verge of the grave. He knew that Mary Davies could live but a very short time, as her complaint was a rapid internal decline, but he felt sure that a sea-voyage would ameliorate her sufferings.

They had been cruising about the south coast, and were intending eventually to spend some time in Algiers. But now the yacht was at anchor off St. Malo—for Mary had expressed a wish to see something of the French coast-line.

They had been lying off St. Malo for some days, and Miss Davies seemed to be quite content to sit on deck, and to look across the bay at the quaint French town. She had lost all desire to pursue the voyage any further—or rather day by day she was slipping away from the interests of the world, and losing her hold on life.

But although each member of the little party was growing more vividly awake to this fact, they were quietly cheerful, and anyone ignorant of the purpose of this cruise would have imagined that these two women were yachting in search of health, instead of waiting for the inevitable hand of death.

Miss Davies was lying on deck on her long reclining chair, with her mother sitting beside her, and Jack, not very far off, with a book in his hand.

It was a hot sunny day, with a little refreshing breeze blowing off the shore, and the awning overhead cast a cool shadow on the white deck. Mary's eyes were fixed on the town, nestling close on the quay. It was high tide, and the blue waves were washing up against the white walls—those immense ancient fortifications that gird the town like a protecting arm. The dark granite-built houses stood out in bold relief against the golden summer surroundings, and completed that sense of old-worldism which is so entirely a part of St. Malo.

"I should like to go back to Flavell to-morrow," said Miss Davies to her mother. She lay there in her pale beauty, scarcely earthly to look upon, reminding her companions of some exquisitely carved marble statue, with folded hands clasped on her breast.

"Very well, my darling; we will return home to-morrow," said Mrs. Davies wistfully, knowing that her child was like some wounded bird—creeping home to the old sheltering-place to die.

"Now, Dr. Mordaunt," said Mary, with a smile, "are not you longing to go into the town, just to look after your letters? Confess that you are keenly anxious to know how your little Dulce is thriving in London."

Jack had no secrets from these two friends, and he smiled, and rose to his feet willingly enough.

"Yes, Miss Davies, I must confess that I should like to look after my letters—or, at least, the vague possibility of there being some for me. Also I will bring back some fresh fruit with me, as we return to Flavell to-morrow," and with a cheerful farewell he let himself down into the gig and was rowed away across the bay. Mary watched him with a yearning look in her eyes that betrayed the one secret of her life. She was past the power of lamenting or repining, and only rejoiced in his strength and happiness. Every line of that handsome face she knew by heart, and confident in

the fact that he had never even guessed at the tragic secret of her love for him, she could not deny herself the happiness of having him with her to the last—of letting his hand be the last one she would touch, and his face the last one she would see on earth.

"Oh, mother," she said, sinking back on her pillows as the last dip of the oars died faintly away in the distance, "what a happy girl little Dulce Carruthers must be!"

Jack scrambled up the rough quay, and telling the boatswain to wait for him close up under the wall, as his business would not take long to get through, he walked briskly up through the narrow ill-paved streets, scarcely looking to the right or to the left, full of the expectant joy of news of his sweetheart; for Marjorie had been a most faithful correspondent, and every scrap of news collected from Dulce's letters that was likely to be of any interest to her distant lover was always retailed in her weekly budget, so that Jack felt as if he knew the very colour of her dress, the very gaieties in which she was mixing, and the very atmosphere in which his darling lived. He rejoiced over the account of her pleasures, and when at first she was home-sick, he mourned with her, and longed to be at her side to comfort her.

St. Malo was very full that morning, and Breton peasant-women, with their big, white, stiffly starched caps and heavy sabots, were clumping about the streets with their market-baskets on their arms. Jack noticed them with the quick delighted eye of a lover of the picturesque; but their pathetic, rather heavy faces—one of the Breton characteristics—touched his happy soul with a sense of incompleteness. They had no right to look so sad under the brilliant summer sky in the gay town. He forgot that in all probability they were as cheerful as he himself was, but that a nation's characteristic features are not so easily smothered. There is an old French rhyme that describes the Breton race even in early days. Even in their songs they exhibit this national tinge of melancholy, and to the writer's mind it only lends an additional charm to the dwellers in this most romantic and picturesque quarter of La Belle France.

At the Poste Restante Jack found two letters waiting for him, and seizing them eagerly, made off down the street again towards the quay.

One of the envelopes only contained a business letter of no interest, but the other was certainly addressed in Marjorie's handwriting, and he opened it with a smile. A little dark-eyed beggar-girl was standing at the corner of the street as he passed, and in his happiness he put a franc into her outstretched hand, and bending down, kissed her pretty sunburnt forehead, and told her to run home to her mother. She stared after "*ce beau monsieur*" with all her eyes until he turned a corner in the street, and she forgot him in thinking of her bright silver piece, and of the rosy nectarine she would buy at once in the market. If she had seen her "*beau monsieur*" as he opened his fatal letter, her happy face would have lost its light, and her nectarine its luscious flavour. When he first read Marjorie's brief epistle—brief in substance, but in its tragic purport so complete—his brain refused to believe the reality of the thing. But when Dulce's note lay in its uncompromising outspokenness before him, he gave a quick gasp for breath, and fell staggering against the wall, blind with the force of his wonder and his grief. What had he done that this hideous thing should come upon him, crushing all the life out of his being?

Could it possibly be true that Dulce was his no longer? Did she belong to some other man—to this Lord Melvell, who was so rich?

Yes—there, after all, lay the secret of her faithlessness. She was true to him with all the force of her love. He knew it by the little trembling note, so unlike an outpouring of triumph and affection. She had not been tempted by the glitter of a coronet or the admiration of a London dandy, but she had done this for her brothers' sake, that they might enjoy the advantages of riches.

But then came second and bitter thoughts. Was it likely that a girl would marry a man for the sake of her brothers? Was it probable that, loving another man as he had felt certain that Dulce loved him, she would voluntarily give herself to a husband for whom she cared nothing? Would a girl of Dulce's opinion and nature be likely to act in this manner? No; it was evident that there must be some other and weighty reason connected with her determination.

He knew well enough what it was, and as he strode along he bitterly cursed London for robbing him of his darling.

She had seen the delights of riches, the charms of society and of beauty, and she had gradually become aware that she could never be happy with a poor man, who could give her none of these advantages. This was the end of his dream. His day was over, and he must begin life again as a lonely, disheartened man, who had known the bitterness of failure.

He wandered on and on in his misery, away from the quay where the boat was waiting for him, dipping up and down in the blue waves—out of the town, along the green coast-line. He did not see the sparkle of the sea on one side, nor the slope of grass gemmed here and there with flowers on the other; but he walked straight on, stumbling every now and then over some boulder or knotted blade of grass in his path. His hands were clenched, and the two letters were crumpled up between his fingers, while his face wore a dogged, sullen, despairing expression, which was so foreign to the bright, open young English nature.

The setting sun was flashing a brilliant ray on town and sea, and Jack paused at the foot of a green slope gemmed with white daisies, looking out straight before him at the radiant landscape, almost breathless with the force of his emotion. Gradually, with the influence of the hour, there stole over him a sense of rest and of peace, and flinging himself on the grass, he buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

There was no one to be seen along that lonely dusty road. The land seemed to be deserted, save for the crouching figure half hidden in the long grass.

But when the soft "lin-lan-lone" of a bell in the distant town came floating up in the silence of the summer air, Jack lifted his head and rose to his feet. With a quick involuntary movement he tore the letters into fragments, and scattered them on the grass, where they lay like flakes of freshly fallen snow; then, turning, he walked at a quick pace back to the town.

He found the boat waiting for him at the harbour steps, and without a word, got into it, and they pulled off for the yacht.

"How very late you are, Dr. Mordaunt," cried Mary brightly, as he walked slowly across the deck to her side. "Did you find more letters than you expected at the Poste Restante?"

"Yes," said Jack, as he stood over her and looked straight into her face. "I found something very different from what I expected. But I will not sadden you with talking of my troubles."

A man cannot go through an hour or two of misery without there being left on his face some impression of this suffering. And Mary Davies, looking up at him, knew in an instant, with the quick instinct of love, the whole story of his trouble.

"Poor Jack!" she whispered softly, his name unconsciously falling from her tremulous lips. "I do indeed grieve for you. Tell me about it all."

"There is nothing to be said," he answered quietly. "Dulce has seen a rich man in London, who will help her brothers and her family. She has seen the usefulness of riches, and she has written to tell me that she cannot face the idea of a country life of poverty with me—*voilà tout!* There is nothing to complain of—it is all for the best, no doubt; but I find it a little difficult to realise at first."

"Rich—a rich man?" said Miss Davies, with strange emphasis. "If I had but known this earlier—but it is too late now," and she turned her face back to the darkening sea-line with an impatient movement.

Dr. Mordaunt said nothing, thinking that her strange words were the result of her weakness and her feverish brain, but he stood there, gently stroking her wasted hand, feeling that he ought to be grateful for the sympathy of the dying girl.

"Dr. Mordaunt," she continued, "I have such a strange feeling to-night, as if I belonged far more to the unseen world than to earth. Perhaps before another day dawns 'this voice that now is speaking may be beyond the stars,' and I want to tell you not to despair about Dulce. She is very young and very impulsive, and I cannot help thinking that she has been led away by a spirit of self-sacrifice partly, and partly by a mistaken feeling of excitement and love of gaiety and pleasures. And I think, if you are patient, your little girl will come fluttering back to your true heart like a wounded dove, to nestle there for ever. I know—I can foresee great difficulties and troubles in your way, but in the end it will be all joy and happiness. Only be patient and endure."

"It is very difficult," he murmured thoughtfully, impressed, in spite of himself, by her earnest words and rapt unearthly look.

"Will you promise me this—the last thing that I shall ever ask you?" she said imploringly; and laying his strong hand on hers, he promised to be patient and to trust in God. It was to gratify this poor girl's whim that he made the promise, for he felt sure that never in this life would he and his love come together.

"And now I have just one more word to say to you, Dr. Mordaunt," continued Mary in a weaker voice. "In the middle of your happiness I should like you to think of me sometimes, and I should like to be sure that you will never forget me. When I am dead, and my mother has joined me in Paradise, you will find that I have left you something to remind you of me, and I want you and Dulce to accept it with my —love."

Dr. Mordaunt assured her that he should need nothing to remind him of his patient friend, whose sympathy had always cheered him in trouble; and bowing her head, she asked to be carried down to her cabin and left to rest, for she was very tired.

That rest was only the beginning of the end, for before the *Sea-gull* lay at anchor in the Cornish port of Looe, Mary Davies's sweet soul had winged its way to Paradise.

Her last word had been for her mother, but her last look had been given to Dr. Mordaunt, and with her eyes resting on his face she had passed peacefully away. And in that last look Jack had learnt the secret of Mary Davies. She was buried at Flavell in the bright sunlit churchyard, and among all the mourners round her grave perhaps the keenest pang of sorrow was felt by the man to whom she had given her pure innocent love, and who never even suspected her adoration until she was dying.

Dr. Mordaunt turned away from the grave to begin his new life with an older, graver face, but with a heart bent on fulfilling the promise that he had made to Marv Davies that summer evening in St. Malo.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

FAMOUS NAVAL FIGURE-HEAD RELICS.

FIGURE-HEAD DREDGED UP IN THE OUTER BAY AT PREVYSA (ANCIENT ACTIUM).

IN one of the galleries of the British Museum there is preserved a relic of antiquity that should be of as stirring historic interest as any of the world-famous treasures of classic times stored up within the Museum walls—the actual figure-head of one of the war triremes,

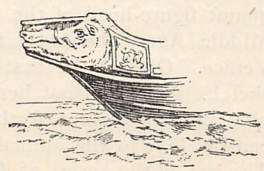
"The thunder of whose brazen prows
O'er Actium's ocean rang."

It may even have belonged to Octavian's own ship. There is no trace of fire having passed on the bronze bust, and, as far as we know, the ships that perished at Actium, in nearly every case, owed their destruction to fire.

There is a good deal that is interesting about old figure-heads — especially those of renowned vessels that have braved the battle and the breeze with famous leaders—in the old associations that they call up. Until a few years ago, not a few with notable memories attaching to them were in existence in England, preserved as mementoes of the mighty past. For instance, there was the famous old carved lion-head of the *Centurion*, the ship in which Anson made his adventurous voyage round the world, that was preserved for so long at Goodwood, afterwards at Windsor Castle, and finally at Greenwich, where—about fifteen years ago—certain official Vandals allowed it to rot and crumble away.

The figure-head of Nelson's great prize, the *San Josef*, a trophy of the battle of St. Vincent, is to this day preserved at Deptford. That thrilling romance of the sea, the story of the capture of the *San Josef*, of course every Englishman knows: how Nelson ran his little shattered 74-gun ship, the *Captain*, alongside the Spanish *San Nicolas*, of 80 guns, and, after boarding her and taking her with a handful of men, how he pressed on and took the huge, over-towering *San Josef*, of 110 guns, with a crew of a thousand and more, that was lying next to and foul of her, is an exploit unparalleled in history, and never to be forgotten while the red cross of St. George flies on British man-of-war.

The Museum at Greenwich Hospital possesses two old figure-heads, but no special history seems to attach to either of them. It would be interesting, however, to know for certain whether the *Thames*, to which one of them belonged, was Sir Charles Napier's old *Thames*—so renowned during the closing years of the war with Napoleon — or a later ship of the same name. Or is it the figure-head of that *Thames* whose strange fight with the French *Uranie*, off Brest, was one of the naval mysteries of Nelson's day? The two ships had fought a drawn fight for some hours, and had stood apart for a short time, out of gunshot, to repair damages, and go at one another again. It was mid-day, in clear bright weather, with scarcely a breeze blowing and a smooth sea. When, however, the *Thames* was ready to re-open the battle, no *Uranie* was to be seen anywhere, and there was no glimpse whatever of a sail on the horizon. The look-out, only a few minutes before, had noticed her lying-to, apparently busy in making good her damages, not a quarter of a mile off. The *Thames* kept cruising for some hours over the spot where her enemy had just been seen, but there was not a dead body, or spar, or fragment of wreckage of any sort visible. Nor was the *Uranie*, nor any of her officers, ever heard of again as having arrived at any French or other port.



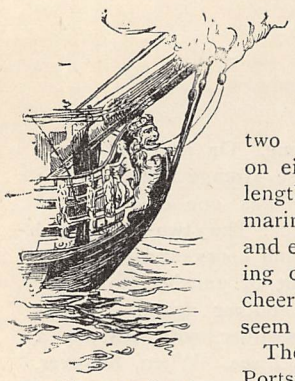
ROMAN GALLEY.

The other figure-head shown at Greenwich is that of one of George the Third's royal yachts. It is preserved, apparently, more because of its intricate and

THE "BUCENTAURE."

finished workmanship, and the close likeness of the bust to the member of the Royal Family it was modelled from—Queen Charlotte in her young days—than for any famous story attaching to the ship that bore it.

Interesting, in its way, is the figure-head of the old line-of-battle ship *Howe*, preserved with such care at Boxley, in Kent, among the trees of the village inn garden, where on summer afternoons the sailors and soldiers from Chatham are so fond of making holiday. As every anniversary of the "Glorious First of June" battle comes round, the venerable figure-head, a bust of the fine old chief, Admiral Lord Howe, next after Nelson of all Britain's great captains, perhaps, the most popular with our blue-jackets—"Give us Black Dick, and we fear nothing!" the sailors of his time used to say—is crowned with



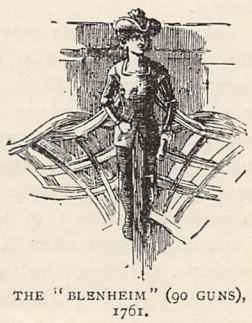
THE "CAPTAIN," 1678.

laurel wreaths in memory of the famous victory off Ushant, won ninety-six years ago. Originally the *Howe's* figure-head had two colossal supporters placed on either side of the bust, full-length effigies of a sailor and a marine, each seven feet high and elaborately carved with waving caps to appear as though cheering the old chief; but these seem to have been destroyed.

There is still preserved at Portsmouth Dockyard the figure-head of the famous "*Billy Ruffian*"—on board of which Napoleon gave himself up—presented with a suitable inscription, by Captain Maitland, after the historic old ship, that had fought with the highest distinction at Lord Howe's "Glorious First of June" battle, with Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar, had been made a convict-hulk. Undoubtedly the old fighting *Bellerophon's* figure-head, with that of the famous *Shannon*, long preserved at the family mansion of the Brokes in Suffolk, and the *San Josef* figure-head at Deptford, are among the oldest naval relics which England possesses. The *Chesapeake's* figure-head seems to have passed out of existence by being built into the mill near Southampton, into which the ship's timbers were converted when the *Shannon's* prize was sold out of the service. It seems a pity that such relics could not find their way to the Naval Museum at Greenwich, to be there fittingly preserved for all Englishmen to see and be proud of.

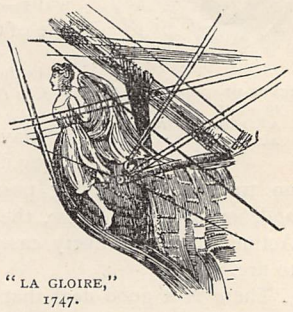
Great havoc has been wrought by fire among the old figure-heads and naval trophies that our ancestors tried to preserve. The Tower fire, in 1841, destroyed—together with fragments of the *Victory's* steering-wheel, which was shattered in Nelson's presence at Trafalgar—the magnificent figure-head of Lord Duncan's favourite old ship, the *Monarch*, one of the most famous, men-of-war of her time, to whose commander, single-handed, in three different battles, three admirals of the enemy had hauled down their flags. This figure-head was a remarkably fine bust of King George the Third as he appeared in the year of his accession to the throne, when the *Monarch* was laid down.

Then there was, just twelve months before the Tower fire, the wholesale destruction of figure-heads at the great conflagration in Plymouth Dockyard, when "Adelaide Row" was burnt. In "Adelaide Row" had been carefully preserved, under shelter, innumerable naval relics of all kinds—figure-heads, splintered stumps of the masts of distinguished ships, riddled with balls,

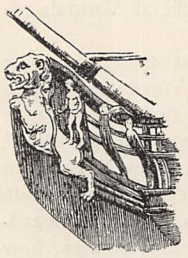


THE "BLENHEIM" (90 GUNS), 1761.

and many shot-torn flags carried in battle by famous British men-of-war, as well as French and Spanish flags captured in battle. Of these last, all that are now in existence, apparently, are the Dutch Admiral's flag, taken at Camperdown by Lord Duncan's *Venerable*, preserved at Lord Camperdown's mansion in Scotland, and the flag of the French *Guerrière*, captured by Sir Thomas Lavie's *Blanche* frigate, off the Faroe Islands, in 1807, long preserved at Greenwich Hospital. Among the figure-heads destroyed in the Plymouth fire were several of the highest historical interest. For instance, the bullet-pitted head of the giant of Gath, which had belonged to the old *Goliath* that fought at St. Vincent, and led the line at the battle of the Nile; the effigy of our Saxon King Edgar, which had belonged to the famous *Edgar*, seventy-four, that won such distinction under Boscawen, and Rodney, and Nelson, closing her half-century of hard service by leading Nelson's attack on the Danish fleet at Copenhagen; the figure-head—a bust of King George—of the *Royal Sovereign*, one of the flag-ships at the battle of the "Glorious First of June," afterwards Admiral Cornwallis's flag-ship (when, with five sail of the line and two frigates, old "Billy Blue" held at bay on the high seas, and successfully defied, the whole French Brest fleet of twelve line-of-battle ships and eleven frigates); and, finally, Collingwood's flag-ship at Trafalgar. In "Adelaide Row" there were, too, the figure-heads of the *Conqueror* of Trafalgar (a head of William the Conqueror, afterwards replaced by a head of Nelson); of the *Berwick*, an English seventy-four, re-captured by us at Trafalgar, after being ten years in the French service (the bust of the old Duke of Berwick, famous in the War of the Spanish Succession); of the brave old *Stirling Castle* man-of-war (a half-length Highlander in costume); of the *Windsor Castle*, of Sir Robert Calder's "foggy" battle (a bust of King Edward the Third bearing a sword in his hand, passed through the English, French, and Scottish crowns), and many others of less note.

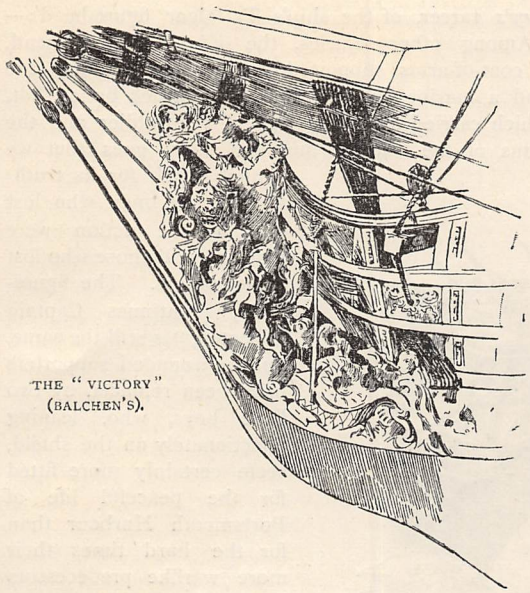


"LA GLOIRE," 1747.



THE "GLORIOSO."

There are numerous representations extant of the quaint figure-head of the famous *Bucentaure* of the Middle Ages, the State flag-ship of the Doges of Venice. One of the best of these is shown in our sketch. Who has not heard of the *Bucentaure*, and how the Doge went forth on board her every Ascension Day to the annual wedding of the Adriatic? The last of the series of *Bucentaures*—as each vessel

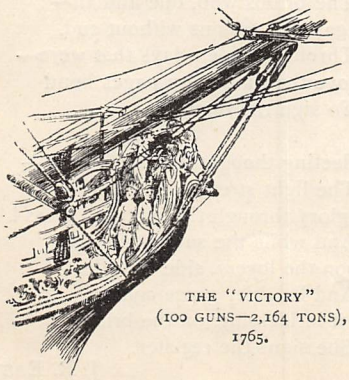


THE "VICTORY" (BALCHEN'S).

of the name grew old a new one was built—was seized by Napoleon just ninety-three years ago, and, after being stripped of its gold and ornaments, became a convict-prison hulk, till, in 1824, it caught fire and was destroyed: perhaps, after all, the best fate that could befall a vessel that fortune had used so ill.

It is a far cry from the lagoons of Venice to Mr. Pepys at his desk in the Admiralty, Whitehall; but the drawing of the *Captain's* figure-head takes us all the way. The figure-head of the first *Captain* —a brave old oak that fought with distinction at La Hogue—shows the fashionable wild beast type of figure-head in vogue in James the Second's time. A successor of this *Captain* it was which Nelson commanded on the "Glorious Valentine's Day," as has been already told.

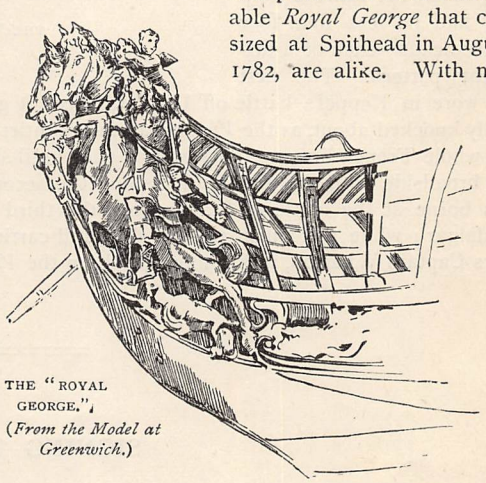
Blenheim is the name borne by one of our new ocean-keeping cruisers, built on the Thames, and launched nearly two years ago. The curious figure-head borne by the second of the line of *Blenheims*, so famous and so ill-fated, representing the Duke of Marlborough in military undress, is one of the



THE "VICTORY" (100 GUNS—2,164 TONS), 1765.

early full-length human effigy types of figure-heads. Contemporary types in the French and Spanish navies are those of the *Gloire* and the *Glorioso:* names, these, that should be repositories of naval romance to Englishmen. There have been five *Gloires* at different times in the French service, and four of them—the last was the famous ironclad of 1859, which has never been in action—have been taken by us; while the adventurous voyage of the Spanish *Glorioso,* with treasure amounting to some millions on board, and her capture by us just after the ship had safely landed all this money, is one of the curious tales of the sea. The *Glorioso*—a magnificent man-of-war of 70 guns—was captured by a combined squadron of British frigates and privateers, after as gallant and determined a defence for three days against overpowering odds as the naval annals of any country can boast. The battle cost the victors one of their finest 50-gun ships (the *Dartmouth*), which mysteriously blew up in the middle of the fight.

We now come to the figure-head of the *Royal George*, or, rather, series of *Royal Georges*—for, from first to last, England has possessed no less than four flag-ships of that name. This is probably why no two pictures of the memorable *Royal George* that capsized at Spithead in August, 1782, are alike. With nine

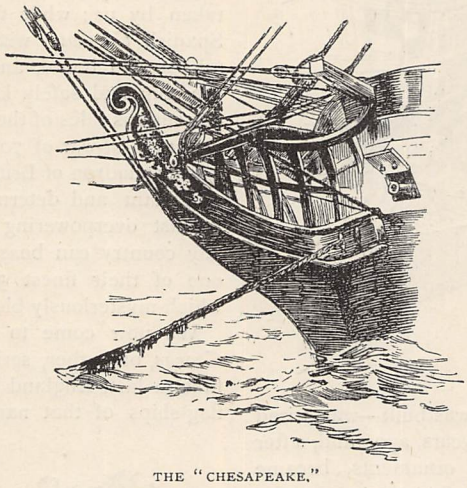


THE "ROYAL GEORGE." (*From the Model at Greenwich.*)

out of ten it is the wrong *Royal George* that is depicted. In Plymouth Dockyard, in the sail-makers' loft, is preserved to this day a portion of the figure-head of the memorable *Royal George*—a laurelled bust intended to represent King George the Third arrayed in classic drapery.

Contemporary with the first *Royal George*, and reputed the finest man-of-war the world had yet seen, was the magnificent *Victory*, of 110 guns—fifth of her great name, and the immediate predecessor of Nelson's Trafalgar flag-ship of immortal memory. It was this ship's awful doom, a few years after she had been built, to founder in the Channel in a terrible storm one black October night of 1744, with Admiral Balchen, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, on board, and a thousand officers and men, besides more than a hundred poor little middies, belonging to the best families in the land, who were making their first

cruise under Balchen's tuition. Not a soul survived to tell the tale, and, except for one of the *Victory's* spars, which was washed up, and her rudder, which twenty years afterwards, in 1764, some Brighton (then Brighthelmstone) fishermen found floating off the Sussex coast, not a trace of the ill-fated three-decker was ever found on sea or shore. All that was ever gathered about her fate was what the Alderney fishermen told: how, on the midnight of the storm, they had heard distress guns booming out in a lull between the howling gusts, and had seen, or fancied they had seen, cannon-flashes far out to windward in the direction of the deadly Casquets reef.



THE "CHESAPEAKE."

Nelson's *Victory* came into being just twenty-one years after Balchen's was struck off the Navy List. During her career of a century and a quarter, the famous ship has had no less than four figure-heads—each of a different pattern. The first she wore in Keppel's battle off Ushant, where it got badly knocked about, as the *Victory* ran the gauntlet of the whole French line, not answering a shot until she got broadside with the French flag-ship; the second was borne at the battle of St. Vincent; the third at Trafalgar; while the fourth the old ship still carries. Says Captain Wharton, in his monograph on the *Victory's* career, of the ship's Trafalgar figure-head:—"Among other injuries, the *Victory's* figure-head, a coat-of-arms supported by a sailor on one side and a marine on the other, was struck by a shot, which carried away the legs of the soldier and the arms of the sailor; and the story goes (but we cannot vouch for its truth) that all the men who lost legs in the action were marines, and those who lost arms, sailors. The figure-head," continues Captain Wharton, "is still the same, but the wounded supporters have been replaced by two little boys, who, leaning affectionately on the shield, seem certainly more fitted for the peaceful life of Portsmouth Harbour than for the hard times their more warlike predecessors lived in."

Such are the stories wrought up with some of the famous naval figure-head relics of past times, and the memories that they recall of so many a brave old "wooden wall." They ought not to be without interest—nay, rather they ought to be of the highest interest—for us who vaunt ourselves sprung from the Sea-kings' loins—

"We, sons and sires of seamen,
Whose home is all the sea."

SIGNING THE REGISTER.

THE words that make them one are said!
Together, side by side,
We see the lovers newly wed,
The bridegroom and the bride;
A task remains whose sweet demand
Her joys may not defer—
She, smiling, takes the pen in hand,
To sign the register.

The last sweet time has come in life
To sign her maiden name!
On this bright morn a happy wife,
She now records the same;
And with the thought that his dear love
Is all the world to her—
How dear, their future lives shall prove—
She signs the register.

The scenes from many a vanished year
Return at fancy's call!
We see the lovely trains appear,
The brides who, one and all—
In gay processions without end,
Through golden days that were—
Above the time-worn pages bend
To sign the register.

A fleeting thought, but let it pass—
The light streams in to-day
In glory through the pictured glass!
And while the sunbeams play
Upon the lovers, side by side,
And brighter grace confer,
As if in blessing, on the bride,
She signs the register.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

(*Drawn by* PERCY TARRANT.)

SIGNING THE REGISTER.

(*See p.* 208.)

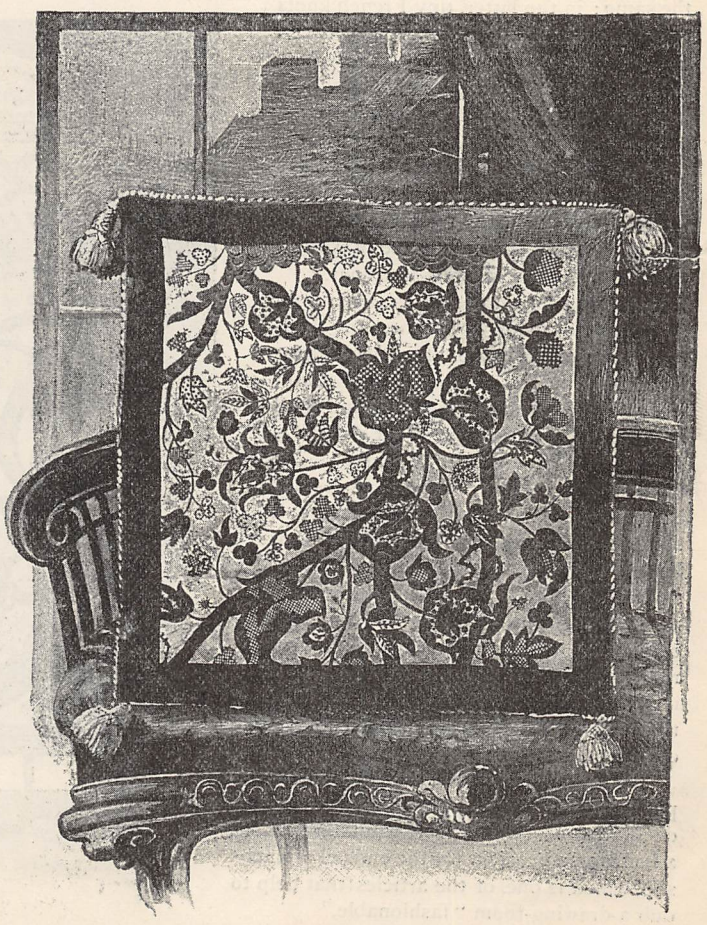
SUGGESTIONS FOR FASHIONABLE EMBROIDERIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON COLOURING AND MATERIALS FOR EMBROIDERIES."

ALL embroiderers know the value of a good design. One-third of the battle is won when we have secured that; the colouring and the workmanship are the remaining two-thirds. Old English designs have been revived of late—called again into favour on account of the furore existing for Sheraton and Chippendale furniture. The designs are worked principally in crewels on white linen of a coarse make, the colourings chosen being the old greens and browns found in antique embroideries, relieved with flowers of dull red, blue, and yellow. Silks are also employed, but usually on small articles made of finer white linen, and often crewels and silks are combined.

The couvrette we have selected for illustration is a clear exponent of the principles and methods of the old English school. Most of the work handed down to us from Elizabethan times is based on the same lines. Naturally, there are variations in the manner in which the work is accomplished, but this is a fair type of the general style. In this clever reproduction by the workers at the Royal School of Art Needlework, the design is entirely carried out in shades of brown, green, and indigo. The material is coarse Kerriemuir linen, and the border is of dark green plush. The application of *motifs*, copied from specimens done in Queen Mary's reign, to curtains, cushion coverings, and so on, is one of the latest fashions in decorations. These are done on squares or oblongs of canvas. When the *motif* is finished the canvas beyond the outline is cut away, only a thread or two of it being left all round the work. This is for strength, and the threads do not show, as the *motif* is finally outlined with fine silk cord. The *motifs* are then appliquéd on to an appropriate material. It is easy to see the advantages of working in this manner—it obviates the necessity of having large pieces about, it is less tiring for the hand than holding a heavy curtain or table-cover, and the fabric itself does not run so great a chance of getting rubbed or crushed. Another method of producing the *motifs* is to lay the traced canvas in position on the fabric and to work through it, afterwards drawing away the threads. This is the more correct mode, since no outlines of cords are then needed. The floral forms of the *motifs* are mostly copied from growing plants, and are arranged in a formal, stilted style, after the manner of the artists of those long-gone days. They are plants of the old-world garden and the fields and hedge-rows. We find primroses, cowslips, violets, and foxgloves amongst them, and even a few blades of grass. A footstool covered with cloth or serge will be decorated with a centre of violets growing, and the corners will have separate little *motifs* of grass or leaves on them.

Next we come to designs of the Italian school. There is a certain grandeur, stateliness, gorgeousness about these, not to be found in those of any other school. The work is rich, glowing, fervid, and yet, withal, entirely harmonious. Brilliant without question are the colours of the old work, but so wonderfully blended as to produce reposeful effects. Of quite late days, the blending of colours and the most subtle gradation of shades appear to have been made a matter of infinite study. The workers at the Royal School of Art Needlework have certainly become adepts in the art. The screen which



COUVRETTE (OLD ENGLISH SCHOOL).

we illustrate shows how admirably the designs of the Italian school lend themselves to the decoration of modern fashionable articles; but black and white, unfortunately, can reproduce but the design and the stitches; the colouring and gradation of shades must be left to the imagination. The ground of the screen is white satin. The centre rose and tulips are represented in shades of old rose, the two lower blossoms in shades of gold, and the upper ones in shades of blue, with gold centres. The foliage is done in tender yellow-green shading to blue-green. Crewel-stitch is employed for the work, and the centres of flowers are couched. The blending of shades depends greatly upon the skill with which the worker puts in her stitches. To secure perfect gradations, the stitches must lie evenly and follow the curve of each leaf, petal, and scroll. Crewel-stitch is used for the most delicate blending of colours.

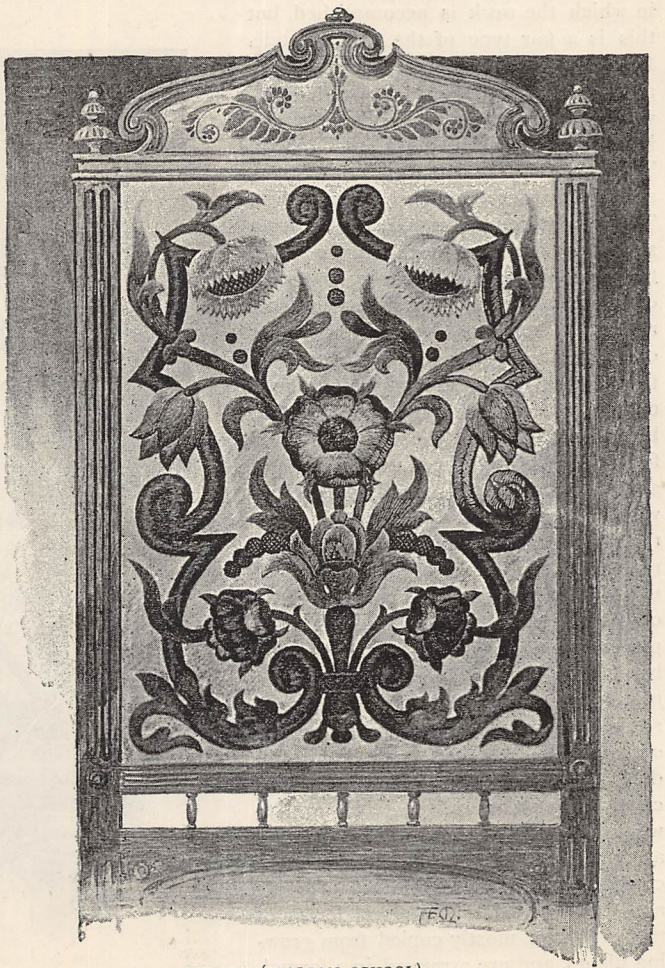
A charming design after the French school forms the subject of our last illustration. We all know how light, elegant, graceful, *chic*, are the designs created by our French neighbours, and this is an especially pleasing example. The ground is white satin; the flambeau and quiver are done mostly with gold thread. In the former, single gold thread is waved between double rows of the same; in the latter, tiny French knots of grey-green silk are worked between the double rows of gold thread. A blue ribbon ties the flambeau and the quiver. The roses are done in soft salmon-pink, primroses in natural colour, wild roses in soft mauve-pinks, jasmine in shades of the faintest yellow, and the foliage in the most delicate tender shades of green. It is an exquisite piece of work—so dainty, fresh, and sweet in colour.

The old English design is taken from a couvrette made to accompany bed-hangings worked in the same style. These form the draperies of a pretty light Chippendale four-poster. The furniture is all in keeping, and a great "ear-chair" is covered to correspond. We may object to four-posters now, but our ancestors' bedsteads were not all as funereal and sombre as we are sometimes inclined to believe. This particular one, to be seen at the School, is a proof of my statement. The posts are thin and prettily carved, and the draperies of white linen, richly worked in coloured crewels, make it quite an elegant affair. The same pattern can be adapted for cushion and chair coverings, also for portières.

The Italian design is arranged for a screen panel, but it is equally suited for a cushion decoration or a blotter. It would also make a handsome broidery for the ends of a piano-slip, which is one of the articles that help to dub a drawing-room "fashionable."

The French "flambeau and quiver" is equally suitable for the ornamentation of a cushion, a panel, or a blotter. I prefer it done on satin ground, but it is very charming on white vellum, or even on tan kid. The two latter grounds serve principally for writing-table requisites; for menu and name cards vellum is decidedly suitable, and for card-cases and note-books kid is appropriate. Silk-covered books are becoming rather general; the embroideries are often copies of those belonging to royalty in past times. Brilliant colours are chosen for some of these covers. One is a vivid yellow, enriched with gold thread embroidery; another, green worked with coloured silks. Most chaste of all is the white-ribbed silk cover, elaborately embroidered with silver thread and silver cord.

As to the most fashionable modes of working, I must say a few words that may be of practical use to my readers. When work is outlined with gold thread, it is almost an invariable practice just now amongst the best workers to use two rows, which are sewn on close together. One row, when we do see it, looks quite poor. The thread is sewn down with silks of a contrasting colour; but when a pure gold effect is desired—as in the flambeau mentioned above and the



SCREEN (ITALIAN SCHOOL).

yellow book-cover—then yellow silk is employed. To sew down the thread with red silk gives a rich glowing effect; soft, bluish-green silk, on the contrary, produces a cool, quiet tone. Silk cord for outlining is greatly in vogue. A simple twisted cord is mostly used, but I see now signs of more fanciful ones becoming popular. I do not find couching is so much used as it was some time back, but it is very suitable for outlining portière and couvrette decorations. The edges of many articles are now cut out rococo-fashion. Afternoon tea-cloths look very well when so treated, and worked with coloured washing-silks and gold thread. D'oyleys, duchess toilet-table slips, sideboard cloths, and table centres, may all be finished in this way. The edges must be overcast to make them strong. Darned grounds are effective for cushions. Take a bold design of thistles, for example. The leaves and the one big centre thistle will be done in green crewels, with the exception of the top of the thistle, which will be put in with mauve crewels. The whole of the ground, which is of white linen, will be lightly darned. Some grounds are closely darned, and the design left plain, except for the veining of leaves, and perhaps a little shading of petals; the centres of flowers, however, are generally worked rather more elaborately. Much of the embroidery nowadays has intricate and varied point-lace stitches introduced; these require careful execution, for we often find ourselves comparing them with the originals, and that is a severe test for embroiderers.

EMBROIDERED PANEL (FRENCH SCHOOL).

Our space will not permit of my saying much on the subject of drawn linen work. It is one of the most fashionable decorations for table linen and toilet sets. Ladies are practising it now, and articles can be had with the threads ready drawn, so that they escape the monotonous part of the work. Cross-stitch patterns are to be had traced, to obviate the necessity of counting stitches. This is one of the latest inventions for saving trouble, in answer to the demands of this luxurious age.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE subject of dreams is one which admits of being treated in a sketchy and entertaining way, and is not always handled with the seriousness which it deserves. I hope I may succeed, in the present paper, in being philosophical without being dull; and shall relate curious dreams only to extract meaning from them. As I wish to say what is true about dreams, I shall be obliged to repeat many things which have been said by others; but, unless I had something new and original to say, I should not be writing a paper at this time. I shall not only have to combat some popular notions, such as (1) that we dream all night long; (2) that common dreams are more mysterious than our waking thoughts; and (3) that the mind during sleep is peculiarly fitted to receive

* The author is alone responsible for the statements in this paper.—ED. *C. M.*

revelations; but I shall venture to call in question the conclusion of philosophical writers that lengthy dreams only occupy a moment of time, and I shall maintain, contrary to one writer at least, that dreams, when truthfully related, may reveal something of the dreamer's moral character.

The evidence which I shall offer of these things will be the record of my personal experience. I am not a continual dreamer, but for years past, when I have remembered a dream with any distinctness, I have recorded it in a note-book. It is not a laborious task, for I find that I scarcely ever remember more than fragments of dreams — if, indeed, more than fragments occur. I fancy that few dreams have a deliberate and definite beginning, though many have a definite and dramatic ending. In Lady Burton's "Inner Life of Syria," one dream is related through fifty pages; but my dreams are short. They are without beginning and without ending; nevertheless, they are more instructive to me than the fullest records of the dreams of other people, because I can trace more certainly the causes and elements, and I can perceive more accurately the actual processes of the mind. What is wanted for the study of dreams is not so much a collection of premonitory and remarkable dreams, as a very accurate transcript of dreams of the ordinary kind.

Sir W. Hamilton argued, from the phenomena of dreaming, that our consciousness during sleep is continuous; and it has been maintained, from *à priori* reasons, that, unless we are dreaming every night, and all night long, we have no proof of the soul's existence. But most writers now agree in the opinion of Lord Brougham that "we only dream during the instant of transition into or out of sleep."* Sir B. Brodie thinks we have evidence to the contrary in the fact that nothing is more common than for persons to moan, and even talk, in their sleep without awaking from it.† But this talking surely implies semi-wakefulness, and may come under the definition of transition between sleeping and waking.

I have often watched myself going to sleep. It can be done, because the process of "going off" is not a uniform sinking into unconsciousness deeper and deeper, but is broken by relapses of wakefulness. You dream for a second, and then wake for a second, and dream again. If you are intent on watching the process, you will find it possible, in the moment of wakefulness, to reflect on the momentary dream and to say to yourself, "I was nearly off then!"

When my brain *will* be busy thinking, I find I can get off to sleep by trying to count up to 100. I seldom succeed in reaching the 100, but sink right away somewhere between 20 and 70. Watching the process, I observe two things: first, there comes a difficulty in the mental utterance of the numbers—repeated attempts and failures to inwardly say "35" or "67." Then I know that I am on the point of losing consciousness. Secondly, I sometimes find that, instead of counting, I have been mentally saying something else — have entertained some word and some thought which came unbidden—that is to say, I have had a momentary dream. One night, whilst counting, I seemed to be moving towards a partially open door, and then to pass out, *saying* to myself, "Into the open air," and *thinking* to myself, "I may feel it chill."

After passing through this experience, I had the wakeful consciousness that I *had* passed through it (the experience), and then I resumed my counting, and fell asleep.

So I know that we may dream when falling asleep, and everybody knows that he may dream when waking up. It is to be doubted if we ever do more than this: we can dream on either border of sleep, but not during sleep itself, when sleep is sound and thorough. Of course, we may have a restless night, and then we may dream repeatedly through the night, and moan and talk, but that is because our sleep is not sound—because the brain is not entirely at rest. The fact that we forget some dreams is no ground for saying that we dream always and do not remember.

Physiology requires us to believe that in dreams the brain is more or less active. It appears equally clear that if the brain be functionally at rest—complete rest—there can be no dreaming. The curious phenomena of ordinary dreaming may be reasonably explained if we assume that in falling asleep, in waking, and during disturbed sleep, some parts of the brain are active while others are at rest. There are degrees of sleep, as Brodie says himself. The case is very well put in an essay on "Spectral Illusions" in *Chambers's Miscellany*:—

"According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that, in beginning to sleep, the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly, and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight; and the taste and smelling awake the last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice: certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping towards the centre of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still, as a preliminary of sleep, is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body, imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming."

We may further be assisted to a comprehension of dreaming if we remember what occurs in the case of

* "Discourse of Natural Theology," chap. v.
† "Psychological Inquiries," vol. ii., p. 151.

persons who sustain injuries of the brain, or whose brains are purposely hypnotised: some faculties may be paralysed, while others continue to act; and this rupture of their working relations leads to a broken and dream-like existence. A French sergeant, whose case is reported by Dr. Mesnet, was wounded by a ball on the left side of the head, and became paralysed down the right side of the body. For some time he was subject to periodical aberrations of intellect. He heard not; he rarely saw; he swallowed food without distinguishing its taste; he gave no sign of pain when pins were run into his body; but he would go wherever he was directed, and if he stumbled, would feel about for the obstruction, and pass on one side. When placed in a position that suggested it, he went through the movements of reconnoitring or skirmishing in an enemy's country; and when his tobacco pouch was placed in his hand, he made a cigarette. Such cases as this show that parts of the brain may act automatically while others are in abeyance. The abeyance may be through injury, or may be brought about by a process of mesmerising; but why may it not also occur in slumber?

If this be so, and dreams result from the partial wakefulness and partial slumber of the brain, we should expect the mental operations to fall short of the performances of the same brain in full waking life, and not look for any exaltation of the imagination or the reasoning power in dreams, much less for revelations transcending the reach of human thought—at least, not in ordinary dreams.

With these preliminaries I proceed to show that the operations of the mind in dreams are usually parallel to its operations when awake, only that they are broken and imperfect. I make no attempt now to give a full and accurate account of the laws and phenomena of mind, but only endeavour to show that dreams present the waking phenomena with some omissions, which cause the results to be curious and amusing.

To begin with the *materials* of our dreams. It has been established by Locke and others that "there is *nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses:*" the mind is conscious of sensations of sight, sound, taste, &c., and of ideas suggested by these, and is conscious of nothing else. It perceives what strikes the senses, it can recall the sensations in a faint way by recollection; it may recombine them in new forms by imagination; it may reason upon their relations; but in all its operations it is like an architect or a builder, who can only use the materials supplied to him or recombine the elements of design, and cannot create materials out of nothing. A blind person, being without any sensations of light and colour, can never imagine the colours themselves, much less design new combinations of them in a painting. We have all heard of the blind man mentioned by Locke, who tried to get a true notion of the colour scarlet, and then said it was like the sound of a trumpet. Well, the blind person is no better off in his dreams. No shapes of beauty can appear to his mental vision—in fact, he *has* no mental *vision*, but depends upon the sense of touch as his chief agent and helper. On this point we have the testimony of the Rev. B. G. Johns, formerly Chaplain of the Blind School, St. George's Fields:*—"I dream," said a blind boy; "I often dream about people; I dream of my brother (also blind); I know he is with me, I hear his voice; I am in the places where we used to go before he died."

"But how do you know that you are in a certain place?"

"The impression of the place is with me—I feel I am there; *I am sure* I am, sometimes, till I awake. Sometimes I dream that I am walking in the fields, I tread on the grass, I smell the fresh air."

"If I dream," said another young man, "that I am in the great basket shop, I know I am there by the size of the room—the length of it."

"But how can you judge as to the size or length of what you cannot see?"

"Oh, the sound tells me pretty well; I am in my own old place, where I work."

"You sit on your box, then?"

"Yes, I touch it, and if the dream goes on, I get my tools out."

Since, then, the blind cannot dream of sights which they have had no sensation of, we may safely conclude that we only dream of things which we have in some way perceived, or, at any rate, are confined to such materials for the foundation of our dream fabrics.

The materials of dreams may be enumerated as memories of waking sensations, memories of waking thoughts, and new sensations received in sleep, whether from without or from within. Dr. Gregory mentions of himself that having on one occasion gone to bed with a bottle of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna and feeling the ground warm under him. He had at an early period of his life visited Mount Vesuvius, and actually felt a strong sensation of warmth in his feet when walking up the side of the crater, and he had more recently read Brydone's description of Mount Etna. On another occasion, having thrown off the bedclothes in his sleep, he dreamed of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay and of suffering distress from the intense frost. He had been reading, a few days before, a very particular account of the state of the Colonies during winter. Dr. Reid had a blister applied to his head, and the plaster which was put on afterwards causing excessive pain, he dreamed of falling into the hands of Indians and being scalped. A whisper in the ear is sufficient to produce a dream, and it is related of a certain officer that his companions in this way conducted him through the whole process of a quarrel, which ended in a duel, and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report.

In 1875—when Mr. George Smith of the British Museum was yet alive—I had a dream of the simplest possible character, which merely took several waking thoughts of the day and combined them into a new

* "Blind People: their Works and Ways." By the Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A. Murray, Albemarle Street, 1867.

form. My hostess in London was a cousin, Mrs. T., and we had been to Sydenham to visit the D.'s, who were related to us. While at Sydenham I mentioned George Smith's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* (Jan. 9, 1875) relating to the Nineveh discoveries. In returning to town we passed New Cross; conversation turned upon crosses, and Mrs. T. said that Charing Cross was so named from Queen Eleanor, the dear queen (*chère reine*) of Edward I., who died at Herdielie, near Lincoln, and was buried at Westminster. In every town where the corpse rested the king caused a cross to be erected in remembrance of her. That night I dreamed that Mr. George Smith was going to carry the banner of Queen Eleanor from Lincoln to London, resting at all the stages.

John Bunyan had dreams which evidently reflected his waking thoughts and fears, for it may safely be said that the visions of his head upon his bed would not have horrified him with flames and globes of fire in which men were tossed up and down while devils laughed at their torments, unless a materialistic conception of hell had possessed his mind when awake. Further, it should be mentioned that any derangement of the bodily functions, especially of the digestion, will be likely to affect the nerves and disturb the brain just as surely as unpleasant sensations from without. Hunger is another internal sensation sufficient to set the slumbering fancy at work, as says Milton of the famished Son of God in the desert—He dreamed

> ———"as appetite is wont to dream
> Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet." *

Dreams present us so often with scenes and events which the eye has seen, or might see, that they are called *visions* of the night. The eye plays this important part, I suppose, from two circumstances: one is that we generally remember what the eye has seen better than we remember the impressions of the other senses; the second is that the retina is so delicate a piece of nerve-work that it is probably always a little agitated. In falling asleep we often commence by seeming to see things—now one shape and then another. It is difficult to go to sleep with a light upon the eyes, because the light penetrates the closed lids, agitates the retina, and transmits impressions to the brain. Eyes which have been busy and overworked may fail to sink into utter rest with the closing of the lids; and any motion that remains in them may, as I conceive, travel to the brain and originate a dream. Conversely, the brain, when disturbed in its optic centre, may set the retina in motion and then mistake its pictures for real visibles. It so mistakes them because the eye is not looking out upon any real objects which these fancied ones might be compared with.

That pictures are actually formed upon the retina in dreams seems to be proved by the dream-forms remaining sometimes after we wake, and open our eyes. Sir B. Brodie tells us of a friend who, on awaking in the morning, perceived what seemed to be a human figure in a sort of Persian dress, standing at the foot of the bed. It was as distinct as the chairs and tables in the room, yet, looking steadfastly at it, he observed that the door behind it was plainly to be seen also, and presently the figure disappeared. Considering the matter afterwards, he recollected that he had had a dream, in which the Persian figure had played a conspicuous part.

So much for what I term retinal suggestion. It will serve to make plainer what I mean by lip suggestion. If we observe ourselves, we shall find that the organs of speech are not absolutely quiescent when they seem to be at rest. When we read to ourselves, without opening our lips, we go over the words mentally, and we do more, we go over them with the organs of speech and may trace a sort of internal utterance. This scarcely observable manifestation I take to be the upper surface of an underlying physiological fact, the fact being that the organs of speech are in slight movement, an initial condition of what might easily become speech. To show that lip memory is different from conscious mind memory, I may mention what occurred to me one day at Derby railway station. I had got out of the train, and presently found my lips silently repeating the syllables "twelve twenty-three." To know what this signified I had to cast about and recollect. Had the guard said that the train would go forward at 12.23? No, he only said it would wait here fifteen minutes. What else then?—oh, I have it: the number on my carriage was 1223, and I had looked at it with a view to remember it. In a similar way, after waking up one morning, looking at my watch and reflecting that it was time to rise, I noticed that I was silently running over the words "and for this reason," and I was able to recall that they were the last words of a dream.

We may observe in ourselves that the ghosts of words and phrases flit over the tongue just as fancy images flit over the retina. Fancy brings across the tongue recollected words and phrases, and from their suggestion invents new ones. In falling asleep I can trace them, just as I can trace the apparition of visual impressions, and I think it probable that in a dream these words would seem to be actually spoken. Then also, since the words convey meaning, and suggest things by association, the course of a dream may be determined by them, though they originate spontaneously in the nervous irritability of the tongue. For instance, in the following fragment of a dream the first thing that I remember is that I was mentally saying, or else seeming to hear and to repeat after another, the un-English word *worsdy*. A young woman was present to my vision, and I said, "She is asking about the *words* (of something)." The initial consonant of *worsdy* appeared to be sounded indistinctly, and now I thought I heard better, and that it was *mersdi* the young woman was saying. "Oh! *merci*," I thought—the French word for "thanks"—yet immediately I connected her meaning with Sisters of Mercy, and imagined she was signifying her dislike of them. I remarked, "She will probably become a convert to them." Immediately I saw her protesting that she

* See the thought worked out in Essays by Elia, "Grace before Meat."

would not, and yet, advancing towards the priest, she fell on her knees and confessed herself conquered. All this dream, from the un-English word *worsdy* flitting over my tongue!

Miss Cobbe relates an affecting dream in which a lady who had been pondering on the many duties which "bound her to life," as the phrase is, found the phrase enacted in allegory: Life coming, as a strong, calm, cruel woman, and binding her limbs with steel fetters, while Death, as an angel of mercy, hung hovering in the distance, unable to approach or deliver her.*

When we talk with others in our dreams, it is our own mind that supplies both parts of the conversation.

Dr. Johnson related that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. But he clearly understood, when he woke up, that all the wit had been furnished from his own resources. In actual life we often anticipate what an opponent or a friend is going to say; and sometimes when he hesitates for a word we supply it. In dreams our anticipation of what is likely to be said is immediately regarded as something which has been said, because there is no reality of sound or sight to compare it with and show its shadowy character. Sir B. Brodie remarks that a drama may be performed in our dreams, with other actors in it, who seem to speak and act independently of ourselves, as if influenced by other motives and aiming at other objects, with regard to which we do not concur, or to which we may be actually opposed. He searches in vain for a satisfactory explanation.† But perhaps if he had given us instances, instead of stating a difficulty in general terms, the instances might have been explained. When I lived in London (August 12th, 1874), I dreamed that I saw a woman, a next-door neighbour, squeeze a baby's head flat, and roughly double it under. I felt a shudder, and I remonstrated with her. She then left the head free, and it expanded to its proper dimensions like an air-ball after being squeezed. The woman then said something to the effect that such treatment did not hurt a baby, and (as proof that the infant was soothed by the treatment) she added that it was quieter now. But I had noticed in my dream that the babe's head was crushed. I had inferred that the brain was injured, and had observed that the babe was, in consequence, made quiet, and *then* it was that I heard the nurse say, "It is quieter now." And thus, probably, in every case, in dreams, our interlocutor's words, and the words of every actor, are traceable to our own thought, or to our own lip suggestion.

* *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1871, p. 515.

† "Psychological Inquiries," vol. i., p. 157.

THAT BLACK LACE BONNET.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

THINK as we are here, dear, we may as well buy a bonnet."

Cause and effect have been the subject of the deepest philosophical inquiry, but woman, with her ready wit, can illustrate the theory without a moment's hesitation—cause, the propinquity of bonnets; effect, the purchase of the same!

And if this is true of an ordinary occasion, what must it not be when, as in the present case, vast vistas of bonnets surround one, stretching away on all sides into dim distant possibilities, vague and enchanting as a wizard's cave? Bonnets of every colour and shade, bonnets of every shape and description, bonnets with every trimming and decoration, bonnets for young and old, for high and low, to suit every taste and every purse!

It was little wonder that the above exclamation broke from the impassioned lips of Mrs. Aubrey, as she and her friend gazed around the beautiful showrooms of the Magasins du Louvre.

"But neither of us wants a bonnet," objected Miss Walton, in a faint tone of remonstrance.

A critic of the sterner sex would probably have remarked at this point, "Then why are you here?" But there was no one to criticise, and Mrs. Aubrey was troubled by no impertinent comments.

"Nonsense, Hester!" she said rather sharply, "it would be absurd to lose such a chance as this; we may never have the opportunity again."

"But if we don't want it, it will be no use," said Miss Walton with the same mild air of protest.

"Then we can sell it to somebody else," said Mrs. Aubrey promptly, and the opposition was effectually silenced.

The work of choosing is always difficult, but on the present occasion, partly owing to the infinite variety which did indeed seem calculated to suit every taste, and partly owing to the ready quickness of the saleswoman, a bonnet was quickly chosen; a black lace bonnet, quiet, stylish, thoroughly finished, neat, and yet pretty, and only twenty francs. What human being could wish for more?

"That is what I call a really good bargain!" said Mrs. Aubrey in a tone of self-complacency, when, having left directions for the bonnet to be sent after them, they were returning to their hotel.

"Yes," said her cousin, "we could not possibly have bought such a bonnet for that price in England."

She did not speak very heartily, but Mrs. Aubrey took no notice; she knew that, now the purchase was really concluded, Miss Walton could not long resist the seductions of that enthralling manufacture of black lace! She said no more about it for the present, but

"MISS WALTON FELT RATHER CONFUSED."

when they were sitting in their room at the hotel that evening the subject came up again.

Mrs. Aubrey was at the table, pen in hand, making up their accounts for the day. She always did it every evening, and found it a somewhat troublesome task, as the frown on her brow testified, and her frequent recourse to the comparative money table at her side. She paused as she began to make an entry, and looked across the table at her companion, who was writing her diary. Miss Walton had just got to the words, "Bought a bonnet at the Louvre," when her cousin's voice broke in upon her meditations.

"Hester, could you give me ten francs for the bonnet?"

There was a moment's silence as Miss Walton looked up from her book, with an air of surprise. "Ten francs?" she said at last.

"Yes; I thought we arranged to share all expenses equally."

"Certainly," said Miss Walton, "but—" she paused a moment—"but I had no wish to buy a bonnet."

"That is just like you," said Mrs. Aubrey rather crossly; "why did you go at all then?"

Miss Walton felt rather confused; it was her way to feel confused when a puzzling problem was put before her; but she did not mean to give up her point all at once. "I suppose I went for the same reason that you did," she said.

"But you agreed to buy the bonnet," said Mrs. Aubrey, "and of course I thought you meant to share the expense."

"I don't quite understand," said Miss Walton; "do you mean that we are to wear the bonnet in turns?"

Mrs. Aubrey was silent; certainly if Miss Walton paid half the money she had a right to half the bonnet—but somehow that was not quite a comfortable arrangement.

"Do you mean that you want the bonnet altogether?" she asked.

"I don't want the bonnet at all," replied Miss Walton, rather more decisively than was her wont, "I told you so at the time."

It was an awkward position, a position which might have developed into open war if the two concerned in it had been a trifle less good friends; but Mrs. Aubrey, though hasty-tempered, was ready to own herself in the wrong, and after a short silence she spoke again.

"To tell you the truth, I have been rather foolish, Hester," she said; "John only gave me a certain sum of money to spend, as you know, and he expects to see how I have spent it. Well, I have just enough to pay the journey to-morrow, and not a sou more, and as he has been so kind I would not vex him for the world. I did not want the bonnet, but somehow I could not resist it when I saw them. I wish I had never put myself in the way of temptation."

Miss Walton was thoroughly kind-hearted, and she was very fond of her cousin, so she was melted in a moment. "Don't cry, dear," she said; "we must make the best of it now. Your husband is much too good to be angry about such a trifle."

"But I made a promise," said Mrs. Aubrey amid her tears, "I made a promise that I would not buy another bonnet for six months, and now—" she broke down in unmistakable distress.

Her cousin soothed her to the best of her ability. "Don't give way so," she said entreatingly; "it will all come right; as you said yourself, we can easily sell it. Madame la Tour would be thankful to buy it; she likes anything from Paris."

"I quite hate the thought of seeing it again," said Mrs. Aubrey.

When the bonnet arrived in due course, however, enclosed in a neat little band-box, she could not help feeling a recurrence of her former pride as she examined her bargain.

"Miss Wilmot would look well in it," she said reflectively.

"Oh! we shall have no trouble in selling it," said Miss Walton; "but now let me do it up. It won't go in our trunks, so I shall have to carry it separately."

"But then John will see it when he meets us at Dover," cried Mrs. Aubrey.

"He will see the box, but he won't know what is in it," said her cousin.

Now here Miss Walton was distinctly wrong. To aid a wife in deceiving her husband is nothing short of criminality.

All through the journey Miss Walton kept a strict watch upon the bonnet-box, and thankful enough she felt when they arrived safely at Dover, without any accident having befallen it.

"There is John!" cried Mrs. Aubrey, as the boat drew up at the Admiralty Pier, and she waved her handkerchief enthusiastically.

Colonel Aubrey was a short active little man with a fierce grey moustache, and sharp twinkling eyes, that seemed to see everything at once.

"Well, my dear, here you are!" he exclaimed. "No time to lose! Make haste! How many bundles have you?"

"How long have we before we must start?" asked Mrs. Aubrey, when the first greetings were over.

"Only just time to get the things through the Custom-house. Come along, my dear. I wish you wouldn't dawdle so!"

At the word "*Custom-house*" Miss Walton turned very pale, and clasped the bonnet-box closer in her arms. How would it be possible to open it without the colonel's lynx-eyes spying out the contents? She gave her cousin a significant look, but Mrs. Aubrey's head was turned the other way, and it was lost upon her.

They reached the Custom-house, and in the crowd of people and luggage Miss Walton hoped to be able to hide the box from official inquiry. No such luck was in store for her, however.

"Open this, please," said the man, laying his finger upon it.

Miss Walton started, blushed, and hesitated. She could not have chosen a more effectual way of fulfilling her fears. The officer took it from her arms without more ado, and proceeded to turn out its contents. Mrs. Aubrey, however, by this time had grasped the situation, and proved that she was equal to it.

"We have just done here, John," she said. "Go on and get the tickets, or we shall miss the train."

Her ruse was successful. The colonel went out upon the platform just as the black lace bonnet was ruthlessly tumbled out in full view!

"What an escape!" murmured Miss Walton, as she repacked her precious charge and hurried after her cousins. She could not recover her fright all through the railway journey, and whenever the colonel kicked against the bonnet-box, which he did once every ten minutes, she gave a startled little gasp that made him frown and shrug his shoulders.

The ordeal was over at last, however. Ferrol Lodge was safely reached, and Miss Walton had the very great pleasure of stowing the box safely away under her bed. This was all very well, but the difficulty was not over yet. Mrs. Aubrey was exceedingly anxious to get rid of the bonnet before her husband overhauled her accounts, therefore it was important to put the matter in train at once.

"I think we had better ask Miss Wilmot here to tea," she said the next morning, as soon as the colonel had gone out to count the wall-fruit, an operation that was always gone through every morning directly after breakfast.

"Yes," said Miss Walton rather doubtfully; "I think it would do better for Madame la Tour, though."

"I don't," said Mrs. Aubrey, with a touch of her former irritation. "Miss Wilmot would look charming in it, but, of course, if you think you know better than I do——"

Happily for the cousins' peace, Miss Walton was of a practical turn. Now, as was often the case, she hit the right nail on the head.

"It is not so much a question of whom it will suit as of who may be willing to buy it," she said.

"You are right, Hester," said Mrs. Aubrey, after a moment's reflection—"quite right. We will have Miss Wilmot to tea to-night, and if she does not want it, Madame la Tour shall come to-morrow night. But then I must get John out of the way," she added. "Dear me, I begin to wish we had never bought the bonnet!"

Miss Walton was too kind-hearted to say, "I told

"'LEAVE MY NATION ALONE!' CRIED THE COLONEL" (*p.* 219).

you so;" she set her brains to work instead, and after a minute's reflection, said cheerfully, "He said yesterday that he had to go to Grimston one day soon to get some plants for the garden. Why not ask him to go this afternoon?"

"That is a good idea," said Mrs. Aubrey, and going out into the garden, she asked him at once.

"I don't see why I should go to-day," said the colonel; "you only came back yesterday, and I have hardly seen you yet. Grimston is six miles off, and it would take me the whole afternoon."

"But we shall be busy unpacking to-day, dear, so I really should not have time to go out with you."

"Unpacking!" growled the colonel; "why women should carry a cargo of clothes about with them I can't conceive. I dare say you've got a shopful of gowns in your trunk, and half a dozen bonnets."

The word struck upon Mrs. Aubrey's ear with an unpleasant sound, but the colonel turned back to his fruit-trees without saying any more.

Things in this world, however, never go quite as one intends that they should. The colonel was to start at three, but just as the clock struck a ring came at the front door bell, and, to Mrs. Aubrey's disgust, some visitors were shown into the drawing-room.

"Oh, we heard you returned yesterday," said Mrs. Lingley in a gushing tone, "and we could not rest till we knew how you got over the journey. How do you do, Colonel Aubrey? Are you not delighted to get your wife back?"

The conversation proceeded as such conversations generally do, and Mrs. Aubrey watched the clock nervously, fearing that her husband would think it too late to start on his expedition. Her pre-occupation gave her a constrained air that Mrs. Lingley put down to fatigue after her journey, and at last, to her friend's great relief, she got up to go.

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Aubrey," said Mr. Lingley, a loud, pompous man, with a strong propensity for making little jokes; "I suppose you wasted a lot of money in Paris, as ladies always do; what did your husband say to that? Eh, colonel?"

"My wife would never be guilty of such a thing," said Colonel Aubrey stiffly. His peppery temper was always roused by any remark on himself or his belongings, and Mr. Lingley hastened to propitiate him.

"Oh, well, you know, only a joke! Ladies will be ladies; but I know Mrs. Aubrey too well to think she would really indulge in any such little extravagances."

Mrs. Aubrey had been growing more and more uneasy during this discussion, and her vexation was increased when her husband remarked, as he came back from seeing his guests off—

"What nonsense that man talks! I suppose he thinks all women as imbecile as his own wife."

"I suppose you will start at once, John?" said Mrs. Aubrey, not daring to make any reply to his observation.

"No, I shall not," said the colonel testily; "it is too late to go out at all now."

Mrs. Aubrey gave a despairing sigh; the Fates were clearly against her. Five o'clock was drawing on, Miss Wilmot would arrive, and the colonel would not leave them a moment in peace. In the midst of her despair, however, the maid opened the door and announced that the pony-carriage was ready.

"Dear me!" said the colonel, "I quite forgot to tell him not to come round. What shall I do?"

"Why, of course, you had better go," said his wife, a gleam of hope stealing over her countenance; "you will easily be back before dark if you drive fast."

With a good many grunts and growls, the colonel took his departure, and the two cousins were left to begin their operations. "Shall we lay the bonnet on the sofa?" said Mrs. Aubrey; "she would be sure to remark on it; or shall we gradually lead the conversation round to the Louvre, and so to bonnets, and then offer to show her our purchase?"

"I think we had better tell her at once," said Miss Walton; "it is no use beating about the bush; she need not buy it if she does not want to."

Tea had not proceeded far, therefore, when Mrs. Aubrey remarked, "I suppose you don't know anyone who wants a bonnet?"

"Oh, dear! yes, I do," said Miss Wilmot; "there is old Mrs. Brown in the almshouses, who would be thankful for one; she told me the other day she had nothing to go to church in."

"I don't mean that quite," said Mrs. Aubrey. "I meant a bonnet to buy."

"Why?" asked Miss Wilmot.

Mrs. Aubrey did not like to say, "Because I have one to sell," so she said nothing, and looked at Miss Walton.

"The fact is," said Miss Walton, "that we bought a bonnet at the Louvre that we neither of us want, and as it is pretty and cheap, and just in the latest fashion, we thought you might like to buy it."

Miss Wilmot's interest was aroused at once; what woman's would not have been at the thought of such a bargain? "Do let me see it, my dear!" she said; and accordingly the bonnet was brought down, and they all tried it on in turns.

"It certainly is very pretty," murmured Miss Wilmot as she looked at herself in the mirror from under the erection of black lace; "how much did you say?"

"Sixteen shillings and eightpence, English money," said Mrs. Aubrey.

"Sixteen and *eightpence*," said Miss Wilmot thoughtfully.

"You shall have it for sixteen shillings," said Mrs. Aubrey, who was very anxious to effect the bargain.

"Well, I will think it over," said Miss Wilmot. "Dear me, I had no idea it was so late! I shall hardly get home before dark. I will call again, Mrs. Aubrey, and let you know."

Mrs. Aubrey would rather have had a definite answer; however, she could not urge the matter further, and was fain to let her friend depart.

There is an old saw which says, "It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new." If the cousins had remembered this adage they might

have saved themselves much sorrow and trouble. When Mrs. Aubrey met Madame la Tour the next morning, as she was walking down the village, it seemed to her such a good opportunity that she could not resist it.

"Good morning, madame," she said.

"Ah! good day. You come from arriving from France, is it not so?" The opportunity was made, and Mrs. Aubrey plunged into the story of the black lace bonnet.

"Ah, thank you well!" exclaimed madame enthusiastically; "I love the things of the Louvre; but, see you, I must first ask the husband: he holds the money." And so saying, with a profusion of bows and compliments, the two ladies parted.

Mrs. Aubrey told her cousin what she had done when she returned, and was vexed that she did not receive the news with more warmth.

"But you may have put us into a very awkward position," said Miss Walton; "if both of them come for the bonnet, what are we to do?"

"That is most unlikely," said Mrs. Aubrey, with decision.

Miss Walton could not exactly see why, but she forbore to say any more. Towards evening a note arrived from Madame la Tour, containing sixteen shillings and eightpence, and saying that she had received her husband's permission to make the purchase, and should be obliged if Mrs. Aubrey would send her the bonnet.

"What a triumph!" said Mrs. Aubrey delightedly; "really, it has been no trouble after all. Go and fetch the box, there's a dear."

Miss Walton went up to her room. She had left the box on a chair in the corner, after Miss Wilmot's visit on the previous day. It was not there now.

She rushed downstairs breathless. "Julia," she said, "the bonnet has gone!"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey.

"The bonnet has gone, I cannot find it anywhere."

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Aubrey, "Martha must have put it somewhere;" and then she rang the bell violently.

"Where have you put the new bonnet-box that was in Miss Walton's room?" she asked when the maid came in.

"Please, ma'am, Miss Wilmot sent up this afternoon when you were out, and said there was a bonnet-box to be sent to her, and that she would send you a note to-morrow."

The cousins restrained their feelings till the servant had left the room, but then they both broke out at once, "What shall we do, what shall we do?" Neither of them said any more for some time.

Miss Walton as usual had flown to the practical question. "Shall we send to Madame la Tour to say Miss Wilmot has got the bonnet, or shall we send to Miss Wilmot to say that Madame la Tour has sent the money?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said Mrs. Aubrey tearfully.

"Well, let us leave it till the morning," said Miss Walton, feeling that in the present state of their feelings they could decide nothing.

Morning dawned, however, and the position did not improve. A note came from Madame la Tour saying that she was going away to stay for a few days, and that she should be glad of the bonnet, also for an acknowledgment of the money; but there was no word or sign from Miss Wilmot, who, seeing that she had got the bonnet in her own keeping, was at present mistress of the situation.

"We cannot acknowledge the money until we can get the bonnet," said Mrs. Aubrey; "and yet I do not like to say anything to Miss Wilmot, for we certainly gave her first chance, and she will think that we have played her false."

"If nothing has come from her by lunch-time, I will go to her and explain," said Miss Walton gallantly; and so the matter was left.

Colonel Aubrey was a man of regular habits, and every morning he took a walk straight down the village street, past the church, over the bridge, and back by the field path. M. la Tour also took a daily constitutional and they often met upon the road. The two could scarcely be called friends, for they fell out on every possible occasion, but they found great recreation in their quarrels, and would have been considerably duller without each other to abuse. On the morning in question, Colonel Aubrey felt rather peaceably inclined, and when he perceived M. la Tour coming along in the distance, he was quite ready to join him in a walk and talk. M. la Tour's eyes were sparkling with fire, however, and he took no notice of the other's salutation.

"Hallo, Mossoo, what's the matter?" cried the colonel. He could talk French if he pleased, but he liked to rouse his friend's ire with his brutal Britishisms.

"Matter?" growled the other fiercely. "Nation of shopkeepers!"

"Leave my nation alone!" cried the colonel, up to boiling point in a moment.

"Alone? That is all very well," said the other, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Shopkeeper yourself!"

"Do you mean to insult me?" roared Colonel Aubrey, swinging his bamboo cane. "I never sold anything in my life."

"Pooh! A man and his wife is not two any more!" said the other.

"What do you mean?" said the colonel with a stamp of the foot. "I will have the law on you for libel."

"Law! Ah! well, two can make that sport. A thief is a man who keep his neighbour's money."

"You are mad!" said Colonel Aubrey haughtily, looking him full in the face and then walking slowly away.

He had always thought his neighbour a little queer in the upper storey, and this extraordinary conduct confirmed him in his idea. He retailed the story at lunch.

"The man must be put under proper control," he

said; "it is not safe to have him walking about the village. Don't look so frightened, my dear," he added, seeing Mrs. Aubrey turn pale; "I'll see that no harm comes to you."

"Really, Hester, this is getting too much," she said when lunch was over. "My nerves will not stand it much longer."

"Never mind," said Miss Walton, "I will go at once and get the bonnet back. Miss Wilmot must be made to understand; we will send it with a note of apology to Madame la Tour, and all will be right."

myself; it is poorly made and not nearly worth the money."

Considering the words she had heard as she entered, Miss Walton thought this a somewhat extraordinary announcement. She made allowance for Miss Wilmot's natural vexation, however, and got away as quickly as she could, the bonnet-box in her hand. It was growing dark and she made her way straight to the drawing-room.

"Here it is!" she cried joyfully; "now all our troubles are over."

"HIS FOOT SLIPPED, AND THE TWO MEN ROLLED OVER AND OVER EACH OTHER ON THE GRAVEL PATH" (*p.* 221).

"You are a friend in need," said Mrs. Aubrey, as she kissed her warmly.

Miss Walton was as good as her word. She went round to Miss Wilmot's house and was shown in. She was rather confused and disgusted to find her in the drawing-room with the bonnet on, displaying it to her particular friend, Miss Perkins.

"And so I think, my dear, I have made a good bargain," she was saying just as Miss Walton entered. It was an awkward beginning, but having once undertaken the mission she could not draw back, and putting a bold face upon it, she explained that not having heard from her, Mrs. Aubrey had sold the bonnet to Madame la Tour.

"It is very strange, I must say," said Miss Wilmot, taking off the bonnet as hastily as though the lace had been dyed with poison; "very strange indeed! Not that I should ever have thought of buying it for

She had hardly spoken when a loud peal came at the door bell and a great altercation was heard in the hall.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried Mrs. Aubrey. "John is out; what shall we do?"

"M. la Tour!" said the maid, opening the door, with a very white face. "Oh, ma'am, he is so angry!"

"I will speak to him," said Miss Walton, and taking the box, she rushed out and thrust it into his arms.

M. la Tour was mollified in a moment.

"Mille pardons!" he exclaimed, holding the box in one arm and waving the other wildly to express his contrition.

Miss Walton apologised in voluble English, he replied in as voluble French, and the interview ended in the warmest terms of respectful affection on both sides.

"There, that is over!" said Miss Walton as she returned to the drawing-room; "and we have heard the last of the black lace bonnet."

Colonel Aubrey, as we have said, was a man of regular habits, and having walked one way in the morning, he always went the other way in the afternoon, returning home in time for dinner. He was sauntering home now in the gathering twilight, swinging his cane and humming a few deep bass notes. As he unlatched his garden gate he saw a figure looming in the twilight. It was M. la Tour!

"What does he want here?" muttered the colonel, remembering their passage of arms in the morning. As he spoke he noticed that M. la Tour tried to avoid him, and that he carried a bundle under his arm. Instantly an idea flashed over him.

"It is not madness; it is crime!" he exclaimed, and rushing forward, he raised his bamboo. "Thief yourself!" he cried. "Give me that this moment."

He tried to snatch the box away, but M. la Tour held it fiercely. "Villain," he cried, "ah! détestable; you have all wrong; go, go!"

The colonel took no notice of his remarks. "Give me that!" he shouted again. The box fell from his prisoner's hand, his foot slipped, and the two men rolled over and over each other on the gravel path.

"There seems to be a great noise going on," said Mrs. Aubrey presently, opening the French window, "what can be the matter? Oh, Hester! look there!"

The noise of shouts and cries rose through the still evening air, and the two ladies, could dimly see dark forms struggling on the ground; little Toby rushed out to lend his loud barkings to the general confusion, and for some time they stood trembling with fright, unable to distinguish a word. Soon, however, a piercing cry came to their ears, "Ah, villain! the bonnet is to me!"

"It is M. la Tour!" screamed Miss Walton.

"And John!" added Mrs. Aubrey, as the colonel's voice exclaimed, "Skulking thief! I'll teach you—take that!"

The two ladies flew to the combatants, and tried to drag them apart.

"Oh, John, it's all right, I gave it to him!" cried Mrs. Aubrey, while Miss Walton reiterated, "He didn't know; it was a secret, a secret! oh, why won't they listen? do stop!"

The colonel rose to his feet at last. "That'll teach him a lesson!" he said grimly.

"Oh, John!" sobbed his wife, who by this time was in hysterics—"oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? He bought the bonnet, he bought the b-b-b——" Her voice died away in a passion of tears.

"What!" said the colonel, and said no more.

Toby meanwhile was dancing a dance of triumph round the prostrate form of M. la Tour, who lay groaning and moaning as though he had been mortally wounded.

"Oh, John, you've killed him!" said Miss Walton, distracted; "he's dead!"

"Dead, rubbish!" said the colonel; "do him good! What you all mean, I don't know. What's he doing here, what's he carrying away?"

M. la Tour dragged himself slowly up from the ground at this point. "Good evening, monsieur!" he said, "we will see to the law now;" and he began to walk away, limping very much as he went.

"Come back!" cried Miss Walton wildly, "it's all a mistake; oh, Toby, do be quiet!"

"What's a mistake?" said the colonel gruffly. "If Julia would stop blubbering, and Toby would stop barking, and La Tour would stop that ridiculous groaning, I might be able to make out what the row is about."

"It's about a black lace bonnet," said Miss Walton desperately; "we bought it and we thought you would be angry, and we tried to sell it, and Madame la Tour bought it, and, and——" She stopped, unable to say more.

The colonel, to do him justice, was a man of sense. The first thing he did was to rush after his retreating foe, and seize him by the hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "you are right, I was wrong."

No Englishman could have made an ampler apology.

M. la Tour was not to be appeased all at once. He talked very big about vengeance, and pistols, and honour or death; but gradually, as he took in the situation, his ill-humour relaxed, and he joined the colonel in a hearty laugh.

"Come in and have some dinner with us," said the colonel. Dinner is the national peace-offering, and, although a Frenchman, M. la Tour understood the overture. He bowed politely, and accepted the terms of peace.

"I will never deceive you again," sobbed Mrs. Aubrey, as she threw her arms round her husband's neck.

"Not till next time, I suppose," said the colonel; "well, well, let us go in and wash the dust off."

They all turned towards the house in a rapture of reconciliation, but Miss Walton was always practical even in the most romantic moment. "I think we had better take in the bonnet," she said.

"Oh, of course," said the colonel, and they went back to fetch it.

"What has Toby got?" said Mrs. Aubrey.

Ah! what had Toby got? Once more Toby was dancing a war-dance of triumph, but this time it was over no vanquished foe; the ground was strewn far and near with fragments of the crushed and battered bonnet-box, and Toby was rushing hither and thither shaking between his teeth the ruined remains of the black lace bonnet!

Time will efface even the deepest impressions. In time M. la Tour forgot his offended dignity, and madame her disappointment. In time Miss Wilmot condescended to bow to Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Walton when she met them in the street; but the two cousins cannot forget that sad episode in their career, nor pass with total indifference that dark corner of the garden, where the colonel has erected a tiny stone over a little mound, which bears the strange but suggestive words, "To the Memory of a Black Lace Bonnet."

M. B. W.

In Praise of Her whom I Love.

Allegro non troppo.

Words and Music by W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus., Lond.

PIANO.

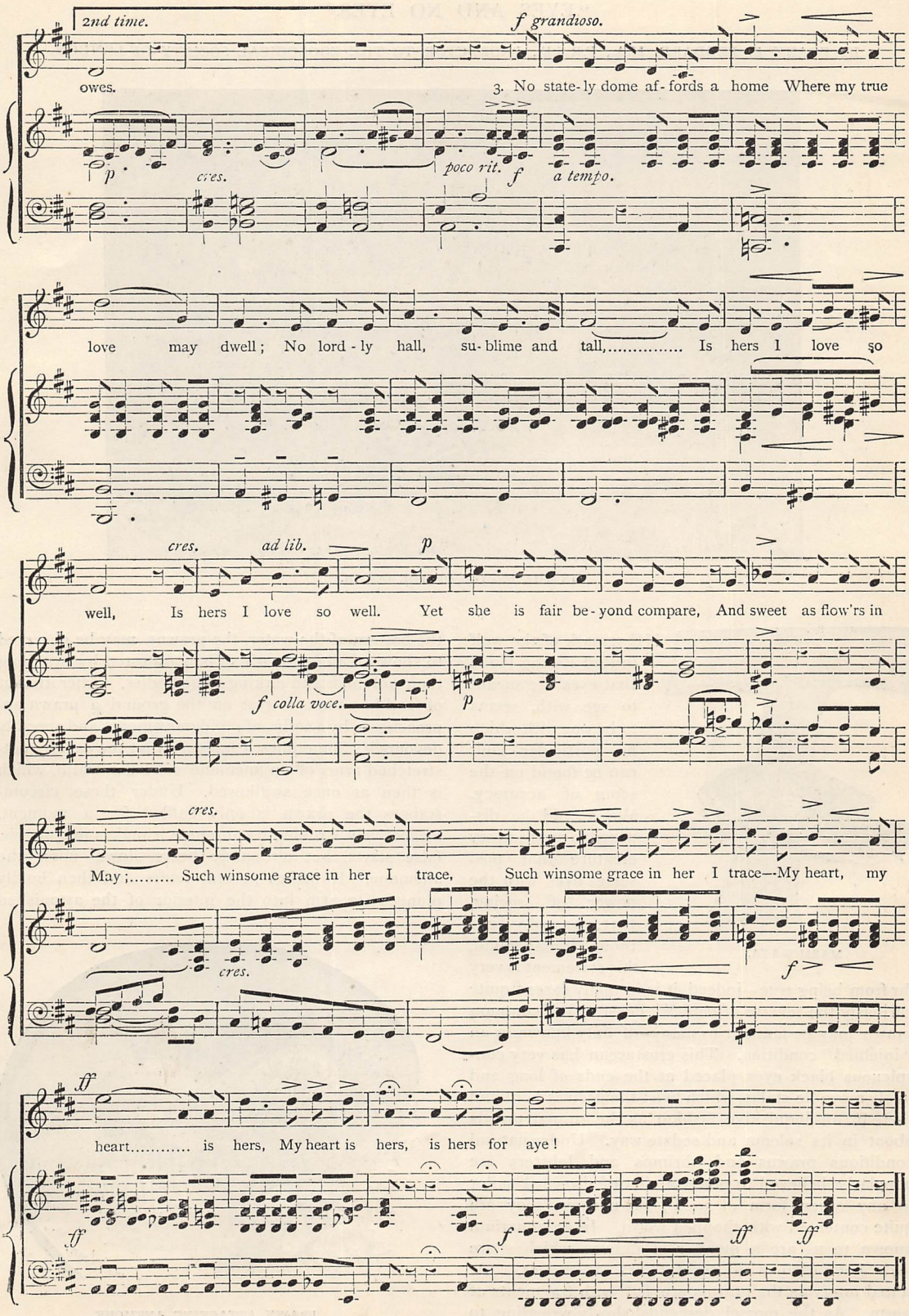
1. Though beauteous be the gems I see On many a bril - liant brow, Though all a -
2. In silk - en gown all fresh from town, And sat - ins of the best; In vel - vet

- blaze, my sight they daze, Yet 'tis not here I bow, Yet 'tis not here I bow: No
new of ev - 'ry hue, The dain - ty dames are drest, The dain - ty dames are drest: But

ru - by rare a - dorns my fair, Her beau - ty deep - er lies; The gen - tle beam I love - lier
my true love is far a - bove All van - tage art be - stows; Nor sim - ple dress nor silk - en

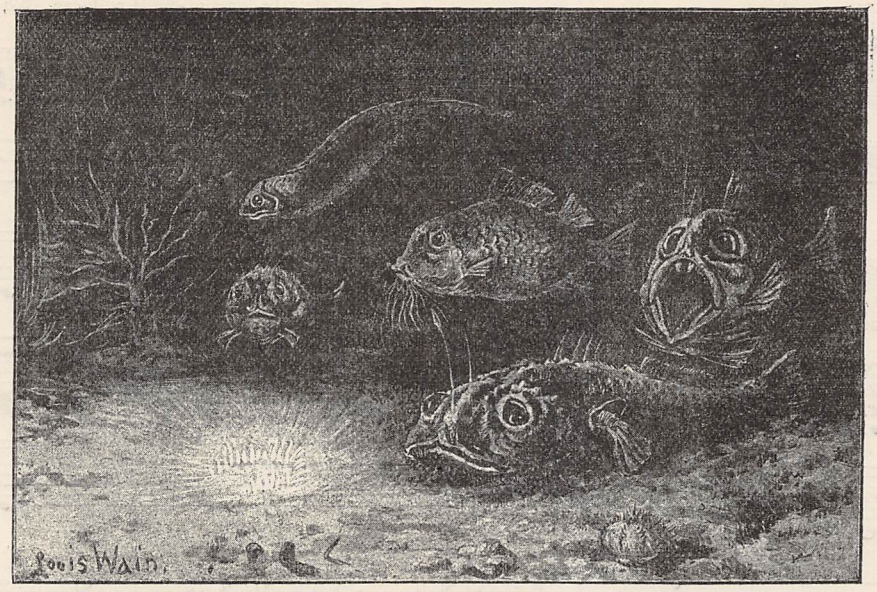
deem That shines, that shines with - in..... her eyes.
tress Its charm, its charm to fash - - - ion

1st time.

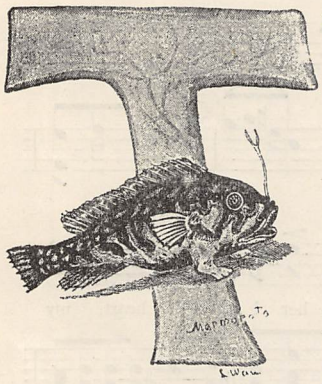

2nd time.
f grandioso.
owes.
3. No state-ly dome af-fords a home Where my true
p
cres.
poco rit.
f
a tempo.
love may dwell; No lord-ly hall, su-blime and tall,..... Is hers I love so
cres.
ad lib.
p
well, Is hers I love so well. Yet she is fair be-yond compare, And sweet as flow'rs in
f colla voce.
p
cres.
May;..... Such winsome grace in her I trace, Such winsome grace in her I trace—My heart, my
cres.
f
ff
heart..... is hers, My heart is hers, is hers for aye!
ff
f
ff
ff

"EYES AND NO EYES."

BY FRANK E. BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S.E., PRORECTOR TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.



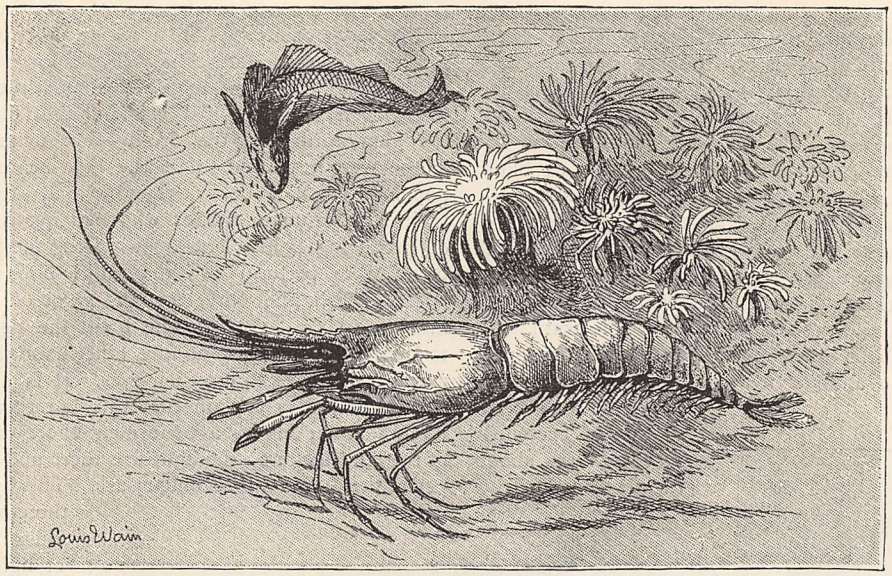
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.



MARMORATA.

THE remark of the wolf to Red Riding Hood that eyes are meant to see with, seems to be one with which no particular fault can be found on the score of accuracy. We should be disposed to credit every creature that possesses eyes with the power of seeing. But, paradoxical though it may sound, this statement is very far from being true—indeed, it is in many cases "quite curiously the reverse of truth." Possibly the common prawn may be familiar to many—if only known in an "injellied" condition. This crustacean has very conspicuous black eyes placed at the ends of long and freely movable stalks, which twist themselves here and there in an inquisitive fashion as the animal prowls about in its solemn and sedate way. Under natural conditions prawns and shrimps and lobsters are popularly believed to prefer a diet of drowned sailor to any other form of food; in aquaria they are quite contented with chopped worm. In an aquarium known to us are a number of prawns which share their habitation with several sea anemones. At stated intervals the prawns are fed with fragments of worm. As the morsel descends, slowly wriggling to the bottom of the water, the prawns may be observed to show an alertness which is manifested by twitching their antennæ and jerking their bodies. After the bit of food has come to rest on the ground a prawn approaches it by a series of rapid movements and speedily devours it. Sometimes it happens that the eagerly outstretched arms of an anemone seize the worm, which is then at once swallowed. Under these circumstances the prawn is only baffled for a moment. Reflectively stroking its antennæ it makes one or two false starts, but ultimately bears down upon the anemone. It makes several feints and then boldly plunges its arm into the interior of the astonished

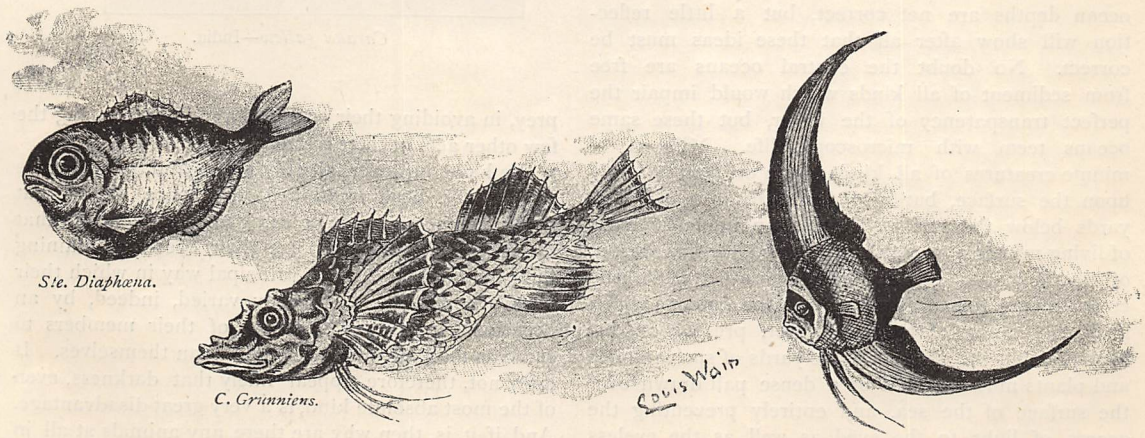
PRAWN ATTACKING ANEMONE.



THE PRAWN.

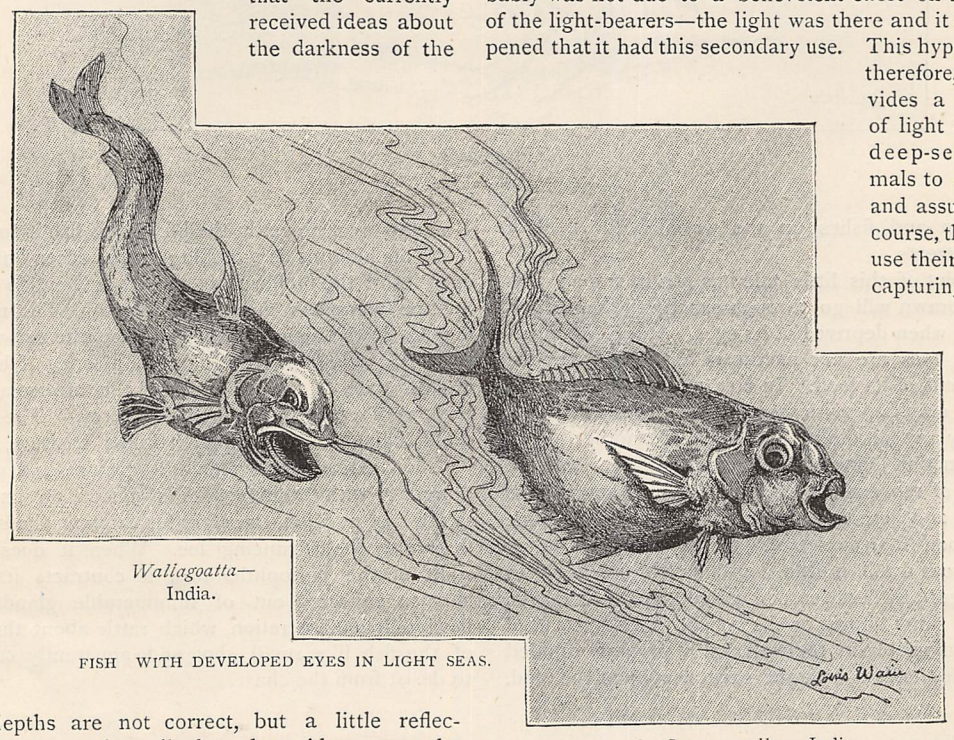
actinozoon and fishes up the worm, with which it hastily retreats.

The point of this little tale has yet to come ; it is that the prawn will go through exactly the same performance when deprived of its eyes. It is clear, therefore, that eyes are not necessary for finding out the whereabouts of its food. In fact, many of these lower creatures only appear to resort to their eyes when they cannot by any possibility make use of another sense. The distinction between light and darkness and the direction of movements are, perhaps, only appreciable by eyes ; and here these organs appear to confer some benefit upon their possessor. On the shores of many tropical seas dwells a little slug-like creature, that does not possess any less learned name than *Onchidium*. On these same shores dwells a fish, which, instead of living comfortably in the water as a properly minded fish should, leads a vagrant existence upon the land. Now the great object in the life of this fish is to eat as many onchidiums as possible ; on the other hand, the energies of the mollusc are mainly devoted to avoiding the voracious maw of its enemy. The mollusc crawls slowly along, pasturing upon the sea-weeds ; the *Periophthalmus* leaps along in a series of bounds, and, in spite of the fable about the tortoise and the hare, very easily gains upon its prey. The onchidium, being a flabby and helpless creature, would be soon exterminated if kindly Nature had not endowed it with numerous eyes placed on its back, in the best position therefore for catching the shadow thrown by the advancing foe. When it does catch sight of the periophthalmus, it contracts its body and so squeezes out of innumerable glands little hard pellets of secretion, which rattle about the head of the fish like small shot and apparently cause it to desist from the chase.



FISH OF BRILLIANT COLOURS.

It is a tolerably well-known fact that animals living in caves are often blind, and so are animals which spend their days in the great depths of the ocean. Both these situations imply absence of light, and accordingly the corresponding absence of eyes is not surprising. It often happens that in deep-sea creatures with no eyes, the sensitive antennæ are inordinately developed as compensation, just as blind people are said to have the faculty of touch especially delicate. If the condition of cave-dwellers and abyssal creatures were always as stated, there would be nothing more to say—except to comment upon the economy of thrifty Nature. But we are met with the puzzling fact that this is not the whole truth. In many cases the eyes are apparently as well developed as they are in animals living in the sunlight. This would seem to show that the currently received ideas about the darkness of the ocean depths are not correct, but a little reflection will show after all that these ideas must be correct. No doubt the central oceans are free from sediment of all kinds which would impair the perfect transparency of the water, but these same oceans teem with microscopic life. Millions of minute creatures of all kinds swim or float not only upon the surface, but also for a distance of many yards below the surface, forming an immense mass of living matter of great thickness and, for this reason, of great opacity. Isolated from each other, each little creature may appear as pellucid as the water in which it floats; many of them, however, present opaque spots, so that the effect of cubic yards of such animals and plants must be that of a dense pall drawn over the surface of the sea, and entirely preventing the access of light to the eyed as well as the eyeless forms which crawl upon the bottom. An ingenious hypothesis was suggested some years ago in explanation of the curious persistence of eyes in animals which spent their days in a region probably darker than the darkest night. Many of the lower forms of animals and even certain fishes among the dwellers in the deep sea, give off a brilliant light like that of the glow-worm and the fire-fly—but more intense. These were supposed to be the light-bearers of the populous colonies below, round which congregated their less fortunate friends who had not this power of producing light. The light-bearing animals were believed to perform two important functions—one purely selfish, the other for the good of the community at large. On the one hand, the light served to keep off their foes; on the other hand, it enabled animals with eyes to use their eyes. It is not necessary, perhaps, to explain that this latter result probably was not due to a benevolent effort on the part of the light-bearers—the light was there and it so happened that it had this secondary use. This hypothesis, therefore, provides a source of light for the deep-sea animals to see by, and assumes, of course, that they use their eyes in capturing their prey, in avoiding their enemies, and in performing the few other acts of their restricted lives.



Wallagoatta—India.

Caranx gallew—India.

FISH WITH DEVELOPED EYES IN LIGHT SEAS.

We have, however, already seen—and the instances might have been multiplied, did space allow—that there is some evidence pointing to the conclusion that the lower animals do not use their eyes for obtaining their food, and this is the principal way in which their lives are passed. It is only varied, indeed, by an occasional parting with some of their members to serve as food for others stronger than themselves. It does not, therefore, appear likely that darkness, even of the most absolute kind, is a very great disadvantage. And if it is, then why are there any animals at all in caves and at the bottom of the deep sea? There is no

particular reason why they should have taken it into their heads to bury themselves out of reach of the light of the sun. Naturalists believe that marine life was first created on the surface of the sea and on the shores of the continents, and that successive migrations, due to the restlessness which seems to characterise all moving creatures, peopled from time to time the deeper waters; these are considered to have taken place for the most part at a comparatively early period in the history of our world, which accounts for the frequent "archaic characters" that are met with among the abyssal forms.

But the point of all these remarks will appear to most to be greatly blunted by the seemingly admitted fact that, after all, eyes are present and have got to be accounted for somehow. This is the *crux*. The subject can, in our opinion, be looked upon from an altogether different side, which furnishes a more simple view of the conditions of life in the deep sea. Every medical man and most other people know that absolute blindness may occur in ourselves without any obvious alteration in the eye, and even in cases of cataract the opacity of the lens is the only visible sign of the disease—the lens, indeed, is the part affected. A careful scrutiny of the microscopic structure of the eyes of deep-sea and cave-dwelling animals—only recently begun and not yet carried very far—has shown that the apparently perfect eyes are really often in various stages of degeneration, showing more or less (generally less) obvious traces of this degeneration on a superficial inspection. It would be out of place here to give a detailed account of the structural changes which the eyes have undergone and which culminate in some species in total blindness; we must therefore ask the reader to be so good as to accept our word for it.

The reason why so many people have been deceived into thinking that eyes were really present in these deep-sea species is that the superficial part of the eye is the last to disappear. It is a rudimentary structure which may be supposed to have persisted for countless generations of animals after the essential parts of the eye have withered away.

This being the case, the "theory of abyssal light" referred to above becomes superfluous, and another very striking characteristic of many deep-sea animals ceases to have any particular meaning. It may be a new fact to some that the colours of animals living in these dark places are often—indeed, generally—most varied and brilliant. These colours have been supposed, like many colours developed upon land animals, to enable their possessors to harmonise themselves with their surroundings, or, perhaps, to terrify by their startling contrasts or dazzle the eyes of some marauding foe. All this falls to the ground if we are to consider blindness a necessary result of a prolonged sojourn in total darkness, even if it be tempered by phosphorescence.

Unfortunately, the deep sea must always be nearly as unknown as the planets. If only somebody would invent a diving-dress to give us a glimpse of how things go on in these "unfathomed caves of ocean!" We can at best only theorise on imperfect data.

It has been mentioned that the deep sea was probably colonised, from the shallower waters to a great extent, in remote times, but since then there has no doubt been a continual series of immigrations. Anthropologists have their data by which they can fix at least approximately the successive waves of tribal immigrations; and it is possible that the structure of the eyes will serve as an important clue for gauging the period at which a given animal first abandoned the pleasanter ways of a shallow-water existence, and took to the cold and darkness of the deep. Those with less degenerate eyes will be the newer colonists; those without any eyes at all may be the descendants of some of the earliest immigrants. But, of course, these data must be used with great caution.

A SHARP EXPERIENCE.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "For the Good of the Family," "To be Given Up," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MY DISCOVERY.

THERE is more in the letter; but the first sentence has so alarmed me that I do not feel capable of taking in anything else. Gracie not reached Drislington! Why, I saw her off myself. True, she would have to change at the junction; but she has travelled by the same route scores of times before, so that it seems almost impossible she can have made any mistake.

What shall I do? Consult Mr. Richard Fane? But no: after what occurred at the picnic I feel I cannot apply to him for help in my dilemma. Then there is Mr. Cathcart. But he has lived out of the world so long, and knows so much more about natural science than he does of the practical difficulties of every-day life, that I feel his advice in the present crisis would not be worth much.

Perhaps I had better telegraph for Mr. Fane to return home immediately, and do nothing until he arrives. I feel instinctively that the less publicity is given to the affair, the better; while, on the other hand, no time ought to be lost. Oh, if Mr. Fane were only here, he would know what to do in a moment! Were I to telegraph to him at once, he might perhaps catch the twelve o'clock train from London Bridge—or if he missed that, he could come by the 4.30, and

be home by dinner-time. But then the servants would wonder why he had returned so suddenly. Would it not be better for me to go up to London myself, and see him at his club? I am not accustomed to travelling alone, and I have never in my life called to see a man at his club, so that the prospect somewhat alarms me. Still, it seems to be the wiser course. Mr. Fane might then go straight from London to that junction where Gracie ought to have changed for Drislington, and make inquiries as to her movements—for so attractive a girl could hardly have escaped observation. If I were to telegraph for him, and he were not to get home until dinner-time, he could not possibly go to the junction to-day, and much valuable time would thus be lost.

Were I to start at once, I should most likely catch him at his club, when he drops in for luncheon.

Not waiting for imagination to increase my dread of undertaking the expedition, I order the carriage to be ready as soon as possible.

How will Mr. Fane receive me? is the question I ask myself over and over again as the train bears me towards my destination. Will he smile in his supercilious way, until I shall wish myself thousands of miles away; or will his voice soften and his eyes grow kind, as they did when I was so frightened in the dog-cart? Did I not register a vow that I would never be afraid of him again? And then my thoughts wander off to Gracie. Foolish, misguided girl! I wonder how it will all end.

Arrived at London Bridge, I ask a porter to get me a cab; and it is not until I am being driven towards Mr. Fane's club that I realise how very much I dread presenting myself there. I wonder if the men will stare much, and if the course I am pursuing will render me very conspicuous.

The cab has just drawn up at the entrance to the club, and my heart is beginning to palpitate in a very disagreeable manner, when—oh, happiness! I recognise Mr. Fane coming down the steps.

I tap violently at the window of the cab, and then let it down. Putting my head out as far as it will go I cry—

"Mr. Fane! Mr. Fane!"

"Olga! *You* here!" Mr. Fane is so accustomed to hearing Gracie call me by my name, that in his surprise it must have slipped out unconsciously. "Why, child, what is the matter?"

My hand is resting on the window-frame, and Mr. Fane lays his own upon it as he speaks. There is nothing supercilious in his manner now.

"See," I say, drawing Mrs. Howard's letter from my pocket with my disengaged hand, "this came for Gracie by the first post."

"Gracie not arrived at Drislington! Why, you saw her off yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes; she was to have changed at the junction, you know."

"Olga, where's Anstice?"

"He returned home the day before yesterday."

"And has anyone heard from him since he went away?"

"We met Mr. Richard Fane at the station when Gracie was starting for Drislington, and I overheard him saying something to her about having had a letter from Mr. Anstice, announcing his safe arrival."

Mr. Fane's thoughts are evidently tending in the direction in which my own have been straying, only I have not dared to allow my fears to take definite shape.

Mr. Fane's brows are contracting, and there is a little droop on either side of his mouth, indicative of much mental disturbance.

"What a fool I've been!" he mutters to himself, looking dismally down the street. Then facing round suddenly, he says, "Olga, why don't you say you told me so? Most women would."

He is resting his arms on the window-frame. Without thinking of what I am doing, I touch his coat-sleeve with my finger-tips.

"I am so grieved for you, Mr. Fane; won't you let me try to help you?"

A smile spreads gradually over his face.

"How is it you are a woman, and yet you have no aggravating ways?"

"Haven't I any?"

"If you have, I have failed to discover them."

I feel that my face is brightening perceptibly, that the sunshine is gaining in brilliancy, and that Pall Mall is becoming quite a picturesque spot. But the next moment I am calling myself to account severely for daring to feel happy, though only for one brief moment, while the mystery concerning Gracie is unsolved.

"But how can I help you now, Mr. Fane? What ought we to do?"

"You can help me in the first instance by having some luncheon."

Then, having told the cabman to drive to a restaurant, Mr. Fane gets in, and seats himself by my side.

"Please don't trouble about luncheon, Mr. Fane; I assure you I don't want any."

"But I do."

"Oh, of course; I forgot," I respond very quickly—feeling rather small for having thought of myself alone.

"And I dare say you got the letter before you had had breakfast, and then came away, having had a mere apology."

I admit, rather reluctantly, that I did not make a hearty meal.

"And are now anxious to return to St. Leger Minor without any luncheon. It is true you are not aggravating, but it would be flattery to say you are not foolish. What better off should we be if you were to fall ill?"

"But shall we not be wasting time? You might have lunched at your club; and I could have got a bun or something at a confectioner's."

"A sufficiently unattractive programme to suit even your exalted ideas of self-sacrifice. But as there is no train by which either of us can travel for a

couple of hours, I think my suggestion is the more practical of the two."

"You will make inquiries at the junction, I suppose?"

"Yes; I shall go there at once. You had better return by the 4.30, and when you get home, see if you can find any clue to her whereabouts; search her desk, and so on. I needn't remind you that the less said about the affair the better, for the present."

"I have not said a word to the servants, or anyone."

"That's right. You must excuse me for mentioning it, but you are very unlike a woman, Miss Vesey."

"Rather a doubtful compliment that, is it not, Mr. Fane?"

"No; I don't think so."

And a very peculiar expression flits across Mr. Fane's face.

"Will you get back to the Manor to-night?"

"Yes; unless I get any clue at the junction worth following up, in which case I will wire to you."

"You won't be home until late, I suppose?"

"I can't possibly get home much before ten. You might send the dog-cart down to meet me. And you had better ask Eleanor Cathcart to spend the evening with you and stay the night. She could be trusted with any number of secrets, I fancy. Call in for her as you leave the station."

"Thank you so much," I say, deeply impressed by Mr. Fane's thoughtful consideration for me. "It will be such a relief to me to talk it all over with Eleanor."

Mr. Fane is most anxious that I should make a good luncheon, but I observe that he takes hardly anything himself. He has quite regained his habitual calmness now; nevertheless, I can see that my bad news has disturbed him greatly.

"I TAKE IT OUT AND EXAMINE ITS CONTENTS" (*p.* 230).

"And I thought she was so well able to take care of herself," he murmurs, after a rather long silence, showing thereby that his thoughts are entirely engrossed with the one subject, although he has been endeavouring to keep up a conversation on impersonal matters ever since we took our seats.

"You do not fear that an accident may have happened to her?"

He shakes his head decisively. "No; we should have heard of it before now. More probably she has laid a sure foundation on which to build a life-long repentance."

The train by which Mr. Fane proposes to travel leaves some time before the one that is to convey me back to St. Leger Minor.

"What will you do with yourself? Sit in the waiting-room?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I answer indifferently.

Mr. Fane insists on seeing me comfortably settled.

"Shall I get you a paper?"

"Pray do not trouble; I don't feel disposed to read."

"But you had better try to concentrate your thoughts on something; it is no use dwelling too much on this deplorable affair; you will only make yourself ill."

A few minutes after, Mr. Fane returns with a handful of current literature.

"I have telegraphed to Mrs. Morrison in your name, telling her to send the carriage to meet you, and to get a room ready for Eleanor Cathcart."

"How thoughtful you are!"

He does not reply, but I fancy he looks pleased.

He lingers beside me for a few minutes longer. Then he regards me critically.

"You are sure you don't mind returning alone?"

I smile. "Did I not travel alone this morning?"

"Yes, but you had to nerve yourself to do it."

"You gauge me very accurately."

"It is not a superlatively difficult task, Miss Vesey. But I must be off. Good-bye. Don't worry yourself more than you can help, and bear in mind that you have done the best thing possible in the circumstances."

I feel rather lonely as I watch his retreating figure. What a fine, aristocratic-looking man he is! But what a pity his face is so lined and careworn! His can hardly have been a happy life, I should think.

The carriage is waiting for me at the station; and I tell the coachman to drive me to the Vicarage.

I have not seen Eleanor Cathcart since that unpleasant incident at the picnic, and I rather dread meeting her. Not that I fear she will exhibit any hostility towards me, for there is nothing petty about her, her nature being as large as her physical development. Still, my presence will probably serve to revive a passing annoyance.

I feel a little embarrassed as she comes forward to greet me. I have not that happy knack of ignoring social difficulties that some women possess; and I am very conscious of my deficiency.

"How are you, dear?" she says, in her full rich voice. "I thought you would come to see me as soon as you were left alone. Richard told me Mr. Fane left yesterday, as arranged. Had you not called to-day, I should have come to look after you to-morrow."

"Yes, Mr. Fane went yesterday," I reply, hardly knowing how to commence what I have to say.

Then there is a slight pause.

"Was it not vexing that Mr. Richard Fane and I lost the train last Tuesday?" I say, rather awkwardly. I feel that some allusion to the subject must be made, and the sooner it is broached the better.

"Yes," she answers quietly, while a pained expression comes over her face.

I have observed before that whenever Eleanor Cathcart is grieved she invariably assumes a very quiet manner. That she should be annoyed by what occurred does not surprise me; but I do not think she blames me; she is too just to do that.

"How tired you look, Olga!" she says presently. "You would like a cup of tea, wouldn't you?"

We are Olga and Eleanor to each other now; in fact, a very real friendship is springing up between us. How fervently I hope nothing may occur to check its growth!

"Yes, please," I reply: "that's just what I should like."

She rises to ring the bell, and as she is returning to her seat beside me on the sofa, she glances out of the window.

"Why, the carriage is waiting for you!" she exclaims in surprise.

"Yes, I have come to take you back with me to spend the night at the Manor, by Mr. Fane's special desire."

She seems surprised.

"There is something I want to talk to you about: something that is troubling me."

She looks startled, although, as usual, she keeps calm. Then it occurs to me that she may possibly think my trouble is connected with Richard Fane.

"It is about Gracie," I hasten to explain. "We fear something dreadful has happened."

"About Gracie!" she repeats sympathetically—nevertheless, she seems relieved.

"Can you come back with me? and then I will tell you all about it."

"I am afraid I can't possibly do so now. Papa has an old friend coming to dinner, and he would think it so discourteous were I not here to receive him."

"Oh, Eleanor!" I exclaim in my disappointment.

Eleanor looks distressed. Eventually she promises to come up as soon after dinner as possible, and stay the night.

Then I take my leave, and tell the coachman to drive home.

I partake of dinner at the usual hour, to keep up appearances before the servants. I hurry over it, however, as much as I can; and then I act upon Mr. Fane's suggestion by searching amongst Gracie's things, in the hope of obtaining some clue to her present whereabouts.

My hopes sink to zero as I proceed; she has taken so many things away with her, that I feel convinced she has prepared for a long absence.

Either Mr. Anstice has been very careful not to commit himself by writing to Gracie, or else she has his letters with her, for not a trace of his handwriting can I find. In fact, my search seems likely to prove fruitless.

I have looked carefully through the contents of her desk—an old-fashioned one, which I have heard her say belonged originally to her great-uncle, Eaton Fane—when I am led to believe, from its construction, that it must contain a secret drawer somewhere.

I fumble about for some time; then, quite unconsciously, I touch the spring, and a small panel falls out, disclosing a comparatively large receptacle. It is, however, empty, with the exception of a good-sized envelope, which has been folded down the middle in order to fit it into the space.

I take it out, and examine its contents.

Have you ever known what it is to do in one moment that which you would willingly forfeit years of your life to undo? A lie is told, and the battle for right's sake is lost for ever. A secret is revealed, and reticence is henceforth impossible. An act is performed in an instant, and the whole aspect of life is changed. That is how it now is with me. I have learned something I would give just everything I possess not to know.

As the full significance of my discovery opens out before my mental vision, I obey a natural instinct: I look about for a means of escape. If only I could forget that with which I have just become acquainted: blot it out from my mind entirely: obliterate it from its place in my memory! I have forgotten so many things I once knew—things that I have endeavoured to remember—can I not then consign this deplorable secret to oblivion? If I am firm with

myself—if I sternly refuse to let my thoughts dwell on the subject—will it not, in course of time, fade from my memory? Metaphysicians say no: that that of which the mind is once cognisant can never be forgotten; the knowledge may lie dormant for years, but it can at any time be revived by the power of association.

Then comes the temptation to act as if I were not possessed of this weighty secret. Why should I be instrumental in bringing ruin to those who so little deserve such a fate? My discovery is due to the merest chance. Why not perform my daily round of duty as if I had never made it? And then I am not *quite* sure of its paramount importance.

"Do not seek for information on the point; as long as you don't positively know the full significance of your discovery, you cannot be blamed for taking no further steps in the matter. It is not for you to be meddling with other people's business; try to forget it; it has nothing to do with you. Were the purport of the paper you hold in your hand all you imagine it to be, not one living being would be benefited by your speaking. Put it back where you found it, and observe a discreet silence."

Thus does Temptation speak. Then another voice, faint but persistent, murmurs—

"Truth is truth: fulfil its laws. The issue may be left in Higher Hands."

The door is thrown open, and Miss Cathcart announced.

Hurriedly I replace the contents of that secret drawer, manipulate the spring, and close the desk, before turning to greet my visitor.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

GRACIE'S FATE.

I ACCOMPANY Eleanor upstairs to remove her outer garments, like one in a dream.

I keep on talking rapidly, although I am scarcely conscious of what I am saying, dreading a pause, lest she should question me as to what I replaced in that secret drawer.

She looks at me once or twice: I think my manner strikes her as strange.

Then when we are in the drawing-room together she lays one of her strong white hands on mine.

"Come, dear, tell me what is troubling you."

"Nothing, nothing!" I say hurriedly. "How deliciously cool your hands are!" I add.

Eleanor's look of astonishment recalls me to myself. I had forgotten Gracie's very existence. It is as if I were suffering from a scratch on one hand, and had subsequently had the other hand amputated: the slight smarting pain is quite forgotten in the effort to bear the more recently inflicted agony in silence.

Then I tell her about Gracie.

"Oh, Olga, how dreadful!" she exclaims. "Deeply as I believe her to be in love with Lincoln Anstice now, I fear she will not be happy as his wife."

"They will probably be hard-pressed for money."

"But apart from that, Gracie has invested her lover with attributes he does not possess: she has fallen in love with an ideal that exists only in her imagination. Sooner or later she must discover this, and the awakening will be terrible to her."

I cannot help reflecting that no such illusion, having for its subject Richard Fane, can be possible to Eleanor Cathcart, while I say aloud—

"But under the most favourable conditions, marriage must always fall short of the full realisation of a young girl's dream: all experience tends to prove that. It is the old story over and over again: joy consists for the most part in anticipation."

"It will fall very far short in Gracie's case, I am afraid."

"Have you so poor an opinion of Lincoln Anstice, then?"

"Hardly that: I think he is just a very ordinary person, endowed with a handsome face and a fine figure: one without sufficient strength of character to battle against the tendency to become more commonplace with advancing years. I can picture him a fat middle-aged man, whose existence will revolve round one daily recurring event of supreme importance—his dinner."

"But there is nothing very remarkable about Gracie herself, except her beauty and fascinating manner."

"She is not intellectually gifted, certainly; but I think she has force of character—the persistency with which she invariably carries through a cherished scheme points to this conclusion; moreover, I believe her to possess the capacity for hero-worship."

"She never seemed particularly devoted to her uncle."

"Because he repelled her, so that wounded pride checked the growth of her attachment to him. But in Lincoln Anstice's case she was, I fancy, attracted in the first instance by his superficial cleverness, and subsequently flattered by his admiration for herself; and so, out of very poor materials, she succeeded in manufacturing a hero, fulfilling all the requirements of her ideal; but one who will not, I fear, bear the crucial test of daily companionship."

"Then you do not think she would stand much chance of happiness, even were Mr. Fane generous enough to make her a handsome allowance?"

"I am afraid not, Olga; I can see nothing but bitter disappointment in store for her. Calm affection, rather than blind infatuation, is the surer foundation on which to build matrimonial happiness. Matters ought never to have been allowed to go so far between them. Mr. Fane ought to have interfered. Gracie might have run wild, for all the moral restraint he put upon her. He surrounded her with material comforts, and then persuaded himself that he had done his whole duty by her."

Never before have I heard Eleanor Cathcart speak with such passionate energy. It is perhaps only natural in Richard Fane's *fiancée* to be somewhat prejudiced against Clarence Fane. There is also much truth in what she says. Have I not said the same thing to myself scores of times, and even, on more than one occasion, hinted something of the kind to

"WE STAND AT THE GATE, AWAITING THE POSTMAN" (*p.* 233).

Mr. Fane? Nevertheless, I feel my colour rising, and an angry light gleaming from my eyes, as Eleanor proceeds.

"I think Gracie has behaved shamefully to her uncle," I say. "No one could have been more considerate to her than Mr. Fane was. You seem to forget, Eleanor, that but for him she would have been absolutely penniless."

"But providing a girl with a comfortable home, although it is much, is not everything."

"I think it ought to be enough to inspire her with gratitude; and Gracie was never grateful."

Perhaps Eleanor sees she has vexed me, for she hastens to admit how indulgent Mr. Fane has ever been to his niece; and although we continue discussing Gracie's strange disappearance, Eleanor makes no further attempt to excuse her conduct at Mr. Fane's expense.

And when, later on, Mr. Fane returns, to inform us that Gracie was observed to alight at the junction, but that nothing further is known of her movements, Eleanor listens sympathetically enough.

Mr. Fane seems worn out mentally and physically, and there is a certain humility about him very foreign to his usual manner, which I fancy Eleanor is not slow to observe.

The sight of a proud nature in self-reproachful mood always moves me strangely, perhaps on account of its rarity. I am glad, too, that Eleanor is not insensible to it. Had she appeared unimpressed, I might have been tempted to think that the change in Mr. Fane existed only in my imagination.

Presently he thanks Eleanor for coming to the Manor to bear me company. He would not have omitted this little act of courtesy at any time; but in the past his manner of performing it would have been elaborately polite; now, however, there is an unmistakable ring of sincerity in his few well-chosen words.

Then we three consult together, and are agreed that we had better wait the morning post in before taking any further steps to trace Gracie.

"And if we don't get a letter, I suppose I shall have to communicate with the police authorities," observes Mr. Fane, while his whole demeanour proclaims how thoroughly distasteful such a course would be to him.

I am certain that Eleanor is genuinely sorry for Mr. Fane, and that the change in him which trouble has already wrought is not lost on her; for when she is wishing him good night, she expresses her sympathy, speaking easily and gracefully, as she invariably does,

but with a slight tremor in her voice which affords ample proof of the sincerity of her words.

When, however, I have locked myself in my own room, Gracie's mysterious disappearance again fades into insignificance in the face of that deeper trouble, fraught with so much perplexity to myself, which the day has brought forth. The day brought forth! Can it be possible that when I dressed for breakfast only this morning, I knew no fear for Gracie, neither had my other trouble given any signs of its approach? Reason affirms that such is indeed the case; and yet my trouble and I seem to have grown old together.

We are up betimes in the morning, and have finished breakfast before the arrival of the postman. It is a silent meal. To one who, like myself, is accustomed to watch Mr. Fane narrowly, he exhibits many little signs of mental disturbance, although Eleanor Cathcart's presence is sufficient to induce him to endeavour to hide his uneasiness in his character of polite host.

After breakfast, Mr. Fane makes a pretence of going to look at the hothouses. I fancy he wishes to be alone. Eleanor and I have been keeping up a desultory conversation, and I dare say our chatter worries him.

"I will run upstairs now and put on my bonnet, dear," says Eleanor; "and if the postman isn't here by the time I come down, I will wait until he arrives; and then I must go back to the Vicarage as quickly as possible; I have so many things to see to this morning."

As soon as Eleanor reappears, we walk down the carriage drive together, and stand at the gate, awaiting the postman's arrival.

"How wretchedly ill you look, Olga!" exclaims Eleanor compassionately. "I am afraid you can have slept hardly at all. Of course it is dreadfully sad about Gracie, still it is no use to worry yourself ill about it, dear."

I feel my colour deepening. It seems so deceptive to allow Eleanor to believe that I am troubling about Gracie alone, or even principally; yet I dare not tell her what kept me awake hour after hour through the long, lonely night.

A reply is, however, rendered unnecessary by the appearance of the postman.

I put out my hand eagerly, not waiting, in my impatience, to respond to the man's civil "Good morning, miss."

"Only one this morning, miss, and that isn't for you," he says, smiling, evidently observing my anxiety, and then he proceeds on his round.

The one letter is addressed to Clarence Fane, Esq.

"Do you know the handwriting?" says Eleanor.

"It is Lincoln Anstice's."

Eleanor gives a long-drawn sigh, evidently thinking that the contents of the letter will confirm our fears.

I am just running off with it to Mr. Fane, when Eleanor lays a detaining hand on my arm.

"Olga, I don't think I will wait until Mr. Fane has read it, if you will excuse me, dear. I am so afraid papa will be waiting for me."

"Not wait!" I repeat.

"Papa is wanting me, I know," she urges. "I will be back again in time for luncheon, and you can tell me all about it then."

I stare stupidly at her for a moment, until it occurs to me that possibly she fears to intrude upon Mr. Fane until he shall have had time to digest the contents of Lincoln Anstice's letter. I am much struck by her delicacy. Then I reflect that after all she is nearer to Mr. Fane than I am, for she is his deceased wife's sister; it is therefore she who ought to carry the letter to him, while I keep in the background; yet to me it seems more natural that I should be the bearer of the bad news, if bad news it be; while apparently no other course has even suggested itself to Eleanor. Living under the same roof draws people together as nothing else can: that must be it.

"You will be sure to come back to luncheon?" I ask anxiously.

"Yes; and I can stay here for another night or two, if you wish it."

"Wish it! why, of course I do;" and then we separate.

Mr. Fane sees me approaching him, and comes to meet me.

"A letter from Mr. Anstice," is all I say, as I hold it out towards him.

He takes it without a word.

As he breaks open the envelope, I observe that two letters are enclosed.

The one he unfolds first takes him but a few seconds to read.

"Fools!" he mutters, and then hands the offending missive to me.

It is very short, and merely states that the writer, Lincoln Anstice, met Gracie at the junction, and took her to his mother's house, from whence they were quietly married the following day. He then gives the address of a rural retreat where he and his wife intend spending their honeymoon, adding that he hopes, ere their visit shall have terminated, to receive Mr. Fane's pardon for what he fears may appear to him a rash act. The letter then concludes with a few commonplaces about Gracie's beauty and his love for her constituting his only excuse for the step he has taken.

The second letter is from Gracie herself, and is much longer. In it she pleads for forgiveness again and again, urging as her defence her intense love for her husband. But throughout the letter there is not a word implying that she is in the least impressed by the gravity of the step she has taken. It is the letter of a wilful child to a cross-grained guardian, anxious to coax him into a good humour.

I can see plainly that Mr. Fane is terribly hurt by it.

"I ought to have taken better care of her; but I never thought she would behave like this. I believed her to be frivolous and empty-headed as—let the poets say what they will—most girls are; but I was not prepared for deception such as this."

"She is very young, Mr. Fane," is all I venture to say.

"And will therefore have the longer to repent her folly," replies Mr. Fane bitterly.

Mr. Fane is silent for some time. I fancy remorse is pulling at his heart-strings, although he is so stern in his denunciation of Gracie's conduct.

"I never denied her anything," he says at length, more to himself than to me.

"Except one thing, Mr. Fane."

"What did I deny her?" he asks sharply.

I hesitate for a moment, then I say out boldly: "That which, if I mistake not, she craved for more than all else—sympathy."

"How could I sympathise with her when she hadn't a thought beyond millinery and admiration?"

"Might you not possibly have induced her to have a soul above these things? Forgive me, Mr. Fane, if I am speaking too plainly."

"Say what you like, child. Gracie used to be afraid of me, and it irritated me."

"I have said all I have to say now."

There is another long pause. At length it is broken by Mr. Fane saying—

"Don't think I am not blaming myself. I should not feel it so much did I not see, only too plainly, where I have erred. It has been so over and over again. People stand in awe of me, and I dislike them in consequence. Child, never be afraid of me; speak out your mind freely, if you care for my regard."

"I do not think I have been backward in that respect," I reply, and, grave as the occasion is, I can hardly refrain from smiling.

"And I—like you for it."

Another pause. And then Mr. Fane asks where Eleanor is, as if he had only just missed her.

"She has returned to the Vicarage."

"But she is coming back here?" he asks quickly.

"Yes; to luncheon."

"Olga, do you know you will have to go from here?"

"Why?"

It is a foolish question, but the abruptness of Mr. Fane's manner has taken me quite off my guard.

I would give worlds to help it, but I am powerless in the matter: cheeks and brow become suffused with crimson. Everything around me has undergone a change. Hitherto Mr. Fane has been Gracie's uncle and my master; but now he tells me that we stand in this relation no longer, and I pause in front of him, tongue-tied, growing hotter and hotter every moment. Why are his words such a shock to me? they are simple enough.

"Olga, do you want to go? Do you want to leave me?"

"I—I will do just as you like, Mr. Fane," I stammer.

"I am not speaking of my own wishes; I am trying to arrive at yours."

Mr. Fane's manner is so abrupt, he is so altogether unlike himself, that I can only gaze at him in stupid astonishment.

"Would it be convenient for you to go home now—at once?"

Mr. Fane's words conjure up a vision of Jack Bassett's face. "Oh, no, no!" I cry; "I couldn't bear it." And I cover my face with my hands to shut out the hateful sight.

The next moment the inexplicableness of my conduct from an outsider's point of view dawns upon me; and I uncover my face, to find Mr. Fane regarding me with a very puzzled expression.

"I must get some other place to go to," I say confusedly.

"Yes, that would be the better plan."

And without another word, Mr. Fane walks straight into the house, leaving me standing alone under the cedar-tree in the middle of the lawn.

I do not ever remember feeling so utterly crushed and miserable before. I have behaved like a stupid schoolgirl: there can be no two opinions about that. And now Mr. Fane is so disgusted with me that he has left me abruptly, lest he should be tempted to say out too plainly what he thinks of me. Why, oh why, did he take me by surprise like that? But it is weak to blame him; I ought to have exercised more self-control. I can't think what has come over me. Surely the excitement of the last two days has been too much for me.

I will go away from here, and then Mr. Fane will forget all about me and my stupidity.

It is a sudden resolve, and I am just crossing the lawn, bent on beginning my packing at once, when I see Mr. Fane coming towards me.

In my confusion I endeavour to escape him, but he blocks the way.

"There," he says, "read that, and see if you don't think it is a satisfactory way out of the difficulty."

It is an invitation to an elderly relative of Mr. Fane's to spend a month at the Manor House.

"That will give you time to look about you, won't it?" and Mr. Fane's manner is so kind that I almost break down in my attempt to thank him.

And I thought he had left me in disgust!

"Why, Olga, this will never do. You are trembling all over, child. I never meant to send you away if you did not want to go. Nothing short of your own inclination shall ever force you to go from here."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HAVING SET OUT ON A CERTAIN JOURNEY, I TRY TO TURN BACK.

WHAT does Mr. Fane mean by that last sentence? It haunts me, causing me to go about my occupations as one in a dream.

Mr. Pennington calls to return a book, and I inform him of Gracie's marriage. But so far have I wandered in Dreamland that I cannot bring myself to realise the death-blow I am dealing him. Sorrow must indeed be a necessary discipline, since happiness can make one so selfish.

He takes the news very quietly; in fact, for full five minutes after I have told him what has occurred he does not speak at all. Then he asks how Mr. Fane received the intelligence.

"He is much hurt about it—naturally," I reply.

"We must try to reconcile him to it, Miss Vesey.

I don't see how they are to live unless Mr. Fane helps them."

"They should have thought of that before they took so rash a step."

"It's done now; nothing can ever undo it."

Mr. Pennington says this so dreamily that I fancy he is speaking more to himself than to me.

"If Mr. Anstice has no money, he should learn to work for his wife."

"He will never do that. We must just do the best we can to induce Mr. Fane to overlook the past. That is all we can do to help her now. You will do your utmost to reconcile Mr. Fane to the marriage, will you not, Miss Vesey?"

I promise, while the words, "Nothing short of your own inclination shall ever force you to go from here," still ring in my ears, so that I am not impressed even by the completeness of Alfred Pennington's self-forgetfulness.

Mrs. Graham arrives—a prim lady of uncertain age; and while I try to make her comfortable after her long journey, the same refrain still gladdens me: "Nothing short of your own inclination shall ever force you to go from here."

After dinner, when Mrs. Graham has settled herself in an easy-chair, Mr. Fane leads the way to the piano. He plays the accompaniments to song after song, finding fault with my rendering of them in the old critical way. I smile as he makes me try various passages over and over again, while embodied in every harmony is the soft refrain: "Nothing short of your own inclination shall ever force you to go from here."

We turn round to find Mrs. Graham dozing comfortably in her chair.

"Come out," whispers Mr. Fane, and taking up a shawl, he wraps it carefully around me.

We pass out on to the moon-lit terrace.

"I have been thinking, Olga, that we might offer to let Anstice and his wife live in the Gate-house. It has stood empty for some time now. How does the idea strike you?"

"You *are* going to forgive them, then, Mr. Fane. Oh, I am so glad!"

"I don't know about forgiving them; you are in such a hurry to jump to conclusions. But I think, if you approve the plan, I shall offer them the Gate-house. They would be near to us then."

My face is raised to Mr. Fane's, and the moon lights up our features clearly, each to the other. The "us" seems to slip out so naturally, and as I note the soft monosyllable, my lips part in a half-smile. It is a fitting accompaniment to that sweet music which is still ringing in my ears: "Nothing short of your own inclination shall ever force you to go from here."

Mr. Fane stops short, and looks at me steadily for a moment; but my glance does not fall beneath his earnest gaze. I seem to have lost the power of withdrawing my eyes from his.

"Olga, could you let it always be 'us'?"

I catch my breath in a half-sigh. My heart is beating so wildly that I place my hand against my side to stop its throbbings.

"Stay—remember all that 'us' will mean," he says, as I am about to speak. "It will mean that we are to go through life together. It may be a long journey, and I would not have you undertake it without realising something of its perils; for when once we shall have set out together, there can be no turning back. Olga, do you understand?"

"I understand," I answer softly.

"Come, then."

He holds out both his hands towards me, and I place mine within them without saying a word.

For a minute or two we stand thus, with only the silent moonlight to witness our betrothal.

Then he draws me closer to him, and presses his lips to my forehead.

"Mine to love and cherish till death us do part; is it not so, Olga?"

And I answer, with trembling lips—

"Yes, if it please my lord."

Then in a sudden burst of joy I murmur—

"Clarence, you have made me so happy! so happy!"

* * * * *

A month has passed, and although I am still Clarence Fane's promised wife, I have ceased to be a happy woman.

And yet but little has happened since that memorable evening on the terrace, when Clarence and I took the first step on life's journey together.

True, Lincoln Anstice has refused the offer of the Gate-house, and has thereby so incensed Clarence that he declares he will do nothing further for the newly wedded pair.

I myself have written to Gracie, begging her to use her influence with her husband to induce him to bring her to St. Leger Minor, if only for a time; but my entreaties have been in vain. I cannot understand why they are so determined not to take up their residence in the Gate-house. It is commodious and pleasantly situated; even were it not so, one would think Gracie would be ready to sacrifice her inclination in order to effect are conciliation with her uncle. It is certainly very strange behaviour, and in the face of it I feel that I cannot urge Clarence to make any further concession.

My engagement to Clarence is not at present known in St. Leger Minor. Of course we had to take Mrs. Graham into our confidence; and I have whispered my secret into Eleanor Cathcart's sympathetic ear; but with strict injunctions not to mention it to Richard Fane. Not that there is any particular reason for observing secrecy, but it is early days yet, and as Clarence and I are not very youthful lovers, we rather dread the remarks of our neighbours.

"It will be quite time enough to ask our friends for their congratulations when our wedding-day is fixed," Clarence invariably remarks when the subject is alluded to.

Think not that because I admit I am an unhappy woman, Clarence's love is not a source of the deepest

joy to me. Whatever happens, I must always be the richer for having once possessed it. If it were only that I might carry with me to the grave the memory of that moment when I placed my hands in his, I should not regret the past. I am, however, still happy in the knowledge of his love, hideous as the skeleton is that lies hidden in the deep recesses of my heart.

I know him so well now: every inflexion of his voice, every gesture, is familiar to me. That terrible pause does not trouble me any longer; I smile up at him as I wait while he frames his reply. I can remember every line on his careworn face; and I fancy that the furrows are not quite so deep as they used to be, and that the expression in the tired blue eyes is not so weary as it once was. Clarence says that this is due to my influence—that I am teaching him to feel quite young again.

He is so fond, too, of reminding me of unimportant remarks I have made or opinions I have expressed, for he declares that no words, however trivial, that have fallen from my lips in his presence have been forgotten by him. He even remembers all my dresses, and can tell me what I wore on each memorable occasion since I have been here.

We talk together of so many things. He knows all about poor Jack Bassett, and why I so dreaded returning home. I did not quite understand it myself at the time; but now I know that it was because another had already filled that place in my heart for which Jack was so earnest a pleader.

"I loved you the first evening I saw you," Clarence often assures me, "but I never dared to hope for your love in return. Even now it seems too good to be true, that you, who are so young and fresh, should be willing to link your life with mine that is half spent."

"More than willing, Clarence," I whisper.

"Do you know, Clarence, I used to think you cold and unfeeling," I sometimes say to him.

And then I laugh softly at the absurdity of the mistake. Cold! Why, the intensity of his love almost frightens me.

And I must have loved him from the first, too. That was why his coldness hurt me so, and his assumed indifference made me so angry.

Ah! and that was why I was so overwhelmed with grief when I made that fatal discovery.

I start, and press my hands to my temples. Are we not going to be one? Can I put my hand in his, and say that solemn "I will," while so dreadful a secret lies buried deep down in my heart? Oh, no, no! better anything than that.

He never tires of taking me over his estate, and consulting me about suggested improvements. Shall *we* do this? Had *we* better see to that? He has no longer any interests apart from mine. Then he will ask me when I am coming to him altogether.

"Don't let there be any unnecessary delay, Olga. Think how many years I have lived without you already. Life is not long enough to justify such a terrible waste of happiness."

But my hand trembles in his. "Oh, not yet, not yet!" I cry.

For before I dare give myself unreservedly to him, my confession must be made. And as yet I have not strength to bear the ordeal.

Each day I fancy that his step grows more elastic, and his smile more genial. And when he shall have heard what I dare not go to him without confessing, his tread will be heavy, and his head bowed down with woe. Oh, that I should be the one to deal him so terrible a blow! Would it not be better that he should lose me altogether? What am I, to be put into the scale against all that men hold most dear?

It is a sharp experience; but surely it were better to sacrifice myself than to be the one to bring such a crushing sorrow on him. There will be one more broken heart in the world; but what is love worth if it is not to teach the one great lesson of self-sacrifice? Thinking thus I forget that the way in which the sacrifice is made may be altogether wrong and sinful.

"Clarence, I cannot be your wife. Release me from my promise."

I have said them: the words that are to raise up an impassable barrier between me and all hope of happiness.

He starts as one suddenly and rudely awakened from a peaceful dream.

"Not be my wife! Olga, you must be mad!"

"Release me from my promise," is all I dare trust myself to say.

"But your reason?"

"I cannot tell it you."

"You *must*."

He rises before me as a tower of strength, beneath which my weakness cowers down.

"I cannot be your wife. I do not love you."

Timidly I look up to note the effect of my words. But he has turned away, and is standing with his back to me, looking out of the window.

Presently he returns to me. There is that in his quietude more terrible than the fiercest anger.

"Olga, there was a time when I thought I should never be so blessed as to win your love. But on the day when I told you that conventionality would force us to part, I learned that what I would have given my heart's blood to win was mine already. I knew it then, and I know it now. Olga, you cannot deceive me. I have seen your eyes brighten at my approach; I have felt your hand tremble in mine; I have listened to the soft cadences in your voice when we spoke of that journey we were undertaking together. By all that is true you loved me then, and you love me now. Come, sweetheart, take back your false words."

I nerve myself to the effort; I fix my eyes on his without flinching.

"I—have—never—loved—you."

Can it be I who am speaking? Why does he not reply? I cannot hold out much longer; another moment, and I shall cry aloud in my agony of spirit.

"Olga, I know not why you are trying me thus: you who are truth itself. But knowing you as I do,

I can only believe that you are actuated by some noble, although mistaken, impulse. I know you will never cease to love me, as I shall never cease to love you. But you ask me to release you from your promise. I have no alternative but to do so."

He pauses, but I utter not a word.

Then he looks down on me with tender yearning love, until I cover my face with my hands, lest I should give up the struggle, just as victory is within my reach.

"Olga, good-bye. May God, our Father, bless you, dear."

He moves towards the door. Another moment, and he will be gone.

"Clarence, Clarence, come back! It was a wicked lie! I love you more than I can tell: more than you will ever know."

A mist is rising up before my eyes, and the furniture in the room is growing unsteady; but two strong arms encompass me so that I do not fall.

He leads me to a sofa, and lays me gently down on it.

"Poor child! Poor tired child! You are almost worn out."

"Clarence," I say, raising myself on one elbow, "I must tell you why I told that lie: why, out of two dire alternatives, I did such a grievous wrong because I imagined I was choosing that which would cause you the less suffering."

"Hush! not now; you have overtaxed your strength already. Lie still and rest."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE GARDEN IN MARCH.

ONE of the most fickle months of the year is that of March; no wonder, therefore, that with us gardeners it is one of the most anxious ones. Popularly speaking, we associate it with high winds and clouds of dust, and we do not grumble: nay, we rather approve when March is got over in a boisterous sort of way. On the other hand, there is an old saying that "nothing makes up for a wet March." Sometimes, however, we get a taste of both winter and summer in this fitful season; but growling at the weather is alike foolish and unprofitable, and we have no choice in the matter but to make the best use that we can of whatever weather is sent to us.

There is one thing, however, that we always do in March; and that is, we plant our potatoes. And remembering that potatoes may be said to rank only second in importance as an article of food to the very bread that we eat, we may surely with advantage give a few hints this month as to their culture.

Now, the wild potato differs very little—at least, so far as external appearances go—from the cultivated one, saving only that its flowers are white: so far, at least, as it has been noticed; but it was found that when the wild bitter tubers were planted in this country, the produce, when cooked, possessed the pleasant flavour of our now popular young potatoes. Hence it was that but little cultivation seemed needed to qualify them for use on our dinner-table.

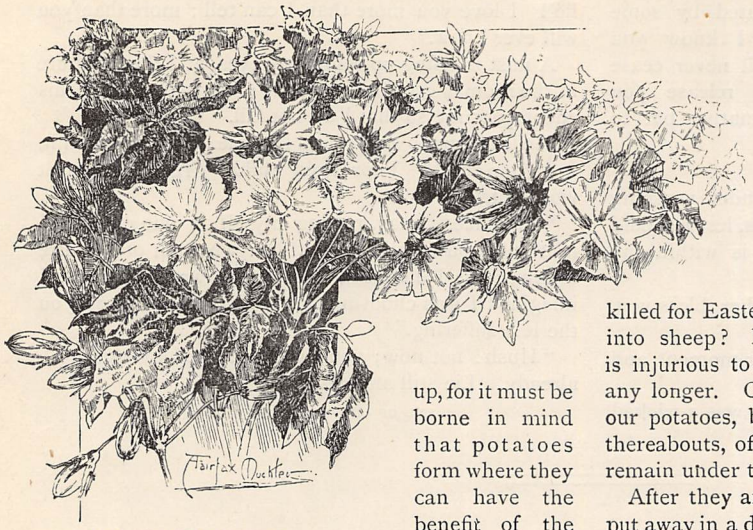
And first, then, as to the best soil for potatoes. Experience tells us that over-much wet makes us tremble for the safety of our crop. In the persistent rains of last summer the cry was soon raised that we should have potato disease. One thing, then, we should do; and that is, we should have our land and our kitchen-gardens properly drained, so as to carry off all surplus water. Potatoes, nevertheless, would seem to prefer a soil that does not dry up too quickly, for on the other hand we all know that in any very prolonged drought the root crops of all kinds are poor, and never properly swell off. A sandy, loamy soil, and one that is free and open, is then best suited to the potato.

And so we gardeners plant our main crop in this month of March; of course, some weeks previously our soil has been well trenched and manured, so that by the time we plant the soil is in a good, dry, and friable condition. If potatoes are planted in the autumn—though this is not very usual—they should be set deep, because of frost. Nearly fifty years ago an authority thus gives us his experience of autumn-planted potatoes: he says—

"I grow only two sorts of potato for seed—the early frame and the ash-leafed kidney—and both of these I planted last autumn, each set being a whole potato. On taking up the roots, I find that, notwithstanding the inclement winter, I have gathered a fair average crop, free from disease, and as clean and fine-flavoured as any I have ever dressed."

And this leads us to the consideration of another matter, and that is the quality of the "sets" that are mostly employed. Now, in digging our potatoes in October, the more general custom seems to be to set aside the small ones as seedlings for the next spring sowing—potatoes that are of the size of a couple of walnuts; but, on the other hand, some gardeners advocate the planting of large potatoes as seedlings, while some, again, cut them in halves. Upon the whole, the better plan would seem to be to plant out the small ones that are healthy, giving faulty or semi-diseased ones to the pigs, and storing the large and good ones for domestic use.

Now, it must not be supposed that when potatoes are planted deep there is less necessity for earthing



THE POTATO FLOWER.

up, for it must be borne in mind that potatoes form where they can have the benefit of the air, and that, although the tubers were originally planted perhaps a foot deep, the fruit would still form comparatively close to the surface of the soil, and not at the depth at which the tuber was planted. When, therefore, the potatoes have come up, lay the earth fairly smoothly to their stems, slightly raising it — in fact, this may be called the first earthing-up: this will thus afford a covering for the young tubers; and we must recollect that any which are allowed to be half-exposed to the air are simply uneatable, as they turn green and will never develop properly; indeed, the only use of such hard green products would be for seed another season.

The critical time perhaps for our potato crop is the first few weeks after they appear above ground—say up to the third week in May. Many a fair crop of potatoes has been materially damaged by a May frost. As soon then as the plants are well above ground, carefully weed the beds, for at all times weeds are unsightly and exhaust the soil, and then by this careful drawing of the earth round the young plants, to which allusion has just been made, we protect them alike from cold winds and frosts, which in the early spring months or after at all a mild winter are very often unusually cutting and severe.

And next, it is a mistake to cut or mow off the tops of the plants, from a false notion that you will thereby throw strength into the tubers. A potato plant continues to form fresh tubers until it comes into flower, and after that time the ripening and swelling of those already formed goes on. By the middle of June early young potatoes may of course be dug, and where a large stock is expected of course there can be no objection to this, but it is naturally a more economical and profitable method to allow a small stock to perfect their full size. None of us are disposed to grumble at table when we see a nice dish of young potatoes and early green peas passing round, but a good housekeeper will not care to consume the entire stock of potatoes in this way. What would become of us all if lambs were all killed for Easter week, and none were allowed to grow into sheep? But there finally comes a time when it is injurious to allow potatoes to stay in the ground any longer. October is the usual harvest month for our potatoes, but longer than the first few days, or thereabouts, of November, they certainly should not remain under the sod.

After they are dug, have them properly sorted and put away in a dry place: not too hot, but not in a damp cellar; for if in the latter place, you would find them later on sprouting in all directions.

"MORE SEED, PLEASE."

HOW I FURNISHED MY STORE CUPBOARD.

I AM about to detail the methods of making a few very useful and wholesome commodities, although I am well aware that most people in these days get such things from their grocer; yet, as some of them are so simple and inexpensive, especially when a garden is at hand, I feel sure that many people may be glad to attempt the concoction of them. They are, for the most part, the original recipes of a lady whose guest I was some few years ago; some of them are my own; others I may call a joint production, as they are the outcome of experiments made during the visit in question.

Space will not permit mention of many, so I will just enumerate those for which the ingredients are readily obtainable, and, while omitting any detailed reference to the excellent jams and jellies of my hostess, I will give her method of preventing the usual candying of the surface which takes place after a year or two. This was a very simple one, viz., covering with a layer of tissue paper dipped in brine before tying on the outer cover of bladder or vegetable parchment (the latter is now very generally used and is a good substitute for bladder). As to brandy papers and other preservatives, she ignored them altogether, believing that fruit well boiled, if stored properly, needed nothing more than an air-tight cover.

But to my recipes, which are all savouries :—

I will not guarantee the keeping properties of the first on my list : I have only made it once, and then it was not allowed to keep. Nine pounds of sound, ripe damsons formed the foundation, to which were added four pounds and a half of sugar, a pint of pale brown vinegar, a couple of dozen cloves, two blades of mace, a dozen allspice berries, the same number of black peppercorns, and half an ounce of bruised ginger; the jar containing them was then tied lightly over with bladder and set up to its neck in a kettle of cold water over a slow fire, the water in the kettle being kept simmering for a couple of hours. After its removal from the fire I took care to leave the jar until the water was cold; then, over the neck, bladder was tied tightly, previous to its removal to the store cupboard. This pickle, if intended to keep, is better put away in wide-necked bottles, with new corks, which should be waxed over. Although it is fit to eat at once, I was told that it *does* improve with age. It may be eaten as pickle pure and simple, or added to salads; while a fish sauce, both appetising and unique, may be made by stirring a gill of the syrup into a tureen of melted butter. As to the superiority of this sweet pickle over those of the sour, uncooked varieties, so far as its digestive properties are concerned, there is certainly no need for comment.

Most people like *Mint Sauce*, and they may enjoy it in perfection all the year if they choose to follow the example of my hostess, and store some for use in the days when lamb lingers only in the memory. On a dry, sunny day the mint was gathered, picked leaf by leaf, wiped with a cloth, and chopped a little, then pounded in a mortar with castor sugar (about six ounces to half a pound of mint), a dash of cayenne pepper, some salt, and the merest suspicion of chopped garlic; half a pint of pure malt vinegar was added little by little during the process, and, at the last moment, just before bottling, another half-pint of vinegar was put to the mixture. Small bottles, such as are used for capers, are best for it, and the corks *must* be sound. This will be voted "a lot of trouble" by those who are unaccustomed to the use of the pestle and mortar, but if any of my readers make it a rule, as I do, to pound the mint and sugar for every-day mint sauce, they will agree with me that by no other method (certainly not by chopping, however finely) can equal success be attained.

Of the *ketchups*, which were all delicious, I have but space to mention three. The first was quite new to me. It was obtained from elderberries, and is particularly good with fish dishes. During my stay a stock was made, the berries being just in their prime, so I had a practical lesson. I remember that, after stripping them from the stalk, the berries were measured and put into a jar with just half their measure of boiling vinegar, and baked in what my friend called a "baker's oven" all night, by which she meant a cool oven after a batch of bread has been drawn. The next morning she strained off the juice without any pressure and measured it carefully, adding to each quart half an ounce of salt, half a dozen shallots, half an ounce of whole ginger, an ounce of peppercorns, and half an ounce of cloves—the spices being most thoroughly bruised previous to boiling the whole for ten minutes. My informant added that a little salad oil should be poured into the neck of each bottle to ensure its keeping, and I may mention that all her bottled fruits had received the addition of some melted suet, sufficient to form a layer half an inch thick in each bottle's neck.

Mushroom Ketchup, as ordinarily made, is, in my opinion, so spicy that the mushroom flavour is almost overpowered; but, if made as I will direct, I think it will be voted very good. I must urge the importance of sound, freshly gathered mushrooms—those that we used were almost equal in size. We broke them up, after cutting off the ends from the stalks, and put them in a pan with six ounces of salt to the gallon, and stirred them every day with a *wooden* spoon for six days; the liquor was strained and measured, then boiled until reduced to half the quantity. The exact time cannot be stated, but the boiling should be quick. The spices (viz., a quarter of an ounce each of whole black pepper and allspice berries, a morsel of root

ginger, and a blade of mace to each pint) were then put in, and after twenty minutes' further simmering, the contents of the pan were poured into an earthen basin and covered with a cloth until next day, when the ketchup was poured off very carefully from the sediment into small bottles.

My friend then suggested our making some "second ketchup" from the sediment and "squeezings" of the mushrooms by boiling them with spices, as in the foregoing recipe; this, I was told, was suitable for hashes and stews, and although a less refined, it is an equally useful preparation.

Of the two kinds of *Walnut Ketchup* which I learnt how to make, I recommend the one prepared from the surplus vinegar from pickled walnuts, not because it was nicer than the other, which was obtained from walnuts in their green state, but because it is such an excellent way of utilising what is sometimes wasted. Supposing, then, your jar, which once held pickled walnuts, has in it a quart of their vinegar, put into it some mixed pickling spice, about a dessertspoonful, half a dozen chopped shallots, and a generous teaspoonful of salt, and boil it for at least a quarter of an hour, when you may either bottle it as it is or make a "compound sauce" of it by mixing with it a pint of mushroom ketchup, and enough celery-seed to cover a sixpence. The combination of flavours is a very agreeable one.

With reference to celery, I should like to call attention to *Celery Vinegar*, so handy when the fresh vegetable is not to be had, for which white wine vinegar, though not absolutely necessary, is preferable, as a few drops can then be added to white soups and sauces without injuring the colour. To make it, a couple of ounces of celery-seed should be bruised and added to a pint and a half of boiling vinegar, and half an ounce of salt. It should be corked after it has cooled properly, then set in a warm place for a month, when it is ready to strain into small bottles. Another store vinegar, equally useful, was made in just the same way, by substituting four ounces of shallots and an ounce of garlic for the celery-seed. "Use it with caution," said my friend, when I took down the recipe, "or you will regret having made it, for a drop or two will give zest to a good quantity of sauce or gravy." But those of my readers who appreciate the twang imparted by rubbing the salad-bowl with a clove of garlic will not need the warning to be sparing in its use.

Our talk one day drifted to tomatoes, and, as the love-apple just then was prolific, we set about a store of conserve or chutney, for use in the winter, and the result of our labour was the undermentioned compound, which can be used for anything and everything, from a sandwich mixture or salad, to the hundred and one soups and sauces that may be concocted by the frugal housewife. It is very palatable, wholesome, and economical, but will be too mild for those who indulge in pungent compounds, though the spices can be increased to suit the palate. I only ask that the mode of preparation be carried out. Break up four pounds of tomatoes (they must be ripe, but sound) into a jar, and add a pound of moist sugar (Demerara) and a quart of vinegar; then cover and bake gently, or, if more convenient, boil in a preserving-pan, until the whole is a pulp; while this is hot, it must be passed through a coarse hair sieve, using a large wooden spoon or potato masher; then put into an earthen jar with a pound of sultana raisins, picked carefully, two ounces of mustard-seed, three ounces of salt, half an ounce of garlic, chopped or pounded, an ounce of ginger, grated, and a quarter of an ounce of the best cayenne. Stir every day for a week, then bottle. And for one of the best and most wholesome of apple chutneys that it is possible to make, the ingredients are the same as the foregoing, except that, instead of the tomatoes, four pounds of apples form the basis, and the proportions are different. The vinegar and sugar are to be doubled, also the garlic, ginger, and cayenne; of salt, another ounce, and of raisins, another half-pound will be needed. I have not tested the keeping properties of the tomato sauce, but that from the apples will keep good for years; in any case, it should be stored for a year before being eaten; while quite fresh, it is quite another thing. As to its uses, it is hard to say for what it cannot be used. As an accompaniment to cold meat, an addition to made dishes (notably curries), or a zest to sandwiches, it is always acceptable; and the mixing of a tablespoonful of it with your apple sauce will ensure the tureen going empty to the kitchen.

And now I will give a *dry seasoning*, a useful adjunct to forcemeats, sausage-meat, rissoles, and all similar concoctions. It is very simple—just equal weights of black pepper, white pepper, ground ginger, and grated nutmeg—say half an ounce of each, and half the weight, *i.e.*, a quarter of an ounce each of ground cloves, curry powder, ground allspice, and cayenne pepper. As these may all be purchased in the ground state they only need mixing, and to ensure uniformity they should be passed several times through a sieve. That these ingredients may retain their strength, a glass-stoppered bottle, covered with a rubber cap, should be used; failing this method, use a rubber cork.

My friend is famed for her pies and puddings, notably meat and game, and I learnt that the special seasoning for them consisted of a mixture of herbs—thyme, basil, savory, and marjoram, with finely grated lemon-peel and a suspicion of cayenne and nutmeg, the herbs being gathered just in their prime, and reduced to the finest powder; while for dishes in which herbs in their dry state would prove objectionable, an essence was made from them by nearly filling a bottle to the neck with the above and other herbs on their stalks, and filling it up with white vinegar, the infusion being strained off in about three weeks. I would like to detail other uses of herbs of all kinds—indeed, I think that the information on that particular subject was the most useful item acquired during a visit which was as pleasant as it was profitable.

KATE MOORE'S WEDDING TRIP.

BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

"SOMETHING BLACK STARTED UP FROM THE GROUND" (*p.* 242).

IT does not need a railroad and the electric light to bring happiness to a village community. The Blue Fork's population of something more than two hundred souls, and sheltered in a very few dozen farm-houses, possessed neither convenience as yet, and were, in fact, in touch with no Nebraska settlement larger than their own. But the much-talked-of peace and prosperity was plentiful there, and happiness in superfluity.

Perhaps the two happiest people in it, one October afternoon, were Joe Dwyer and Kate, the daughter of the blacksmith, old Lisha Moore. They were married up in the green picnic ground, as the pretty spot behind the little school-house had come to be called; and the bride and groom received the congratulations of all the village, standing together on the daisy-covered slope, a tree waving over their heads, and the blue sky above and behind them. It had been a fancy of the bride, that outdoor wedding; and her father's house was small. And after the congratulating and kissing—the children started this—there was a general taking hold of hands by everybody and dancing round the young pair, she blushing and laughing, and Dwyer with her, while a lusty chorus rang out, "Now you're married you must obey—you must be true to all you say," and so on, which meant the official ceremony to the youngsters much more than the squire's part.

It was dusk when they drove down the road in Dwyer's buggy, amid cheers and farewells. Dwyer lived thirteen miles northward, at Borden's Pond. His house was there. He had only come to the Pond lately, and was, in fact, a stranger still in the region. During his looking round process, before buying his farm, the house of the Blue Fork blacksmith had been his headquarters; and being an

energetic fellow he had decided on, and conducted, two transactions at the same time—courting and locating—so that to-day, within a month from his advent, he was "housed and wived." To be sure, little was known of him, but that little was good. Every man spoke well of him except one. That one was Fletcher, of the Five Buttes Mines, twenty miles away, his unsuccessful, sneering rival with Kate Moore—if a man twice refused by a woman, who then marries another man that suddenly comes into her life, out of hand, can be called a rival.

"We're going to be very happy, Joe," she said softly, as their wheels left the last of the village behind them.

"I mean that you shall be," he answered equally quietly. Their eyes met. They were not sentimentalists, tenderly as their hearts beat for each other. They understood one another without sentimentality. It was not a little her reserve that had endeared her to him, a part of her mental balance and good sense. She read all the unexpressed things in his nature with very clear eyes. They smiled, and then he kissed her, without dropping the reins of his new mare; and so they spun on over the road, sometimes but a grassy lane.

It drew dark as they came to the Pines. The road to Borden's Pond ran straight through the tract, six miles, with the sombre trees closing about the very wheels of the buggy. The dark grey trunks shut them in. The moon rose. It was a night for a poet's marriage—if poets deserve fairer ones than those to whom life is chiefly prose. How still it was in the woods, save for their talk, the hoof-beats, and Kate's clear laugh! Now and then they brushed the branches, or a dark bird fluttered up and flew across the bright sky with a call. In spite of themselves, they grew even more still and more reflective.

Suddenly she spoke. "Do you believe Fletcher will try to do anything?"

"Anything? What do you mean?"

"Why, make trouble for—or me. You know he swore he would."

"Nonsense. Let him swear! What can he do?"

"I don't know. But you heard Jim Hawes—what he told Jim?"

"He can tell Jim Hawes what he likes. And what influence has Fletcher, anyway, except among his own sort over at the Buttes Mines?"

"He has a good deal there, they say."

"Yes, but what of that? You and I aren't going to live there, you know."

"It's a rough place, isn't it?"

"A rough place, and a rougher crowd. There's little law and less order. It's generally so when a mine starts up. Fletcher has got some hold, too, over a dozen of the fellows. I don't know what it is except that he has money to lend, and I pity his borrowers. He's a bad lot."

"Don't! You make me afraid of him," she said, touching his sleeve with her hand.

Then Dwyer laughed, and chirrupped to his horse, and kissed his wife again. "You needn't be afraid," he said. They drove out into a clearing; the pines had burnt, and grass and stumps came out silver and ebony, in the moonlight. "Faster, Chromo," said Dwyer to the mare, which walked now. But as he spoke she shied. Something black started up from the ground.

"Ha! Halloa there!" cried Dwyer, pulling in the mare.

"Stand! Or I shoot!" a man called back, hanging to the bridle. Kate screamed. She saw in the moonlight the flash of their revolvers. In a twinkling, she and Dwyer were motionless; angry commands bursting forth on each side of them, hands outstretched, and a squad of dark figures where only stumps had been an instant earlier. Three or four were mounted.

"Get down out of that buggy," came the voice of one of them from under his rude mask.

"What do you want? Take your hands off that mare!" answered Dwyer, holding up his whip. He had no pistol with him. There had been no thought of needing that sort of thing in bringing his bride home through the tranquil Pines.

"Get down out of that buggy, I say, and you'll find out! If you don't ——"

There was a general outbreak of angry voices seconding this order.

"Do you want me to leave my wife up here? Shame on you, whoever you are!" retorted Dwyer. He thought still it might be some rough joke, instead of the frontier "shiveree"—by Pond friends in disguise.

"Get down as they tell you," said Kate, in a low tone. She was quivering in every limb, but determined not to faint, nor "make a fool of herself." She thought it might possibly be play, too.

Dwyer alighted. "Well, here I am!" he said, facing the three foremost figures, whose pistols covered him. A fourth held the mare. The rest were to the right and left. "I haven't but a dollar on me," he went on; "you can look."

"We're not on the road, thank you," spoke the ringleader of the circle. Then there was a quick step forward and behind—a struggle and outcry, the latter Kate's, from the buggy, though no one yet molested her. Dwyer's arms were clutched by some of those on foot, and he was held a prisoner. "Keep cool, Kate," he managed to call out. He could not hear her say, "I'll—try!" But she said it. If it had not been for that suggestion of the familiar in one disguised voice, she would yet have believed it a brutal joke. But Fletcher—and a joke! That was unlikely, if Fletcher was here. There were men on all sides of her, some looking up at her in the moonlight.

"Will you—tell me—what you want of me?" Dwyer managed to demand again. "You take a coward's time—a man's wedding trip home—for either your foolishness or—worse!"

"In a moment," came the answer. "Is it Jackson's nag?" the same speaker called to two or three of the group busy about Chromo.

"It's Jackson's nag," was their quick answer.

They had turned a lantern on the mare, and were

scrutinising her from forelock to forefoot, one of their number washing her here and there with a sponge that had been dipped in some liquid.

"You lie!" called Dwyer indignantly. "For what do you take me?"

"For the fellow who stole Jackson's mare, Daylight, over at the Mines, a month ago, and who has kept her in hiding ever since. Paint's cheap, my friend. You're treed at last."

"I a horse-thief? Look at me! Are you out of your senses, all of you, no matter who you are? I'm Joe Dwyer, of Borden's Pond. Not a man I've met since I came there to live but will prove it to you, and give me a good word."

"Oh, don't try that game on us!" was the reply from the man evidently the main head in the expedition and blunder. "We're up to all that! And don't get behind the name of another man to try to scrape through what you can't this time. Read the paper, Number Seven."

Kate Moore's nerves and senses were failing her now, as they well might. She saw behind this ruse of a mistake a plot of awful cleverness. It could come from but one mind—be carried out but for one motive. She was on the point of shrieking again, of calling out to Fletcher's face her thoughts; but it would be premature. She must be calm for a few instants, and hope that such a purpose—if it were a purpose—would fail of its own audacity.

"Number Seven, read the white handbill by the lantern!"

"Five hundred dollars will be paid for the discovery of the whereabouts of the black mare, Daylight"—[here came her description]—"stolen from me on Sunday night last by John Cairns, the horse-thief, lately escaped from —— county. Said Cairns may be travelling with her, and her markings be dyed. Said Cairns is about twenty-five years old, with dark hair and eyes, and generally changes his location by riding at night, and at present has a lady with him said to be his wife. He calls himself Dwyer. If discovered, said Cairns can wisely be hung on short notice by the gentlemen of the community before he begins to work. —A. JACKSON, Pilota, Neb."

"Do you hear that?" asked the head and front of the arresting-party. "I guess you won't need to ask any more questions. Here's Jackson's nag, with her star, on her forehead, the white fore-foot covered with the usual stuff you gentlemen keep handy, and that a little acid soon brings out, all right. Your description's cor—rect, I fancy. It might be a looking-glass. Yonder's the lady. And you call yourself Dwyer, sure enough!—as you have ever since you came to these parts. More fool the men who didn't use their eyes, and put two and two together! Your last stealing in —— county was that trotter of the hotel-keeper in Harmony; and your first one, nearer here, has been just one too many—Jackson's mare. Have you got anything more to say for yourself?"

Dwyer could not contain himself. He could not yet discern the enemy's hand in this plot of audacious cunning; he had not seen Fletcher more than once in his short stay at Blue Fork. Dwyer fancied the whole matter now, not, indeed, a jest, but a startling mistake—one that, however, might be ludicrous under other conditions. But there was no doubt about the mare.

"I bought the mare three weeks ago in the sale at Oak Falls. The man who offered her to me was a stranger," he returned hotly. "If what you say is true—if it is Jackson's mare—he shall have her again as soon as I can get my wife to my house and send his horse to him."

"Rather careless to buy horses of strangers here—you know that, I guess," was the reply. "Have you got anything else to say that's not just brassing it out, Cairns?"

"What's the use of talking to a gang of fellows who will answer that I am somebody else, till I can prove it?"

"Oh! you can prove it, Cairns?"

"My name is not Cairns, though Cairns may have stolen this mare, and though my name may suit his taste to travel with. Let's settle this thing as soon as we can, for my wife's sake as well as mine."

"Look here! Does anybody deny that I am Kate Moore, the daughter of Lisha Moore, the blacksmith, at Blue Fork?" came Kate's voice. It had a ring of courage in it that was wonderful, and even now it brought a thrill of pride to her husband to think of having won a woman of such self-control! "At least, I was Kate Moore until I married Joe Dwyer this afternoon; and here we both are, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dwyer, whoever else is here to face us down!"

"We don't know you, madam." Fletcher's sneering tone brought the blood into her face, even in the dark. Should she yet call the man by *his* name, to his masked face? No—not yet. "I believe a lady of that name lives there, and—you're likely the same. I heard of her wedding to-day. But, Kate Moore of Blue Fork or not, you've married John Cairns, horse-thief and stealer of Abram Jackson's mare, whether you married him as Dwyer or George Washington."

"Will some of you take the bridle and lead us and the mare to Borden's Pond and my house? I'm expected there. I'll walk or ride, just as you please. When you get to Borden's, you will find out you're mistaken."

It was past the probability of a joke now, this adventure! Dwyer knew it—and hoped that Kate did not, and that any earnest side of it could be fended off. And there was Kate hoping her husband would not or could not read the cruel riddle right, and that it would be ended without worse words or deeds between the two principals in it.

"Oh, no," the cold voice of the man Fletcher responded; "we don't care to take unnecessary trouble. You're very likely this Dwyer. But, first of all you're —Cairns! Say your prayers, Cairns! You swing for it here and now—in ten minutes! You've come to the end of your tether. Number Four, is the rope ready?"

"The rope's ready!" responded another of the band.

Dwyer understood it now. It flashed on his slower mind in all its directness. It did not need Kate now to tell him that Fletcher of the Buttes Mines, his discomfited rival, had taken advantage of some fateful circumstances and of his own command over some of the hot-headed, wrathful spirits associated with him —for whom the recent horse-thievings had been a constant theme of speculation and plotted justice. He was to die—he, Joe Dwyer!—to be hanged here on this night, in his bride's sight, save for the darkness and, perhaps, a merciful swoon; hanged, with only one man in the group of his executioners knowing that he was no thief, but an honest, if newly arrived citizen, hanged, with all the rest, acting under that one man's orders and judgment, believing him Cairns, the horse-thief, and grimly rejoiced to bring a guilty prowler to his deserved reward.

It was a fiendish, perfectly adjusted business!—Dwyer felt his heart sink as it struck him thus.

"Which one of you is Walt Fletcher?" he demanded.

"We haven't names—none of us. We've only numbers," somebody—not Fletcher himself—answered. There was a hoarse laugh from the posse. Kate clutched the seat.

"Are you Walt Fletcher?" demanded Dwyer bitterly.

"There isn't anybody of that name in this state," spoke another of his captors.

Again a laugh.

"Let me speak, I say!" called out Kate Dwyer from the buggy. "Listen to me, Walt Fletcher! I know it's you there—I'm sure of it! You know why. Shame on you! I don't wonder you hide your face. A dangerous game you're trying to play. But you'd better not go too far in it. Do you think I don't know you—or that I wouldn't know you and your work and your wickedness anywhere, and hate you all the harder for it? You swore you'd be revenged on me. I suppose this is what you call being revenged, is it?"

"Be still, I say," called Fletcher. He did not want too much of these explanations of things, no matter how discreet his tools standing round him. "If you speak another word it'll be the worse for you."

"I call every man here to witness that this is a lying plot against my husband, Joe Dwyer, and me; and that Walt Fletcher is here, who made it, knows it, first and last, for what it is, and carries it out because of revenge."

Her voice rang out clearly over the heads of the group of startled men. This might be the daughter of Moore, the blacksmith at Blue Fork, or it might be "the lady" the horse-thief, Cairns, "travelled" with, but they all felt sure that a woman who did not faint nor shriek until the last moment, who kept her woman's wits and her tongue clear in such an hour to defend her companion, was a plucky creature indeed.

But Fletcher had too much at stake to admire Kate Moore's audacity. He sprang up into the buggy. Kate screamed. She had a right to. Dwyer struggled in helpless fury with his guards. "Coward!" he called to Fletcher.

"I shan't hurt the lady!" he called down to Dwyer, "not a finger! She must keep still, that's all. Don't be afraid for *her*. Just think about yourself," he continued. And then he added softly, in a sharp whisper to Kate Moore, as he held her in her place, "No, don't be afraid. I'm through with *you* after I've settled him. You'll walk home from here safe and sound—but without *him*. But if you shriek again, you'll be sorry. It'll only hurry matters."

She uttered no cry again. She sat there suffocating, her teeth set, her breath a flutter—at his mercy. But she was thinking.

"Forward!" called out Fletcher from beside her. "Number Seven and Number Two lead the horse. Put the lanterns out. Look after the prisoner, Eight and Nine—and the rest. Carefully!" he added, as the light vehicle lurched in leaving the road for the cleared ground beside it, in which were growing two or three low pines only.

The moon went under a cloud. Dwyer was protesting in vain. What frightful visions were rushing through the young man's brain now! Was it not all some nightmare? Would he not wake up suddenly and find himself alone in his own house and then laugh, while he shuddered, to think that the dawn would bring his wedding-day and Kate Moore to his hearth? No, those inflexible hands on his shoulders that were impelling him forward like the criminal he was believed to be—a kind in that region and in those hard conditions of human life who deserves his doom —those sternly tramping feet, shrouded figures and faces, and the carriage with its now silent occupants —it was no dream, And before him, he had seen them, were those lonely pines—one, at least, ominously solitary.

His wife! His Kate! Death so near him, and she just now at his side. Well, if he must die thus horribly in her presence, they would let him bid her good-bye; and in that farewell he would tell her to make one effort to escape for herself, and he—well, he would try, too, to end the scene by a bullet in his heart rather than by his rival's halter. Better to die murdered after the world's more ordinary way than hanged!

The procession stopped.

Fletcher spoke from his seat in the buggy.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you satisfied that the prisoner is John Cairns, the horse-thief, and the person described in the poster?"

"We are."

"Are you satisfied that this is the animal described in the poster, stolen by him from Jackson, of Pilota, and that it is in his possession here and now?"

"We are!" came a firmer response.

"Is it unanimously agreed that the prisoner be hanged?"

"Ay! Hang him up! Up with him!" rose the profane chorus of reply.

"The sentence is passed on the prisoner," Fletcher

"CHROMO IS AN OLD AND UNDISTURBED FAMILY DEPENDENT" (*p.* 246).

continued. "Cairns, have you anything further to say for yourself?"

"Nothing but what I have said," replied Dwyer. "I am in your power, Fletcher."

"Let the prisoner speak with this lady, if he wants to," said his triumphant enemy. "Madam, if you move or cry out, we shall give your husband no further chance."

Fletcher withdrew the grasp that had held Kate's hands. He leaned back out of the carriage on the left. Dwyer was allowed to approach Kate on the right, still held by strong hands. She leaned down to him—shivering, fainting, despairing almost, but not despairing altogether. Only a word or two passed between them, but those words were not of farewell. It was still dark, except for the stars.

She put out her hand softly — so softly — and as she did so she realised—or might have realised—that her heart had never in her life so stormily beaten. She felt Fletcher's waist. He did not perceive her touch or movement. It was all a chance. She won the chance.

She snatched the revolver out of his belt. He started up with an oath. She fired! The wretch called out, or groaned, or gasped—which, it matters not—and, vainly trying to save himself from falling, fell between the wheels. She fired to right—to left! It was all hit or miss. Dwyer clung to the buggy, the mare plunging, the return pistol-shots cracking about her ears and their heads. The darkness—the suddenness of the resistance—the fall of Fletcher and of another man—had thrown everything around them into confusion. The mare kicked and leaped in terror and liberty. Dwyer was dragged like a sack of waste paper, his thighs between the wheels, his body shaken as if it would be broken; but he hung on. In a few seconds he was scrambling into the buggy. The mare had gained the road, and was galloping—bounding—snorting—careering, like the terrified creature she was. But she was on the road, and keeping it!

Kate had fainted now. He held fast her helpless figure and himself on the seat with one hand and arm, and the revolver, that yet had four discharges, in the other. Brave Kate!—pearl of a wife!—your shots had told—each of them—and their fellows could be reserved. He did not try to find the reins that had fallen along the shafts. Let Chromo run—let Chromo run!

But their mounted pursuers were after them. How many were there ready for such a chase? Not more than three or four. The others had to get across to their horses and mount them in the dark and excitement. Still, the chasing was sure and swift. He heard the cries and the hoof-beats, and a pistol-shot at random. Bu the had a start of his pursuers. Chromo was trotting now, breaking occasionally but not often, and that her trot was unmatchable in Nebraska she had already proved before that fateful night.

He turned and fired at the man that must be only a few yards behind him. He heard the horse fall with his rider. He had aimed low.

"Ah!" he cried in his intense excitement and the stir of hope, "we have beaten them! Chromo!—Chromo, old girl!—faster. Kate—my darling—we will beat them yet!"

But the cries and the hoof-beats were increasing in clearness again behind him. Just then the moon shone out as he swung around a curve. A long straight piece of the road through the Pines lay ahead of fugitive and followers. Another group of mounted men were approaching, cheering and laughing loudly, and he heard a band of three or four instruments from somewhere in their midst—a waggon. He was riding straight into a company of his neighbours at Borden's Pond, come out from the settlement to meet the expected couple half-way, and escort them home in a rude but hearty welcome!

He managed to check the mare, with their help. They thought it a runaway, Then when he and Kate were out of the waggon—no pursuing party come to try conclusions with the stalwart escort riding out so lustily from the Pond into a strange history that they listened to open-mouthed—and not before—Kate took her opportunity to faint, like any other woman—at last. Then Dwyer began explaining things.

* * * *

They are living happily as ever two people did or do, on the farm at the Pond to-day. But, of course, the Pond is "quite a place" by this time; and its earlier chronicles (none older than fifteen years) sound like myths to the new generation there. The law could not surely enough trace out the partners in the assault on Dwyer. It was all evasion and trickery, though some three or four of the men at the mines quietly left the place before the noon of the day after the midnight convening of the Vigilance Committee. Fletcher had been instantly killed. Kate thinks of it with a shudder to-day, and one must not ask her for the story of her wedding trip behind Chromo. Dwyer is proud of the shot—though his manly face is grave as he says so. The veritable John Cairns ended his days and iniquities—so they happened to hear—in Montana, on (probably) just such a dwarfish pine-tree as Dwyer might have been discovered swinging from the next day after his adventure. But "might" is a long word for a short one; and Dwyer thinks so as he smooths Chromo's coat. She is an old and undisturbed family dependent now on the farm. He bought her of Jackson of Pilota. And so, smoothing her and moving about her, Dwyer thinks over the chances of his life and happiness condensed into those few seconds that followed his being allowed to approach Kate, sitting there beside their malignant enemy. Then his face grows graver still; and he goes into the house and looks at his wife—and smiles soon, as she looks at him.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

IV.—OUR FAIRY.

HER eyes are blue forget-me-nots,
Her hair is spun of finest gold:
Our winsome fay! from cradle hours
She's ruled the household, young and old.

O would that she could be less sweet!
Or would that others could be blind!
But fairies always take to flight—
And wedding-bells come down the wind.

WHAT TO WEAR IN MARCH.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS : FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is not as yet sufficient warmth in the air to admit of any radical change of raiment, though the sun is apt to show up the discrepancies and shabbiness of winter garments. Outdoor jackets —by young people, at all events—would seem to be preferred to mantles, and the salient novelty is their increased length. The model shown in our initial letter is made in almost any variety of cloth or velvet. The points which form the trimming are arranged in fine cord or braid, while the front is of a darker darker tone or of contrasting material to the rest, broad bands of braid or galon forming arrow-shaped points down the front. This fastens on one side, and has a high straight collar, a puffing of silk being introduced on the outside of the arm. It is peculiarly well suited to long-waisted figures, and these are the most fortunate, as far as dress is concerned, in 1891. Stays and bodices all contribute to produce the same effect. The sleeves are tolerably high on the shoulder, but not extravagantly so, and there is every indication that the preposterous type of leg-of-mutton sleeve, so exaggerated in its form, is a thing of the past.

The button trade can hardly be a flourishing one, as far as dress and mantle buttons are concerned ; for no fastening is allowed to assert itself as a rule, and only the antique large buttons are in demand for coats of various kinds.

In the accompanying illustration of a cloak, however, buttons are made to play an important part in the trimming of the sleeves, and they add a great deal to the general appearance of the mantle. The model is made in a fine cloth, trimmed with braid and Astrakhan. There are box-pleats at the back and openings from the hem at either side to the depth of about three-quarters of a yard, the opening being bordered with Astrakhan, which is also carried in a double row down the front. It is drawn in to the figure at the waist at the back, and there is a broad belt trimming which slightly confines the fulness in front. There are tight under-sleeves, and cape-like pendant sleeves high on the shoulders, and trimmed with a double row of buttons. The Astrakhan borders the cuffs and the collar. It is a warm, yet not heavy garment, and gives ample play to the arms.

The pelisse, in some form or other, rarely goes quite out of fashion, and some of the new spring dresses are trimmed in the pelisse style. This is very convenient when, as is the case with the gown in the picture, the bodice trimmings are movable. Of late years, those women who desire to dress well direct a great deal of attention to the all-important question of figure, and even in the depth of winter the jackets and some of the mantles are arranged to fit as closely as a bodice. Many thick woollen gowns have plain skirts and jacket bodices, with the deep added basques, which are worn for indoors and outdoors, the front being cut with wide revers showing a shirt-front and tie. When the wearer goes out of doors, instead of putting on a thick outer covering, she, on the contrary, has warm

INQUIRIES.

under-bodices ready to place beneath the dress, and with a fur tippet or boa is warmly clad, and yet looks trim and smart. The same treatment would hold good with the dress here portrayed, but in lieu of fur there is a movable addition to the bodice for outdoors. This is composed of silk and velvet; it takes the shape of a square double shoulder-cape at the back and bretelles in front, which diminish to a point at the waist. The collar follows the same outline as far as the waist is concerned, but it is of the Medici order, made of velvet, piped with silk, and bordered with ostrich feathers. The dress itself is made of pure brown silk, the skirt, falling in straight folds, having velvet panels embroidered with silk cord, and in the front edged with ostrich feathers. The velvet cuffs have the same edge, and the small, close-fitting capote has a bunch of ostrich feathers at the front and back. The muff is of velvet, tied with ribbon. This would be an excellent dress for a guest at a wedding. The bodice ending straight at the waist is a new idea.

The new silks for evening wear this spring are mostly of the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. periods, with pretty florets connected by flowing streamers of ribbon tied with true lovers' knots; or baskets are interwoven in the design, without handles, in a terry velvet weaving, with flowers flowing from it on either side. Chintz patterns appear both on white and black grounds, and looking at them the shepherdesses and dainty dames Watteau loved to portray occur to the mind. Roses are always to the fore, and many beautiful rosebuds occur in the new brocades. The deep rich pink, which is rather brighter than old rose, forms such a good background to Pompadour sprays, satin being the fashionable ground in preference to silk.

Girls' evening dresses and summer party gowns will be made of printed mousseline de laines and the old-fashioned organdy muslin; the former are singularly inexpensive and durable. The patterns are either very large, showing a huge rose, or tiny, displaying a little bunch of blooms which might just have been gathered in Lady Corisande's garden.

The most fashionable woollen stuff for spring is corduroy, brought out in charming colours, to be made up very simply. Black seems to continue to be the most fashionable trimming. Grey is nearly always embroidered in black, black braid or black chenille, with often medallions of velvet at intervals, and these are accompanied by graduated jet studs, some as small as a silver penny piece, the larger the size of a shilling. Steel facets of the same style are new, also a dark stud, not highly burnished. Bunches of narrow bébé ribbon are introduced wherever it is possible on light dresses, on bodice-sleeves, and the soft folds of the skirt.

Bonnets are to be trimmed more in the front than at the back, and a number of quaint fancy straws will be well worn, but for the present month it would be rash to relinquish the old friends that have stood by us in the winter. Many an illness dates from premature changes in gowns. March comes in like a lion as a rule, but it is seldom now that it goes out like a lamb.

A SPRING EVENING.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Any Englishwoman paying a visit for the first time for some months to a leading French dressmaker, would note a marked and decided change in the arrangement of dresses, as compared with those worn in England. To illustrate exactly what I mean, I must ask my readers to consult the accompanying picture. The figure in the long sleeves wears a most becoming cut of bodice, which is trimmed with massive embroidery in such a way that it resembles a low-necked gown. The model is a pretty grey matelassé, intermixed with soft cloth. The bodice itself is in the woollen fabric, and the ornamentation is of silk, wrought with steel, taking the form of deep vandykes reaching to the waist. There are tight sleeves to the wrist, and over these a full elbow-sleeve which seems to encase

the upper part of the arm, showing the pinked-out edges, and gathered full into the shoulder; the arrangement is entirely novel and most graceful. The skirt is made in the matelassé, long and plain, without any trimming whatever. Round the hips is a silk sash, caught together at the side so that the two fringed ends fall to the hem. The whole toilette is simple and graceful. We must accept the inevitable. Short skirts will no longer be fashionable for outdoor wear; they will touch the ground. For evening, they will rest upon it from the depth of a quarter to half a yard.

The other toilette is still more original and certainly more fanciful. Pink crêpe de Chine, trimmed with black velvet, was the original dress, but less costly fabric, such as mousseline de laine, might be adopted. The trimming on this particular skirt is important-looking, but is confined to the front. There is a kilted flounce at the hem, headed by three bouillonnés, arranged in points, outlined by black velvet, crowned at the top of each vandyke with bows of black velvet. The points on the bodice are formed of black velvet also; the one at the waist turns downwards while on the bust it turns upwards; the material makes a full bodice, while from this upper point to the throat, the interstices are filled in with bouillonnés. The sleeves form the puff set in a black velvet band, and on the right arm there is a huge rosette, a ruche of feathers surrounding the throat. The high bodice and short sleeves find much favour in Paris, but the arms are covered with long gloves which reach to the sleeve.

For young girls the Pompadour styles are in favour. Blue stripes on white silk, with bunches of flowers between, make really delightful frocks; but married women appear in heavy embroideries and jewelled ceintures.

Bright red velvet bonnets are made as capotes with no crowns, but prominent aigrettes. A pretty little novelty is the boa of fringed-out silk. This is easily made and is dressy-looking and warm. Many of them only encircle the neck, where they are fastened with bows of ribbon.

If you have by you any of the long gold neck-chains worn some fifty years ago, treasure them, for in Paris they are once more worn, and are likely to come in again in England, though as a nation the English adopt innovations but slowly.

Princess dresses are frequently made to fasten at the side, and are bordered down the opening and round the hem with either fur or feather trimmings; the sleeve is one full puff to the elbow and then tight to the wrist. The convenience of slipping bodice and skirt on at once is duly recognised, and many of the spring costumes are being so planned.

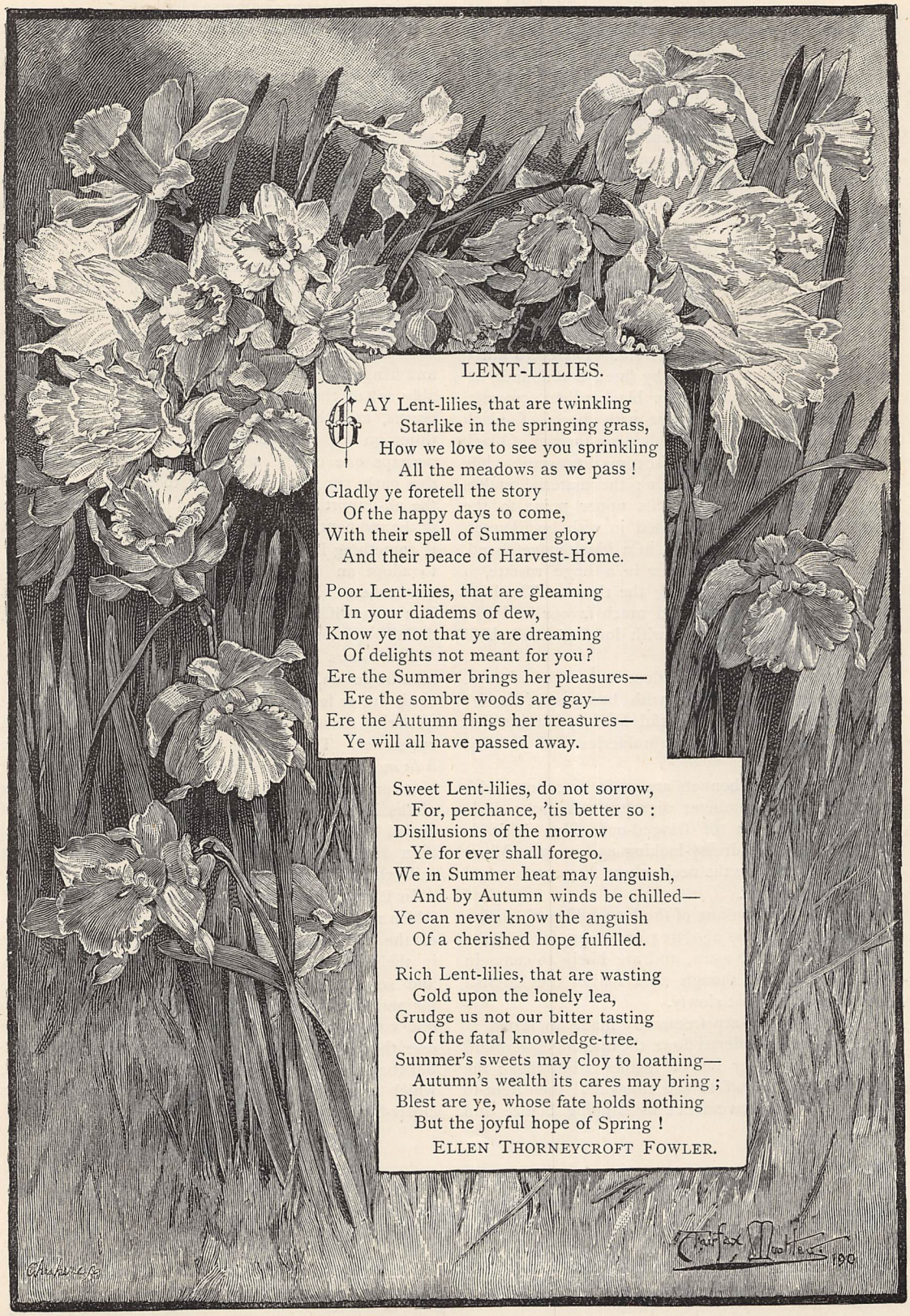
The triple fillets of velvet, pearls, or gold cord are the most popular head-dress of the moment. Sometimes jet bands of the same form serve for the foundation of bonnets.

A new material called "Zenana cloth" is for all the world like the satin-striped Algerian gauzes quilted into matelassé; this is used for petticoats, tea-gowns, and occasionally for evening wraps. Its charms are its lightness and warmth. The inspirations as to colours are curious; frog-green, elephant-grey, play an important part, and many others equally eccentrically named.

Fringes are being made of silk beads and tinsel; they are used for falling to the hem of skirts, and bordering sashes and bodices. French manufacturers are specially skilful in introducing every colour, of even the most subtle brocades, into passementeries and fringes. Slashes of velvet are found to considerably soften the make of cloths, now used much for gowns, and they appear in the sleeves and sometimes on the sides of bodices and skirts. They are perhaps one of the newest forms of trimming. In this early spring it is difficult to speak decisively of the all-important topic—dress, for most of the modes of the moment are tentative and likely to be set aside, if something induces some one person of importance to adopt an idea that is fresher and more original than others. So few leaders of fashion now exist that it is more difficult than it has ever been to form any definite opinions.

The collars to circular cloaks gain in height as the months go on, and all are more or less trimmed with cord, fur, or feathers, the evening cloaks becoming a glittering mass of metallic embroidery, blended with cut stones. The rougher the woollen cloth, the more *à la mode*, and most of them display long upstanding hairs or round or oval spots. The thick coarse winter cloths have a counterpart now in woollen gauze, of varied colouring, which is more like house-flannel than dress material, but they are made up with rare skill which transforms them.

In Paris there is quite a *furore* for serpent jewellery, which will assert itself still more in the spring. Some of the materials show the sinuosity of the reptile in their design, and serpent boas, serpent brooches, and serpent pins, as well as snake-like ornaments for millinery, are being made by thousands. No one can foretell what the next folly may be. We owe the comfort of the tea-gown to a great actress, but that is often now superseded by the house-dress, which is made in very handsome materials, but is closer-fitting than the tea-dress.



LENT-LILIES.

GAY Lent-lilies, that are twinkling
Starlike in the springing grass,
How we love to see you sprinkling
All the meadows as we pass!
Gladly ye foretell the story
Of the happy days to come,
With their spell of Summer glory
And their peace of Harvest-Home.

Poor Lent-lilies, that are gleaming
In your diadems of dew,
Know ye not that ye are dreaming
Of delights not meant for you?
Ere the Summer brings her pleasures—
Ere the sombre woods are gay—
Ere the Autumn flings her treasures—
Ye will all have passed away.

Sweet Lent-lilies, do not sorrow,
For, perchance, 'tis better so:
Disillusions of the morrow
Ye for ever shall forego.
We in Summer heat may languish,
And by Autumn winds be chilled—
Ye can never know the anguish
Of a cherished hope fulfilled.

Rich Lent-lilies, that are wasting
Gold upon the lonely lea,
Grudge us not our bitter tasting
Of the fatal knowledge-tree.
Summer's sweets may cloy to loathing—
Autumn's wealth its cares may bring;
Blest are ye, whose fate holds nothing
But the joyful hope of Spring!

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

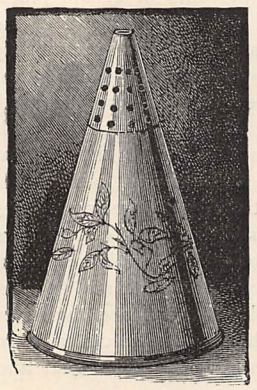
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

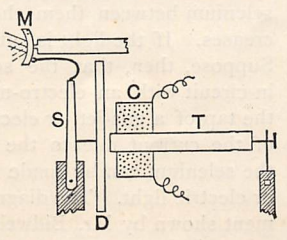
A New Pepper-box.

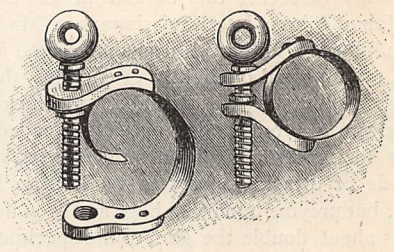
Pepper is so easily adulterated that it is difficult to get it pure and at the same time pungent, for it is apt to lose its piquancy in the ordinary castor. The little pepper-holder which we illustrate is designed to keep the spice in good flavour. It is known as the "Pepperette," and consists of a conical canister or castor, with an air-tight chamber inside, which holds the pepper, and thus preserves its natural strength. A valve in the chamber allows the pepper to drop out through the holes in the castor when desired. The valve is worked by pressing a small knob or key in the bottom of the canister. The pepper supplied with this holder for domestic use is simply and solely the powdered berry of the pepper plant, without bleaching or impurity, and, thanks to the hermetic cell confining it, it will keep its virtue for years. The pepperette can be obtained in gold, silver, or electroplate, for the use of the table, as well as in plain white-metal; and it can be used for holding other spices or condiments.



A Microphone Seismograph.

Signor Batarro, an Italian physicist, has devised a sensitive Seismograph, or earthquake recorder, which is based on the well-known principle of the microphone. The microphone, when used as a telephone transmitter, changes the mechanical vibrations of the voice into electrical vibrations, which in traversing the telephone receiver set the iron diaphragm into corresponding vibrations, that are communicated through the air and appeal to the ear as an epitome of the original sounds. In this new apparatus the vibrations of the ground, or earthquake tremors, take the place of the voice in the transmitter, and instead of being transformed into sound by the receiver, they are recorded on photographic paper. The figure illustrates his arrangement, where T is the telephone receiver, with its coil, C, through which the vibratory current from the microphone transmitter passes, thereby setting the iron diaphragm, D, into corresponding vibrations. This diaphragm is connected at its centre to a light spring or tongue, S, which, by a curving piece projecting from its free end, bears lightly on a small curved mirror, M, mounted so as to oscillate. The consequence is that the mirror is put into oscillation by the vibrating diaphragm, and a beam of light reflected from it to the sensitised surface of a travelling band of paper is caused to move across the paper, tracing a line or curve, which is an amplified delineation of the earthquake tremors. The trace is developed and preserved for further study. Obviously the microphone transmitter can be placed at a distance from the registering part of the instrument, if the circuit between them is maintained by suitable conductors. Clearly, too, this apparatus is applicable to the registration of vibrations other than earthquakes —for example, those caused by passing trains upon structures.





A Tube Clip.

A useful clip for securing india-rubber tubing to gas-pipes, but which may be handy for other purposes, is shown in the figure, both open and closed. When the end of the india-rubber tube is forced on the end of the pipe, the steel spring of the clip catches it round and holds it fast, thus dispensing with a lap of twine or wire. The screw fastens the clip and makes the joint quite air-tight.

A Gold-extracting Fungus.

Professor Liversidge, F.R.S., of the University of Sydney, Australia, has found that certain fungoid growths have the property of extracting gold from water containing it in solution or suspension. Bottles of distilled water, holding finely divided gold reduced from a weak solution of the chloride by phosphorus dissolved in ether, were allowed to stand for years, and it was found that some of them lost the ruby or purple tint which is characteristic of gold powder. Such bottles contained a blue mould or fungus which under the microscope resembled a mat of filaments. When dried over a spirit lamp, or rubbed

in a mortar, they exchanged their purple hue for the yellow lustre of gold. Ether or alcohol is food for such growths, and phosphorus is favourable to them. The mould from cheese or banana skins will remove gold from water in this way, while acquiring a blue colour.

An Intermediate Form.

The Zoological Society of London has recently acquired a very rare carnivorous animal *(Cryptoprocta ferox)* from Madagascar. It has no English name,

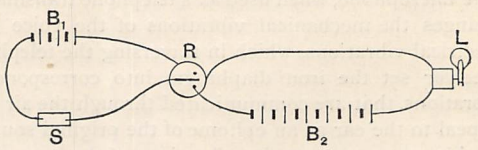
but is generally known as Bennett's Cryptoprocta, from the first secretary to the Zoological Society, who named a specimen sent to England more than fifty years ago. Since then specimens have been exhibited in Rotterdam and Paris, but till now we have had no opportunity of seeing this animal in London. The Rev. James Sibree, late a missionary in Madagascar, says that "when full-grown it is about three feet long, with a tail of equal or slightly greater length. It resembles a small leopard in shape, with thick fur of a uniform warm brown. It is greatly dreaded by the natives for its ferocity and destructiveness, and from its mode of attack appears to be like an immense weasel, but preying upon wild hogs and even buffaloes." This is about double the size of the specimen in the Gardens, which, though incessantly in motion, does not give the visitor an idea of such terrible ferocity; and its canine teeth, which it displays freely enough, are scarcely larger than those of a full-grown domestic cat. This animal is extremely interesting from the fact that it forms a link between the family containing the cats and that containing the civets. Like the cats it can draw back its claws into protecting sheaths, though, unlike them, it does not walk on its toes, but puts nearly the whole surface of the foot on the ground. In the character of the skull also it occupies a position between the two families. It agrees with the civets in having a pouch just under the tail, and when violently enraged is said to emit a most disagreeable smell, like that of the skunk.

The Diamond Shafts.

The diamond mines of South Africa are a curious geological problem. The gems were first discovered in hillocks or "kopjes" rising above the plain; but as the diggings have been carried on, the diamond-bearing earth, a conglomeration of broken fragments of silicated and magnesian rocks, has been found to fill up cylindrical vents or chimneys running down through the surrounding strata to an unknown depth. There are seventeen of these vents, each with its "kopje," and they are situated in a row extending for 120 miles across the country. M. Daubrée, a well-known French geologist, has recently promulgated a theory of their origin which he has supported by some very convincing experiments. He contends that the vents have been formed and filled by eruptive gases from the bowels of the earth, or at least from some deep-seated reservoir. The gases have escaped at points of least resistance along a great fissure or fault in the strata, and at these points, by their intense pressure, they have blown and worn the solid rocks into wide vents or escape-pipes, which were ultimately filled up with fragments of the rock, mingled with diamonds. The gems are probably a present from Pluto, although a German chemist not long since declared they were a "gift from heaven," having come to the earth in meteoric stones. M. Daubrée's theory is very plausible, and at the Laboratoire Centrale des Poudres et Salpêtres, in Paris, he has proved by experiment that the imprisoned gases from explosions of gun-cotton and dynamite in mortars are capable of rending and boring the hardest rocks in their escape; for example, limestone, slate, and granite. The sides of the bore-hole or vent are moreover grooved by the blast, and this feature is noticeable in the walls of the diamond vents, which are scored and striated.

A Self-acting Lamp lighter.

A device which would light a lamp when dusk comes on, and extinguish it at daybreak, without personal aid, would be very useful, and it is interesting to learn that some approach has been made to this end. Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., recently showed an arrangement before the members of the Physical Society, which was an experimental solution of the problem. We have on several occasions described the electrical device known as the "selenium cell." It is based on the property possessed by crystalline selenium of allowing a stronger current of electricity to pass through it when it is exposed to light than when kept in the dark; and it is usually made by melting crystalline selenium between two wires or electrodes



of copper. These electrodes convey the current from a battery to the selenium, and when light falls on the selenium between them the current traversing it increases. If the light is cut off the current diminishes. Suppose, then, that the selenium cell is connected in circuit with an electro-magnetic device for turning the tap of a gas-jet or electric lamp; the rise or fall of the current due to the degree of illumination on the selenium can be made to turn on or off the gas or electric light. The diagram represents the arrangement shown by Mr. Bidwell, where S is the selenium

cell in circuit with the battery, or other source of electric current, B_1, and with a delicate relay, R, such as is used for relaying telegraph messages on long lines. The relay in turn is connected in circuit with another and stronger battery, or source of current, B_2, and with the electro-magnetic device for turning the tap of an electric lamp, L. Now let the selenium cell be exposed to the daylight of a room, so that when the dusk reaches a certain intensity the current in the cell falls and actuates the relay. The latter will bring the current of B_2 into play and turn on the lamp. Similarly, the lamp can be turned off when the returning daylight gathers sufficient strength. The device is also applicable to signal lamps at railway stations, or on board ship : for if a selenium cell be exposed to their rays it can thus be made to announce the fact of their having been put out by accident or design, through actuating an alarm in the room of the station-master or the captain's cabin. In the same way, too, Mr. Bidwell thinks the cell might be used to announce the presence of a burglar at a safe by the light of his bull's-eye lantern. But the ingenuity of burglars is preternatural, and as the yellow rays do not forcibly affect the selenium, it is probable that by employing yellow glass with their lanterns the tell-tale selenium would be outwitted by them.

A Long Pneumatic Tube.

A double line of pneumatic tube for the despatch of small parcels is being laid from New York to Philadelphia, with stations at intermediate points. Letters, newspapers, and other articles will be forwarded through it at a speed of four miles a minute. The inventor of the system is Mr. S. F. Leake, of Philadelphia, and among the points of novelty are a carrier which runs on rails inside the tube, and a block system, with switches, actuated by compressed air.

Hot-Water Machines.

Hot water is now automatically supplied in Paris by penny-in-the-slot machines. Nine quarts are delivered for this sum, and the water is found useful by the poor, and by cabmen for their foot-pans or *bouillottes*. A coil of copper pipe inside the machine communicates with the street main, and is heated by gas-burners ; the penny allows the tap to be opened on pushing in a "button." A glass of hot wine is also sold by similar machines in Paris.

A Plastic Tube.

The advantages of a flexible pipe which will be stiff enough to keep its last position are obvious, and luckily

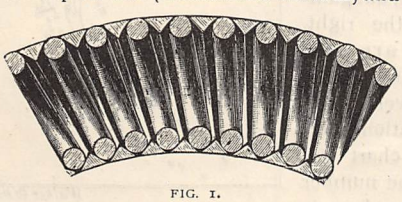


FIG. 1.

an American inventor has hit upon an effective device, partly by accident. A section of the pipe is shown in Fig. 1, from which it will be seen to consist of a tube made of a spiral coil of round wire, with a spiral of triangular wire forced between the spires. Such a tube applied to feed a gas-jet is shown in Fig. 2, and

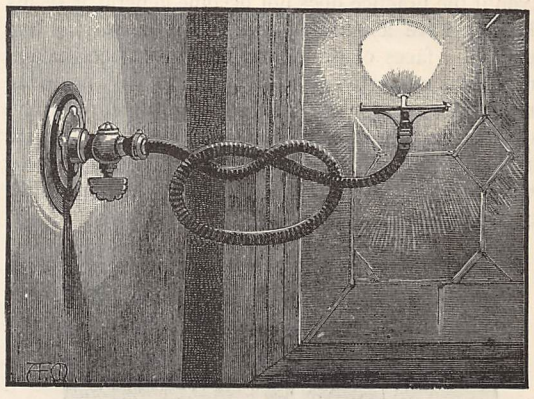


FIG. 2.

it will be seen that the pipe retains the last position to which it has been bent. This is certainly an improvement on the old method of jointed arms applied to lamps and candelabra to allow the light to be shifted from one point to another.

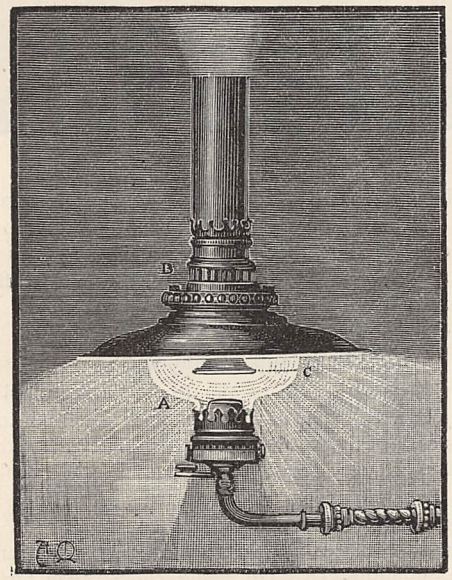
Eggs and Lightning.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S., drew attention to a curious case of lightning-stroke which had occurred at Ballyglass, County Mayo. The eggs were in a basket on the floor of a room when the house was struck by the discharge. It was found that their shells fell off when they were put into hot water, leaving the inner membrane unbroken. On being cooked they tasted quite well.

Electrical Mummies.

The idea of making casts in metal of the form and features of the dead by galvano-plasty has been revived by Drs. Variot and Gartaz. It is well known that the most delicate tissues, such as ferns, grasses, and the skins of animals, can be coated with a layer of metal which will reproduce their texture with marvellous fidelity, as the design of a medal or engraving is copied by electro-plating. The skin has first to be transformed into a conducting cathode, which in the electrolytic bath will receive the coat of metal deposited on it by the electric current. This can be done in more ways than one. That recommended by the above experimenters is to deposit a film of silver on it from a bath of nitrate of silver by the action of phosphorus. The couch of silver is the delicate electrode on which a thicker and more durable coat of silver, copper, gold, or other metal is deposited by the current so as to preserve the finest lineaments and the expression of the dead. These human *clichés* would be almost as true to life as the photograph, and more faithful than the best work of the sculptor. They would be strong enough to withstand shocks, and could be preserved in homes or mausoleums to future generations, like the mummies of the Egyptians and the ancestral portrait

or statue. Moreover, as Dr. Variot suggests, the body within might be cremated, leaving the ashes in the metal case, which would thus become a cinerary urn and reliquary, a mummy and a statue, all in one. Even if the practice does not become general, it seems likely to have a certain vogue. Plaster casts of the heads and faces of great men have long been taken, and metal casts by electro-deposition will probably follow. They might be taken either direct from the body by the above process, or from the hollow plaster cast. People able to afford the expense may also desire to have a gold or silver memorial of some child or friend.



The Deimel Lamp.

In the new Deimel gas-lamp the air feeding the flame is heated by the regenerative process, and delivered on the edge of the flame. The lamp is shown in our illustration, and consists of an argand burner, A, enclosed in glass, and provided with a metal cap and chimney, B. The flame from the burner is supplied with air from below in the ordinary way, and impinges on a button of porcelain, C, placed over it. The flame is thus spread out into a circular sheet, casting no shadow, and the other supply of air for the outside and edge of the flame descends from above, being heated in its passage by the funnel which carries off the products of combustion. It is stated that a consumption of 10 cubic feet of gas per hour gives in this lamp a light of 85 candle-power. A smaller size of lamp than this is also made, but its efficiency is not so high. The lamp is arranged to burn well at a gas pressure of 0·6 inch, and if desired a pipe can be fitted to the chimney, so as to carry the fumes out of the building.

The Colours of Tempering.

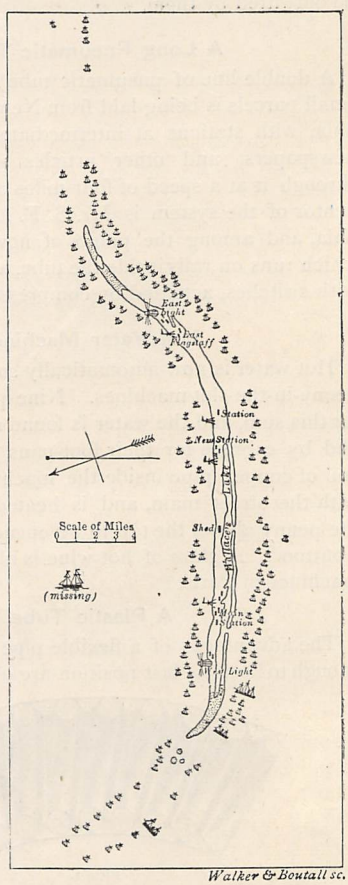
Herr Stein, a German investigator, confirms the general belief that the colours of metals at different degrees of temper are due to a film of oxide on the surface of the metal. Specimens of steel tempered in an atmosphere of nitrogen do not exhibit these colours. Other German chemists have shown that the colouration is not an accurate test of the temper, as the same colours are not always produced at the same temperatures. The harder the steel is, the higher the temperature must be to give it a certain tint. The composition of the steel and the duration of the healing also influence the result.

A Jelly Accumulator.

The ordinary storage battery or accumulator is not very portable, owing to the dilute sulphuric acid with which it is filled; and quite recently Mr. Schoop, an electrician, has hit upon a plan of jellifying the liquid, so as to prevent the evil effect of jolting the cells. A little sodium silicate is added to the liquid, and the acid by decomposing it frees the silica in the form of a jelly. The result is a slight increase of the internal resistance of the cell to the current, and a small diminution of its capacity for containing a charge, but a gain in fitness for transport in launches and tramcars propelled by electricity.

The Graveyard of the Atlantic.

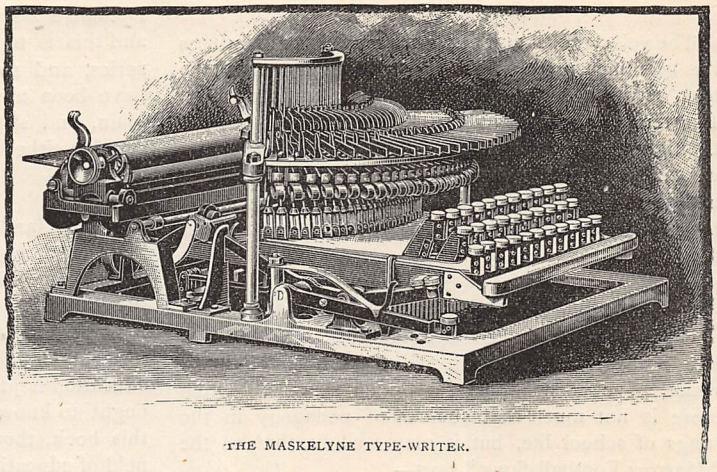
Sable Island, surnamed as above from the number of wrecks which take place there, is a strip of sand dunes covered with bent, about 85 miles from White Head, and 150 miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia. It is illustrated herewith, and is about 22 miles long and one wide at the middle, where a salt lake 14 miles long can be seen. At each end there are dangerous sand-bars, and the island is very rapidly wasting away at the west end, but gaining at the right. There are two lighthouses on it, and several lifeboat stations, for, as the chart will show, the number of wrecks there is very great; vessels run aground and break up without ever being heard of at all. A large amount of



treasure must be buried in these shifting sands. Mr. F. N. Gisborne, head of the Canadian Telegraph Department, has started a movement for connecting the island with Nova Scotia by a submarine cable, which is estimated to cost £20,000.

The Maskelyne Type-writer.

Mr. Maskelyne has applied his mechanical gifts to the production of a new type-writer, for which several advantages are claimed. We need not enter into the details of this apparatus, of which a general view is given in the figure. One advantage it offers is that each letter can be seen as soon as it has been printed, without the operator having to crane his neck over the instrument. It also possesses the merit of requiring a very light touch of the keys, and a short travel over them. But an important though not new feature consists in an improvement of the spacing, whereby each letter has a space allowed for it on the paper correspondent to its length, so that a long letter, say "m," is not cramped into the same space as a short letter like "i" or "t." There are thirty-four keys on the board, and these are capable of recording ninety-six different characters. The types are inked by resting on a pad, and the usual ink-ribbon is in this manner superseded. The machine is practically noiseless in its action.



THE MASKELYNE TYPE-WRITER.

A New Antelope.

Africa has once more sent us something new—this time an antelope from the country near Lake

Ngami. Speke's Antelope (*Tragelaphus Spekii*) was named in 1864 by Dr. Sclater, from the skin and horns of a male brought home by the great explorer whom its name commemorates. The specimen now in the Zoological Gardens—the first one ever brought alive to England—is a female, and stands some three and a half feet high at the shoulder, with long, coarse, mouse-coloured fur on the body, the front of the head reddish, very large ears, and extremely long, slender legs. The hoofs are excessively elongated, and adapted for traversing the reedy swamps in which it lives. When these antelopes are met with in their native haunts, they do not attempt to run, but sink down in the water and submerge their whole bodies, leaving only their nostrils above the surface, so that they may escape the notice of their enemies; the natives then paddle close alongside and spear them from the canoes. Selous, the African hunter, says that the females are hornless; but Major Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, maintains that they have horns like the male. The animal we have described has none.

Lost Cities.

The city under the sea, which has been discovered between Grado and Pola in Istria, is believed to be the ruins of Cissa, mentioned by Pliny as situated on an island of that name. A diver reports having seen the streets, walls, and quays, but the doors and windows of the houses appear to be choked with silt and seaweed. While on this subject, we may mention that the remarkable ruins of Zimbabye, which have been discovered in Mashonaland, are to be explored by Mr. Theodore Bent, with the aid of the Royal Geographical Society. Great progress has been made in unearthing the Romano-British town of Silchester, near Reading. The site covers a hundred acres, and is situated on the Strathfieldsaye estate of the Duke of Wellington. Walls, gates, streets, baths, and private houses have been laid bare, and a rich collection of pottery, implements, and coins has been made. Among these are an iron carpenter's plane and blacksmith's tools. Some of the edge-tools are still keen enough to work with. A piece of tile retains the imprint of a baby's foot, and another that of a shoe or sandal with springs in the sole. The pottery ranges from coarse cooking-vessels to artistic ware; the ironwork shows ornamentation, and the needles or other household articles bear witness to a fairly high degree of civilisation among the Ibero-Celtic population, who, to the best of our knowledge, made up the ancient Britons. It is a mistake to speak of these, our early forefathers, as Celts. They were probably more Iberian than Celtic, at least in England proper.

Sound in Cold Air.

The velocity of sound in air at very low temperatures has been measured by Mr. Greely, from observing the time between the flash of a distant gun and its report. For temperatures of 10·9, 25·7, 37·8, and 45·6 degrees Centigrade below the freezing point, the corresponding velocities of sound were respectively 326·1, 317·1, 309·7, and 305·6 mètres per second. Hence it appears that the velocity of sound diminishes by 0·603 mètres per second per degree Centigrade.

Songs for Colleges and Schools.

Under the title of "Gaudeamus," Mr. John Farmer, late of Harrow, has collected a number of songs which have been popular at public schools. Often there is not much that smacks of pedagogy in the songs of school life, but it may well be that, as the "Harrow Football Song" says—

> "When you look back and forgetfully wonder
> What you were like in your work and your play—
> Then it may be there will often come o'er you
> Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song."

It may be dear old "John Peel" that you hear and follow again, many miles from the school halls where first you heard its ring; or "Sigh no more, Ladies," that the tenor in the sixth form used to sing; or "The Bay of Biscay"—there is nothing of *school* in them, but they are "school songs" to many a man for all that, and we are glad Mr. Farmer has included all these with such as "Dulce Domum" and the "Harrow Football Song" ("Follow Up!") to which we have already alluded. The songs are well-chosen, and have been beautifully printed by Messrs. Cassell, who are the publishers of this pleasant work.

In a New Dress.

At the first sight of the four pretty volumes, we hardly knew Mr. Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects," which Messrs. Longmans have just re-issued in their daintily dressed "Silver Library." In this attractive form we hope Mr. Froude's essays may be even more widely read than ever. It would be presumption to commend work of Mr. Froude's at this time of day, but there may be readers who do not know him apart from his great historical works, and to them we would commend this collection of some of the finest essays of our day, on some of its most important subjects. In the same series Messrs. Longmans have included Mr. Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra," a somewhat weird story republished with the illustrations that accompanied it in its more expensive form. Messrs. Cassell have added to their "Red Library" Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," which was a household favourite forty years ago, but which is almost unknown to the readers of this present day. Let us hope it will prove as popular in this new dress as in its well-worn old one. The fourth volume of the same publishers' "New Popular Educator" serves well to mark the advance which has been made since the last issue of this work. The maps and plates are a great feature of this edition. A new issue of "Cassell's National Library" is commenced with Dickens's last special story, "The Haunted Man," and this is to be followed by other works new to the series, and some of the most popular books which have been already included in it, but all in a new, plain, and strong binding, which makes them very suitable either for pocket use or for the library.

Education in 1891.

Parents and teachers will find very comprehensive information regarding our national education in all its grades in "The Educational Annual for 1891" (G. Philip & Son), which has been carefully edited by Mr. Edward Johnson. The new code is very fully set forth, and much that is said about our public elementary education is just what all members of School Boards ought to know. So to them we specially commend this book, though its survey of the rest of the wide field of education in this country is such as to make it useful as a work of reference in every household.

Studies of Insect Life.

Under the title of "Nature's Wonder-Workers" (Cassell), Miss Kate R. Lovell presents a striking series of pictures of insect life and work, which makes a capital open-sesame to the marvels of entomology. The book is fully illustrated, and is written in so simple a strain that it cannot fail to attract the attention of any reader, however new to its subject. And if it lead, as it ought to do, to a better understanding of the part our insect neighbours play in the economy of nature, it will not have failed of its purpose.

The Use of the Lantern.

This is the subject of Mr. Lewis Wright's "Optical Projection," which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. Thoroughly as the book treats its wide subject, it does so in language devoid, for the most part, of tiresome technicalities or irritating formulæ, and with an abundance of excellent illustrations. The work is thus rendered intelligible and useful to the general reader, while its value to the scientific worker is not in the slightest degree impaired. The chapter on the lantern microscope is very full, and the admirable series of experiments for showing, by means of a "magic lantern," the refraction, reflection, and polarisation of light, would be sufficient to secure a high place for the work that sets them forth. As a practical matter of interest to lantern-workers, we may say that the chapters on the various forms of radiants, and the manufacture and uses of gases, are very complete. Messrs. Longmans are also the publishers of a series of "Elementary Science Lessons," by Mr. W. Hewitt, B.Sc., and the volume for Standard II. is now before us. The lessons are practical object lessons, capable of easy illustration by means of the ordinary things of everyday life. Perhaps the highest compliment we can pay such a book is to say we wish *our* first science lessons had been such as are given here, instead of the dreary disquisitions to which we used to look forward with dismay, and on which we look back with disgust.

A SHARP EXPERIENCE.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "For the Good of the Family," "To be Given Up," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

EXPLANATIONS.

"DO you thought that if I were compelled to choose between you and my worldly possessions, I should let you go? Child, child, how came you to think such a thing?"

"Not if the choice were offered you, Clarence; I knew you too well for that. I only thought it might be better for you if you were forced to keep the one and lose the other."

"You were not afraid for yourself—you did not fear to share my poverty? Olga, you are sure of that?"

Clarence's eyes are fixed on mine as if he would read the innermost secrets of my being. But I do not shrink from his gaze; I have nothing to hide from him now.

Nevertheless, I am hurt by his doubt of me, and an angry retort trembles on my lips. But, thank God! my better nature triumphs. Love is such a fragile plant, the deeper its roots strike down, the more does it need to be tenderly nurtured.

So I smile up at him, and answer softly—

"What is there to fear? Can I ever be poor while I have you, Clarence?"

At my reply his eyes grow kind, until the man's whole soul shines out of them.

"My darling!"

These are the first *lover-like* words Clarence has ever employed in speaking to me. Hitherto he has called me by my name rather more frequently than is customary in ordinary conversation, lingering over it with a tenderness that my ear has been quick to detect, while occasionally he has addressed me as "child" and "little woman"; but his wooing has been characterised by a total absence of those endearing terms most lovers use so unsparingly, and, as I am sometimes tempted to think, so thoughtlessly. But Clarence's "My darling," how can I describe it—how convey the faintest indication of the yearning, passionate, but withal *protecting* love, of which it breathes? Yes, I am *his* darling: his for evermore.

One long look at my face, then he turns from me abruptly, and, going to the window, stands looking out, as he did just now, when I dared to tell him I did not—but, no: I will not repeat those false words; never again shall they pass my lips. Never again will I, even under the guise of self-sacrifice, be guilty of untruthfulness. *His* darling must be true to herself, to him, to all the world.

I lean back on the sofa, and a sigh, more of relief than of weariness, escapes me. I am tired still, but oh! so happily at peace.

Clarence knows everything now. He knows how, when searching Gracie's desk, I found two certificates: the one certifying Eaton Fane's marriage with a certain Marie Bouteille, solemnised in France some years posterior to the date of the will under which Clarence inherited his uncle's estate; the other certifying Marie Fane's death three months after she became Eaton Fane's wife; and how, lest my knowledge of the legal significance of the first of these documents might be at fault, I consulted a solicitor, who confirmed the opinion I had previously held: viz., that a will is revoked by the subsequent marriage of the testator.

The discovery of this marriage is of such paramount importance to Clarence, involving, as it does, not only the loss of those things men hold most dear—wealth, position, and power—but the seeing them pass into the possession of one not qualified to use them wisely. For since the will in which Eaton bequeathed everything he possessed to Clarence is revoked, the whole of the real estate and half the personal estate will now descend to the heir-at-law, Richard Fane, the other moiety of the personal estate going to Clarence, as one of the two next of kin. Nevertheless, Clarence assures me that the loss of all these things is as nothing to him when weighed in the balance with my love. How strange this seems! And yet it is only a sense of my own unworthiness that makes me feel it to be so. I should smile were anyone to offer me a recompense for Clarence's love. To part from Clarence voluntarily would be an utter impossibility; he has become part of my very being, until I seem to lose my identity when I try to picture myself separated from him. True, I planned to break away from him, but then I trusted for strength to carry out my wrong and foolish purpose to the feeling that I was sacrificing myself for his good.

And yet, knowing full well the intensity of my own love, I have all along regarded his as comparatively shallow. Can I be surprised that he appears hurt? How deeply wounded should I not have felt had he been equally ready to doubt the depth of my affection!

I watch him for a few minutes as he stands by the window, the outline of his figure clearly defined in the evening light. Why does he not turn round?

He is evidently vexed with me. I had better break the silence. Those who love each other should always be watchful to avoid misunderstandings.

"Clarence! Clarence!"

He turns abruptly, crosses the room with a heavy tread, and stands in front of me.

His face is so stern that it frightens me, and the words I was about to speak die on my lips.

"How was it that you did not hesitate to keep this knowledge from me as long as our interests were distinct, but directly they became identical your secret weighed on your conscience?"

"How could I become your wife without telling you?" I ask, with a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"Why not?"

His manner is so harsh that I look up at him in mute alarm.

"Why not? Tell me honestly, child, why not?"

"I couldn't. Oh, don't you see I couldn't—couldn't possibly?" I say incoherently.

"Couldn't be so dishonest as to reap the benefit of your own silence. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Oh, Clarence! what is it? Tell me, tell me!"

I clasp my hands together in an agony of appeal. Clarence is keeping something from me, and the very vagueness of the impending danger increases my dread of it.

He steps back a few paces, and stands with one hand resting heavily on the table.

"Clarence, I can bear anything if only you will tell me what it is."

"Olga, I am not what you believe me to be. Child, I have deceived you, and am no more worthy——"

"Deceived me! *Deceived* me, Clarence! *You?*"

A great darkness comes over me. I cannot follow his voice; it sounds so far away.

"Deceived me!" I repeat. "I don't understand. You couldn't deceive me, Clarence."

"But you must understand," the far-off voice is saying. "I knew of this marriage before you did. I wilfully put aside——"

"Oh, Clarence!"

I cannot repress this one startled cry of pain, although I feel the anguish it must cause him. Bitter disappointment has wrung it out of me. My hero has fallen from his high estate. Ah, woe is me! But the next moment my heart is so full of tender pity that I have no thought except how best to comfort him.

The room is in semi-darkness, but I grope my way to where he is standing.

"Clarence, dear love!" I cling to him, but he makes no attempt to support me.

"I have touched pitch, and am defiled. Don't you understand, Olga? I knew it all along; I have ceased to be an honourable man. Child, child, why don't you turn away from me?"

"Because, whatever else you may have ceased to be, you are still my dearest and my best."

Presently we are pacing the star-lit terrace together, passing and re-passing the very spot where Clarence and I first agreed to press forward on life's journey hand in hand.

"The facts of the case were laid before me some time since by a man who stated that he was acting as valet to my uncle when the marriage took place," Clarence is saying.

"Then you did not know of this marriage when your uncle's will was proved?"

"Why, Olga, what can you be thinking of? You surely didn't believe me such a knave as that?"

"You were so loud in your own condemnation, Clarence," I say humbly.

"No. I never doubted my title to the property until within the last few months. It was about a week after you came here that this man called on me. The fellow wanted hush-money."

"And you——"

"Told him that he might prove his story if he could, but that under no circumstances would he ever get one farthing out of me."

"And you have neither seen nor heard from him since?"

"No."

"Why, then, do you blame yourself for the part you have played? It seems to me that all you did was to send a rogue about his business."

"But I ought to have taken steps to prove or disprove his statement. At first I thought the man would come to me again, armed with the proof of Eaton Fane's marriage; but as month after month passed, and I heard no more of him, I began to think that the story he had told me was a pure fiction. Still, I was never at ease. I knew all the time that I ought to have inquired into the matter. And then to counteract my negligence in this direction, I redoubled my efforts to deal liberally by my tenantry. I used to tell myself bitterly enough that the improvements on my estate were paid for out of conscience-money. I see it all now: it was no palliation of my criminal inactivity to use wisely the money which I knew might possibly not be my own. It is no more than a fair retribution that just as my wealth has become of special value to me, when I feel that I could use it to increase your happiness, it should be snatched away from me."

"I, too, have been in the wrong, Clarence. I ought to have told you of my discovery directly I made it."

And as I speak, I feel that Clarence's fault has been no greater than my own. Have we not both shrunk from facing the truth?

He does not attempt to contradict me: his love for me is too deep for that. But he draws me closer to him as he replies—

"The past is over and cannot be recalled; but the future is ours, Olga—yours and mine—to make of it what we will."

"And in it, Clarence, we will voluntarily give up all that we now hold to its rightful owner; and after all has been given up, we shall still be rich—in each other's love."

We stand together in silence after this, looking on that fair domain which is ours no longer. Every inch of the grand old place is dear to Clarence's heart, cold and reserved as he is to all the world but me; the welfare of every tenant is of importance to him, although so few can gather this from his manner. No one can know so well as I do that the stern sorrow in his face is caused quite as much by sympathy for those who will so soon lose his ministering care as by anxiety for his own future and mine.

Presently we speak of these things without reserve, as becomes those who have plighted their troth.

"It will be a strange experience for me to earn my own bread and butter, and to try to get enough for you too. I wonder how I shall do it?" Clarence remarks at length.

"Surely, Clarence, there will be no necessity for you to do that?"

"It appears to me to be an absolute necessity; in fact, I don't see how we are to live unless I manage to earn money in some way. I am a little curious to see what my commercial value will prove to be."

"But you are still entitled to half the personal estate, are you not? Shall we not have enough to live on if we are economical? You know I have served a long apprenticeship to making nineteen shillings go as far as a pound."

"And I should therefore have liked you to try making a pound go no farther than nineteen shillings—just by way of a change, you know. It occurs to me that this latter feat might very possibly prove more conducive to domestic comfort."

Although Clarence speaks so playfully, there is an unmistakable ring of regret in his voice. What wonder, when all our castles in the air have vanished: all our little plans for helping others have come to nought!

"I am not so sure of that," I say stoutly. "I really shouldn't like all my previous experience to go for nothing. It would seem such a lamentable waste of accumulated energy."

Clarence laughs rather bitterly.

"You won't have much to regret on that score, little woman, for, unless I am much mistaken, the future will afford you many opportunities of exercising your skill in domestic economy."

"Is the personal estate so small, then?"

Clarence pauses some seconds before replying.

"I fear that the nineteen shillings with which the little woman is going to work such wonders will not be drawn from this source at all; that it will, in all probability, represent the market price of her husband's unskilled labour."

"Will you be absolutely penniless, then?" I ask, feeling very perplexed.

"I shall be relieved if I am no worse than penniless. You see, ever since my uncle's death I have been spending Richard Fane's money. If I give up every penny of my share of the personal estate, it will not do more than wipe out this debt."

"Oh, Clarence, I never thought of that!" I exclaim in dismay.

"Don't you see what it means, Olga? It means that you will have to return to your people, while I, a man almost middle-aged, and without any previous experience, try to make money in a genteel manner—a mere boy would stand a better chance! It means long years of weary waiting, with hardly a gleam of hope to sustain us; in short, it means the total collapse of all to which we have both looked forward."

I look up at him aghast.

"Oh, Clarence! *can* it be as bad as that?"

"The extent of our calamity is in all probability fixed only by the sterility of our imagination."

"But, Clarence, surely Richard Fane will not take this money? It isn't as if you had known it was his when you spent it."

"Olga, not even for the joy of calling you my wife, would I accept anything at the hands of Richard Fane; no! although it is only too possible that we shall both grow old waiting for that wedding-day which may never come."

He relapses into silence. Now and again I glance at him, half hoping he will offer to explain why he so strongly objects to being under an obligation to his cousin; but he continues looking across the park to the wood that lies beyond, through the trees of which the lights can be seen shining in the windows of Conscience House, while his face grows sterner and sterner.

I do not ask for an explanation, perfect as the confidence between us is; for I have learned that in every human soul there must be some deep-lying recesses into which even the nearest and dearest should not attempt to penetrate.

So I continue to stand beside him motionless, thinking my own sad thoughts. The revelation of Clarence's impecunious condition is a terrible blow to me. Nor is it on his account alone that I am so sorely distressed. That the loss of the estate might possibly involve the indefinite postponement of our marriage never even occurred to me; and now that I realise the long weary years that Clarence and I will have to wait for each other, the prospect appals me. I know it is considered the correct thing for a woman to admit that she is looking forward joyfully, but vaguely, to being the wife of the man whom she loves; but that directly anything is said about fixing the date of her marriage, she should appear to hang back. I suppose, therefore, that were I a right-minded person, I should now feel very sorry on Clarence's account, but immensely relieved on my own. All I can say is, that that is *not* how I feel. I dread parting from Clarence; I am dismayed at the prospect of returning home the promised wife of a man who may never be in a position to claim me. My only grain of comfort is that Clarence does not offer to release me from my engagement: that he so fully realises the indissolubleness of the bond that binds us to each other. Of course I have told my home-people of my engagement, and they have congratulated me warmly; but the congratulations were addressed to the future wife of the Squire of St. Leger Minor. Will they be equally ready to sympathise with the *fiancée* of penniless Clarence Fane?

"To think that Florence's sister will reign here as mistress!" murmurs Clarence at length. "If Florence could but know!"

I look up at him quickly. It is the first time he has ever mentioned his dead wife to me by name.

"Would it please her, Clarence?" I ask softly.

"I hardly know. She loved Eleanor very dearly."

"But, Clarence, you are forgetting it is her hus-

band's ruin that is securing her sister's advancement. Surely she would not be prepared to rejoice at Eleanor's good fortune, seeing what that good fortune must cost you?"

"I hardly know. We did not understand each other. I never made her happy."

"But you loved her?"

"Yes."

I heave a sigh of relief. The question I have so often longed to put to Clarence has now been asked and answered; and the answer is what I would have it be. That Clarence's marriage was not a happy one I have long suspected; but, oh! it would have distressed me so sorely had he told me that he did not love his first wife.

Another long pause. Clarence and I have so much to think about this evening, that we are continually relapsing into silence—sure sign that the confidence between us is complete.

"I wonder how Richard will take it. It will be a wonderful surprise for him!" Clarence breaks the silence by saying.

"Clarence," I cry excitedly, as a sudden idea suggests itself, "that valet you were speaking of—you say he came here about a week after I arrived."

"Yes."

"Did you come into the garden directly after he left you?" I ask. "Try to remember," I add, as Clarence pauses to consider.

"I believe I did. But what of it?"

"Do you remember if I was sitting under the cedar-tree with Gracie, Lincoln Anstice, and Richard Fane?"

"I believe you were—yes; you were doing some fancy-work, using bright-coloured silks, I think; I can see the group distinctly now; you had on a white dress."

Excited as I am, I still notice that in trying to picture the scene Clarence recalls some little circumstance in connection with me. This peculiarity is invariable in all his reminiscences.

"Well then, Lincoln Anstice recognised in that man the individual who had called on Richard Fane the previous evening."

"Called on Richard?"

"Yes. Don't you remember Richard Fane was to have dined with us, and how annoyed you were with him for not arriving until nearly nine o'clock; and how he excused himself by declaring that an old friend had called on him, whom he could not get rid of?"

"Why, yes! Olga, what can it mean?"

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

IT is almost impossible to estimate the extent of a sorrow until the excitement, caused by our sudden awakening to it, has subsided. We may be alarmed, even stunned, by a calamity when we are brought face to face with it; but it is not until after we have calmed down that we begin to experience the dull aching pain, which is so much harder to bear than the first vague sense of dismay.

Thus it is with me. I was, of course, terribly shocked last evening to learn that the revocation of Eaton Fane's will would render Clarence absolutely penniless; nevertheless, I was too startled by having this aspect of the affair presented to me, to realise its full purport forcibly as Clarence endeavoured to bring it home to me.

Now, however, that I am left alone with Mrs. Graham at the Manor House, Clarence having gone up to town to lay the facts of the case before the family solicitor, the full measure of the sorrow in store for my future husband and myself is being gradually borne in upon me.

It is with the utmost difficulty that I can hide my distress sufficiently to avoid arousing Mrs. Graham's suspicions. That worthy woman evidently imagines my despondency to be entirely due to Clarence's temporary absence; and so, with a view to cheering me up, she pours forth a continuous flow of harmless, but intensely uninteresting, gossip. Dear soul! with the best intentions in the world, she drives me nearly frantic. Not for one single moment does she leave me alone.

At length, feeling that my self-control is about to give way, I escape into the garden, only to find that she has followed me.

"My dear Miss Vesey, had you not better put up a parasol? the sun is so very powerful."

"Is it?"

"Why, yes! Surely you must observe it. But there, some people never seem to feel the heat." And then follows a long account of the effect of heat on her numerous friends and acquaintances. "But do let me fetch you a parasol, my dear," she winds up by saying. "Clarence will be scolding me, you know, if, on his return, he finds you suffering from headache. He left you in my charge, if you remember."

"If you really wouldn't mind fetching it, then," I say, reflecting that her doing so must ensure me a few minutes' respite from her well-meant but irritating attempts at consolation.

What a relief it is to be alone! I can let that forced smile fade from my face now; I can fix my gaze on the road along which Clarence must return. He promised to travel back by the afternoon train, if possible, so that the interview with the solicitor is probably over by now. I wonder how it will all end, and how soon we shall have to leave St. Leger Minor. The sooner the better, perhaps. How astonished Mrs. Graham will be when she hears the startling news! Eleanor Cathcart, too: the unexpected turn events have taken will affect her almost as much as it does me. There will be nothing to delay her marriage; the Manor House will need a mistress. She will grace the position, but, even as far as she is concerned, I would far rather see her duly installed in the Deanery at Allchester. By the way, Canon Rutherford has been appointed to the deanery. I fancy I have omitted to mention this before: we were all so delighted about it, Eleanor especially. I really believe that if it were not that Eleanor has so firmly persuaded herself she could never love any man

but Richard Fane, her heart would incline to the new dean. He is such a splendid fellow! Everyone is so loud in his praise; and it is not in the nature of a woman to be indifferent to the estimation in which others hold the man who loves her. After all, I don't see how Eleanor *can* care much about Richard Fane; there is nothing in the man to inspire ardent affection: he is just as commonplace, and as——

"Talk of—angels, their wings——" Yes, there is Richard Fane; and—why, he is coming in here!

What a time Mrs. Graham is fetching that parasol! And I glance anxiously towards the house.

Ever since that unpleasant incident at the picnic I have endeavoured to keep out of Richard Fane's way. But to avoid him altogether is no easy matter in a small place like St. Leger Minor. So we have met again and again, and always in his manner I have detected that indefinable something which has warned me never, if possible, to be left alone with him. Even in Eleanor Cathcart's presence Richard Fane has still paid me somewhat marked attention. I often wonder if Eleanor notices it. That was one reason why I made a point of telling her about my engagement to Clarence. Whatever may be her opinion of her *fiancé's* conduct, I think she exonerates me from all blame in the matter. She does not strike me as being a jealous woman: she is too straightforward herself to be very ready to suspect others, and not sufficiently vain to be always imagining herself slighted. What a splendid specimen of womanhood she is: so tender, so dignified, so true!

And as Richard Fane comes towards me, I wonder for the twentieth time what Eleanor Cathcart can ever have seen in him worthy of her love. He is looking spick and span as usual, in a faultlessly fitting light tweed suit, glossy black hat, drab gaiters, patent leather boots, and freshly cut button-hole. A dapper little man he is, whose appearance is, in some indescribable way, suggestive of the race-course rather than of the gaming-table, although I have reason to believe that he frequents both.

He greets me with effusion, to which I respond but coldly.

"Mr. Fane has gone up to London to-day," I hasten to say.

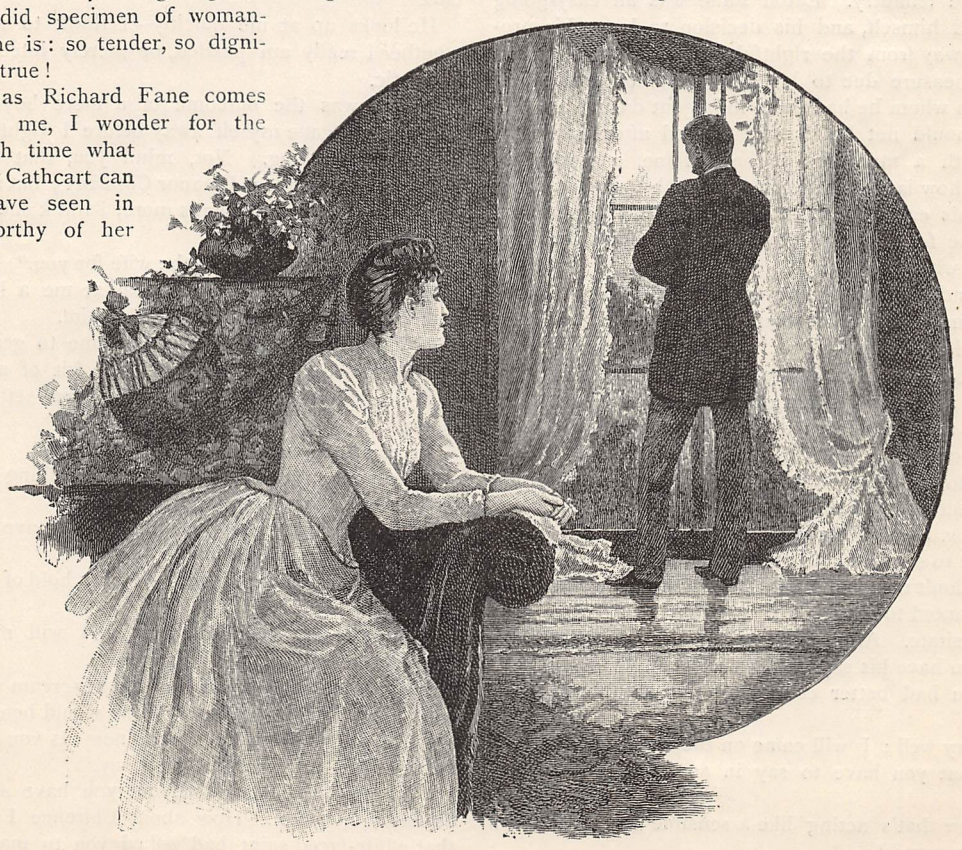
"Yes; I spotted him trotting off this morning," he replies, with the utmost *sang-froid*.

I hear footsteps on the gravel pathway. Turning, I expect to see Mrs. Graham, but it is only one of the maids advancing with my parasol. Ten minutes ago I was racking my brain trying to think of some device whereby I might rid myself of Mrs. Graham's presence, and now I am prepared to view her absence almost in the light of a calamity.

"Where is Mrs. Graham?" I ask the maid sharply.

"Mrs. Graham told me to bring you your parasol, miss, and to say that the housekeeper wishes to speak to her, but that she won't be long before she joins you."

"Tell Mrs. Graham, Mr. Richard Fane has called, and that I shall be much obliged if she will come out here as soon as possible."



"WHY DOES HE NOT TURN ROUND?" (*p.* 257).

I cannot resist the temptation of letting Richard Fane see that I do not desire to be left alone with him, although, as I word my message to Mrs. Graham, I am half afraid that she will hurry less to re-join me when she hears I already have a companion.

"Perhaps we had better go into the house, Mr. Fane," I say, preparing to lead the way. "I fear Mrs. Graham will find the sun a little too powerful for her."

"Why need we disturb the old lady at all, Miss Vesey? Let us leave her to enjoy her afternoon nap in peace."

"I thought you had called to see her, Mr. Fane, since you were aware your cousin was not at home," I say, with all the hauteur I can command.

But my dignified bearing makes no impression on Richard Fane. He laughs long and heartily.

"Very neatly put, Miss Vesey; but you can't deceive an old bird like me quite so easily. *You* know very well whom I've come to see."

A feeling of repugnance comes over me. *That* man to be the future master of the Manor House, the Squire of St. Leger Minor! If Eaton Fane could but know all the misery that is about to fall on those he loved best through his carelessness! For Clarence told me last night that up to the very last Eaton Fane always spoke of, and to, his favourite nephew as his heir, never seeming to weary of instructing him how to deal with the tenantry. Eaton Fane was an easy-going landlord himself, and his decision to leave his property away from the rightful heir was probably in a great measure due to his long-cherished desire that those to whom he had been indulgent during his lifetime should not be harshly treated after his death. But with a man like Richard Fane, one who, no matter how large his income might be, would always allow his expenditure to exceed it, what hope would there be for the unfortunate tenant who should get behind with his rent?

I stand, drawn up to my full height, looking *down*—for I am a little taller than he is—at Richard Fane with cold disdain.

"Look here, Miss Vesey: it's no good standing here getting as red as lobsters under this broiling sun. Let's go into the shrubbery: it's shady enough there."

"Since Mr. Fane is not at home, and you do not desire to see Mrs. Graham, had you not better bring your visit to an end?"

"Now, I thought we had settled all that. I've come up here to see you, and you alone; and now I've seen you, I don't mean to go away without saying what I've long wanted to say."

I hesitate. After all, would it not be better to let the man have his say, and get it over?

"You had better come into the shrubbery, Miss Vesey."

"Very well; I will come on the condition that you say what you have to say in as few words as possible."

"Now that's acting like a sensible girl! Will you take my arm?"

"*No*, thank you."

"It don't signify. I'm not one to make a fuss about trifles."

"May I again ask you to be brief, Mr. Fane?"

"The briefer the better. Miss Vesey, I've taken a wonderful fancy to you; I have, 'pon my word."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Fane."

What a common little brute the man is! And yet he comes of a good family. Possibly the degeneracy in his outward bearing is due to the society of taprooms. I cannot believe but that his manner was more polished when first Eleanor Cathcart promised to be his wife.

"I mean it, Miss Vesey: if you'll have me, I'll have you."

I pause, trying to think how best to administer an effectual snubbing. And this is the man for whom Clarence is called upon to abdicate!

"You don't seem to understand me, Miss Vesey."

"I don't think I do—understand you, Mr. Fane."

"What I mean is, that you've only got to name the day, and I'm ready to marry you."

He evidently thinks that the honour he is about to confer on Gracie Ogilvy's penniless companion is so great, she may well experience some difficulty in realising that he really means what he says.

"I was mistaken, then, in supposing your matrimonial choice already made? I had been given to understand that you were engaged to Miss Cathcart."

He looks up at me quickly—I think to ascertain whether I really am puzzled, or merely intend to be sarcastic.

"That was the outcome of a mere boy-and-girl flirtation: I gave myself away before I rightly knew what I was doing. Not, mind you, that I've got a word to say against Eleanor Cathcart; but she's not the wife for me; and what's more, I think she's beginning to see it for herself."

"Of a surety, she is not the wife for you."

Again Richard Fane glances up at me a little uneasily. I think my manner puzzles him.

"What I propose is for you and me to get spliced on the strict Q. T. There'd be a bit of a row at first, I suppose; but things would soon settle down again."

"Richard Fane, you are a scoundrel!"

"Bless me, my dear! what are you talking about?" exclaims my companion, much startled.

I turn abruptly away from him. I have nothing more to say to such a man as this.

But he catches me up, and clutches hold of my wrist roughly.

"Let me go, Richard Fane, or I will rouse the house."

"My dear little woman, you might scream until you were black in the face, and no one would hear you."

"Are you as destitute of manliness as you are of all sense of honour? Let me go, I say."

"Not until I have asked, and you have answered, one more question. How about Clarence Fane? If that white-faced saint had asked you to marry him, what would your answer have been?"

"Clarence Fane *has* asked me to marry him."

"And you——"

"Am living in the hope of some day being his wife. Now you have had your answer, let me go."

"It will be a very long day before that hope will be realised."

"What do you mean?" I ask, with a vague sense of alarm.

"That your saint is not even an honest man: that he is spending money which he knows is not his own: that he will soon be stripped of every penny, as he so well deserves to be."

I smile contemptuously.

"Is that all you have to tell me? It was hardly worth waiting for."

"Are you going out of your mind? Don't you see that you have engaged yourself to a pauper? Clarence Fane has absolutely nothing of his own: everything that he now pretends is his, is mine—mine; and he knows it."

"Yes; for once you are right, Richard Fane—he knows it: Clarence Fane knows that you are Eaton Fane's heir. This very day he has gone to lay the facts of the case before Mr. Newmarsh."

"I don't believe it."

"You needn't; it is quite immaterial to me what you believe;" and again I try to move away from him.

"Stop a bit. Do you mean to tell me you knew that just now, when I told you I was ready to marry you?"

"Of course I knew it, although this to you stupendous fact had to my mind no bearing on the case."

"No bearing on the case? Good gracious! what a fool the girl must be!" exclaimed Richard Fane, more as if he were following the thread of his own thoughts than addressing me. "Do you mean to tell me that you actually knew you were refusing the Squire of the Manor?"

"I certainly was fully aware that I was refusing to listen to the proposals of a dishonourable man, who, through a fatal omission on the part of the late Eaton Fane, was about to come into a large estate."

"Look here, Miss Vesey: I won't be hard on you; I'll give you your chance over again. I know it's a bit awkward about Eleanor Cathcart; but if we take the bull by the horns, and go off together, she'll soon get over it. It isn't as if she would be left in the lurch altogether; there's that old Rutherford ready to jump down her throat if only she would hold up her little finger. Just the sort of sanctimonious old card, too, to suit her to a T."

"Richard Fane, will you never understand that I loathe and despise you? that I——"

We both start asunder, alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps. Another moment, and Eleanor Cathcart stands before us.

It is impossible to say how much or how little of our conversation she may have overheard. The pathways in the shrubbery are so winding, that she was almost upon us before we became aware of her near presence.

Even if she had heard nothing, I fear our startled expressions will arouse her suspicions. However, she greets us with her habitual dignity of manner.

"Mrs. Graham told me I should find you and Richard somewhere in the grounds," she goes on to say. "I came up to see Clarence about poor John Gray's widow. I am sorry he is not in; but perhaps, Olga, you could speak to him about the poor woman when he returns."

And then she enters into particulars about the widow's troubles. Alas! Clarence has no longer the power to help her, or the many others in distress.

We talk for a little longer, and then Eleanor takes her leave, Richard Fane preparing to accompany her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Vesey. Tell Clarence I was sorry not to find him at home."

And then Richard Fane offers his arm to his *fiancée*, looking very sheepish.

"Thank you; but I think I had better keep my hand disengaged to raise my dress a little; it is rather long, and the roads are so very dusty."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"Eleanor's wedding is fixed for the eighteenth. I am glad of it. The Manor House will need a mistress."

"Did Eleanor tell you this herself, Clarence?"

"No; I met Mr. Cathcart this morning. We were talking some little time before he mentioned it; possibly he thought that the news might not altogether please me."

"Is he very delighted about it?"

"I should imagine so; but he was not particularly exultant: out of consideration for my feelings, I suppose."

"I really don't see why he should imagine you would not be prepared to rejoice that Eleanor's long engagement is about to end in the orthodox manner."

"Nor do I, Olga; but everyone seems to think it necessary to assume a funereal expression before addressing me now. Well, it will soon be over. What a relief it will be to get away from people who are perpetually expressing their sympathy with me in my "terrible disappointment!"

I glance up at Clarence as he prepares to leave the dining-room, where he, Mrs. Graham, and myself have been lunching for the last time. Yes, he looks years older than he did a month ago. I shall be glad when to-morrow is over—the to-morrow that is to take us all away from the dear old Manor House, even although our long separation shall then have commenced. These last few weeks have been terrible—terrible!

"Mind, Olga, everything must be finished this afternoon. This evening—our last evening—we spend together."

"I shall not forget, Clarence.

Then Clarence retires to the library to have a last interview with his steward—the steward who has managed the estate for so many years, whose services Richard Fane has already arranged to dispense with at no very distant date.

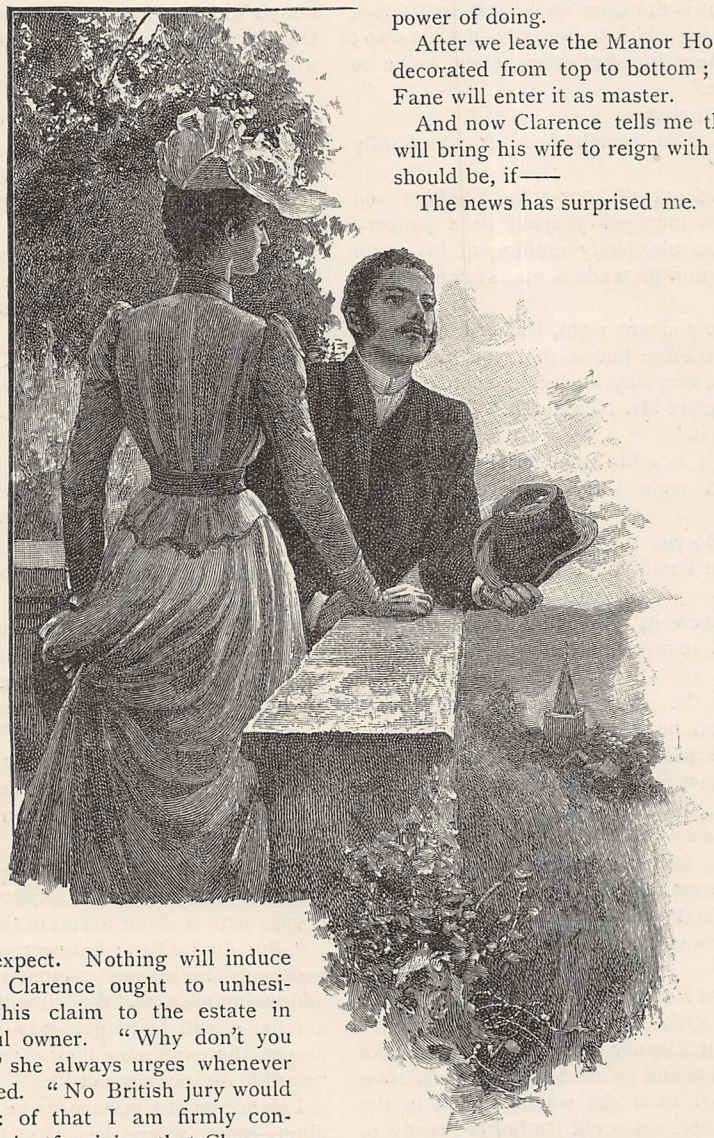
I ascend to my room to see that everything is in readiness for my departure in the morning. I am going back to Southsea — back to all my old troubles, I fear; for my step-mother mentioned in her last letter to me, in a manner too pointed to be misunderstood, how very well Jack Bassett was getting on. My father, too, is still away on foreign service, so that there will be no one to take my part — my part and Clarence's.

Mrs. Graham winters abroad. Poor lady! she has not yet recovered from the shock of hearing that the Manor House is about to pass into the hands of Richard Fane. To give up the very roof that covers one! It is too much to expect. Nothing will induce her to admit that Clarence ought to unhesitatingly relinquish his claim to the estate in favour of its rightful owner. "Why don't you take it into court?" she always urges whenever the subject is mooted. "No British jury would decide against you: of that I am firmly convinced." I think she is of opinion that Clarence has exhibited a deplorable lack of spirit in so meekly bowing to the inevitable. Richard Fane was never a favourite of hers.

Clarence has been fortunate enough to obtain a secretaryship to a small trading company. It is not a particularly lucrative appointment, moreover it will necessitate his residence in London, which he considers a disadvantage; still, it is far better than nothing. Clarence has been loud in his expressions of gratitude to the friends who procured it for him: a little louder than he would have been, I am inclined to think, had not their patronage galled him so cruelly. My proud Clarence! perhaps, who knows? it may be well for you henceforth to be the one to receive, instead of confer, favours, bitter as will be this novel experience. May be, did I say? nay, must be, since it is permitted. But would that I might be at your side to cheer and sustain you through your fiery trial, as you have so often said that I alone on earth possess the power of doing.

After we leave the Manor House, it is to be redecorated from top to bottom; and then Richard Fane will enter it as master.

And now Clarence tells me that the new squire will bring his wife to reign with him. This is as it should be, if——



"WE WATCH THE EVENING LIGHTS APPEAR" (*p.* 266).

The news has surprised me. Eleanor could not have overheard anything that passed between Richard Fane and myself on the memorable occasion when he did me the honour of offering to make me his wife. And yet the circumstances in which she surprised us were in themselves sufficiently suspicious to have alarmed her, especially in the face of all that had gone before. Some women would overlook what then took place, aye, and more too, in a lover possessed of so fair a heritage; but Eleanor Cathcart is not of their number. Since she has consented to become Richard Fane's wife, I know that she must still be labouring under the delusion that he loves her, and her alone. And now comes the question: ought I to allow her to be so cruelly deceived? It may be that Richard Fane has come to his senses: his having fixed so early a date for the wedding would almost look as if he had. If so, would it not be better to let matters take their course? Oh, if I could but go to Clarence, and ask him to advise me! But instinctively I feel that what

passed between Richard Fane and myself should be told to Eleanor alone, and only to her in the event of its being necessary to her future peace that she should know of it. Of course I told Clarence all that Richard said about the rightful ownership of the estate; but of Richard's motive for broaching this family matter to me I said nothing. How much Clarence may have guessed, I cannot say; but he respected my reticence by forbearing to question me on the subject. I think he felt as I did, that the secret was more Eleanor's than mine.

A knock at my door.

"Miss Cathcart has called to see you, miss. She is in the drawing-room."

I start. Yet I more than half expected her to come on this the last afternoon I shall ever spend at the Manor House.

Her greeting is a little hurried. She is evidently not quite herself.

"Olga, I have come to you to tell me exactly what has passed between you and Richard Fane," she says, speaking with the simple directness that is so natural to her.

I feel my cheeks burning. Yet, goodness knows, I have no cause to reproach myself in this matter.

"I can bear to listen to anything you may have to tell me, Olga."

But how am I to tell it? How find words wherewith to clothe the disgraceful story?

"Olga, has he ceased to love me?" she asks, seeing how painfully I hesitate.

"I fear so—I greatly fear so."

"Please speak out quite plainly."

She looks me straight in the face without flinching, with her clear, steadfast eyes.

"Richard Fane made me an offer of marriage, which, I need not add, I refused," I say in a low voice.

"Then it must be all over between us."

There is no anger in her voice, no wounded vanity; only sorrow, deep, dignified sorrow.

"My father was speaking to him last evening, and he offered to fix an early date for the wedding—the eighteenth of this month. He had not the courage to refuse to carry out his engagement when want of means could no longer constitute an excuse. But I feared the prospect of marrying me had become distasteful to him; I had feared it for some time. My poor father! it will be a bitter disappointment to him."

"How came you to love him!"

Eleanor does not seem surprised at the question: perhaps she has asked it of her own heart before now.

"I was never deceived in him; I knew, even when he was a very young man, that he was not to be trusted as you trust Clarence. But he used to say that I had so much influence over him, and I believed it. I think at that time there was some truth in the statement. So I tried to reform him. And the longing to do so became more intense as the hope of success grew fainter. I mourned over him, as many a fond mother has mourned over her profligate son; the more the maternal element entered into my love for him, the deeper it became. I felt as the years rolled on, and still I did not *dare* to marry him, that I was losing my youth, and with my youth my influence over him; but I shrank more and more from admitting this. I had not the courage to meet defeat. Now I have no choice left but to stand face to face with it."

I try to speak to her of the possibility of a brighter future. With her accustomed directness, she makes no pretence of misunderstanding my meaning.

"Yes, I know, I know. I do value his love, although I cannot return it. He is a good man, with a great tender heart. I would so willingly give myself to him, if only I could."

I say no more. Still, I do not despair but that in course of time Dean Rutherford's devotion will receive its due reward. The veil has at length been torn from her eyes. Is it not possible that her newly acquired clearness of vision, in addition to enabling her to decipher the danger-signal, may be the means of leading her towards that pleasant pathway which has for so long been opening out before her?

In the evening, when Clarence and I are on the terrace together—the terrace that association has rendered so dear to us both, and on which we are not likely to stand together ever again—I tell him of Eleanor's decision, and her reason for arriving at it.

He closes his lips very firmly, and an angry light gleams in his eyes as I hurriedly speak of that offer of marriage Richard Fane was so ill-advised as to make me.

"She will be well rid of him," is all he says.

"I did not tell you of this at the time it occurred," I say, "because I felt that had I been in Eleanor's place, I should not have liked it talked about."

"You were right—quite right, Olga. And now, love, we need speak of it no more. It is a story to which I cannot bring myself to listen calmly."

Since our trouble came to us, Clarence has taken to addressing me as "love." I think his doing so is a recognition of the relationship that exists between us—a relationship that nothing can ever change.

So we speak of other things: of the life that is in store for both of us apart from each other. For we do not know when we may meet again.

When first it was suggested that I should go home to-morrow, Clarence asked if I wished him to accompany me to Southsea, and I told him plainly—no. There is that in my step-mother's letters which prompted this reply. We understand each other so perfectly—Clarence and I—that I did not much mind *telling him this*, although the fact that my step-mother is not prepared to welcome my future husband in his present straitened circumstances is a bitter, bitter grief to me. But he understands; Clarence always understands.

And as we stand, hand in hand, looking out on that fair scene, which we may perhaps never see again, no vow of fidelity is demanded or offered on either side. Once Clarence asked me if I dreaded sharing his

poverty. My answer to that question he has accepted as final: for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, I am his and he is mine.

But although we are disturbed by no shadow of distrust, a great sadness steals over us. We are relinquishing so much—so much. True, riches are not everything; of themselves they cannot bring happiness; but, rightly used, they may be the source of much joy.

It is not greed that makes us sigh as we watch the evening lights appear in many a labourer's cottage.

"Poor fellows!" Clarence murmurs. "I fear it will go hard with them. Richard, I hear, talks of engaging Stephenson as steward."

"Oh, Clarence!"

"My people will feel it. Poor Uncle Eaton! He was such an easy-going man. I wonder how he would feel if he knew there was a prospect of Stephenson collecting the rents on his estate."

"It is no use grieving over it, Clarence; we cannot do anything."

"No, we can do nothing—nothing."

"Clarence, it is just as well Gracie has gone away. She is better off than if she had remained here."

"I hope so—most sincerely I hope so."

"Do you doubt it?"

"Love, I cannot say. God forgive me if I was unjust to him, but I had a very poor opinion of Anstice."

"It is fortunate that they did not accept your offer of the Gate-house. I suppose they must have vacated it now, had they been living there?"

"Unless Richard Fane allowed them to remain on. After all, Anstice was his friend."

"I wonder why they had such a rooted objection to taking up their quarters at the Gate-house. I never could understand it. I have often——"

But the sound of approaching footsteps on the gravel pathway below causes me to stop short in what I am saying.

In another moment, although the twilight is deepening, we have espied a closely veiled figure coming rapidly up the drive.

"Clarence, who can it be?" I whisper. Everyone in the neighbourhood knows that this is our last evening at the Manor House, and would hesitate long before intruding on our privacy.

But the figure is advancing rapidly—it is coming up the terrace steps.

Instinctively Clarence's arm steals round my waist.

"Courage, love, courage!" he murmurs.

The figure is coming nearer—nearer; it is standing before us with bowed head and supplicating gesture.

"Gracie!" I cry. Everything seems running away from me, until Clarence catches me in his arms and holds me fast.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

NEEDLEWORK FOR BUSY FINGERS.

TIME and tide wait for no man," and before very long we shall, in the natural order of things, have said "Good-bye" to the long and pleasant winter evenings, and gradually have changed our lamp-lighted, fireside occupations for the attractions held out by that charmer, Spring. Let me, while the nights are still long, and fingers elastic through much intercourse with the work-basket and its contents, offer my readers a few more homely hints on the making of sundry articles which will, I hope, be deemed not only novel, but utilitarian in numerous ways, and particularly for the increasing of the comfort and beauty of the kingdom (or queendom—or both?) called Home, and bestowing upon our relations and friends at those seasons when we are called upon to give presents.

A very handsome cloth for a large hall table may be made by taking a piece of cloth the required size, of a dark crimson or dark green shade, or even using a real table-cover, provided it is not figured in any way. On the centre of the cloth a design of four racquets and sundry tennis-balls has to be worked. The racquets are to be arranged in couples, crossing each other's handles, and, together with the balls, must be the ordinary size. The design has to be worked in the ordinary embroidery stitches used in crewel work, the parts describing the handles and all woodwork to be filled in. The balls must also be filled in with stitches, and two shades of gold wool of a coarse make may be used throughout. The seams on the tennis-balls will thus be clearly defined by the worker, and a very novel table-cover will be produced. The border of the table-cover could be overcast with very coarse amber wool or silk, after the pattern of a blanket edge, or in many other ways easy to think of.

A drawing-room bracket for the side of the fireplace, to hold keys or other things, may be manufactured by taking a piece of wood—square, shield, or any shape preferred by the worker—and covering it with silk or satin, very neatly turning the edges and securing it at the back. A band of velvet or plush is next needed, and upon this some pretty design (*e.g.*, a spray of ivy, or Virginia creeper, or poppies) must be worked. The band is then fastened *slantwise* across the front of the board, and finally about four fancy brass hooks

are screwed into the face of it, and two rings added at the back to receive a silk cord, or a ribbon and bows, to hang the rack up by.

Very dainty ornaments for the corners of a room may be made with the straw cases used to pack bottles. The most perfect ones must be picked for the purpose, and some tinsel thread, and two or three colours or shades of ribbon about an inch wide, according to taste and surroundings, will be needed. The tinsel is put on the side of the case which will form the front, strands of it being fastened in an upright manner until the surface of the straw is prettily ornamented. A dainty bow of ribbons is made and fastened at both top and bottom, the one for the latter having rather long ends. This simple article is a change from the corner wall bracket, and will be appreciated as a receptacle for holding teasel heads, bulrushes, oats, or wild grasses in winter time; and in the summer a crock to hold water may be concealed inside, and freshly cut flowers, such as large branches of poppies, moon daisies, ferns, &c., will make a corner very charming. It is needless to remark on the simplicity with which the case is fastened on the wall.

A drawing-room work-bag is always a useful article, and a satisfactory way of making one is after the pattern of the very old-fashioned knitted purses, with a slit left in the middle, and a couple of rings added for fastenings. It is needless to say that the bag is a purse on a very gigantic scale. In regard to materials used for this, a host might quickly be suggested. I have seen very pretty bags made with nothing but figured cretonne, the ends being drawn up and finished off with a bow of silk cord and tassels or hand-made balls, and a couple of large mahogany curtain rings slipped on for fasteners. Bows of ribbon will decorate the ends as well as cords and tassels. These bags should be about two and a half feet long and twelve inches wide. A piece of crazy patchwork the required size will make a handsome bag if lined with silk or satin, and so will a piece of velveteen relieved at the ends by a little embroidery. This bag might be also made in knitting or crochet.

A newspaper rack, bracket, or bag is always a useful concomitant to the furniture of "the room of the household." I recently saw one in size twelve inches by eighteen, made of brown plush for the front; the back was of stout cardboard to act as stiffener, covered on both sides with brown sateen. The sides of the bag were made purse fashion. The worker will do well to study the sides of the pocket-part of a pocket-book, taking it for a model in miniature. Of course a newspaper bag must have some pretensions to beauty, and the front of the one already alluded to was very handsomely worked. Two inches from the edge all round, a line of gold was worked with silks. The centre was a design of wheat-ears and oats, richly contrasting with their background of dark brown plush. Gold silks were used in embroidering the oats and the straw part, and for "touching up" the wheat-ears, which were very naturally represented by the use of melon-pips fastened on in the required position of the corns of wheat. The awns were composed of threads of silk. A thin gold cord added round the edges will be a great improvement, and some cord may be used to hang the case up by.

A music-case may be made as follows:—Procure a piece of cardboard that will easily bend, and cut to a size of about sixteen inches by fifteen. Fifteen inches is the measure of the case from end to end. Leave one fifteen-inch side of the card straight, and at the other round off to form the flap, or round it in three ovals, the central one to project farthest. A piece of crimson cloth, slightly larger than the card to allow for turnings-in, is next needed, and upon that portion which is to be the overhanging flap of the case, a design of daisies and ferns, or a bit of colour in the shape of autumn leaves, or anything else preferred, may be worked in silks or filoselles. The inside of the card is lined with crimson sateen, and the two ends of the case are composed of cards about four and a half inches wide and five inches deep, with the bottoms rounded off at the corners, covered with cloth and lined with sateen inside. In making up the music-case, the edges are stitched in strongly with silk, and all the edges and joinings hidden by a fine silk cord, crimson to match the cloth. At the middle of the flap underneath, a buttonhole should be worked, and a button put on to fasten to. A handle should also be made at the top of the flap, by plaiting a piece of the cord or making a strap of the crimson cloth, and neatly stitching it on, or passing the ends through a hole previously made in the cloth and buttonholed round. Instead of a floral design on the case, a great many ladies will prefer a boldly worked monogram, which always looks effective, as does also the word "Music" in plain or fancy letters.

Novelties in pincushions are many. I have seen two unique ideas recently. The first was a receptacle for pins, formed by making a small, round, plush-covered cushion, and gluing it securely into the bowl of a large wooden spoon (costing so little), which was first covered with gold or bronze lustre paint. A dainty bow of ribbon, to harmonise with the other colours used, is attached to the handle of the ladle. The pincushion itself may be pleasantly varied in shape and colour, and embroidery, patchwork, &c., may be introduced for it.

The other pincushion was made with the immense, hardened capsules of the opium poppy, or perhaps garden poppy, freed from its seeds by a neat oval aperture being cut in one side. The edge of this hole was then apparently perforated with small holes for a needle to pass through, and the inside of the poppy-head stuffed with sawdust or bran. The exterior of the capsule was enamelled brightly. The opening in the side of the poppy was neatly covered with a piece of silk, satin, or plush, any plain or fancy stitch preferred being used to sew it over. This piece of plush receives the pins. I should have remarked that the poppy-head must be perfect, and have at least a couple of inches of strong stem attached, and this stem is also enamelled, and finished

by a knot of narrowest ribbons, in harmony with the other colours. Two of these pincushions, which I saw at a bazaar, were as follows: — A poppy-head painted a rich heliotrope or pansy, trimmed with ribbons and cushion of primrose silk; another painted a dark slate-colour with crimson accompaniments. Bronze-green and pale pink would also look well.

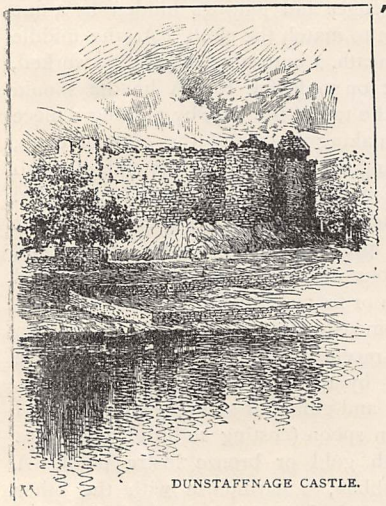
A linen cover for a tea-cosy is a useful article to make in these days when a cosy itself is often a costly and elaborate piece of work, only fit to serve for "state purpose," and too precious to be lightly used. How well do I see with my mind's eye one such perfect piece of work on satin, water nymphs and river-side scenes in painting and embroidery mixed, too beautiful for fingers to touch! A choice cover for such a thing of beauty, keeping it a "joy for ever," may be made by taking pieces of white linen, slightly larger than the cosy sides it is to fit over, and working thereon a design in Mont Mellick embroidery, which is now so popular, and rightly too. The pattern may be worked with white linen thread, or white mixed with light blue, and the cover made up in the ordinary way. Of course this will wash and retain its new appearance.

Readers who have friends in far-away lands over the great and wide sea will be glad of a hint of something which is often acceptable, and is so light in weight it can travel in the home-letter. It is a name, worked in satin stitch on a little band of silk, suitable for stitching inside an overcoat or other garment. I have made many for a brother in the far West, and they have been always appreciated.

ELEANOR E. ARCHER.

THE LAND OF LORNE.*

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S., ETC.



DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

THOSE who laughed with Professor Aytoun over the "Glenmutchkin Railway" thirty years ago may see the realisation of the project which then excited their mirth, as they are whirled across Argyllshire and through the Land of Lorne. The objective point of the railway—although it is not now known as the "Glenmutchkin" line—is Oban, variously called the Charing Cross of the Highlands and the Brighton of Scotland. To most tourists Oban is known only as a halting-place for the night, and a starting-place for somewhere else. All the lines of Highland coaches and steamers radiate from Oban, which during the season, at early morn, and again at dewy eve, is daily the scene of almost frantic bustle and excitement, as train upon steamer, and steamer upon coach, pours its stream of tourist-life upon the shores of the beautiful bay. But we go not with these, who in the haste to cover distances and to complete a programme of tour miss all the bountiful harvests that a quiet eye may reap in dallying by the way.

What is the nameless charm which binds for ever to the West Highlands anyone who has once felt its influence? It is not altogether one of scenery, although that is magnificent. It is not altogether one of physical sensation, although the atmosphere is invigorating and the mountain odours are delicious. It is not altogether one of climate, although even the mists and rains are dear to the healthy lover of Nature. It is all these, and something more. There is a psychic spell, an irresistible spirit of the past, which pervades the present and suffuses the whole region with romance. Even the shriek of the locomotive as it rushes down the winding incline of Glencruitten—to the disturbance of the soul of Professor Blackie—cannot break for us the mystic charm which envelops these Western hills and lonely moors and wine-dark waters. Perhaps the flying steam-ribbon, as it undulates down the mountain-side and along the valley, might provoke the enthusiasm even of the phlegmatic Boswell, who has little more to say of Oban, where he and the great Doctor halted during their famous tour, than that it has "a good inn."

A good inn! what would the shade of the amiable "Bozzy" think if he were to re-visit this place now, and find no fewer than thirty-two fully equipped hotels, some of them of enormous size? It is a town of inns and lodging-houses, for, as Professor Blackie sings in his joyous fashion:—

> "Oban is a dainty place;
> In distant or in nigh lands,
> No town delights the tourist race
> Like Oban in the Highlands."

But old Samuel Johnson felt none of that nameless charm to whose spell we succumb. He saw no beauty in these mountains; he looked at the rivers only to see if they held fish for food, not for sport; he compared the royal stags with the English fallow-deer; he even spoke disrespectfully of the size of the waves; and while he praised the politeness

* The illustrations to this paper are engraved from photographs by Messrs. Valentine and Son, Dundee.

of the Highlanders, he condemned their language as the rude speech of a barbarous people, who have few thoughts to express, and are quite willing to be misunderstood. The worthy Doctor believed in grammar, but not in tradition. He acknowledged the Gaelic language as a fact not to be disputed, but he obstinately refused to believe in Gaelic poetry, which is the fount and essence of Gaelic romance. The glamour of the land where Fingal lived and Ossian sang was not for him. And as for the language—well, Samuel Johnson may have been right, but it is well to remember that another lexicographer gravely wrote that "in the islands of Argyllshire every word is pronounced just as Adam spoke it."

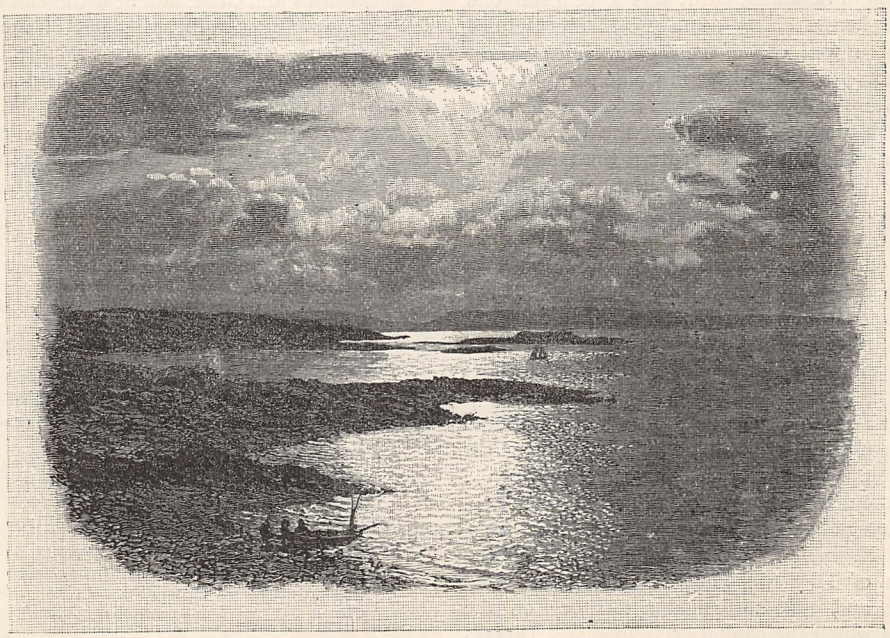
This was said with much assurance, but it has been more than once seriously contended that Gaelic was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden, and, of course, everybody knows the proud boast of the Macnab Clan, that at the time of the Deluge they had a boat of their own.

The Eden theory is, perhaps, not so wild as it seems, if we accept the traditional account of the origin of the Dalriad Scots: that is, that the Scots were the descendants of one Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, and that they came to Ireland about one thousand years before Christ.

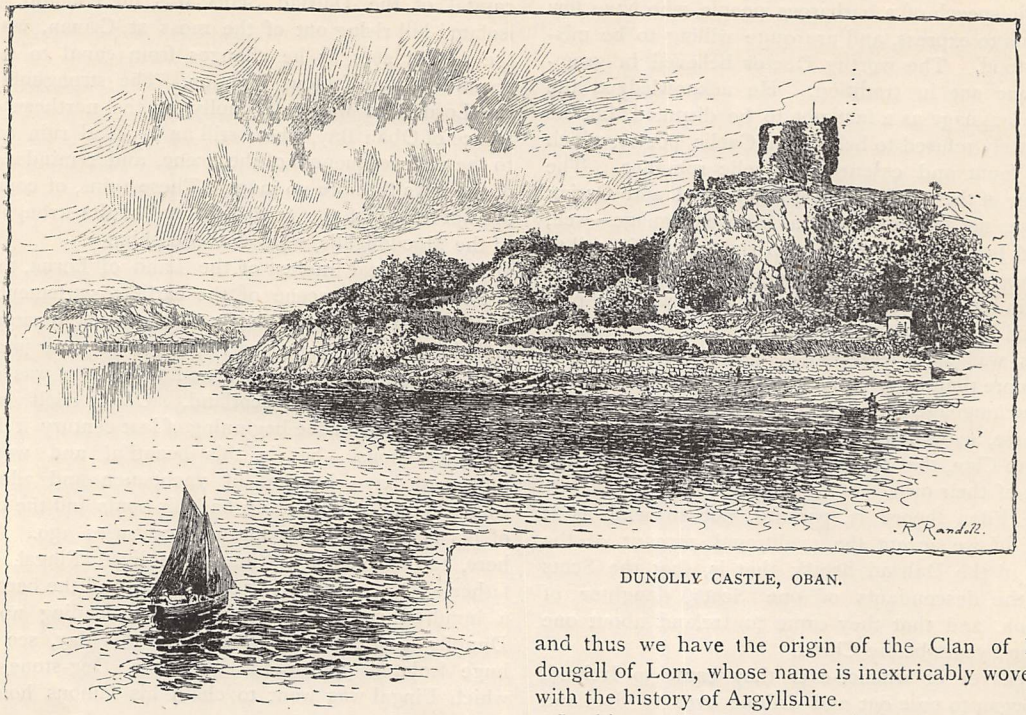
Whenever or whence-ever they came to Ireland, they began to ooze out and dribble over to Scotland early in the Christian era. But the first definite settlement of a colony of Scots in what is now Scotland, but was formerly Alban or Albion, was in the year 503 A.D. Then it was that Fergus, son of Erc, left Erin, and with his two brothers, Lorn and Angus, settled in the western portion of Argyllshire. They parted the land among them, and to Lorn and his sons fell the district still called after his name. The capital of the Dalriad Scots was on Dunadd, the isolated hill rising out of the moss at Crinan, which the tourist sees as he changes from canal to swift steamer at that famous junction. The stronghold of the Lorn tribe was at Dunolly, at the northern entrance of Oban Bay, where still an ivy-clad ruin adds to the picturesqueness of the scene, and reminds one of the days that are no more. These ruins, of course, are not those of the Irish-Scot, but of the stronghold of the Macdougalls, who succeeded him.

The historical interest of the Land of Lorne, then, is that it was the scene of the earliest settlement of the Scots in Scotland. And over the whole territories called Dalriada, Lorn and Fergus reigned jointly until the death of the former, and thus Lorn was one of the first kings of Scotland. Oban itself is a modern place—in the beginning of last century it had only one house—but in this beautiful and world-renowned bay—beloved of yachtsmen and adored by poets and artists—Lorn had his boats and the huts of his followers nearly fourteen centuries ago. And here, too, must for a time have lived Fingal, the father of Ossian, the King of Morven, and the hero of a hundred songs—for in the avenue leading up to Dunolly Castle you may, even to this day, see the huge isolated pillar-rock called the Dog-stone, to which Fingal was wont to chain his famous hound, Bran.

Pass on to the heights of Dunolly, and from there, as you gloat over the incomparable beauty of the surrounding scene—the spreading waters of the Firth of Lorne, the stately outlines of the hills of gloomy Mull and misty Morven, the verdant slopes of long Lismore, "the garden island," the woods and hills of



SHEPHERD'S HAT AND SOUND OF MULL, OBAN, BY MOONLIGHT.



DUNOLLY CASTLE, OBAN.

Benderloch, and the gem-like setting of the bay below you closed in by the island of Kerrera—you may recall a thousand legends and romances. It was up this spreading Firth that the mighty sons of Uisneach sailed, with their ships and followers, to make a new home for themselves on the shores of Loch Etive, just round the point on our right. This was a second Irish invasion of Scotland, but it was a peaceful one, for with the heroic chiefs came the lovely Deirdre, who has been well called the Celtic Helen, whose memory greets you everywhere in Celtic poetry and in the place-names of this romantic region, and whose story is one of the most beautiful of the traditions of that dim and distant past. Deirdre is the Darthula of the Scottish Celts, and the invocation of Ossian at her tragic death is beautiful :—

"Awake, Darthula, awake ! thou first of women ! The wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The woods wave their growing leaves. Retire, O Sun ! The daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty, she will not move in the steps of her loveliness."

These ruins beside us are said to be twelve hundred years old ; but tradition is vague. Some time in the twelfth century, however, there came sailing down the Firth from the north the Norwegian fleet of Somerled, Thane of Heregadiel, with whom were his two sons, Dugal and Reginald. What had become of the descendants of Lorn we know not, but Somerled settled here, and gave to Dugal a territory on the mainland, of which the capital was Dunolla. Dugal's sons, after the Celtic fashion, became Macdougalls, and thus we have the origin of the Clan of Macdougall of Lorn, whose name is inextricably woven up with the history of Argyllshire.

Looking up the Sound of Mull yonder, we gaze in the direction of Ardtornish Castle, although we cannot see it. Those who have read "The Lord of the Isles" do not need to be reminded that the opening scenes of that romantic drama occur in Ardtornish, and that among the leading characters are the Chief of Lorne and the fair Edith, "Maid of Lorne."

Between us and Mull, and near the end of Lismore, is a remarkable rock projecting out of the water. It was to that rock that the cruel Maclean of Duart, whose castle is just beyond, chained his wife, a daughter of the Chief of Lorne. After the rising tide had, as he thought, drowned her, he invited her clan to a mock funeral. But they had rescued the Lady of Duart, and waited for vengeance. Thomas Campbell tells the story in his poem of Glenara :—

> "O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
> Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
> 'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
> And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier."

The lady's kinsmen came, and they followed the coffin in silence, much to the chief's annoyance.

"Why speak ye no word ?" said Glenara the stern.
But when they reached the burial-place—

> "O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
> When the shroud was unclos'd and no lady was seen ;
> When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
> 'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn
>
> "'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
> I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
> On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
> Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream.'
>
> "In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
> And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;

From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn."

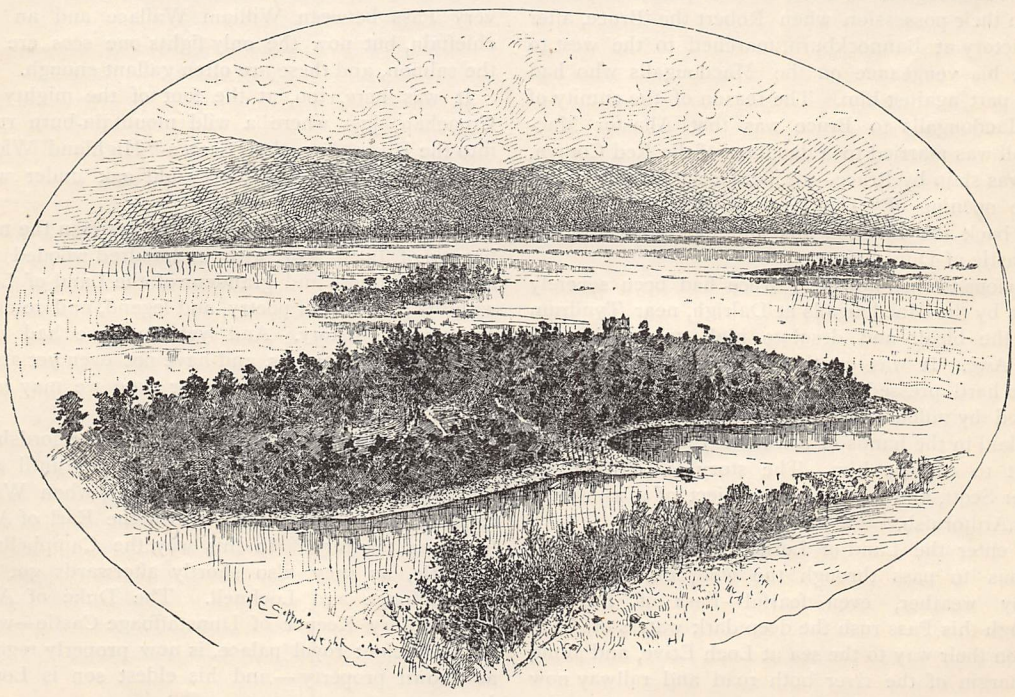
Down this Firth of Lorne, also, once came sailing Alexander II. of Scotland, on his way to subdue the Western Islands. A storm came on, and shelter was sought for the ships under the lee of the island of Kerrera. There the king fell ill, and was carried ashore to the island, where he died in a hut, the site of which is to this day known as *Dalri*, or the King's Field. The story goes that when the king lay sick, three men appeared to him in a vision—one in royal robes, with red face and a terrible aspect ; the second young and beautiful, and magnificently dressed ; the third of immense stature and fierce countenance. These were St. Olave, St. Magnus, and St. Columba, who came to demand the king's intentions about the islands. On hearing that he meant to conquer them, they advised him to return home ; but he neglected their warning, and of course died. Then his body was carried away to the Lowlands, and was buried at Melrose Abbey.

The Land of Lorne is bounded topographically by Loch Leven on the north, and Loch Melfort on the south, but Loch Etive divides Lorne from Upper Lorne. What is now generally meant by the Land of Lorne is the district between the long stretch of Loch Awe and the sea, the northern border of which we may roughly take to be the Pass of Brander, the River Awe, and the shore of Loch Etive from Ben Cruachan to Dunstaffnage Castle.

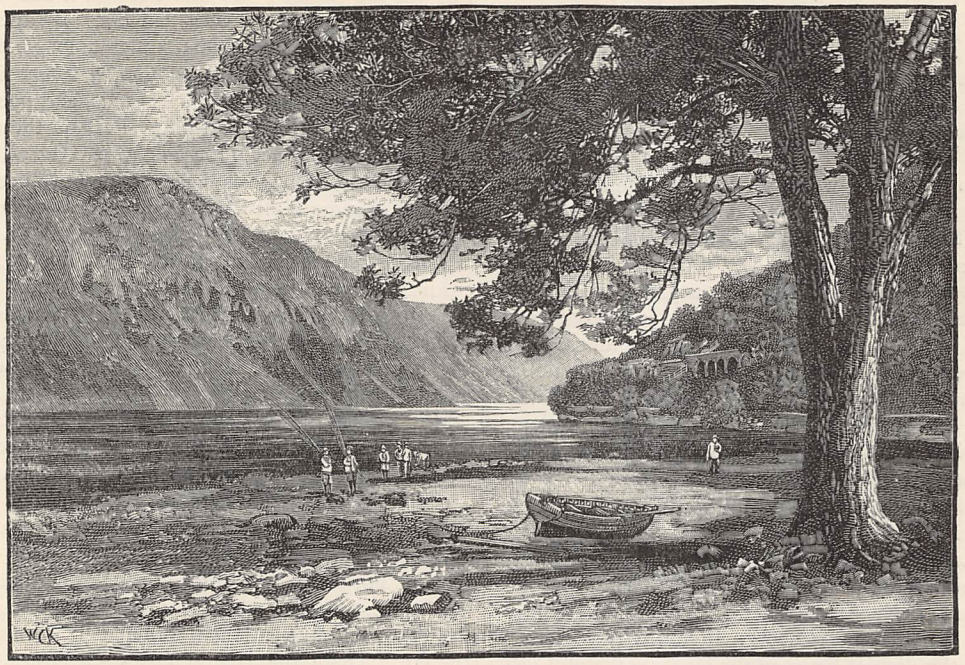
Dunstaffnage is just round the point, a couple of miles or so from Dunolly, and is both a beautiful and a comparatively extensive ruin. The traditions about this pile are endless. By one account it was built in the first century of the Christian era. By another, it was the site of the capital of a kingdom long before the Romans came—of a land where the kings lived in great splendour, surrounded by Druids, and poets, and physicians, and men of learning. Perhaps these kings are mythical, as Skene the historian asserts, but at any rate Dunstaffnage is believed to have been once the seat of some Pictish and Scottish princes or kings. Whether or not it was the palace of the first kings of Scotland, here, it is said, was formerly kept the famous coronation stone, "the palladium of Scotland." From here it was taken by Kenneth II. to Forteviot, in Perthshire ; from there to Scone ; and from Scone it was carried by Edward I. to Westminster, where it may still be seen.

If the Westminster stone be really the Dunstaffnage stone, then its history is a memorable one. According to the Celtic tradition, this stone was Jacob's pillow when he slept on the road to Padan-Aram. From Syria it was carried to Egypt, and was there used by Gathelus as a judgment-seat in the time of Moses. How it got out of Egypt traditions do not agree, but the most popular story is that Scota, Pharaoh's daughter before mentioned, brought it with her to Ireland. There the Irish kings were crowned on it hundreds of years before Christ, and on the hill of Tara it stood for centuries as the "Stone of Destiny."

Afterwards, it was brought by the Dalriad kings to Albion, and placed in Dunstaffnage, where, according to the story, it must have remained for over a thousand years. The later tradition—for it cannot be a Celtic one—is that wherever this stone is found a



THE ISLANDS OF LOCH AWE.



PASS OF BRANDER.

Scottish sovereign will reign, and this prediction is supposed to be verified in the case of her present gracious Majesty, who, by the female side, is a descendant of the House of Stuart.

At what period Dunstaffnage became a stronghold of the Macdougalls of Lorn is not quite clear, but it was in their possession when Robert the Bruce, after his victory at Bannockburn, marched to the west to wreak his vengeance on the Macdougalls who had taken part against him. The reason of the enmity of the Macdougalls to Bruce was that Allaster Macdougall was married to a daughter of the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce—an incident utilised by Scott in the opening of "The Lord of the Isles." Bruce drove back the Macdougalls and took possession of the Castle of Dunstaffnage.

Previous to this, however, Bruce had been severely beaten by the Macdougalls at Dalrigh, near Tyndrum —on the bleak and desolate high ground beyond Loch Awe. It was on this occasion that The Bruce was so hard pressed by the Highlanders that he only escaped by unloosening his plaid and leaving brooch and plaid in the hands of a wounded Macdougall who sought to capture him. The story is told by Sir Walter Scott, and is made the subject of a minstrel's lay in Ardtornish.

To enter the Land of Lorne from the outer world, one has to pass through the wild, dark—and, in gloomy weather, even fearful—Pass of Brander. Through this Pass rush the deep dark waters of Loch Awe, on their way to the sea at Loch Etive, and along the margin of the river both road and railway now run. And just where the railway now crosses the river, Robert the Bruce in 1308, in his invasion of the Land of Lorne to revenge the defeat at Dalrigh, met the Macdougalls, and utterly routed them in a bloody battle. From here he passed on and laid siege to Dunstaffnage.

There is also a tradition of a terrible combat in this very Pass between William Wallace and an Irish chieftain, but now the only fights one sees are with the salmon, and these are often gallant enough.

It was here, too, at the foot of the mighty Ben Cruachan, just where a wild mountain-burn rushes into the River Awe, that Scott's "Highland Widow" lived. See, there is the very old oak under which Elspat sat!

Here we are in the dividing land between the magic beauty of Loch Awe, with its hundred wooded isles, and the wildness and grandeur of the Land of Lorne, with its glamour of poetry, and legend, and romance, and tragic history. And yet we have had but a glimpse of its wonders, and have not even yet arrived at Loch Awe. Perhaps another time we may return to this lake of legend and loveliness.

In conclusion, we should add that the lordship of Lorne remained in the Macdougall family until about the middle of the fifteenth century, when Walter, Lord of Lorne, exchanged it with the Earl of Argyll for more territory. In this way the Campbells got the title, as they also shortly afterwards got both Dunstaffnage and Lochnell. The Duke of Argyll is hereditary Keeper of Dunstaffnage Castle—which, as an ancient royal palace, is now properly regarded as Crown property—and his eldest son is Lord of Lorne.

OUR FAMILY OF BOYS,

AND HOW WE STARTED THEM IN LIFE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

NO sooner is the anxiety consequent on pulling the boys through measles and mumps, through chicken-pox and whooping-cough, ended than another anxiety springs up in front of parents, in the form of the serious and perplexing question, What are the future careers of these boys to be—for what particular walk in life is each one to be prepared?

I can assure you that it is necessary to consider this question soon after a boy has entered his "teens." To decide finally upon a momentous matter of this kind would be premature at this early date, and in many instances the labour of coming to a definite conclusion would prove to be labour in vain; but a parent can notice the bent of the lad's inclinations, and he can in some measure weigh his capacity.

It is curious to notice in how many instances a father expects his eldest son to follow, as a matter of course, his own calling in life, whatever that calling may happen to be. In some cases a son views life with the same eyes as his father did, and he willingly prepares himself to preach in his father's pulpit, or to sit at a desk in his father's office, or to attend to the teeth of his father's patients; but very often this is not so: a son has no inclination, and probably is not naturally fitted, for that business or profession—the son is square, and the hole occupied by the father is round, or it is *vice versâ*.

I do not wish to pose before you as superior to the rest of mankind, but I must tell you that I resolved that I would not coerce my boys. They must understand plainly that they must work for their living, and earn their living by the sweat of their brow or by the sweat of their brain, but the choice of the particular way should lie in a large measure with themselves.

At the same time, parents have to exercise patience, and not regard a boy's announcement as conclusive. For boys have hobbies; they have a violent mania for this or that occupation, and the parent, elated, thinks his son is going to show great genius because he seems so enthusiastic; and then ho, presto! the enthusiasm suddenly vanishes, the liking is gone. Perhaps this sudden evaporation is consequent on a closer acquaintance with difficulties which had hitherto lain hidden, but, now cropping up, have disheartened, daunted, maybe disgusted the tyro. Who can tell?—I cannot; but I have seen this fiery zeal bursting out in full force, and as quickly quenched, in members of my own brood and in the nests of my neighbours.

Variety is pleasing to the youthful mind—this axiom will, perhaps, explain these proceedings. For this reason, it is safe to go on broad lines only until the boy emerges into the youth, and when this stage is reached, his real feelings and likings and wishings must be dug out of his mind, and narrower lines be followed.

I have five sons—quite enough for one quiver, is it not? You will agree with me that my anxiety to settle each one in life could be no small one.

With regard to my eldest boy—Philip by name—I did not experience any great perplexity, because his tastes were so decided. That he would follow Science in some form or other I felt but little doubt, but what particular branch he would eventually excel in I could not foretell in the early days of boyhood. This predilection had been manifest from very early days. All leisure hours spent by most lads in the playground were passed by him, if possible, in trying experiments, in investigations, in forming collections of various kinds, in inventions on a small scale. The ordinary games of childhood and early boyhood had no attractions for him. This avoidance was, of course, a thing to be regretted; for health and growth and many useful qualities and experiences are gained in the playground.

Our efforts to induce Philip to join heartily in sport were of no avail; he went to the playground if he was obliged to go, but did not find any real enjoyment. His mind was absorbed with other things: engaged in grappling with some difficulties, intent upon constructing a self-propelling raft, or on understanding the mechanism of a watch, or the fitting of an electric bell, or the result of a chemical experiment.

At the same time, I wish it to be understood that Philip was not a genius, not a prodigy, nor did he possess any extraordinary talent. This absorption arose from the fact that all his interests were centred in pursuits of this character. Such being the case, it seemed wise to turn his studies in the same direction.

To this end I suggested to the master, when Philip was fourteen years old, that the boy should migrate to the modern side of the school; there he would be taught elementary chemistry and elementary physics, and would lay the foundation of the French and German languages, all of which knowledge would prove of value to him in any pursuit he was likely to take up. Close attention was at the same time paid to mathematics, for that knowledge was a very important factor.

A year or more went by, and as Phil showed no sign of slackened interest, but rather the reverse, I thought we might talk over the future, and go at least a step further towards the final decision.

Said I to my son—

"There is one fact, my lad, that you must keep in front during this discussion, and that is the fact that you will have to earn your own living when you reach manhood. I am quite willing, and I have the wherewithal, to equip you for the fray. Your weapons shall be of the best steel, and you shall have instruction how

to use them with the greatest skill; but at the end of this period of instruction—say, in three or four years—I shall begin to withdraw my help. I must pass it on in turn to those four brothers of yours, and by the time they are all set upon their feet the two little sisters will be out of the nursery, and will be ready to claim their share. Look ahead, then, and fix on some business or profession which will ensure butter on your bread, if not the luxury of sugar on the top of the butter."

We spoke of the medical profession; there always seems to be an opening for every fully fledged medical man in town or country. It takes a medical student five years to pass through the different courses of study—known by the term of "walking the hospital." By the time that he is twenty-three years old he is ready to try for some appointment or begin practice.

A doctor's life did not appear to have any attraction to Philip; neither did that of an analytical chemist, although there was much in both of these which would be a source of interest to him. Had he chosen the latter, I should have sent him to study chemistry at the School of Pharmacy in Bloomsbury Square, where he would have received excellent instruction, both theoretical and practical, the cost of which averages from ten to thirty-five pounds a year, according to the number of subjects a student takes up; after which I should have sent him daily to the South Kensington Museum to study physics, where also instruction of the highest class is given, and where thorough and systematic work is enforced.

Engineering and its several branches came next under consideration. There was civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering, and there seemed to be fair prospects of a man of perseverance doing well in any of these three.

This is evidenced by the fact that schools and colleges have been opened within the last twenty years for the express purpose of giving technical instruction in the science of engineering in France and Switzerland, in Germany, Austria, Italy, America, Japan, as well as in several of the big towns in England. The rapid increase of these schools, and the steady increase of the number of students who attend the classes and work in the laboratories, show that the need of this knowledge is being felt.

Philip took up the idea of engineering, and we proceeded to look about us to see where he should pursue his studies when he left school.

There was University College, in Liverpool, which offered special advantages to students, in that its technical school had been lately set on foot, and therefore that its workshops and laboratories were fitted with the latest improvements, and had been built with a special view to the students' easier acquisition of each department of science. The fees required were most moderate, amounting to less than £20 for the yearly session.

There are excellent technical schools in other large towns in England, but as London was the most convenient centre for us, we decided to focus our inquiries, and eventually we decided that Philip should attend day classes at the Finsbury Technical College. He could go daily by train, or he could take lodgings recommended by the authorities of the college. It was well that we had taken time by the forelock, for we found that students are required to pass an examination before they are admitted, and therefore Philip would have to prepare for this ordeal.

This examination comprises (1) mathematics, arithmetic, algebra (which includes equations and problems), and geometry, including the subjects of the second book of Euclid; (2) a paper in English, writing from dictation, analysis, making an abstract of a spoken passage.

In arithmetic papers marks are deducted when bad and antiquated modes are used in answering the questions—for example, if the modern contracted method in division is not followed; if decimal workings are not properly contracted; if logarithms are not used where their use would save time. These and various other pitfalls—such as having learnt Euclid in the old mechanical way—into which the unwary, the unprepared, would probably precipitate themselves, I mention to show the necessity for a careful preparation before a candidate ventures to present himself for admission.

Any student who has passed the matriculation examination of the University of London within the previous eighteen months can enter the Technical College without further examination.

There are about a dozen scholarships attached to this college, tenable for two years, the value varying from £20 to £30 a year. Philip did not gain one: he had a clear intellect and was persevering, but those more brilliant passed him in examinations. In the long run I felt sure his success would equal theirs.

The fees at this college amount to about £15 each session, which comprises a year, and commences in October.

At the end of a student's first year he is required to show that he has profited by that year's course of instruction before he is permitted to pass on to the second year's course: he has to answer questions set in examination, and he has to produce further evidence in the form of his lecture and laboratory note-books and his drawings. If this evidence is considered not satisfactory, then he has to work on for a longer period in the first year's course.

In like manner at the end of the second year, which is usually the termination of the student's studies, a certificate can only be gained by a satisfactory examination being passed.

When Philip in due time won the desired certificate, he might have found some employment, but I was counselled to prolong the term of his training, and to give him experience which would be of value to him afterwards. So he went into the workshop of a firm of electrical engineers, and there he spent a year. He found life somewhat rough, but the experience was worth the hardships. He has been able to get engagements in different parts of the country, and I have no fear for his future. There is no likelihood of there being any glut in the market for the present. The

knowledge that is requisite cannot be acquired in a few months, nor is it every mind that can acquire or that cares to spend years in striving to acquire all that has to be mastered by those who enter this department of science.

Charlie, my second son, was a good-humoured, merry-faced boy, who loved play, and nothing much besides. He was a strong contrast to his elder brother. Very often those who possess dispositions of a different character agree better than those who think alike, but in the case of these two brothers it was not so. Philip was absorbed in a world within himself; Charlie had no world within, and did not take the slightest interest in that inhabited by his brother. Work had no attraction for him: he did not set himself to any occupation in his leisure hours; they were all frittered away in small doings which did not produce any results.

It was clear that the boy would not soar high, nevertheless he might be trained into a useful member of society, and at the same time earn a living, if we could find the right niche.

In my own mind I thought that Charlie would become a business man, but his life must be mapped out on this particular plan—he must have a calling wherein there were stated hours for work, and where he would have no responsibility when those stated hours were ended. In such a case I believed he would do creditable, conscientious work; therefore a post in a bank or in the General Post Office would prove to be the most likely niche for him. So I decided to take Latin and Greek away when he reached the age of fourteen, and to substitute German and French.

On all sides I was told that a thorough knowledge of the German language was most desirable—to be able not only to speak and understand the language, but also to correspond and be a proficient in that method of book-keeping; so it was settled that Charlie should spend a year abroad in the Fatherland, and in order that he might learn the language thoroughly and correctly and fluently, I placed him with a German family, and arranged that he should spend a year there before coming to England. The plan was highly satisfactory; he learnt the language correctly and almost unconsciously. For the first six months he had private lessons in German, in mathematics, and book-keeping from masters who could speak English. During the second six months he attended a German day school, where he had first-rate instruction at a cost of half of what had to be paid for private tuition. He returned to Germany after his holiday, and then it was arranged that he should go into an office and learn book-keeping and correspondence in a practical manner. With these acquirements at his fingers' ends and at the tip of his tongue, I had no extraordinary difficulty in finding him a post as a clerk, the duties of which he fills with a regularity which does not to Charlie assume the form of monotony.

THE SCOTCHMAN.

A RAILWAY STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHE'S COMING," "THE VOICE IN THE WOODS," ETC.

WHEN the railway men at Questerley Row Station were discussing their foreman, they always decided that Shafto had been a good deal altered by his disappointment about Kate Leathard. That was an old story now—it had happened over five years ago—and was probably forgotten everywhere except in the porters' room, where it was kept alive by repetition to successive newcomers, and by being assigned as a reason for changes which continued to be noticeable in the man. Recently, too, some fresh interest had been kindled in it by Kate's return to the neighbourhood.

"It's just made a difference in him, that's what A've allus told ye," Hudspeth, the chief oracle and gossip of the party, was wont to say. "Ye can't put your finger on aught and say it's this or that; it's a change like altogether. And A'm afraid it's hardened on him now."

"They'll maybe mak' it up again now she's back," a young hand ventured to suggest.

"Nay; A'se warrant he won't give her the chance to mak' a fool of him a second time. He never looks the side she's on—her nor her bairn."

"Ay, well; she was a foolish lass, an' did a bad thing for herself the day she took up wi' Brough."

To this the men assembled round the porters' fire agreed with one voice. They were more numerous than might have been expected from the size of the place—a small station midway between Dearholm and Tynecastle, where no expresses stopped. Local trains, however, brought considerable traffic, as, in addition to Questerley Row itself—an overgrown village or incipient town—they served various colliery settlements near. There was, moreover, a varying amount of coal traffic, so that although very often all hands were "throng," and had almost more work than they could manage, there were also frequent spells of leisure and gossip. The foreman-porter had three men and a lad under him, and the party in the porters' room was often augmented by a signalman off duty, a platelayer or two, and men in charge of trains waiting in the sidings for waggons to or from the pits.

Raine Shafto, the foreman, had held that post nearly five years; it had been promised some time previously, and he had engaged himself to be married or

the strength of it; thus the promotion was always associated with his great trouble, and was considerably embittered for him in consequence. He had not made a hasty or imprudent choice, for Kate belonged to respectable people, and was invariably well spoken of as "taking mostly after her mother, and doin' a vast o' credit to her bringin' up." Mrs. Leathard kept a small general shop close to the Questerley Row Station, where she secured overflowing custom and much popularity; and Kate, being in service a few miles away, was often at her mother's house. She was a fair, delicate, refined-looking girl, sweet-tempered and affectionate in disposition, and Shafto implicitly believed her to be absolutely reliable and true.

True she would no doubt have remained, but for sudden temptation and the influence of a strong will. She was asked to stay with a cousin at Woolworth, a colliery some miles distant, in order to buy her wedding things at the neighbouring town of Partland, during which visit she met Aleck Brough, and was brought into constant association with him.

He was a close friend of her host's, and at the very outset, warned by some vague intuition, she had desired her cousin to tell him of her approaching marriage. But Margaret Harland, having married a pitman, considered that vocation to be greatly above a railway porter's, and Kate to be in some degree throwing herself away, while she felt all a match-maker's interest in providing Brough with a nice, suitable wife. Accordingly, without telling any absolute untruth, she let him infer that the engagement was rather unwise and regrettable, and not nearly so decisively settled as was actually the case: a hint which he was only too prompt to act upon.

He was at this time in full work, and spent his money with the reckless lavishness so common among pitmen. Well-chosen presents were constantly brought to the Harlands' house, and often he would invite them to go to a Partland entertainment or to seaside excursions, when he always "stood treat" and provided all sorts of delicacies. And while he guarded carefully against being prematurely explicit, he managed to intimate that all these pleasures were arranged on Kate's account in a way too subtly flattering for her to resent or resist.

In truth, his handsome face and showy qualities were exactly calculated to throw quiet, thrifty, unpretending Raine Shafto into the shade, and his masterful wooing at last might have conquered a more strong-minded woman than Kate. Carried away by the force of his eloquence, she lost sight of the cruel treachery and dishonour of her conduct to Shafto, who, on that very day, was ordering the banns to be published at Questerley, and it was only after reflection that she realised all the suffering her change of mind would entail.

Aleck Brough, however, was not the man to release her from a promise once given; he cheered her and soothed away the stings of conscience, finally going home with her to break the unexpected tidings to her mother. Mrs. Leathard was bitterly disappointed, and indignant with the stranger who had induced Kate to play false. She was, moreover, terribly grieved for Shafto, whom she had the heartiest regard for, fully appreciating his strong, faithful character, and knowing that her girl's happiness was absolutely safe in his hands.

Mrs. Leathard refused to relieve Kate of the painful task of telling him, and she faced the ordeal with pitiful humiliation and distress. Her prayer for forgiveness was freely granted; but to the farther plea that for old acquaintance' sake they should remain friends, Shafto briefly and sternly replied that it was his earnest hope never to see her face again. At that final moment she understood the value of the love she had thrown away, and even then Shafto might have recalled her to her allegiance if pride and scorn had not forbidden any effort to do so. As it was, she went back to Woolworth pale and subdued, and many people remarked at the wedding that the splendid-looking, stalwart young bridegroom might well have had a happier-faced bride.

Brough's buoyant spirits and perfect contentment soon restored Kate's cheerfulness, and at first their life was one of complete happiness, but after a while care and anxiety began to oppress the young wife. Aleck was invariably good and kind; the pursuits he was devoted to were not in themselves objectionable, yet altogether his manner of life was such as to cause uneasiness for the future. He was no drunkard, but sociability drew him to public-house jollifications, where, without actually exceeding, he drank more than was desirable for his health; he was also a great athlete, and took such pride in his reputation for proficiency, that he put himself to severe tests in order to maintain it. Day after day, when he ought to have had needful rest after being on "night-shift" at the pit, he was scouring the country to leaping, running, football, or bicycle contests, to dog-racings and pigeon-flyings: to every popular colliery pastime, indeed, except, to his credit, pigeon-shooting, which he was too manly and gentle-minded to like. What with his night's work and day's exertions he would come home utterly tired out; and although he won many handsome prizes, the cost of subscriptions and entry fees, of travelling to contests and treating friends, more than counterbalanced these, and Kate knew too well that no provision of any sort had been made against the day of illness or lack of work.

Amongst his other pursuits, he was an ardent volunteer, one of the crack shots in Lord Garrontower's fine regiment, and a year after his marriage he went up to Wimbledon to compete for a certain challenge shield which the corps eagerly coveted. The season was wet and cheerless; tents were swamped, and the firing-places swept by a searching wind; pitmen, used to working in great heat, felt these discomforts more, perhaps, than any other class, and Brough succumbed to them with a severe cold, despite which he shot brilliantly, and brought the shield home in triumph. He received, of course, a complete ovation, and on the day after his return attended the yearly flower-show, which took place amid the exasperating com-

"THE ENGINE WAS THUNDERING CLOSE BEHIND HIM NOW" (*p.* 278).

bination of mist and drizzle known as "sea-fret"; and after he had sauntered about the wet grass for hours receiving congratulations, his friends "chaired" him round the field and carried him off to high festivity at the "Garrontower Arms," where they drank to the conquering hero's long life and health till far past orthodox closing hours. Next day he was down with violent inflammation of the lungs, and before his triumph was nine days old he was laid with full military honours in Woolworth churchyard, amid the whole neighbourhood's lamentation for so fine a young life being cut short; and Kate was left with an infant a month old, not penniless only, but burdened by debt.

So sudden and terrible was the shock, that at first she was too completely stunned by it to consider the future, and thankfully accepted the Harlands' hospitality while her husband's debts were being defrayed by the sale of the neat furniture she had bought with her own savings. Her mother's displeasure at her marriage had caused something like a breach between them, and although this was completely healed before Brough's death, Kate shrank painfully from returning to Questerley Row; she therefore settled herself permanently as assistant to Margaret Harland, who was getting more custom than could be dealt with single-handed in the dress-making trade.

In this way she maintained herself in tolerable comfort until her little Alice was nearly four, when Mrs. Leathard had an illness which made it impossible for her to serve in the shop as she had hitherto done. Whatever painful feelings might have to be overcome,

Kate's duty was now too clear to ignore, and very soon she fully realised the comfort of being at home and essential to her mother's happiness. And if any trace of estrangement had lingered, it would have been smoothed away by the little golden-curled child who became the darling of her granny's heart.

Shafto, meanwhile, had lived down his trouble as best he might, making his work the one interest of life, and devoting himself to that with desperate energy. Changed he undoubtedly was, though not conspicuously so; always quiet and rather taciturn, he now "had grown a bit dour," as the men said. He expected others to attain to his own standard of tireless activity, and was slightly bitter and cynical over their failures to conform. "Shafto 'll put thee straight if thou doesn't mind," was Hudspeth's invariable threat to the youngsters; and to all frivolous idling he was merciless, but any excuse on the score of illness or sorrow found instant indulgence, and in such cases he was as tender and compassionate as a woman; his "dourness" must therefore have been chiefly an outside show.

His zeal found plenty of scope, as the station-master was an ailing man, who meant to retire as soon as he could expect a pension, and many of his duties fell on Shafto, who it was well known would get the post when it fell vacant. Such quick promotion was unusual, yet he regarded the prospect with indifference, his motive for advancement having passed away. Mrs. Leathard, with whom he gradually resumed his old friendship, was one of the first to point out that life need not be a failure because one woman had deceived him, and that there were others far more worthy of him than her girl had proved, but hitherto he had put such suggestions quietly aside. He enjoyed and valued his intimacy with the kindly, sympathetic old woman, and Kate feared that her coming home might interfere with their pleasant intercourse. Once she expressed a timid hope that it might cause no change, to which he replied with such cold indifference that she felt rebuffed and foolish, thinking with bitter humiliation that he despised her too utterly even to feel any discomfort in her presence. Still, without appearing to avoid her, he so timed his visits that they rarely met, and after three months' stay she had not seen him half a dozen times.

On a certain Saturday in June a number of passengers arrived from Dearholm, some of whom lingered about the station after the train had gone. Dick Eccles, a railway inspector who had recently married, had brought his wife to visit the Questerley station-master, and was talking to him on the platform; others waited to see the up "Scotchman" go by, that splendid train being an object of interest to all who had any connection with the line. The road was clear, the crossing gates closed, and signals lowered for the express, which was approaching from the north at full speed, and the porters' exclamation of "She's coming!" turned nearly all eyes that way.

Mrs. Eccles, however, happening to glance southward, saw on the line something white—something which moved and fluttered as a sheet of paper raised by the wind might have done, and which, presently drawing nearer, became stationary a hundred yards or more south of the level crossing. "What can it be?" she wondered aloud. "Merciful heavens, it's a child!"

It was even so—a little white-frocked child, whose golden curls were plainly enough visible in the sunshine, sitting calmly between the rails on the track over which in half a minute the express would pass.

Lucy Eccles, after her horrified exclamation, remained too desperately appalled to move, but before the words were well uttered, Shafto, from farther down the station, darted past her, and tore at headlong speed towards the crossing. Eccles rushed the other way, with arms outstretched against the coming train, but even while he gave this danger signal he felt its entire hopelessness, as such tremendous speed could hardly be checked at all before the engine reached the spot. It was a race for life, and the man's start had been so little in advance that he could scarcely have a chance. Down the platform slope on to the level crossing he flew, dashing on along the down line; the engine was thundering close behind him now, and when he bore abruptly across to the up line it seemed to the watchers, gazing as if spell-bound, that he had plunged right under the wheels. With a whirr and a clatter the flying vehicles passed on, the attendant dust-cloud dispersed, and a long sigh of relief and thankfulness broke forth as they saw man and child safe on the other side.

From their position they had been unable to see Shafto's final effort, but some women in a field on the up side witnessed it, and described many a time afterwards how, when he came up with the child, the engine was all but abreast of him, and how he cleared the line in front of it in a sort of flying leap, catching the little thing by its curls as he went, and swinging it high in air.

Carried away by the impetus of his leap, he was unable for a while to stop; he crossed the slight fence into the adjoining field almost in his stride, and ran on, settling the child on his arm, and gradually pulling himself up until he passed through an open gate at the other side into a lane leading to the main road, where he set his burthen down. His brain was in a whirl—as well it might be—and he had not yet in the least realised the tremendous peril he had by a hair's-breadth escaped. Children who strayed on the line were always severely corrected, to scare them from future risks, and Shafto quite mechanically began to perform this duty, administering a sound shake as he put the tiny delinquent, a little girl of about four, on her feet.

"Eh! ye bit limb o' mischief, how durst ye go there? How durst ye be that naughty?" with another shake.

"Oo jumped fine," the mite replied, looking up at him with an easy smile, as if the affair had been a good joke. "Me found dat," she added, showing in her fat palm a fragment of ruby glass which glittered in the sun, and which she clutched with infinite pride of possession.

"Ay, but ye must none play over yonder," laying his hand on her small shoulder to emphasise the prohibition. "Now, if ever ye're such a bad bairn——"

"Ailie *not* bad," the child whimpered, getting frightened at the serious tone; and the mention of her name brought with it sudden recognition.

"Mercy on us!" he exclaimed under his breath, "it's her bairn!"

Meanwhile, Kate Brough, who had been visiting a neighbour higher up the lane, came out of the house, and witnessed everything that passed. For a moment she paused astonished, then hurried forward and clasped the child in her arms.

"Come to mother, my bonnie! And I'll thank ye to let her alone another time; ye've no call to lay a hand on her. If she's done aught it's me should be told——"

"She'd got playing——" he began, but his voice failed him to proceed. The effort to explain brought home to him how desperately close both he and the child had been to a dreadful death, and a sick feeling of horror and a sort of inward trembling came upon him, so that he could not speak. Glancing downward, he saw that a bright curl was twined about his fingers, having been wrenched out in the sudden strain, and the mother's quick eyes fell on this also.

"Look you there, now," she broke out in overwhelming indignation, "see how roughly you've handled her! Shame on you, Raine Shafto, ill-treating an innocent child that never——" She paused abruptly, becoming aware that quite a number of people had come up the lane, and were regarding her with amazement.

"My word, Mrs. Brough, but ye'd more need be on your knees to thank him," a hearty, out-spoken woman exclaimed. "It's a queer thing to call * the chap that saved your bairn."

"I—I—don't understand," Kate faltered, but before the sentence was finished, before she had heard a word of the voluble explanation that broke forth, in a flash she did understand. She saw the awe-stricken, admiring looks around her, the strange, dazed expression that was creeping over Shafto's face, the anxious eyes of Eccles watching him closely, and in an instant of vivid comprehension the whole scene was as clear before her as if she had actually been present. Then everything seemed to grow cloudy and indistinct—she stood there like a person in a dream, who sees events without taking any conscious part in them; she saw Shafto grow very pale and sway a little, and Eccles grasp him by the arm, half-lead, half-support him into her mother's house, and make him lie down on the sofa in the little parlour; she saw Mrs. Eccles close the door against the gossips who would fain have followed. Then Lucy Eccles made a little sign to her husband and Mrs. Leathard, and they went away taking the child with them; and then, she hardly knew how, she was on her knees by the sofa, struggling to keep back the sobs that choked her utterance, and to find words to express that which was far above and beyond the measure of all thanks.

"Ye make far too much of it," Shafto said in a quiet, indifferent voice. "Don't distress yoursel' that way; it was just nought—done in a moment, like."

"I'd never deserved to have such a mercy shown me—and from you as I'd done so wrong by——"

"That had nought to do with it. I didn't know whose bairn it was."

"Maybe ye wouldn't have touched her if ye had," with a quick flash of resentful feeling.

"There wasn't much time to think," he replied, smiling at the grotesque idea of pausing in that desperate strait to consider whose child it might be. "Nay, ye cannot think so badly of me as that. Choose whose she was, I was bound to save her, God willing, and as it had to happen, I'm glad it was your bairn I saved."

"Ay, that's like you; it's good and forgiving of ye to say that. Maybe it'll ease my mind when I think back—as I've done many a time——"

"Tell me one thing, Kate," he demanded, raising himself and looking earnestly in her face: "did ye ever feel sorry? have ye ever repented what ye did?"

"Never but once, and that was always," she answered vehemently. "I was a weak, vain lass, and he pressed me too much—nay, that's hard on him that's gone. He loved me dearly, poor lad, and was good an' kind so long as he lived; only the thought of how I'd dealt by you was almost more than I could bear. It was all my own fault——"

"Maybe I was to blame as well," he interrupted. "I should have looked after ye more over yonder, and minded how pretty ye were, an' too young to have strength against them that tempted ye——"

At this point a repeated fumbling at the latch was heard, and Kate admitted the little Alice, who marched up to the sofa, and contemplated Shafto for a few moments with her finger in her mouth. "G'anny say Ailie vedy naughty," she remarked, "an' Oocy Eckie say so too. Dey say de puff-puff 'ud ha' tut Ailie into itty bits if oo hadn't jumped, an' oo hurted ooself jumpin'. But oo *did* jump fine!" Her little face dimpled all over with laughter at the recollection, then grew solemn again as befitted the occasion. "Dey say Ailie mutn't tum in, an' me wanted to tum, and so me tummed," she explained in a tone of resolution, which showed that her scolding had not borne much fruit in the way of obedience. "Me want to div oo tiss," and clambering up, she put her soft arms about his neck, and laid her rosy cheek against his. Shafto kissed her forehead very gently, and setting her on his knee, stroked the sunny hair silently and thoughtfully. Then he turned to Kate with a look from which every vestige of hardness had passed away.

"Look ye, lassie, the little 'un's made friends," he said, with a smile, as he drew his old love's hands into his.

* Call—North-country, to abuse, to scold.

A Song of the Sea.

Words by J. Huie. *Music by* J. W. Hinton, M.A., Mus.D.

Voice.

Fine. *mp*

1. To - night thy love is far a - way, The
2. His sails are on the wind, and fast, White -

Piano.

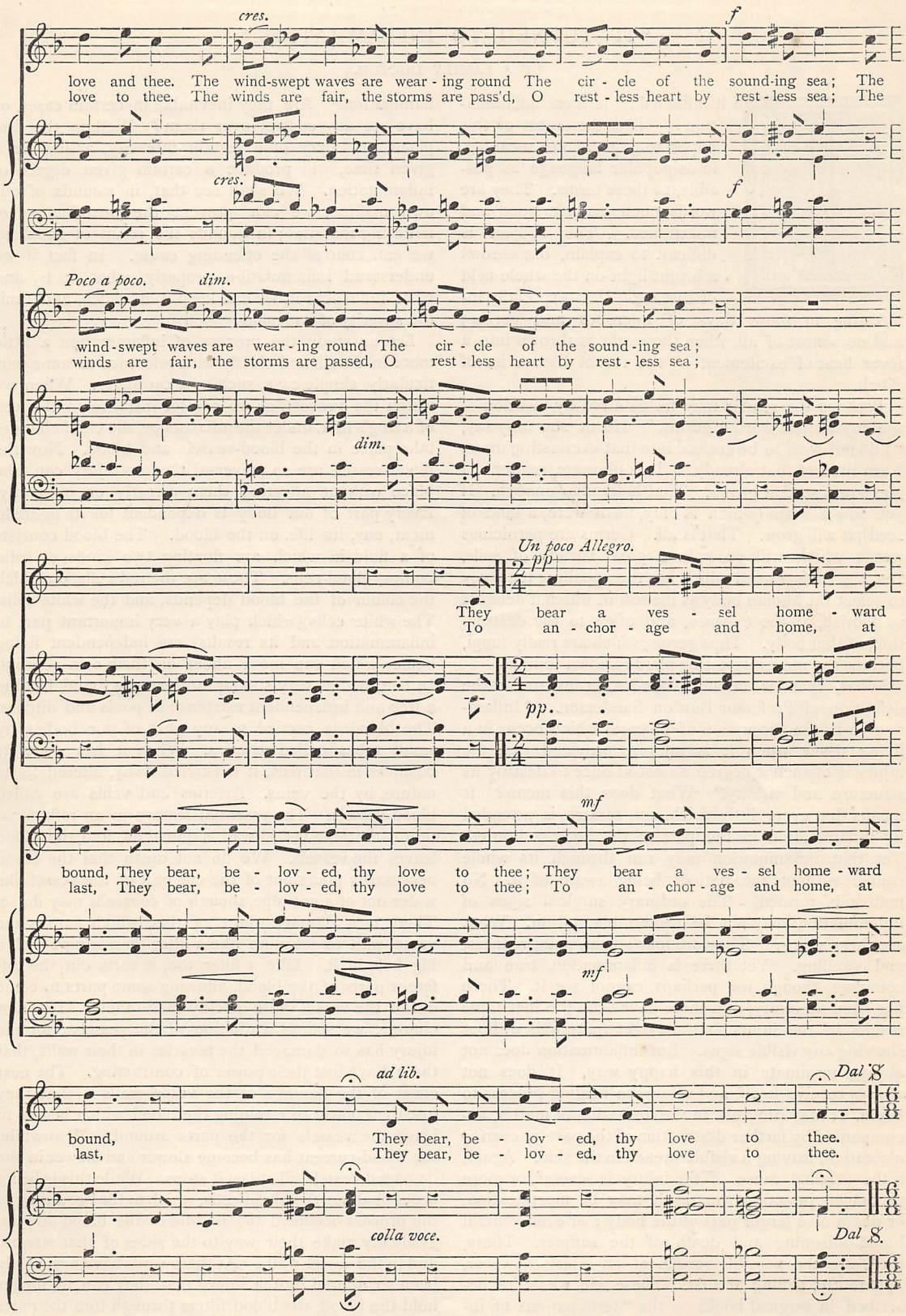
Moderato.

Fine. *mp*

p

stars are still as still can be, They watch with him till morn - ing gray, They watch, be - lov - ed, thy
- winged, a - cross the glow - ing sea, By swing - ing boom and strain - ing mast, They bear, be - lov - ed, thy

p


cres.
f
love and thee. The wind-swept waves are wear - ing round The cir - cle of the sound-ing sea; The
love to thee. The winds are fair, the storms are pass'd, O rest - less heart by rest - less sea; The
cres.
f
Poco a poco.
dim.
wind-swept waves are wear - ing round The cir - cle of the sound-ing sea;
winds are fair, the storms are passed, O rest - less heart by rest - less sea;
dim.
Un poco Allegro.
pp
They bear a ves - sel home - ward
To an - chor - age and home, at
pp.
mf
bound, They bear, be - lov - ed, thy love to thee; They bear a ves - sel home - ward
last, They bear, be - lov - ed, thy love to thee; To an - chor - age and home, at
mf
ad lib.
Dal 8
bound,
last,
They bear, be - lov - ed, thy love to thee.
They bear, be - lov - ed, thy love to thee.
colla voce.
Dal 8.

"IT TURNED TO INFLAMMATION."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"IS it inflamed? Is there inflammation?" It is the object of this paper to give definite meaning, in as popular language as possible, to these terms. They are words much misunderstood, and misapplied. The subject is difficult to explain, but throws a bright light on the whole field of disease. It is especially interesting in these days of microbes and germs; and now most of all, when the world is thrown into a fever heat of excitement by the recent discoveries of Koch.

Perhaps the reader may be deterred by mention of the mysterious word "germs." He or she may say, "I do not wish to be enticed into that everlasting maze. I am tired of that already." It is no maze, reader. If you sow a seed, it grows. That is familiar enough. If you sow a germ (which is only, as it were, a kind of seed), it will grow. That is all. Germs are pernicious weeds which will grow in a great variety of soils. But a germ is a weed which has the appalling tendency to select the human body as the soil in which it delights to flourish, at the expense, and often to the destruction, of that body. Thus germs, which are really fungi, become the most interesting plants known to man.

What, then, is inflammation? Let us quote the definition of Professor Burdon Sanderson. "Inflammation is the succession of changes which occur in a living tissue when it is injured, provided that the injury is of such a degree as not at once to destroy its structure and vitality." What does this mean? It means that every little prick, cut, scratch, is attended by inflammation in the part of the body so injured. Yet that inflammation may run through its whole course without the patient being aware of it. No matter is formed. The ordinary surgical signs of inflammation may not be discernible to him. What are these signs? They are four: heat, pain, redness, and swelling. Yet there is inflammation, true and complete, though we, perhaps, cannot see it. There has been an injury, and there have been the inevitable results of the injury. It may get quite well without showing any visible signs. But inflammation does not always terminate in this happy way. It does not always resolve itself, and allow the healing process to begin. It may progress to the formation of matter, accompanied by further destruction of the part, or even to ulceration, leaving a visible breach in the skin. Again, if the original cause of the injury is severer, or more prolonged in action, the result may be mortification, or death of a larger part of the body; or even general blood-poisoning and death of the sufferer. These, then, are the possible results of an injury, however, apparently, trifling at first. These are what are described in surgical books as the "terminations of inflammation." Are they inevitable in certain cases, or have we any control over them? Well, in the first place, an injury of a certain intensity, acting for a given time, will produce a certain given degree of inflammation. We shall see that, in wounds of our own making, we can prevent the introduction of irritating material; in wounds the result of accident, we can control the offending cause. In fact, if we understand inflammation properly, what it is, and what influences it, we can keep it in check, and limit the severity of its results.

Let us study the process of inflammation a little more in detail, and chiefly with reference to some particularly simple case, such as a cut finger. When we watch the process, as we can for instance in the web of a frog's foot, under the microscope, the chief changes take place in the blood-vessels and blood. Now the blood-vessels are so universal that no injury can take place without affecting them directly or indirectly. Every part of our body is dependent for its nourishment, nay, its life, on the blood. The blood consists of a fluid in which are floating two kinds of solid bodies, blood-cells. These are the red cells, on which the colour of the blood depends, and the white cells. The white cells (which play a very important part in inflammation and its results) are independent living bodies which can move about on their own account. In fact, bodies very similar to them are found leading a free and independent existence in pools and ditches. The blood is carried to any part of our bodies by small tubes called arteries. When it has done its business in that part, it is carried away, altered in its nature, by the veins. Arteries and veins are called blood-vessels. The essential feature in an inflammation is that the vessel-wall is damaged, and the blood leaves the vessels. We do not mean that the blood necessarily pours out of the cut end of the vessel like water out of a cut pipe, though of course it may do so. There is a damage short of this, which causes the vessel-wall to act more like a filter than a pipe with a big hole in it. Like a filter, too, it sorts out the different parts of the blood, allowing some parts to come out of the vessel more quickly than others. The first change, we see, is a dilation of the vessels; for the injury has so damaged the muscles in their walls, that these have lost their power of contracting. The next effect of the damage of the vessel-walls is that they lose their power of retaining the blood, which begins to leave the vessels for the parts around. Meanwhile, the blood-current has become slower and slower in the damaged vessels till at last it stops. While this is being brought about, the blood-cells, which at the beginning of the process occupied the middle of the blood-stream, gradually make their way to the sides of that stream, and to the vessel-walls. As these walls have previously been so altered by the injury that they can no longer hold the blood, the blood filters through into the parts

around the vessel. These parts are now seen choked with blood-cells, especially white ones, and are softened and damaged by the presence of the blood, which they were never intended to receive. The whole part in which these changes, the result of injury, are taking place, is said to be inflamed, or to be in a state of inflammation. If the process is intense enough, and the part sufficiently near the surface, the usual accompaniments of inflammation are manifest; redness, swelling, heat, and pain. The redness is due to the exudation of the blood from the vessels, and to the dilation of the vessels, just as occurs temporarily in blushing. The swelling is due to excess of blood and exudation. The heat is due to the excess of blood charged with oxygen, and to the active chemical changes going on in the part. The pain is due to the dragging on the nerves by the displaced material, and to the pressure on them of the exudation.

The picture is now complete. Given an injury, you must have its results inevitably. The inevitable results are those above described. The name given to them is inflammation. The severity of the inflammation is exactly proportional to the severity of the injury, and to the time during which it acts. So much for the original injury.

But (now this is still more important) the inflammation is also proportional to causes which come into action after the original injury. These generally are preventible, as we shall see later.

What now is the next event? Either (from the intensity and prolongation of the cause of the damage) the inflammation, already complete in itself, may progress to further destruction; or (from the cause having been withdrawn) the inflammation resolves, and healing takes place. Should resolution take place, and healing commence, some of the cells return to the vessels, some die and break up and are carried away. Clots break up and are absorbed. The vessel-walls recover, and things in time return to their original state. If the injury is a simple cut finger, the blood between the edges of the cut clots, and white blood-cells migrate in large quantities into the clot. New blood-vessels are formed from the old. Finally the clot is absorbed, and replaced ultimately by a scar. Such, then, is the process of repair. This starts when the inflammation, which is a destructive process, has ceased.

If, on the other hand, the destructive process does not cease in the manner described above, but goes a step further, matter is formed; and the destruction is not only much greater, but the healing process is different, and much less favourable. The white cells, instead of being broken up and absorbed, or helping in the process of repair, go to form matter. The matter burrows in the flesh, destroying in its path both by its contact, and by the pressure it exerts where it is pent up. In the blood-vessels clots form, which block them up, and prevent the blood from circulating, thus adding starvation to the ills of the injured part. Such, then, are the phenomena of inflammation, when due to a cause acting for a long time, a continued irritation. Such a state of things may be prevented, if we know the offending cause, and remove it, such as a thorn or piece of glass. But it is frequently found that wounds which should heal kindly, do not do so, but tend to fester, and form matter. The inflammation, instead of resolving and giving way to the healing process, tends to go on to the formation of matter.

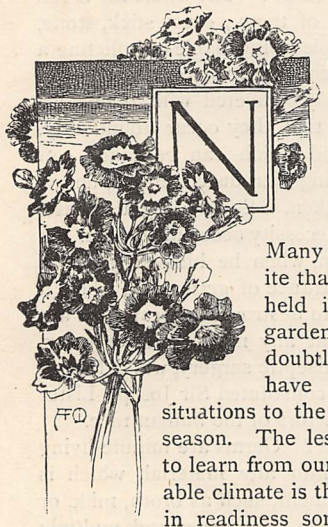
The reason of this evil and preventible alternative has only been thoroughly investigated and settled of comparatively recent years, and is still a mystery to the laity. The cause of an inflammation tending to form matter is, in most cases, the introduction of germs into the wound. At any rate, in any wound, if germs have been admitted, there will be a struggle between the resisting power of the healthy body to unwholesome influences on the one hand, and the germ on the other, fighting for its very existence. Whence do these germs come? The whole air is full of them; the dust is full of them; every stick, stone, knife, or other thing capable or incapable of inflicting a wound is covered with them. Our very skin is covered with them. When we say "covered with them," we must be taken to mean that they occur abundantly. Hence, hardly any wound which can be made can escape without germs being introduced into it, unless special precautions are taken. Such being the case, germs will practically of necessity occur in wounds. It is the duty of the surgeon, when he himself makes a wound, to prevent the entrance of germs; or, when a wound is brought to him, to destroy any germs that are already there, and prevent any more from entering. This is the principle of antiseptic surgery, which has revolutionised surgery, and constituted Sir Joseph Lister one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

How, then, do germs act? Germs are minute living fungi. When they fall into any material, which is suitable for their nourishment, such as broth, milk, or the discharges from wounds, they grow and multiply with astonishing rapidity, taking in the food and casting out refuse from their bodies just as animals do. Thus the broth, or discharge from the wound, or whatever the material may be they have taken up their abode in, becomes changed in its nature, and is said to putrefy, or to undergo putrefaction. Discharges from wounds which have thus undergone putrefaction develop qualities which are extremely unfavourable to healing. They become highly irritating to the wound. They tend to make the inflammation prolonged, and cause it to go on to the formation of matter. They cause great swelling by their increased quantity, and pain from the same cause. The growth of the germs themselves is a source of great heat, just as in the analogous process of fermentation, which is itself dependent on germs. In fact, the presence and growth of germs in a wound is a sure guarantee for all the signs of acute inflammation, with all its destructive accompaniments; and until they have ceased their activity healing must give way to destruction.

Now as there are great varieties of plants, so there are great varieties of fungi. There are likewise great varieties of germs, having diverse effects on the wounds into which they are introduced. Some merely affect the wound itself, causing the formation of matter and local destruction of the part. Others, again, which

may be introduced in a similar manner into the body, through the wound, have the power of infecting the whole mass of the blood, causing blood-poisoning, and even death. Such a disease as erysipelas, for instance, is due to the introduction of a particular kind of germ. Germs are not necessarily introduced into the body by means of a wound. They may be introduced by the lungs, stomach, or bowels, when we breathe, or eat, or drink. Indeed, they are always present in the blood. The healthy blood while circulating, however, has the power of killing them, and getting rid of them, if they are not introduced in too large numbers. But sometimes they come across a damaged spot, and then they multiply, and give rise, for instance, to a boil or abscess, where there has been no breach of the skin. Thus it is easy for us to understand how such diseases as small-pox, scarlatina, and consumption are caught. But now want of space compels us to leave one of the most far-reaching and interesting studies in the whole of medicine.

THE GARDEN IN APRIL.

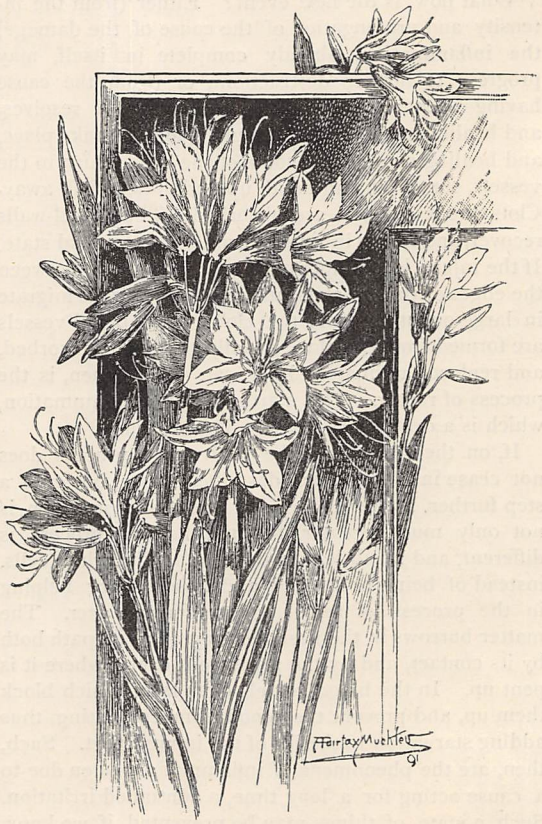


AURICULA.

NOW that the month of April has once again set in, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that the dreary and terrible winter of 1890–91 is a thing of the past. Many an old and hardy favourite that has for years, perhaps, held its own in our flower-garden and shrubbery, must doubtless since November last have succumbed in exposed situations to the rigours of our late Arctic season. The lesson, then, that we have to learn from our misfortunes in this variable climate is that we should always have in readiness some sort of adequate protection to give to any exposed flower, tree, or shrub, in every department of the garden.

Out of a natural desire, then, to feast our eyes upon some vivid contrast to the darkness of winter, let us select some gay and brilliant flower to discuss before we see what general observations have to be made relative to our gardening routine for the month. And what a brilliant contrast, for example, does the Amaryllis present to all the fog and gloom that we have experienced. Of this noble flower there are of course hardy half-hardy, and still more tender ones ; but one and all of them are most beautiful and will amply repay any trouble that we bestow upon them. And belonging to the same tribe or natural order of the Amaryllidaceæ, are the Hippeastrum and the Habranthus, but their exact classification has often been a matter of dispute. Now the bulb of the Amaryllis should be planted at a good depth, though not more, perhaps, than six inches under ground, in a good rich and light soil, and as far as possible in a sheltered part of the garden. No doubt the Amaryllis should be thought for the most part half-hardy, but Paxton and Lindley, two good authorities, recognise some two or three specimens as actually hardy. Of these, at any rate, we may name two, *Amaryllis Belladonna* and *A. pallida*, the latter being a lovely flesh-coloured flower that blooms in August, introduced among us from the West Indies in 1712.

But, at all events, a large number of this somewhat confusedly classified species require the protection of a greenhouse, and of these something further must be said. Their culture, however, cannot be said to be a matter of difficulty ; but a *rapid* growth should always be encouraged in them, and when their growth is complete, water should be withheld, as otherwise bloom may fail. As for the soil in which to plant the Amaryllis bulb, equal proportions of the usual leaf



THE SCARLET AMARYLLIS.

mould, peat, and loam will suffice, with of course the addition of a little silver sand, an item seldom omitted under any circumstances of potting and planting. The Amaryllis, again, can of course be raised from seed in the ordinary shallow pan or box, but, when covered lightly with soil, place a bell-glass over all, even though the seed-pans are standing, as we are of course now supposing, in your greenhouse. We need hardly here do more than advert to the necessity of good drainage of your seed-pans: indeed, any badly drained garden or flower-pot must only prove a failure. Now your seed-pans should not be allowed to lack moisture, and in addition to this they had better stand in a shady corner of your house. And, further, as it is undesirable to disturb your young seedlings during their period of growth, it is well to avoid sowing them thickly in the first instance. As, however, you will probably find them in some parts, even with all your care, a little too crowded, take a few cautiously out and prick them out as well as you can into some other pan; while, again, even this trouble may be avoided by sowing each seed in the first place one inch apart: this, of course, takes a little more time and trouble, but then you will by this means avoid the necessity of disturbing them when once sown. When the foliage of your little seedlings has died down, give no water at all; and when the entire soil has quite dried up, you can take up the little bulbs and plant them afresh in similar compost, three or four in a pot. Once again allow them to have a similar growth as before, and give them no water when the foliage shows the yellow symptom of decay. When next you pot your bulbs, you must put them only one at a time in, say, a small "forty-eight" sized pot. The next growth will give you a bloom, and you will then be able to decide, if you have grown a large stock, which are the most meritorious in the way of colours. The *Amaryllis formosissima*, so called, is perhaps familiar to most of us, and more so than many of its fellows: it is well to know that it readily admits of being forced in any ordinary hot-bed, and in a very short time you will be rewarded by the fine crimson bloom. And at a time when, as in April, our cucumber and melon frames have only just been made up, we generally in the first instance utilise them for the purpose of forcing on a few of our favourite flowers in the early spring.

April, however, is a very busy month in every corner of the garden; for we are very much taken up with getting in a good stock of annuals both in the open border and also in slight heat, our object being to maintain a succession of "annual" bloom through the whole summer and well into the autumn.

Picotees and carnations will require repotting in April in various-sized pots, according as you wish to have them, one, two, or even three in a pot. Then again, by the middle of April, or thereabouts, in accordance with the condition of the season, the roses will require a careful examination, for you will find secreted among the leaves and the now rapidly swelling buds, the mischievous grub that so disfigures if it does not entirely destroy many a handsome rose. The best, indeed the only good, remedy is a thorough syringing with a pail of water in which you have dissolved some soft soap with a mere suspicion of turpentine in it. This first syringing should be immediately followed by a syringing with entirely fresh water. The good result of this operation you will find even the very next morning, as you make your examination. Many of the small maggots can be crushed by hand, but at all hazards these pests must never be allowed to have their own way.

THE BEST REMEDY.

EXPLANATIONS.

SO you're jealous, sir, I find—oh, oh !
That's an awkward state of mind, you know ;
For when a man is jealous
Of all the other fellows
He isn't true himself—no, no.

You would like me to give in—oh, oh !
But it's early to begin, you know ;
And you'll understand, I pray you,
I'm not going to obey you,
Till I've promised to obey—no, no.

So you'll watch me like a cat—oh, oh !
You will not get much by that, you know ;
For when a maid's not trusted
She is very soon disgusted,
And Love can't thrive on that—no, no.

Will I make it up again ?—oh, oh !
That's a much more humble strain, you know ;
It would serve you right to tease you,
Yet I'll make it up to please you,
But—don't try it on again—no, no.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

WHERE OUR FOOD AND CLOTHING COME FROM.

IT is very curious how little we know about the origin of the things we use, the clothes we wear, the food we consume. The other day I called on a friend who is engaged in a very large business. He was out, but expected in shortly, and I was asked to wait in his room, which I did for five minutes. My appetite for reading, good, bad, or indifferent, is enormous. On his table lay a paper of the most uninviting kind, for it seemed to be made up of columns of figures. I picked it up, and in those five minutes I discovered that even accounts, national accounts, trade returns, contain for the ordinary unstatistical creature a fund of information most useful.

The first thing that had arrested my notice was an indication of where we get our sugar from. I had fondly thought that it came from the sugar plantations of our West Indian cousins, aided by other cousins from the Continent of America, and to some extent from the East Indies. Oh, what a surprise ! Nearly half of it comes from Germany. May I give you just a few figures ?

	Cwt.	*Value.*
Germany—refined sugar	3,617,680	... £2,922,791
,, unrefined	4,899,470	... £2,953,419
British W. Indies—refined	nil	... nil
,, ,, unrefined	1,096,771	... £828,892
,, E. Indies—unrefined	539,002	... £278,225
And our total imports are { refined	7,245,640	... £5,914,849
{ unrefined	10,874,871	... £6,811,354

The figures are for a period of nine months, ending 30th of September, 1890. The other countries from which we get the sweet stuff in appreciable quantities are France, Holland, Java, Belgium, and Peru, from which countries we derive altogether five and a half million hundredweight.

It is well known that we have to buy a great deal of foreign butter, and most of us have fancied that Normandy and Brittany were the sources of our chief supplies. We have heard of Danish butter, too, but not a great deal, and I think many people will share my surprise at learning that we get much more butter from Denmark than from France, and if the figures for Denmark and Sweden are added together, they more than double the value and quantity that France sends us. We paid Denmark in nine months nearly three and a half millions of money for butter, and to France only just over two millions.

From butter to eggs is a natural transition. There is not much to astonish us in the revelation of eggs, except that whereas we get nearly as many from Germany as from France, we pay much less to the Teutons for them. It appears that French eggs are worth half as much again as German eggs. Belgium supplies us with fifty-six eggs for every hundred that we get from France, at about the same price as the Germans part with theirs. Altogether, we spent two and a half millions of pounds on foreign eggs in nine months.

Keeping to farm produce, I felt curious to learn something about corn, and especially bread-stuffs. Here are the figures of our importation of wheat.

	Cwt.	*Value.*
From Russia	13,927,010	... £5,325,327
,, East Indies.. ...	7 112,577	... £2,696,955
,, United States ...	14,438,336	... £5,758,287

Brother Jonathan also grinds his corn, and sends us in the form of wheatmeal and flour 9,605,901 cwt., worth to us £5,331,489. One noteworthy fact which I find under the head of corn is that we are importing a prodigious quantity of maize—very nearly twice as much as we bought in the same time only two years ago, the present amount being over 37 million cwt., worth £8,346,274. From this I know of only one inference that can be drawn, and that is that distillers must be very busy converting it into spirit.

(*Drawn by the late* ALICE HAVERS.)

EXPLANATIONS.

(*See p.* 286.)

But, melancholy to relate, coffee is in a parlous state, and seems to be unequal to the contest for command of our tables. The quantities of tea, coffee, and cocoa that we imported for home consumption in nine months were :—Tea, 143 millions of pounds ; coffee, 21·8 millions of pounds ; and cocoa, 15½ millions of pounds. Two years ago those millions would have been : Tea 138½, coffee nearly 24, and cocoa nearly 14. Our own colonies have suffered most severely by the drop in coffee. On the other hand, John Chinaman has suffered badly as a tea planter. In 1888 (nine months) we brought from India and Ceylon 68½ million pounds, and from China nearly 79 millions. Last year's importation (for similar nine months was, from India and Ceylon 92¼ millions, and from China 47½ millions.

Now let us look at some articles of clothing. I feel some interest in silk, so I will begin with that ; and I find that two-thirds of our raw silk comes from China, which I confess I had not expected to learn. I wonder if, as an exporter of silk stuffs (other than ribbons), many people of ordinary information will expect to find Holland taking a very prominent place. In the first nine months of this year Holland sent us one-fourth in value of the silk we imported. Of course France was at the top of the list, but all other countries were, as racing-men say, "nowhere." That is the state of the race as regards what are called "broad stuffs." But the next thing I see is that ribbons of silk or satin do not come mostly from France, nor yet from Holland, but from Belgium, whose receipts in money from us for these articles are double what France gets, and other countries again are "nowhere." "Other manufactures" of silk find France heading the poll, with the East Indies and China jointly straggling in second, with just about an eighth of the value.

Next to silk, commend me to wool. We know pretty well where that comes from, though we may hardly realise the magnitude of the supply. Our importation of silk for nine months has been worth rather more than nine and a half millions of money. But Australasia sent us during the same period over sixteen million pounds' worth of wool, and we received from the Cape more than three million pounds' worth, and from the East Indies three-quarters of a million. Altogether, we imported over twenty-two million pounds' worth of raw wool. Of course we did not keep all this for ourselves ; France, Germany, Belgium, the United States, Holland, and other countries bought nearly half of it from us, France and Germany each taking nearly three million pounds' worth. But the French made up the raw wool into piece goods, which they sold back to us for over four and a quarter millions of money ; apparently the Germans wanted all we sold to them, for they sent none back.

As to linen : poor old Ireland still makes linen, and let us hope it will continue to do so for many a year ; the Scotch also are busy in the trade, but we have to import a great deal of flax from foreign countries, and two-thirds of the amount we import comes from Russia, while Belgium and Holland between them sell us nearly all the rest—Belgium twice as much as Holland. Of hemp we import nearly as much as we do of flax, but we have to go much farther away to find it, and over one-third of it has to come from the Philippine Islands—farther away even than China—Germany, Italy, and Russia contributing amongst them nearly the same amount. On flax, hemp, and jute we pay away just over eight millions. But when we have made these products up, we export a considerable amount, for the United States buy from us over a million pounds' worth of jute goods, and nearly one and three-quarter millions' worth of linen goods. The West Indies and Australasia also buy nearly £630,000 worth.

No one needs to be told that raw cotton comes from the United States, but it is pleasant to know we are not now so exclusively dependent on America as we were when the cotton famine happened, nearly a quarter of a century ago, through the great war there. Still it is only about one-fourth of our supply that we derive from Egypt and the East Indies. In all, we have imported in nine months over twenty-five million pounds' worth of cotton, of which seventeen and a quarter came from the States, four and a quarter from the East Indies, and over two and a half from Egypt. And what do we do with all this raw cotton ? We make it into yarn, and of the yarn we make "piece goods," and we use a great quantity of these in the way of clothing, sheeting, &c., and then we export an enormous quantity—some in the yarn state, some made up, some printed. In the nine months our cotton exports were of the total value of nearly fifty-six millions of pounds. It was distributed to some of our chief customers in this way :—

Country.	*Yarn.*	*Piece Goods.*
East Indies	£1,950,000	£14,745,523
China	£452,000	£4,423,732
Japan	£779.000	£569,000
Germany	£1 315,000	£402,000
Holland	£1,290,000	£524,000
Turkey	£845,000	£2,851,000
Brazil		£1,709,000
Egypt		£917,000
United States		£966,000
Australasia		£1,406,000

The only other articles of clothing that I need refer to are caoutchouc (or india-rubber), of which we use a constantly increasing quantity, and of which the amount already imported is worth nearly two and a quarter millions of pounds ; and hides, of which we import, in the rough state, nearly two millions of pounds' worth, the East Indies supplying nearly one-quarter of the amount. Besides these rough hides, we import others that are tanned or dressed in some way, so as to be ready for use, to the value of nearly five millions. The United States send us rather over one and a half millions, and the East Indies rather less, France coming next, with nearly three-quarters of a million. We do not use all this leather, for we re-export nearly two million pounds' worth in the rough and in the manufactured state.

Passing from articles of clothing to other imports, one is struck by the quantities of wood and timber we get from abroad, and the enormous consumption of petroleum. One-fourth of the import of wood comes from Sweden and Norway, to which countries we have

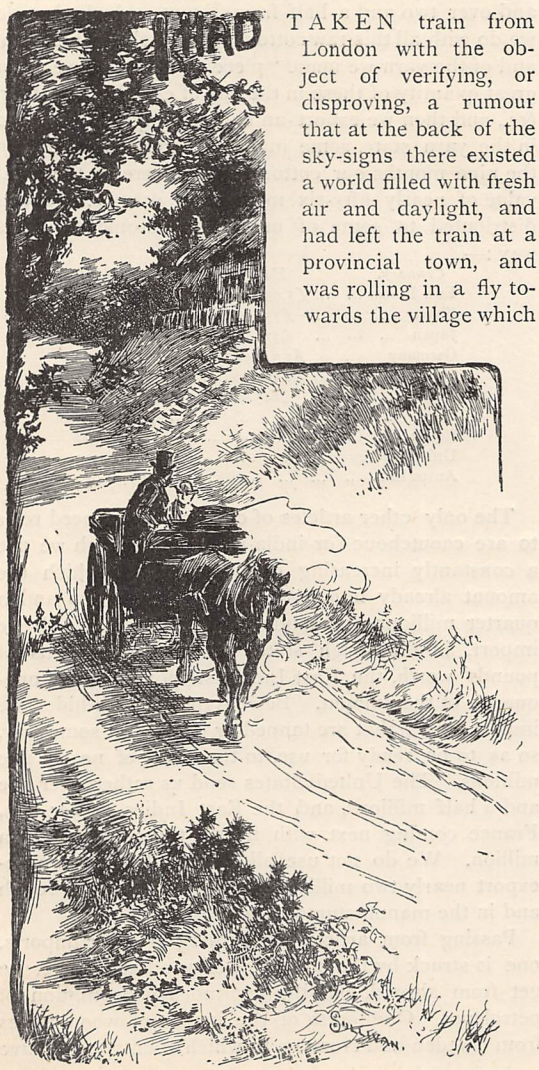
had to pay over four millions in nine months. Next to Sweden and Norway, we draw the largest quantity from Canada, the value being two and three-quarter millions. Russia is third in the list, with two and one-third millions, and the United States follow with over one and a quarter millions. The total value of wood imported in this period was over twelve millions of pounds. Petroleum is lumped together in the return at seventy-two and a half million gallons, worth £1,687,000, but how much comes from America and how much (if any) from Russia is not stated.

Lastly, we look at miscellaneous articles, and first amongst them come horses. We were buying half as many horses again last year as we did in 1889, and nearly twice as many as the year before. The total, however, is only 16,336, worth a quarter of a million, and Germany sends us 10,715 of them, said to be worth £116,368. To make up for this, we export British and Irish horses to the number of 9,492, worth half a million, so we may pride ourselves on the superiority of our breed of these. The only other thing I notice is that we pay the East Indies over one and one-third millions for linseed, and Russia nearly a million. May I mention in passing that linseed is the seed of the flax plant from which linen is made? We are so used to thinking of it as material for poultices, that we lose the other association.

Some day I hope I may be allowed to put some other Government figures into a little article which may be of some interest.

C. P. D.

"FULL-LENGTHS AND THUMB-NAILS"—THE REMORSELESS ABLETT.



TAKEN train from London with the object of verifying, or disproving, a rumour that at the back of the sky-signs there existed a world filled with fresh air and daylight, and had left the train at a provincial town, and was rolling in a fly towards the village which was to be the scene of my investigations. I asked the flyman whether he knew of any apartments in the village.

"Well," he said, "there's Mrs. Biffens, the grocer, but she's full; and then there's another set o' rooms I know of, only *they're* down with the measles."

Then he paused and held a consultation with himself, in which there appeared to be considerable difference of opinion; then he nudged the horse on the side with the end of the furled whip as if to call *his* attention to the matter, and the horse shook his head doubtfully.

"There's Mr. Ablett, the shoemaker, in a manner o' speakin'," said the flyman. "He *do* let; but there's some o' the gentry as don't seem to kind of 'it it orff with Ablett, as you might say, and goes orff in a 'uff. You see, Ablett he kind of offends 'em, he do; and one ole lady with a Maltese terrier as was that upset at his goin's-on as she ran right out of the 'ouse, and went away in the market 'bus, and left all her things. You see, he do go it that violent as upsets 'em, specially visitors, which of course they're delicate nurtured, as the sayin' is, is visitors, and easy shook in their feelin's. And then it's that there gelatine as tells on 'em, you see. But maybe *you* mightn't care, sir, 'cos there's some as ain't the same as others."

There appeared to be something very strange and unsettling about Ablett the shoemaker, but all I could clearly elicit from the flyman was that no physical violence was to be anticipated from Ablett, and that he was not in the habit of murdering his lodgers in their beds.

When we reached the village, my friend, drawing up, beckoned to an acquaintance, and consulted him in low and doubtful tones; then another man came out from the little saddler's shop and joined in, and the blacksmith strolled in from a little distance; and Mrs. May, the greengrocer, leaned out of her shop-door, three feet off; and a Skye-terrier, with a fox-terrier's head and tail, straggled up and listened.

"Well, I know Mrs. Ablett; her rooms are free," said Mrs. May, "and she does for 'em comfortable and attentive, that she do, which if it was ordinary folk; but visitors — that's where it is, as of course gets alarmed——"

"Not to speak of that there gelatine as makes the blood run cold," added the blacksmith.

Then those who did not nod their heads shook them obliquely, and the dog raised one fore-leg doubtfully.

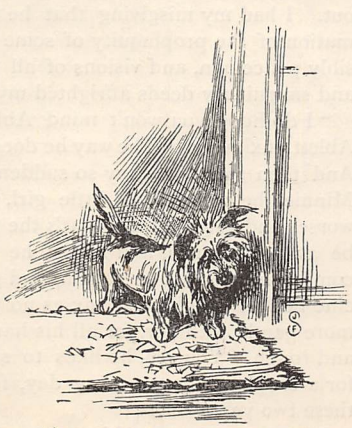
"Not that he ever up and *does* nothink awful," said the flyman's first acquaintance.

"Oh, no; and if p'raps the gentleman ain't easy put about, and I know Mrs. Ablett would be that glad to let, and a good soul at that," said Mrs. May.

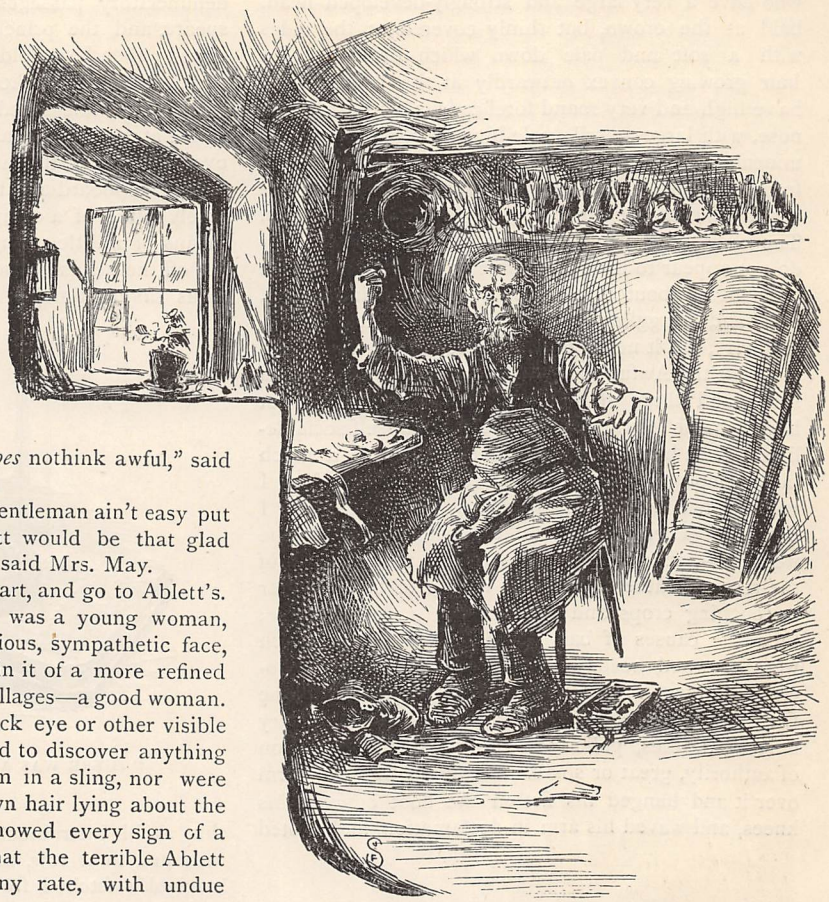
So I decided to harden my heart, and go to Ablett's. Mrs. Ablett received me. She was a young woman, with a quiet manner and a serious, sympathetic face, with a large amount of beauty in it of a more refined type than one usually finds in villages—a good woman. My instinctive search for a black eye or other visible signs of violence about her failed to discover anything of the sort. She had not an arm in a sling, nor were any torn-out tresses of her brown hair lying about the floor. On the contrary, she showed every sign of a quiet mind, so I concluded that the terrible Ablett did not beat his wife—at any rate, with undue severity.

The small rooms were faultlessly clean, homely, and comfortable, and here and there were various tiny models of boots and shoes beautifully made in various leathers; nevertheless, I could not altogether dismiss a certain vague impression that Ablett was about to spring upon me from under the bed or from behind the little book-case, with gnashing teeth and bloodshot eyes, and hack me to pieces with a dinner-knife, or in some way destroy me with the dreaded "gelatine." But he did not, and I moved in, though I decided not to stray far from the stout walking-stick I had brought with me.

When I returned from a brief survey of the village a nice little repast of chops was upon the table, and flowers had been placed in all the available vases about the room.



"SNIFFING INTO THE ROOM."



"GRADUALLY HE GREW WARM" (*p.* 290).

The chops contained no corrosive poison, or, at any rate, I felt no effects, nor apparently did the ugliest little mongrel dog I ever saw, which, sniffing into the room, kindly accepted a few little pieces.

All that day I did not see Ablett. Occasionally was to be heard a male voice in the kitchen, but as it did not appear to be threatening horrible things against anyone, or bullying anyone, or denouncing anyone, I concluded it could not be Ablett the Awful.

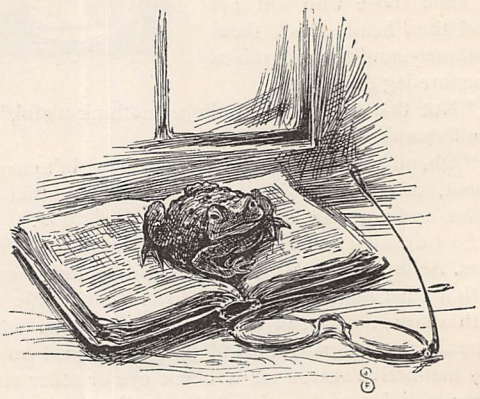
Next morning, however, I passed through a little room at the back on my way to avail myself of the invitation to look at the garden, and there sat a shoemaker at work. Bracing my nerves, I prepared to have a good look at the Terror of Visitors, for I felt it must be he. I prepared my mind for the worst—the bloodshot eye, the wild and matted hair, the fang-like teeth, the Red-gauntlet horseshoe, possibly even pointed ears, half-concealing embryo horns. Gathering myself up, I gazed.

I think I was the least bit disappointed when my eyes fell upon a perfect, but fairly common, type of socialist cobbler.

All cobblers, so far as my experience goes, are socialists, but all have not attained, by evolution, to the perfect typehood of socialist cobblerdom: those

who have a very large and strongly-developed head, bald at the crown, but thinly covered at the sides with a soft and pale down which develops into hair growing convex outwardly at the back. They have high and very round foreheads, a short turn-up nose, with large nostrils, pale blue eyes, large and prominent, a very large mouth with thick lips, and a frame of beard extending irregularly from beneath one ear to beneath the other by way of under the chin. The only thing they ever vary in is this beard; they do not appear to have been able to arrive at a definite agreement about that. Some have it thin, downy, pale, and straggling, while others have it dark, thick, and wiry, but it never alters its line of growth.

Ablett the Awful rose and saluted me with a broad smile and three slow nods; he apologised for not having come forward before to make himself sociable-like. Then he wiped a very black chin with a much blacker apron, and invited me to sit down, and as I vaguely felt it might be perilous to cross Ablett, I obeyed. Then Ablett talked, beginning with the weather—fine weather at first; then the badness of the recent weather; then the results of bad weather as touching crops and farmers and trade generally; then the causes of bad weather, chief among which were crowned heads and all other rulers, the aristocracy, Cabinet Ministers, Heads of Departments, the Chief Commissioner of Police, naval and military officers, beadles, policemen—all holding any position of authority, great or small. Gradually he grew warm over it and banged his fist on the boot between his knees, and waved his arm in declamation, and quoted denunciatory passages from sacred books, Shakespeare, and the principal socialist leaders, all intermixed; then he unfolded an awful and blood-curdling plan, elaborately worked out in its minutest details, for tearing into fine shreds all the officials enumerated above at a given signal electrically communicated all over the earth at the same moment. Finally, he went to a little cupboard and brought out a small model, very nicely made, of a comprehensive guillotine, which, by means of a little spring at its foot, could be made to cut off the heads of twenty-five potentates at one blow (thus saving time). Ablett gloated dreadfully over

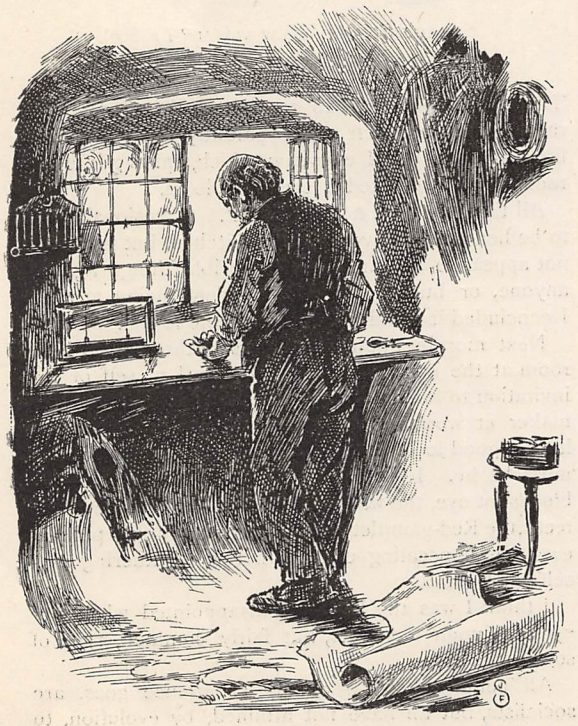


"THERE WAS A TAME TOAD" (*p.* 291).

this awful instrument, and his eye sparkled as he arranged in a row, and decapitated, five-and-twenty marigolds fetched from the garden. That, he explained, was the way to work 'em off, and then things would be equally divided, and every man have his own, and creation be made happy. The denunciations of the members of the police force, in particular, were blood-curdling, and the number of different ways he had invented for putting the whole force to horrible deaths was quite marvellous. Pity, compunction, and remorse were obviously entire strangers to the fierce breast of Ablett, and I was relieved when Ablett's little boy came in, and whispered something which caused his father to rise hastily, excuse himself, and hurry out. I had my misgiving that he had received information of the propinquity of some potentate, or possibly policeman, and visions of all sorts of gruesome and sanguinary deeds affrighted my mind.

"I do hope you won't mind Ablett, sir," said Mrs. Ablett anxiously. "The way he does go on—but there! And then running away so sudden; but, you see, it's Minnie, the policeman's little girl, as has been taken worse, and Mr. Batton—that's the policeman—has to be away so much, and Ablett he thinks nobody can comfort her so well as he can, and give her her medicine neither; and I will say as no woman couldn't be more gentle with her, for all his hands look so clumsy and rough. You see, he likes to sit and read to her for a couple of hours every day, for she's been bad these two years, sir."

In a few minutes Ablett came back, looking very



"ABLETT THE TERRIBLE LEANING OVER THE BENCH" (*p.* 291).

anxious. He had not mangled any potentate. He hurried to the pump to wash himself, knocking over, and leaving, the little guillotine by the way, and in a few minutes was rattling along in a little cart to the town to fetch the doctor, and get a new fairy tale book at the bookstall.

Next day Mrs. Ablett showed me Ablett's pets. Up in an apple-tree sat a thrush which always partook of breakfast on Ablett's shoulder; there was a young hedgehog that the shoemaker had saved from a gamekeeper, and that *would* climb up inside the legs of his rescuer's trousers; in the workshop was a blue-tit whose amusements consisted of hanging on underneath Ablett's beard and the lobes of his ears and his back hair, and flying away to the roof with his needles and thread; there was the dreadful mongrel dog, which refused to look at anyone else when his master was near; and there was a tame toad in the garden, and other things.

"I do believe Ablett would go clean out of his mind," said Mrs. A., "if anything was to happen to 'em."

Three mornings after that there was an atmosphere of something having gone wrong in the cottage. The shoemaker's voice was not to be heard, and his wife was even quieter than usual, and when I went into the little shop, there was Ablett the Terrible leaning over the bench, and in his hand was the body of a very small bird, the feathers of the neck stained with blood, and on the body was a bright tear. Close by stood the guillotine, with the knife down, and a little speck of blood on that; and the socialist shoemaker turned his face away, and pretended to be looking out of window. The blue-tit had touched the spring of the toy guillotine and executed itself.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IN showing that the ultimate materials of dreams are ideas of sensation, the same as the materials of our waking imagination, I have incidentally illustrated the second point of similarity, which is this—namely, that our thoughts succeed one another according to the law of association of ideas. When our thoughts run on, in meditation or reverie, they are found to be connected in groups or linked in a chain, each new-comer having some association with its predecessor, either through natural similarity or previous companionship in our experience. The same rule is observed in our dreams, however rambling and inconsequent they may seem to be. Voltaire observes that he has known advocates who have "pleaded" in dreams; mathematicians who have sought to solve problems, and poets who have composed verses; and, therefore, he regards it as incontestable that consecutive ideas occur in sleep. I will give one instance from my own experience where the ideas succeed one another in the way of natural suggestion and legitimate inference. I was visiting at a friend's house, and the irregular dieting led one night to disturbed sleep, and a semi-nightmare experience. I fancied that someone entered my bedroom, having a sort of framework or long bundle extending upwards from his head and shoulders, and pretty well doubling his height. I inferred that this was an attempt to frighten me, so I gave chase into another room, but could not overtake the figure. A doubt then crossed my mind as to whether the appearances were real. I put out my hand to grasp something—my hand passed through it—and I said to myself, "Ah! it *is* all delusion." But immediately after, grasping at something else, which might be ornaments on a mantelpiece (and here, I suppose, my fingers may perhaps have touched the bedstead), I seemed to feel them to be substantial, and I said to myself, "The things are real!" Moving to return back from this room into which I had followed the figure, I observed two persons in a bed near the door; and inferring them to be as real as the ornaments on the mantelpiece, I said to myself, "I am in a bedroom where strangers are sleeping—I must surely be walking in my sleep." In this dream, as in so many, the eye conjures up pictures of persons and things, and the mind is easily deceived, and mistakes them for realities, but the processes of thought are just what they would be if the circumstances were real. The great naturalist Cuvier once dreamed that the devil had come to devour him, but, on observing the evil spirit's horns and hoofs, he inferred that he must be graminivorous in his habits, and so dismissed his fear. Here we see the naturalist reasoning about a strange animal just as he would do when awake. Agassiz, the naturalist, dreamed out the proper classification of a fish. The method adopted for the manufacture of small shot is said to have come to the inventor in a dream. About the year 1783, a Bristol plumber named Watts dreamed that he was out in a shower of molten lead. He observed that the metal came down in spherical drops, and afterwards, to find whether it would be so, he went to the top of a church, and poured melted metal into a vessel of water below. To his great delight, he found that the lead had gathered into beautifully formed globular balls, and he at once took out a patent. This story, as told, looks like a revelation coming in sleep; but I think it likely that Mr. Watts had been cogitating the matter of making shot, and thinking over the analogy of raindrops.

* The author is alone responsible for the statements in this paper.—ED. *C. M.*

The suggestions of a disturbed retina may usually cause the thoughts in dreams to ramble incoherently; but where the mind is intent upon some abstract matter, it would appear that lengthy trains of reasoning may occasionally be carried out. A clergyman may compose a sermon in a dream; and a case is recorded of a lawyer dreaming an excellent address to a jury, and getting up, in the manner of a somnambulist, and writing it out. Campbell, in a dream, excogitated the celebrated line,

"For coming events cast their shadows before."

S. T. Coleridge composed a poem while in a profound sleep, which followed upon the taking of an anodyne, and overtook him while he was reading, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage," the passage which says that Kubla Khan commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. The poem begins thus :—

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

We have about fifty more lines of this poem; and the author believes that he dreamed 200 or 300, only while he was afterwards writing them down he was called out on business, and then they had vanished from his mind. We have also stories of bank cashiers recollecting in their sleep the payment of moneys which escaped their memory when awake; of lawyers dreaming where to find documents they had lost; and of engineers or mathematicians dreaming their way to the solution of difficulties. Such cases have given rise to the idea that the faculties are exalted in our dreams, and perhaps supernaturally assisted; but the inference is hardly justified. Dreams are *usually* so incoherent and unreasonable that the exceptions appear more wonderful by contrast. The brain being partly asleep and inactive is surely unfitted to perform greater feats with half its forces at command than with the whole. Agassiz only dreams out the classification of a fish because he is a naturalist, familiar with fish structures. Tartini must be a musician already, to compose his Devil's Sonata. Coleridge would not dream the poem of Kubla Khan if he were not a poet of great imaginative powers, able to compose the poem when awake —which Brodie, by-the-bye, suggests that he actually did. It is inconceivable that the inspiration to write it should come to an ordinary mortal. And as to a lawyer finding a lost document, he was searching for it the previous day, and simply continued his search in his dreams, with the advantage that there was nothing to distract his attention.

One part of our subject necessarily overlaps another. It has already appeared that we believe in the real existence of what we seem to see in our dreams. This is a third point of coincidence with our waking life. Once in a dream I saw an ungainly horse, as large as an elephant, and with a head behind as well as in front. I did not doubt the reality of what I saw.

In our daily experience "seeing is believing." We need not confuse the question by talking about the fallacies of sense; we know, of course, that every one of the five senses is liable to be deceived; yet it is true, generally speaking, that we believe the testimony of our eyes. I have already pointed out that the optic nerve appears to be very active in our dreams. I would now remark that this ready belief in what we see—which is so reasonable a thing when we are awake—accounts for that very remarkable fact of dream experience, that we dream of the dead and suppose them to be alive. There is nothing unreasonable in it. On the contrary, if we were to see to-day —entering our house, and standing before us—persons whom we have long regarded as dead, we should soon become persuaded that they were alive, and should frame some hypothesis to account for our former notion—either they were in a trance only, when we thought them dead, or we had been misinformed about their death, or something else. The priest who thought he saw Thomas à Beckett, after his murder, ascend the altar stairs, inferred that he had risen from the dead. In January, 1884, a girl, Emma Whitaker, certified by the doctor to be dead, laid out and measured for her coffin, got up and called downstairs to her mother; it was inferred, of course, that the doctor had misjudged.

Against this kind of explanation it will be urged that we feel no surprise in our sleep when we see the dead, and that we sometimes fail to remember that they are or have been dead. It is so: yet these two objections partly neutralise one another; for if we remember not that a friend has died, we have no occasion to feel surprised if we find him living. The curious fact that we do not remember they have died, results, I suppose, from the brain cells which have that item of memory in their keeping being among those which are locked in sleep. If no brain cells were locked in sleep we should be awake, and not dreaming.

I must now set forth the argument in favour of my greatest heresy, namely, that no very long dreams take place in a very short time, and that Lord Brougham and other writers are wrong regarding that. Lord Brougham intimates that the prick of a pin will immediately produce a long dream, which seems to terminate in some such accident as that the sleeper has been wandering through a wood and received a severe wound from a spear or the tooth of a wild animal, which at the same instant awakens him. A gun fired in one instance, during the alarm of invasion, made a military man at once dream the enemy had landed, so he ran to his post, and repairing to the scene of action, was present when the first discharge took place, which also the same instant awakened him. These facts, he says, show the infinite rapidity of thought, the mind having gone through a long operation of fancy in a single instant, a mere point of time. I cannot see that they show the rapidity of thought at all; they only show that the mind, in sleep, misconceives time and the succession of events. The military man hears the gun, and fancies himself defending his post against the enemy; the enemy, of course, having landed and himself having run to his post—all of which

stands present to his thought simultaneously as in a picture, and it takes no more than a second to glance at a picture. We are told that a gentleman, a friend of Dr. Abercrombie's, dreamed he had crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America, and then, in embarking to return, fell into the sea, the fright awaking him, when he discovered he had not been asleep more than ten minutes. This is considered very wonderful—that the mind should go through a fortnight's experiences in ten minutes. But I see no proof that the mind has been through those experiences at all. All that it does is to conjure up in a single instant a vague picture of recollections. For instance, I myself have just returned from a three months' tour in the East. You ask me whether I remember my journey, and I say that of course I do—at this moment. But what is the condition of my mind when I thus remember? I seem to glance at the countries I have passed through; I see a ship steaming across the Mediterranean to Alexandria; there is Cairo like a dot on the map; Jerusalem is perched on the mountains, and it is a very steep descent to the Dead Sea; Damascus is a long ride north-east; Constantinople (only reached after a long voyage) is beautifully situated; and so on. These things rise before me as in a picture; I glance at them mentally as I might look at a picture, the incidents and details of the tour are not present to my thought when I say I remember my journey, but I should have to *recollect* them, and it would be impossible to recollect them *all* without spending a long time in the process. No, such remembrance of my tour as I am conscious of in one instant is no more than a vague mental picture, a single glance at a map. Is there any reason to suppose a more detailed remembrance when a man dreams that he has been a fortnight in America? It will be replied, No; not in his mere remembrance of the fortnight, but he must have dreamed his way through a fortnight's experiences before he could remember them. This, however, is what I question. I have shown that he does not remember a fortnight's experiences, but only has present to his mind a vague outline, and now I will add that this picture is not an outline of anything that has been previously in his thought in his dream—it is not a memory at all, but a new creation of the mind called up suddenly by way of hypothesis to account for his sensation of falling into the sea. The hypothesis or guess is at once taken for reality, in the same way that every conception in our dreams, whether of persons or things, of sights or sounds, imposes upon us an impression of reality, because the sense organs are resting and the brain cells which would correct our judgment are asleep.

No doubt that, if such a dream should continue—the dream of having been to America—the dreamer might recollect (as he supposed) the incidents of his journey, and recall, one after another, the events which occurred to him. Yet this would not be a true recollection, but only the semblance of it, the ideas being really new, and now present in the mind for the first time, though viewed as relating to the past by a fiction of the judgment. Is it, then, impossible to have a lengthy dream and, in the later part of it, to remember scenes and incidents of the earlier part? I do not say so: on the contrary, I should say that it does sometimes occur, though never in a way to imply that we have had a fortnight's experiences in ten minutes. How, then, are we to distinguish between true recollections in dreams and seeming recollections? We are able to distinguish by our consciousness when we pay attention to the processes of the mind. I find that, in my own dreams, I sometimes recollect events of my waking life, sometimes remember some earlier incident of the dream, and sometimes mistake my latest thoughts for recollections, because they come into my mind as hypothetical causes of something I have endeavoured to account for.

Take another dream (July 15th, 1884). Omitting irrelevant matter, the following may be noted. There was present to my dream-consciousness a long room, out of which smaller rooms opened at the upper end at either corner. I was in the right-hand ante-room, and excused myself from the company there to go into the other ante-room. Looking through the open door of that room from the large room, I thought I saw a great furnace, partly behind the door; but on going into the room and looking fairly behind the door, no furnace was there, but a bed, on which was a little sick child. Retreating noiselessly lest I should wake the child, I began to recollect what it was that had happened to make the child so bad. But I awoke before I had fully recalled the circumstances—or, rather, before I had time to invent the circumstances. I was on the point of framing a hypothesis to account for the child's illness. It was a matter of consciousness with me that I was doing so. Nothing had occurred in the dream to lead to the child's illness; in fact, the existence of the child had not come into the dream till the furnace disappeared and the bedstead took its place. I could relate a dozen dreams, all proving the same thing—namely, that a new thought entering the mind as a hypothetical explanation of a present fact, is accepted by the mind as the actual preceding cause, and is, therefore, regarded as a recollection. It is difficult for me to prove the point to others, but the evidence to myself is conclusive, consisting in my own experience of my own states of mind. In my dreams and my reflection on them, the difference between a true recollection and a pseudo-recollection such as I have spoken of is as clear as the sure distinction I am able to make in my waking hours between remembrances and new ideas.

A little dream related in "Psychological Inquiries" shows how the dreamer's mind framed a theory to account for the pain he felt; but the writer does not seem to see what it implies in the way of pseudo-recollection. He dreamed that someone gave him a shell-fish, something like a mussel; that he ate it, and after swallowing it, felt it to be very acrid, producing a pain in his throat. When he awoke, he found that he laboured under sore throat.* The sore throat, it is not doubted, suggested the dream; so the thought and

* Brodie, I. 150.

persuasion of having swallowed an acrid shell-fish came subsequently to the pain in the throat, and yet produced the impression of being a recollection of a previous act. It is only one case of anachronism; and dreams are full of anachronisms.

I have said enough concerning the deception practised upon us by our thoughts. It will interest some readers to know that our feelings are trustworthy in our dreams, and our emotions do not deceive us. We dream that we are hungry, or cold, or suffering pain, because we really are so. We dream that we love our friends, because it is really the case. In our dreams we call up strange scenes and witness unlikely events; but we are impressed by the events in the same way that we should be were they real; and we imagine ourselves to speak and act as we commonly should do under the supposed circumstances. Consequently the dreamer's character is more or less revealed in his dreams. It may become apparent to himself, as though declared by a heart-searching prophet; and it may be revealed to others if he relates his dream circumstantially at the breakfast-table.

Here again I know that I am out of accord with one writer at least, who says that in dreams the brain reverses its everyday procedure, and goes round from left to right for the sake of variety. The moral sense is absent (says this writer). The man who would go to the stake rather than do a dishonourable act imagines himself cheating at cards. The woman who never yet voluntarily hurt a fly, chops a baby into mincemeat. A most kind-hearted lady informed Miss Cobbe that she palmed off a bad sixpence on a beggar (in a dream) and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment. A distinguished philanthropist, exercising for many years high judicial functions, continually commits forgery in his dreams, and only regrets the act when he learns that he is to be hanged, &c.

But there are two possible sources of error when writers take the dreams of other people as their data. First, the dreams may not be quite accurately narrated. In that of the good man to be hanged for forgery, for example, if the commission of forgery only comes to his mind as a recollection to explain his position as a condemned man, he has not really dreamed of committing the crime. Secondly, the inner character of the dreamers may not be known to their friends, and perhaps not recognised by themselves. Either one of these two sources of error; or the moral character and the emotional nature go more to sleep in some dreamers than they do in me. Otherwise I should say that, if we observe our own dreams, we shall find that our feelings are touched and stirred, and exhibited or controlled, according to the natural effect of the circumstances upon a character such as we possess. Indeed, I would trust the incidental revelation of character afforded by a dream more than the calculated speech and conduct of the waking person. *In vino veritas*, and also in dreams! When Dr. Johnson, in that dream, had a contest of wit, and felt much mortified because his opponent had beaten him, it showed that Dr. Johnson *would* be mortified if he were really so beaten, in his then condition of health, and under all the supposed circumstances of his dream. Perhaps he would hide his feelings, and not tell Boswell; while the feelings he had in his dream he is ready to tell. But surely they were stirred in him by the circumstances according to the habit of his soul, as truly as thought suggests thought in the chain of connected ideas. If a person who professed friendship for me told me that he dreamed I was reduced to poverty and asked him for help, which he felt no inclination to give, I should doubt the sincerity of his friendship. If I were travelling with a companion in Switzerland, and he dreamed that he was jealous of me, and that upon the occurrence of "a few words" between us, he pushed me over a precipice and rejoiced in the deed, I should go no farther with him. The Rev. Henry Rowley, who was connected with a mission in Africa, writes as follows:—"The chief of our district began to dream that the spirits of his ancestors appeared to him, and were angry with him for permitting us to live in his territory, and warned him that, if he did not soon get rid of us, we should get rid of him, and make ourselves masters of the country." Mr. Rowley rightly inferred that the chief's dreams were the embodiment of his own suspicions, and on that account foreboded trouble to the mission.*

In this way, and to this extent, ordinary dreams may be interpreted; and we may approve the following sentences from an old preacher: "There are many people that find out more mysteries in their sleep than they can well expound waking. . . . . If they dream of a green garden, then they shall hear of a dead corpse; if they dream that they shake a dead man by the hand, then there is no way but death. All this is a kind of superstitious folly, to repose any such confidence in dreams; but if any man desire to make a right use of dreams, let it be this: Let him consider himself in his dreaming to what inclination he is mostly carried, and so by his thoughts in the night he shall learnt to know himself in the day. Is he turbulent in his dreams, let him consider his own contentious disposition. Be his dreams revengeful, they point out his malice. Run they upon gold and silver, they argue his covetousness. Thus may any man know what he is by his sleep, for generally men answer to such actually waking, as their thoughts do sleeping."†

If I have disappointed any by my silence concerning premonitory dreams and their fulfilment, and dreams in which the will of Heaven is revealed, otherwise than as an impression of duty to be done, I have only to say that those branches of the subject are large and difficult, and I have found a sufficient theme for the present occasion in the ordinary dreams of which we all have some experience.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

* "Religion of the Africans," by the Rev. H. Rowley, p. 119.

† Shute's "Sermon," London, 1633.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

OLD FRIENDS IN LONDON.

THE Miss Vassells had come up to London for their peep at the gay world, and had taken lodgings in Maddox Street.

After Trelorn, that particular part of London was a slightly gloomy spot to have selected for a town residence; but as it was conveniently near Regent Street and Bond Street, and therefore within reach of all the sights worth seeing, it was the street always chosen by the Miss Vassells for their particular patronage.

Mrs. Trelorn never went about much in London; she said that sight-seeing bored her, and spent all her energies on buying a bonnet—for she was one of those women who think that as long as your head is well and fashionably covered, the rest of your person is an exceedingly secondary object.

So as a companion the Miss Vassells had brought with them the vicar—and, not to be outdone, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Abel Emlin had taken lodgings next door—so that Maddox Street was for the nonce turned into a complete Trelorn settlement. Mr. Abel spent most of his time in the Natural History department of the South Kensington Museum, and astonished the officials of that institution by his intimate and varied knowledge of the habits and species of the garden snail. And Mrs. Brown spent her day, when she was not shopping in Regent Street, in careering about the Park in a hired brougham. As she could get none of the party to accompany her, she lived in the hopes of discovering an acquaintance in every passer-by, but as yet her desire had not been fulfilled.

The Miss Vassells and the vicar patronised the outsides of the penny 'busses, and to see the trio laboriously climbing to the top of a bright green or a bright yellow 'bus was a sight worth living for. As Miss Thomasina always persistently hailed the wrong one, and then always as persistently declared to the irate driver that if he was *not* going to Kilburn, or Royal Oak, or wherever the place might be, then he *ought* to have been going that way, they were not regarded with favour by omnibus-drivers in general.

To go shopping with the Miss Vassells was also a doubtful sort of pleasure, for if they wanted a yard of ribbon they would stop at half a dozen shop windows to discuss and consider the shade and width of that unfortunate yard, and to wonder where it might best be purchased.

Not being endowed with very full purses, they did not aspire to clothing themselves in Regent Street garments, but contented themselves by studying every article of fashion, with the object of having it reproduced by Nancy Bowden, the little Trelorn dressmaker. But their method of shopping was far preferable to that of Mrs. Brown. For she every day singled out some particular shop in which to turn over every dress and mantle in the show-room, cheapen and abuse them all, and finally leave the shop, after having bought a knot of tape or a reel of cotton.

Of course, one of the main objects of the London visit of these good people was to see how little Dulce Carruthers got on in the great world, and if it were really true that a prince of the blood royal had fallen in love with her, and that Jack Mordaunt had threatened to cut off his head: at which she was so angry that she had thrown over poor Jack on the spot.

This rumour had gained ground in Trelorn, and was a matter of common belief among Dulce's humble friends, who had a solemn way of shaking their heads and saying—

"Who'd a' thought it of them both!"

Mrs. Brown was rather annoyed and surprised when, after judicious questionings on her part, her landlady had confessed that she had never even heard of the beautiful Miss Carruthers. However, as she had never even heard of Lady Spenhouse, whose name, as Mrs. Brown knew, was in every Drawing-room list, she was thereby proved to be only a poor ignorant creature, after all. But having implied as much to the landlady, she found that London wrath and power of language could far surpass the comparatively limited vocabulary of the Cornish fisherman. "I'll thank you to leave my drawing-room, and not to come your lords and ladies over me. I should have thought by the look of you that decent society was not what you had been accustomed to," had been the landlady's conclusion as she snorted out of the room. But as the rooms suited her so well, Mrs. Brown had had to pocket her pride and her "lords and ladies," and make some sort of an apology to the irate cockney.

No sooner were they comfortably settled down than Miss Thomasina wrote a little note to Dulce, telling her of their arrival, and asking her to come to tea with them next day. They had no wish to intrude on Lady Spenhouse, for by all accounts she was the sort of woman who might consider their call an intrusion—in fact, they much preferred to deny themselves the honour of her acquaintance.

Dulce was delighted to accept their invitation to tea, and they spent much time and thought in preparing a dainty little country meal that would remind her of her own home.

As London cakes did not at all satisfy their requirements, they sent down to Trelorn for an instalment of home-made ones, besides cream, butter, and eggs, and with the little feast spread out on a clean white cloth,

and the room as bright and pretty as quantities of flowers could make it, they waited for the girl's arrival.

Presently the equilibrium of the street was disturbed, and with a bang and a crash, up drove Lady Spenhouse's smart carriage, with its powdered coachman and footman, and after a violent peal at the bell, Dulce herself was announced, and entered the room with the air of a young queen.

It was then that the Trelorn party showed want of presence of mind, for at the sight of this lovely vision, in plumed hat and pale green silk dress and cloak, they remained immovably rooted to their seats, till Miss Thomasina, with a gasp—being the first to recover herself—seized Dulce in her arms, and gave her a long and affectionate hug, whereupon the others followed suit.

"And is it really you, Dulce?" said Miss Thomasina with mournful pleasure, regarding her with her spectacles very much awry on the end of her nose. "If I had met you in the street I should have passed you by, for you have changed so utterly that I should not have known you were little Dulce."

"Everyone says I have altered very much," said the girl, laughing, and drawing off her long gloves. "But how can you stand this street after dear, lovely Trelorn?"

"Well, my dear, you know the tenants have not been paying very well this year, and we always regard our London visit as rather a sinful luxury, to be done as cheaply as possible," said Mrs. Trelorn, rather nervously, for to her eyes the room, for a London lodging, was extremely pleasant, and a few weeks ago she felt sure that Dulce would have given her eyes to be housed in a much more out-of-the-way corner, as long as she was in London.

"Oh, well," said Dulce, "I can't understand how people can come to London lodgings at all: either have a town house or stay at home. But how is Trelorn? It is really quite refreshing and delightful to see so many old faces again—I feel inclined to hug you all round again. But how is the dear family?"

"They were all very well when I last saw them," said the vicar in his gentle way. "They sent many messages to you, and a great deal of love."

"But, my dear Dulce, we are longing to hear about the viscount, Lord Melvell, and his delightful relations. I am sure he must be charming; and you are a lucky girl, darling," said Mrs. Brown insinuatingly.

"Don't you think we could talk of some other subject than my engagement? I am rather sick of it," said Dulce quickly. Then seeing that Mrs. Brown looked hurt, she added, "Well, I must tell you that he *is* charming, that I *am* lucky, and that he has no relations—or at least none to speak of: which is a blessing!"

She ended with a light laugh, which to Mrs. Trelorn's ears had a very hollow ring, and she hastened to change the subject, and to endeavour to divert Mrs. Brown's attention to some safer topic of conversation.

"Dear Trelorn is looking perfect, and we are all longing to have you back again; and I think that a little native air would do you good, Dulce, for you are not looking very well, my child."

"Oh, I am all right, thank you, dear Mrs. Trelorn. Turning night into day is rather exhausting for many weeks at a stretch," said the girl affectionately—"But, Mr. Emlin, where is Mr. Abel?"

"I have not the faintest idea as to where he is at present: pursuing the course of knowledge in some branch or other, no doubt," was the vicar's reply.

"Oh, what a lovely Cornish tea!" cried Dulce, as her eyes fell on the feast of good things provided for her. "I declare I feel positively hungry for the first time since I came to London."

As they sat and talked, by degrees Dulce grew more like her old self again, and told them merry stories of her London life and experiences; and no one, to hear her ringing laugh, could have guessed that she had gone through enough trouble and sorrow of her own making to have turned the "milk of human nature" of any other being quite sour. When she got up to take leave, she said, in a tremulous voice that she tried hard to render as careless as possible—

"Are all my friends at Trelorn quite well?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Trelorn gently. "There are a few changes: Mary Davies is dead, and Dr. Mordaunt intends to sell his practice and to buy one elsewhere; meanwhile, he is living with poor old Mrs. Davies, helping to soothe her last hours, for they say she will not outlive Mary more than a month."

At the mention of Jack's name Dulce turned red, and then very white, but she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her gloves, which she was slowly buttoning.

"You have not congratulated me on my engagement," she said at last, looking up suddenly at her friend.

"I do wish you all happiness, as you know very well," said Mrs. Trelorn gravely.

But Miss Thomasina broke in with—

"Well, my love, if you think your head can stand the weight of a coronet, well and good; but I suppose you don't forget that 'hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood;' at least, I don't expect that that is quoted correctly, but 'them's my sentiments.'"

"Dear Miss Thomasina, your heart is worth more than a coronet," said Dulce, kissing her, and then slipping on her cloak, she ran away.

"Bless the child!" said Miss Thomasina, returning from the window after vehemently kissing her hand to the back of the carriage. "*She's* not happy, bless you, Maria! She's played ducks and drakes with her happiness, and all for the sake of a little whipper-snapper of a sprig of nobility. My dear, the girl's a fool!"

"No, no, Thomasina," quoth Miss Vassell, with the air of an oracle. "She is only a mystery—an inexplicable conundrum."

The "inexplicable conundrum" was flying home as fast as two spanking bays could take her, feeling very much inclined for a good cry after the events and old

associations of the afternoon. But as she knew that the eyes of everyone would be upon "the beautiful Miss Carruthers," and as she remembered that there was a smart gathering that night, and that her grandmother would be very angry if her eyes were red, she suppressed her feelings with an effort, and sat bolt upright

"Well, beautiful Cleopatra, how goes the world?" said Dulce, with light sarcasm, as she entered the room and greeted her lover.

"What an invidious comparison when there is but one Anthony in the room!" said Miss Bird, with lazy spitefulness; and Dulce flashed an indignant

"'AND IS IT REALLY YOU, DULCE?'" (*p.* 296).

in the open carriage, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

When she reached home tea was over, and they were all sitting in the drawing-room talking to Lord Melvell, who had unexpectedly arrived.

Horatia, very handsome in a green and gold tea-gown, was on the sofa at full length, with her arms above her head, holding a big cluster of scarlet pomegranate blossoms between her fingers.

glance at her and flushed crimson at the innuendo. Lord Melvell came to her relief.

"Thanks, Miss Bird. Anthony is a part which I have never yet felt inclined to play: I suppose because I have never been tempted by any particularly fascinating Cleopatra."

"Well," said Horatia, after a moment's pause to recover herself after this cut-and-thrust encounter (Greek had met Greek, and the victory had been to

the stronger), "did you see these wonderfully charming old friends, Miss Carruthers?"

"I did, and had a most excellent tea. There were many inquiries after you, Rupert," said Dulce, with an effort at a smile.

"And did you hear about all your old friends down at Trelorn? And how are all the young men down there whose hearts you broke before coming up to town in search of fresh victims? your Harrys and Toms and *Jacks!*"

It was all Dulce could do to keep from wincing at this sudden and cruel attack, but she was getting used to them from Horatia, who every now and then subjected her to perfect tortures of the Inquisition—torturing her, like Vespasian, for the mere pleasure of hurting a creature weaker than herself.

"I am sure that Miss Carruthers was never a second Lady Clara Vere de Vere," said Lord Melvell, with grave courtesy, though he was inwardly fuming at Horatia's rudeness.

"How can you possibly tell?" said Miss Bird emphatically, raising herself on her elbow to look at Dulce with a cold, cruel smile.

But the girl sprang to her feet, unable to bear this scrutiny any longer, and went over to the window with quivering lips.

Lord Melvell followed her.

"She always *was* a barbarian—a perfect Goth!" he said tenderly; "don't mind what she says, dearest. You must not be such a sensitive little thing. But now to more cheerful topics! The family have agreed in solemn conclave that these lovely cheeks are losing their roses, and that a little country air might bring them back again. So that if you do not object, Dulce, we will all start for Melvell's Court early next week, for by that time the season will be over, and we shall want refreshment. Should you like that plan?"

"Yes, very much indeed," said Dulce, without the shadow of a smile on her grave face. But Lord Melvell was perfectly satisfied with her answer, for he was an unexacting lover.

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CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

DULCE listened to the arrangements and plans for their visit to Melvell's Court with a face and bearing as immovable as that of the sphinx. She had a vague kind of notion that by this visit to her future home the chains were being drawn tighter around her, and the fetters that bound her to Lord Melvell were being riveted with solid workman-like finish.

Her wedding had been fixed for the first week in September, but the date had not been definitely decided upon. But as it was already August, Lord Melvell was most anxious to prevail upon her to name the day, but she told him laughingly that she would arrange final matters at Melvell's Court.

"You know, Rupert," she added, with a tinge of sadness which she turned off with a light laugh, "I don't yet know if the histories you have told me of your possessions are true ones. If Melvell's Court is not as lovely and attractive a place as I imagine it to be, I might perhaps change my mind. You see, I exact a good price for myself!"

Lord Melvell reassured her, thinking to himself that, putting aside the natural vanity of ownership, he might safely be certain that Dulce had never seen a more beautiful place than his own home, and he delighted in the idea of what her first impression of the place and its surroundings would be.

Though he had several estates in different parts of the United Kingdom, Melvell's Court was the only one that he regarded as home, and which he had filled with his choice treasures and sealed with the impress of his personality.

Dulce's one feeling of intense dislike to the whole arrangement was that Horatia Bird was to be of the party. Lady Spenhouse had said that she must have a companion, or she would be detestably dull, as her grand-daughter would naturally be a great deal with her lover.

The trio were to leave early the following week, and Lord Melvell was to precede them by a few days to prepare for their reception. Clifford Carruthers was to join their party later on, at the earnest request of both Dulce and Lord Melvell.

Before the Cornish party left town, Mrs. Brown considered it her duty—and a testimony to her respect for etiquette—to call upon Dulce at her grandmother's house.

So sallying forth in the smartest hansom that she could summon to her bidding, she arrived at Hyde Park Gardens when the house party were having afternoon tea.

She had always prided herself on her self-possession, but when she was ushered by two solemn men servants into the dimly lighted depths of the drawing-room, and saw before her nothing but strange faces, she confessed to an inward tremor.

Lady Spenhouse, without rising from her seat, stared coldly at her from over her Crown Derby tea-cup, and it was Dulce who rose from the depths of her American rocking-chair, where she was sitting by Lord Melvell, and went forward to meet her.

At the first sight of her old friend Dulce felt intensely amused, but the amusement was superseded by shame and annoyance when she saw how absurdly vulgar Mrs. Brown, in her scarlet and black dress, flowery bonnet, and tall, crooked walking-stick, looked beside Lady Spenhouse, in her dead leaf brocade and old lace cap. She was as out of place in this London drawing-room as a barn-door fowl would have been in an aviary of gold and silver pheasants.

But the girl, with a proud motion of her head, choked back the shame and disgust that did her such discredit, and made her long to repudiate her friend, and, introducing Mrs. Brown to her grandmother by a mere word, tried to carry her off into a distant corner, where she might have a chat with her out of reach of Horatia's laughing, mocking eyes.

But this was not at all in accordance with Mrs. Brown's views of her own importance, and she im-

mediately sat herself down in Dulce's vacant chair, and looked round her with an air of satisfaction.

"No, thank you, my dear; I prefer to sit here instead of in that dark corner. And may I ask if this is his lordship?"

She turned with what was meant to be a fascinating smile to Lord Melvell, and Dulce was eternally grateful to him that he showed his perfect breeding in evincing no surprise, but merely, with a courteous, grave air, bowed to the volatile little woman.

"Yes; I must introduce you," said the girl, with a vain attempt to appear at ease in this trying position. "Lord Melvell, this is Mrs. Brown, the sister of our vicar at home. She was very kind to me when I was a little girl."

Lord Melvell, with loving admiration of his sweetheart's loyalty to her old friends, replied kindly that he was delighted to make the acquaintance of anyone who had had the happiness of knowing Miss Carruthers as a child.

"Won't you introduce me to your charming friend?" said Horatia, with a languid drawl, but with the light of mischief in her eyes.

Mrs. Brown received the compliment with great relish, and immediately set herself to study the attitudes of this Juno-like woman, to be reproduced, after private study, in her own insignificant person at Trelorn, to the amusement of her neighbours.

"When are you leaving town?" said Horatia, raising herself on one beautifully moulded arm, from which the sleeve of her tea-gown fell back, and displayed its symmetry and whiteness.

"To-morrow we return to Trelorn: it is such a pretty place. Do you know it, Miss Bird?" said Mrs. Brown, simpering. "The beauty of its scenery and of the numerous estates in the vicinity is unparalleled. And then you see we have the *entrée* to all the best houses. Lady Menheniot—you will have heard, of course, of Sir Harry, the renowned M.F.H.—is one of my most precious friends."

"How you must miss that sort of thing when you come up to London!" remarked Horatia.

Dulce tried in vain to attract Mrs. Brown's attention to herself by asking her adroit questions as to her doings since their last meeting, but nothing could distract the good lady for any length of time from the contemplation of the honour of her position in the midst of this inner circle of fashion and aristocracy.

"How pleasant it must be for you to have our lovely Dulce with you at last," was her next sally, beaming on Lady Spenhouse with a smile that was unfortunately wasted on that personification of frozen dignity, for she became at once engrossed in the pattern of her tea-cup.

"It is really most kind of you to take such an interest in my grand-daughter," was her only answer; "but Miss Carruthers is, I believe, at present, no longer a joint-stock company, but belongs exclusively to Lord Melvell."

Mrs. Brown, who did not rise to the full comprehension of the snub, chose to take this remark as a ceremonious announcement of Dulce's engagement, and replied—

"I was so delighted to hear of it. Yes, my dear Lord Melvell, I only hope you are worthy of our beautiful child. You must allow me to congratulate you a thousand times."

And she suddenly and unexpectedly grasped Melvell's hand, and pressed it ecstatically in her own, while under the sentimental gaze from her short-sighted eyes, which peered close into his face, he grew crimson under his dark skin. Dulce, quivering with pity and shame, and wondering how this wretched visit was going to end, pressed cakes and scones upon her unwelcome guest, trying by filling her mouth with good things to stop her maladroit tongue.

But Mrs. Brown was like a top wound up to run a certain time, which, if you place obstructions in its path, still runs round with a louder whirr of machinery in its internal arrangements, until its time is up. She had come primed for this long-thought-of visit. She intended to stay for half an hour, and in that half-hour to establish, if possible, intimate relations between herself and these titled personages, so that when she returned to Trelorn, her conversation for the next six months might be, "What dear Lady Spenhouse said to me, and what sweetest Dulce's *fiancé* confided privately to my ear, feeling that in me he had indeed a sympathising friend."

"And how is dear old Lord Spenhouse?" she continued, in a tone in which pleasure and sympathy were struggling—pleasure, for the mere fact of being able to inquire after a live baron; and sympathy, because she was not quite sure if he was in robust health or not.

"Thanks," replied Lady Spenhouse frostily, "my husband is in his usual health."

"I am afraid that Trelorn must be very desolate without Miss Carruthers," said Horatia. "I suppose that there are naturally very few girls in a village of that size, and I have no doubt that there are quite a number of young men who will all be in want of a pretty girl to flirt with and admire."

"Oh! as for the girls—well, there are not very many of them; just the Carruthers in the village itself—for perhaps you could not call the Vassells quite young girls, although they are very little senior to me. But, on the other hand, there are so few young men, only Tom Trelorn the young squire, and Jack Mordaunt the doctor, and I do guess that poor Jack will miss——"

"Dulce, my dear, perhaps your friend would like to see your boudoir before she leaves us."

The welcome voice of Lady Spenhouse, brisk and suddenly roused into action, fell upon Dulce's ears like the sudden relief of a prisoner released from torture on the wheel.

At the sound of Jack's name she had gone deadly white, and a strange hysteric feeling that threatened to choke her rose in her throat, and made her long to shriek out wildly in her agony.

She felt, she knew, that the terrible woman was going into details as to her previous love affair. Not that she would have done such a thing from malice prepense, but from sheer inability to hold her tongue about any subject under the sun.

"THE WHOLE PICTURE TOTTERED AND SWAYED, AND . . . FELL FACE FORWARDS" (*p.* 306).

Dulce rose with alacrity, feeling that the eyes of her lover were upon her, filled with grave wonder, and while she piloted Mrs. Brown safely from Horatia's dangerous proximity, she heard her parting shot fired at her in clear distinct tones.

"How fond you must have been of those two young men of Trelorn, Dulce, to turn so scarlet at the mere mention of their names. Oh! I have thought of such a delicious verse about them—

> "There were two young men of Trelorn,
> Whose faces looked haggard and worn,
> For Dulce, their dear,
> Did in London, I fear,
> Forget these young men of Trelorn."

"Dear me! how clever that Miss Bird is," said Mrs. Brown, much impressed.

"Too clever for this world, I am afraid," said Dulce bitterly, as she mounted the stairs to her room.

She kept Mrs. Brown busily engaged in looking at clothes, ornaments, and pictures for some time, and when that good lady at last took her departure, after a warm embrace, she felt that her afternoon had not been spent in vain, but that by her mortification and sufferings she had amply repaid all the small kindnesses that Mrs. Brown had ever shown her in the whole course of her life.

When she returned to the drawing-room she found the two ladies alone, Lord Melvell having taken his departure. They had apparently been having high words, but that Horatia had got the best of it was evident from her careless, triumphant manner.

She left the room slowly as Dulce entered.

"Well, *ma chère*, have you returned from feeding the barbarian beast with crumbs of fashion? Your beloved grandmother seems to think that I have sinister designs against your person, or rather, the person of Lord Melvell; *do* try and persuade her that she is mistaken. I really must keep the rest of my breath to cool my porridge—ta-ta!" and she shut the door behind her.

"What have you done, Dulcibella, to make that woman your enemy?" said Lady Spenhouse, with restless energy. "She is a dangerous creature when roused, and I dare not forbid her to accompany us to Melvell's Court: she might do untold damage out of sheer revenge, and there is a certain sort of truce patched up between us now. Why, if Lord Melvell knew of your previous engagement to that young man, he would at once break off your engagement, and then where should we all be?—the laughing-stock of London!"

"You told me, grandmother, that he knew all about my love affair, and did not wish to hear it mentioned again," cried the girl passionately.

Lady Spenhouse looked at her with such cool contempt that she winced as from a blow.

"Since when have you known that Lord Melvell knew nothing of any of your idiotic love affairs?"

Dulce hung her head. She also had been guilty of deceit, and her blame was greater in her eyes than that of her grandmother.

"For goodness sake, child, I wish you could keep those feelings of yours under better control. But how did Horatia Bird come to know your secret? Did you confide in her?"

"I confide in *her!*" cried Dulce. "No! a thousand times no!"

"Well, then, I suppose she wormed it out somehow, and my whole time will be taken up until your marriage in warding off the evil consequences of her knowledge, for she is capable of doing any single thing out of sheer spite."

Lady Spenhouse turned away pettishly and took up a book, while the girl, stealing away to the window, knelt on the window-seat among the flowers, watching the passers-by with a vague sense of the dreariness and unprofitableness of life, until the dressing-bell rang.

It was a terrible weight of misery to her genuine open nature to feel that she and Lady Spenhouse were both—at least, to all outward appearance—conspirators in this plot to keep Lord Melvell in ignorance of her past love affair—both working together for such an unworthy end, as it seemed to her at that moment. Could they ever hope to succeed?—ever hope that the blessing of Heaven would crown the result?

But Dulce, in the quiet of her own room that evening, looking at the reflection of her beautiful self in the mirror, rendered so much more beautiful by the surroundings of dress and jewels that set her off like the frame round an exquisite miniature, confessed that she was a coward—confessed that her love of herself was stronger even than her own heart—that the blame or praise of the world was more to her than her own moral happiness, and that she could not undeceive Lord Melvell.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE HOME-COMING TO MELVELL'S COURT.

LADY MASON gave one or two festive entertainments at the close of the season in honour of the two girls; but London was so thoroughly empty, that when the day of their departure for Melvell's Court arrived even Horatia was unfeignedly glad.

Dulce was delighted to leave behind her the scene of her triumphs, of which she was growing weary, and Lady Spenhouse was anxious to get the marriage concluded, for in the present state of her husband's health it was impossible to tell what a day might bring forth, and she believed with the rest of the world that to postpone a marriage is the most fatal thing in regard to the probabilities of its ever coming off.

She had had her moments of triumph also, and thoroughly enjoyed them, in hearing people say how clever she had been in securing the best *parti* of the season for her grand-daughter, and anxious mothers, with a bevy of pretty girls in their wake, had come up to her with entreaties that she would chaperone one of their numerous blessings the next season; and then would come the inevitable compliment, "Dear Lady Spenhouse, we all know how wonderfully clever you are in bringing young people together!" And Dulce would stamp her foot impatiently on the ground when she thought over these little scenes. "They treat us and talk of us just as if we were so many slaves, whose good points must be emphasised, and who, by hook or by crook, must be got rid of in the hateful matrimonial market. We are all bought and sold, that is what it amounts to!"

Nevertheless, our changeable little heroine much enjoyed the congratulations which were heaped upon her, and the envyings and heart-burnings that resulted from her own buying and selling in the aforesaid market; but that is the way of the world.

It was a fairly happy trio that set off from King's Cross for the North that brilliant August morning. Lady Mason came down to see them start, and pervaded the platform with a sense of life and brightness, talking and laughing and preaching at Dulce all in the same breath.

"Now, *don't* do anything foolish or romantic up in the wild North, my child; you've got that sort of constitution which requires a great deal of repression, though I rather think that Horatia will prove the necessary wet blanket."

"Oh! pray don't leave Miss Carruthers in *my* charge; I really could not be answerable for her conduct," said Miss Bird, settling herself in the most comfortable corner of the saloon carriage, and pulling the luncheon basket and the bundle of light literature within easy reach of her hand.

"Whom has Rupert got up there?" said Rosalind,

balancing herself on the carriage step with an airy gesture.

"Only Clifford and Frank Stewart for the Twelfth, and there is an old cousin, a widower, with a small boy, who lives in the house—rich and eccentric, I believe!" said Lady Spenhouse.

"What is his name? Will he do for Horatia?" laughed Lady Mason.

"I wish you would marry your own superannuated dukes and millionnaires, and leave me alone to manage my own affairs," sneered Miss Bird.

"Oh, don't do any more marrying at present, Aunt Rose: it is too hot—and do be careful, or you will be run over. There is a guard looking at you with quite an anxious face!" cried Dulce in haste, to avert hostilities.

"Good gracious, child! he is only admiring me!" said Rosalind, retreating on to the platform with a fascinating smile at the fussy little guard—big with the importance of starting the Great Northern train.

"Rosalind," said her mother hastily, as she said farewell, "be sure to look after your father very carefully; remember, I leave him in your charge. If Smith was not such an invaluable servant, I should not dare to leave him alone just now."

"All right, mater; you talk just as if he was a fierce beast," said Rosalind, so carelessly that Dulce felt a storm of indignation rise within her at the thought of the desolate old man—whose only daughter cared no more for him than she did for the beggar that passed her in the street. If it had been her father who was so ill—Dulce said to herself—how different would have been her words—how she would have flown back to his side to forestall his every wish!

"I will be head keeper," were Rosalind's last gay words as the train steamed out of the station, and Dulce felt that Horatia was looking with a sarcastic smile at her indignant face and tear-filled eyes, that she was trying so hard to disguise from her grandmother.

Miss Bird leaned across to pull up the window, and as she did so she said in an undertone to Dulce—

"Do you know, Dulcibella, that sometimes I rather think that I like you. You are such a strange, sympathetic little piece of goods, that I believe if I was dying of small-pox you would come and nurse me."

She froze into her old self directly these words were said and before Dulce had time to collect her thoughts to answer her. But she had given the girl a new insight into her character—an idea that Horatia had, after all, a heart—buried though it was beneath the cement and plaster of society varnish.

It was late in the afternoon when the train slackened speed at Newcastle, and still later when they arrived, after a tiresome crawling journey on a branch line, at the little station of Dortford, where Lord Melvell was waiting to receive them on the platform.

They had been separated for a few days, and yet, for all this, Dulce felt no pleasure—no quicker beating of her heart, as she met her betrothed husband, and laid her hand in his. His greeting was very undemonstrative, but Dulce could see that under his calm exterior there lurked a suppressed joy that showed itself only in the passion of his dark eyes as he looked into her face. He did not seem at all to notice her cold shy greeting, but after giving directions to his servants as to the luggage, led the little party off to the carriage that was waiting outside the station gates.

There were a few people assembled on the platform and round the door, and Dulce caught whispered comments on her appearance.

"Yon's the lassie that's to be Lady Melvell. Aye, but she's a bonny one!" was one old country-woman's remark.

"Aye, but she's no happy—her eyes are sad-like—is yon her mother, do you think?"

"I reckon not; any way *she's* a proud bit o' goods. Look at his lordship — he's strange and fond o' the lassie, I'll reckon!" was her neighbour's answer, as the landau drove away.

"She's no happy," rang in Dulce's ears. Did her face really show, as the woman said, that she was not happy? She ought to be the most blissful girl in the world: seated at her handsome lover's side in his carriage, with its prancing horses and magnificently liveried servants—so soon to be her own. And yet there was a Cornish rose-covered cottage, and a jolting trap with a rough little cob, that were dearer to her than all the palaces and carriages in the world.

But she soon lost her gloomy thoughts in looking out at the scenery around them, as they passed along on their three miles' drive.

Melvell's Court was built in the wildest and most picturesque part of the Northumbrian coast, and the road for some little way skirted the top of the cliff. Below them lay the quiet summer sea, splashing over the seaweed-covered boulders, and churning up into soft white-capped waves at the foot of the brown cliff.

Out on the horizon were two or three fishing-boats, with red sails standing out against the primrose of the evening sky; and far away in the dim distance a little island lay in a golden patch of sunlight, glittering as the waves washed its green shore.

Dulce sat with her hands folded on her lap, quite immovable, but with so much delight written on her face that Lord Melvell, who was stealthily regarding her, was quite satisfied.

Lady Spenhouse was loud in her exclamations of rapture as they turned away from the sea and entered the park gates.

The avenue stretched away for about a mile to where the house stood on a gentle slope, surrounded by its terraced gardens. To the right, the trees in a miniature wood above a deep ravine ran down to the shore.

The red deer feeding among the grass and bracken looked up at the sound of their wheels, and darted away through the undergrowth among the trees; and the Scotch cattle, shaking their shaggy little heads, followed more slowly.

Melvell's Court was a fine specimen of an old feudal castle, that had been well preserved and reverently

restored. Below it lay the village, nestling under the hill, in among the trees, looking up, as it were, with modest awe at the rugged battlements and turrets of the Court.

The heavy oak door, with its ancient horn still hanging above it, swung open at their approach, and Lord Melvell led Dulce straight into the great hall, where, with more emotion than he had ever before exhibited, he kissed her on her forehead, and bade her welcome to her future home.

Then giving the ladies to the care of the dignified housekeeper, he hoped that they would find everything to suit them, and they were escorted upstairs to dress for dinner.

"Lucky girl!" murmured Horatia, as they wound their way up the broad oak staircase, hung with remnants of tapestry and wonderful old family portraits: on, through a long corridor, until they reached the wing of the house in which their rooms lay.

"What: for having so many stairs to climb, or so many ancestors to adopt?" said Dulce brightly.

"Lucky in every way," said Horatia, with a shrug, "and sensible into the bargain: to prefer the gold of the Egyptians to the nakedness of the desert."

Their rooms had been thoughtfully arranged close together, but Dulce's bore off the palm in beauty, and when she looked round the sanctum devoted to her own use she felt what thoughtful care had arranged the dainty furniture, and provided the piano and new music that filled the curtained alcove near the window.

The room faced east, and looked out across the Dene to the sea-coast, and by leaning out into the soft evening air Dulce caught sight of the red-roofed village, with its cottage lights gleaming through the faint haze of sunset, and heard the low unearthly chiming of the church clock tolling out, with slow distinct strokes, the hour of eight.

It was a peaceful, lovely scene, and after the bustle and turmoil of the London season, she knew how thoroughly to appreciate it.

But Hepburn was waiting to dress her for the evening, and respectfully intimated that there was no time for star-gazing, as dinner was ordered at the quarter past; and hastily finishing her toilet, she went downstairs to the drawing-room, where Lord Melvell was waiting for her alone.

The room, with its lofty ceiling centred by a massive coat-of-arms, fixed between two oaken beams, was a very large one, full of recesses, and hung with tapestry to keep off the draughts, which are so numerous and so difficult to avoid in old houses. One wonders what one's ancestors were made of to withstand the difficulties and dangers of their daily life, comprised in the single word "draughts." Ignorant of the use of glass—not particularly learned as to the close-shutting of doors—one is led to think that in those days the survival of the fittest must have been a powerful factor of society.

The windows were oriel, and the panes were stained glass, in tiny diamond patterns. Window-seats ran round the recesses, covered, as was the rest of the furniture in the room, with wonderful yellow brocade.

Lord Melvell was standing by the huge stone fireplace, with its wide chimney and flat-carved chimney-piece, explaining to Dulce the paintings and miniatures that were scattered about, when the rest of the party entered by two different doors.

From the farther end of the room there advanced an elderly man, preceded by a boy of about ten years of age, in a velveteen suit. And when the ceremony of introduction had been safely gone through, and Dulce had leisure to glance at the strange couple, she saw that Mr. Vernon much resembled the portraits extant of Henry VIII.—that he was a man of about fifty, very portly, with beetling eyebrows and an honest red face, and a gruff voice that sounded as if he was always in a rage. He was evidently addicted to the habit of taking snuff, for Dulce caught him sniffing up two surreptitious pinches with a most nervous, shame-faced air, as if it were a crime.

The boy in the velveteen suit—his son Eric—was a round-faced, brown-haired little lad, with a mischievous face and dark eyes that made Dulce take a fancy to him at once; and they were soon launched in a confidential conversation on cricket, in which subject he deigned to say she was very well up—for a girl.

Mr. Vernon's attention was evidently much attracted by Miss Bird, who was looking as handsome as usual in her becoming evening dress; and he started so violently on being requested to take her in to dinner, that he dropped his hitherto carefully concealed snuff-box with a crash to the floor.

"Oh, do you really take snuff?" said Horatia, with much interest, to the abashed widower, who had to admit that he did occasionally indulge in that habit.

"How very delightful!" continued Miss Bird in her most fascinating voice. "I once took some for a cold, and I thought that the sneezing it produced was something too nice!"

"Oh, but I don't sneeze after taking it, you know," said Mr. Vernon, with much gravity.

"I shall have a pinch after dinner out of your box!" and Horatia gave him one glance out of her dark eyes that made him writhe like a worm on a hook, as he stammered out his eager delight at the honour she was about to vouchsafe him.

Lady Spenhouse was the only one of those assembled round the table who found no special pleasure in the party that evening. She was tired, and, as her maid would have said, "strange and cross." Perhaps it was anxiety about her absent husband; or it might have been that the feeling of triumph after successful match-making is but a poor thing, and a merely reflected glory from the happiness of others.

But as no one paid the least attention to her—everyone being immersed in his own affairs—she by degrees thawed so far as to tell Horatia that, at *her* age, a man like Mr. Vernon would be a most desirable match. After which telling little hit, she went to bed.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE FALL OF THE ANCESTOR.

"The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world"—

SANG Dulce as she ran out into the garden in the fresh early morning sunshine.

The morning was a little older than seven, it is true, but the dew lay in sparkling patches on the fern-dotted glades of the park, and on the flowers that grew in the walled garden.

She ran to the end of the terrace, where a long battlemented wall fronted a perfect precipice of green slope. There was a raised walk round it, and it had evidently been used as a reconnoitring and defensive stand-point in old days, for it commanded an extensive view of the wooded country around, and must have rendered the house impregnable from that quarter, as no body of men could have advanced under cover from the deadly range of the archers on the wall. But now it wore a most peaceful air, with lichen and green mosses colouring the grey of the old stones, and Dulce, leaning her elbows on the broad summit, gave herself up to admiring the view and drinking in the freshness of the northern air, that was already bringing a brighter colour to her cheeks. She hoped very much that she should be left undisturbed in her solitude, for she had crept noiselessly out of the house, but she did not know that Lord Melvell's room faced the walled terrace until he quietly joined her, and stood silently at her side, enjoying the view with as much pleasure as she did.

"How perfect, after London, all this is!" he said, drawing in deep breaths of the moorland air. "Well, did I deceive you as to the beauty of my northern home?"

"No, indeed, it is a thousand times more lovely than I expected," smiled Dulce; "and don't you remember that hot day in the fernery, when you described the Dene to me?"

"Yes, indeed I do; little thinking then that I was speaking to the future mistress of its beauties."

Dulce made a half-impatient movement. Her pleasure in the view had been spoilt by companionship, and what she was longing to do was to rush far away into the cool depths of the Dene—there to forget her *fiancé*—her coming marriage—everything save that she was happy, and surrounded by riches and beauty.

If only a husband was not a necessary evil—a sword of Damocles suspended by such a slight thread over her head—which must fall before she could own this lovely home! If she could but live here with Jack—but the very thought was treason to the man at her side, and with hot cheeks she turned abruptly round, and moved a few steps away from him.

He followed her, not noticing her confusion.

"That is the moor we are going to shoot on the twelfth," he said, pointing to an upland slope—hazy against the distant sky, but even from this distance purple with heather.

"How my brothers would love this place, with the fishing and shooting!" she said, after a pause. "I can see what I am sure must be a trout stream stealing away like a silver thread—down there in the Dene."

"Yes, it is a trout stream," he said, a little coldly. "But don't you think that it will be delightful to live quite alone—you and I together? Of course, I shall be delighted to see your brothers, and I hope that they *will* come and stay with us; but I have been making perfectly celestial plans for our future life. We will live here in the country until we are tired of green fields, then we will either go abroad or up to town, to see the world. Don't you think that this sounds an ideal life, my little country bird?"

"Ye—es," said Dulce faintly, thinking that, after all, this *tête-à-tête* would not be quite so idyllic to her as to her lover, and wondering how soon she should get tired of the sight of him. As she had promised to become Lady Melvell solely with an eye to her brothers' future, she felt it a little hard that she should get no pleasure out of the sacrifice.

"Do you ever go and see all the poor people on your estate?" she said, changing the conversation and looking away at the village.

"Do *I* ever go and see them? No, my dear child. Why should I? They get plenty of soup and stuff from Mrs. Meek when they are ill. But I don't approve of visiting poor people—it is apt to make them independent and conceited. When we are married, you know, darling, I shan't want you to be always rushing off visiting sick people. I should be so afraid of your bringing back some dreadful illness to spoil that lovely face."

"Isn't that a very selfish idea?" said the girl quickly, with a sudden pang at her heart, as she realised how different these theories were from the cast of thought in which she had been brought up. "I always spent a great deal of my time at Trelorn among our poorer neighbours."

"This is not Trelorn; but, of course, you shall do as you like, Dulce," said Lord Melvell, in a tone that made his *fiancée* realise very certainly that as Lady Melvell she would *not* visit her poorer neighbours. "As for being selfish, I know nothing about that, but I want to be happy for once in my dark, lonely life, and there is no law against that, surely!"

He spoke impatiently, and Dulce shrank involuntarily away from him; but in an instant his tone changed, and his voice took a softer ring as he said—

"Now, my darling, there is just time to have a glance at the stables before breakfast. I want to show you 'Queen of my Heart,' the little chestnut mare that I have got for your especial use."

They spent a delightful few moments in the wonderful Melvell stables, where Dulce duly admired the new steed, and cast looks of wonder and delight at the arrangements and adornments that made the long line of loose boxes and stalls into a perfect nest of boudoirs filled with fragrant straw; the long passage that connected them being paved with gay-coloured

ridged marbles, and even the windows being tinted in exquisite colourings.

After breakfast, while Lord Melvell was engaged with his steward, Dulce, delighted at being free at last, ran out into the garden, intending to go down to the Dene with her book. Her grandmother was quite satisfied to play the elderly chaperon to Horatia and Mr. Vernon, whose affairs were verging on a flirtation based on snuff, so that she had no one whose need of her might prey upon her conscience.

She had not gone many yards when she came to a full stop under one of the towers of the Castle. A little voice from above her was calling her name impetuously. She looked up—above, below, and all around—but could see nothing until, between one of the encircling turrets, she caught sight of Eric's head.

He was looking very rosy and mischievous, and very like one of Dicky Doyle's charming little imps. And Dulce shouted up to him—

"Eric, you naughty boy! how dare you run into such danger? Come down at once!"

"Shan't. It's my nursery up here. It's quite safe, Miss Carruthers—though I shan't call you Miss Carruthers: Dulce is a much better name. I am allowed to play up here, and do what I like. There is a big staircase through my play-room that leads up here, and you can't think what fun I'm having. I am making ices, and I've got a real refrigerator. I am going to throw you one down; hold out your hat, or something."

Dulce, not caring exactly for the total extinction of her head-gear, caught up her pocket-handkerchief, and held it out like a sail.

Eric, steadying himself by one arm thrown tightly round the turret, launched a queer-shaped lump into space, which Dulce dexterously caught, and which turned out to be a large spoonful of rather grimy-looking vanilla ice. She tasted it doubtfully, and finding it rather grimy in taste as well as appearance, said she would keep the remainder for her luncheon in the Dene, and went away, with the melting ice dripping from her handkerchief at every step.

Eric shouted after her that she had only to speak the word and he would bring her out a large supply later on. But she declined his offer gratefully, and he went back to his beloved refrigerator and his vanilla essence.

Dulce's morning in the Dene was one of intense delight and rest to her. She spent her time on a rustic bench, dreaming over Browning, and watching the gleams of sunlight slide through the interlaced branches of the oak-trees, and dapple the stream with light. The trout leaped in the water, and the rabbits came out of their burrows in the hill-side, and looked at her inquisitively as they nibbled the tender shoots of the fresh green bushes. But as she never stirred, and hardly turned a leaf of her book, they took no notice of her presence, and gambolled about in the sunshine like a flock of children let loose from school, till the older and sager rabbits, who lay within the shadow of their holes, shook their long ears, and beckoned them in to bed.

She was truly sorry when her watch warned her that it was time to return to the Castle for luncheon; and as she strolled back, she found her lover anxiously searching for her.

"I thought you had vanished like fairy gold," he said rather reproachfully. "Why did you run away from me?"

"I did not run away. I thought that everyone knew of the existence of that lovely seat," she answered rather hypocritically, slipping her arm within his by way of atonement for her misdeeds.

They made a tour of inspection round the interior of the Castle that afternoon, and Horatia and Lady Spenhouse accompanied them, until they declared that they were too tired to do any more tourist work, and returned to the drawing-room.

The dark passages, and queer turnings, and unexpected steps delighted Dulce, as also did the beauty and richness of the furniture of the rooms into which they went. Lord Melvell showed her one wing facing west which he whispered to her was being "done up" for her reception when she returned to Melvell's Court as a bride. But he would not even let her peep within the mystery of the folding-doors.

They ended with the picture-gallery: keeping the best thing to the last—on principle, as Lord Melvell said—and certainly it was worthy of every encomium that could be heaped upon it. Besides being crowded with master-pieces of English and foreign art, it had been specially designed and renovated to be a worthy receptacle of those treasures by one of our most eminent modern artists. And from carpet to ceiling, from mosaic floor to soft-cushioned seats, it was a "thing of beauty." It was lighted by silver sconces set in the wall—arranged so that each picture had its own separate flood of light, which could be regulated at will.

Lord Melvell pointed out the best pictures to Dulce, and then drew her away to the top of the gallery, where, under a sort of raised dais, hung the portrait of the founder of the family. He was a knight of rather fierce aspect, clad in bright armour, and his eyes seemed to be fixed on the young couple before him with such a strange sinister glance that Dulce could not repress a little shudder. One mailed hand was laid on the hilt of his sword, and the other was pointing straight out of the canvas above their heads through the long lancet window.

"That old fellow has hung there for centuries—he always gives me a sense of depression," said Lord Melvell, laughing. "His history is remarkably full of crime and bloodshed, and is not a very edifying one to study; but he is strangely mixed up with our fates—so the old legends say—and he certainly looks as if he took some interest in you and me!"

"A very sinister one," said the girl, creeping away from the two representatives of the House of Melvell—who strangely enough bore a certain resemblance to one another—although in Rupert the fierce cast of countenance was merged in the determined lines of modern life.

"This used to be the banqueting hall. I expect he has looked down on very queer scenes, and—oh,

quick ! Dulce, come back !" he endea, wildly dragging her out of reach, as, without an instant's warning, the whole picture tottered and swayed, and crashing from its fastenings, fell face forwards on to the floor.

Dulce shrieked in terror, and then stood surveying the ruin with a pale face.

"Horrid old thing!" she cried, stamping her foot vehemently. "I knew he wanted to frighten me!"

But Lord Melvell had gone forward with a forced laugh, and when the cloud of dust had cleared away, he stooped and raised the portrait, to ascertain the amount of damage.

"No; well, that's all right," he said, in a tone of relief, as he found that the sinister ancestor was still gazing uninjured out of his ruined frame. "I must have him stuck up again more securely."

"Horrid old man! I should like to burn him or stamp out his eyes with my feet. But what is this roll of paper behind him, Rupert?—a mystery, I do believe—perhaps a long-lost treasure, to be brought to light at last!"

Lord Melvell knelt down, and slipped the little roll of yellow parchment out from behind the frame.

It was rather discoloured with years; but the letters, although faded and worn by time, were quite legible; and he read them aloud without waiting to consider their purport.

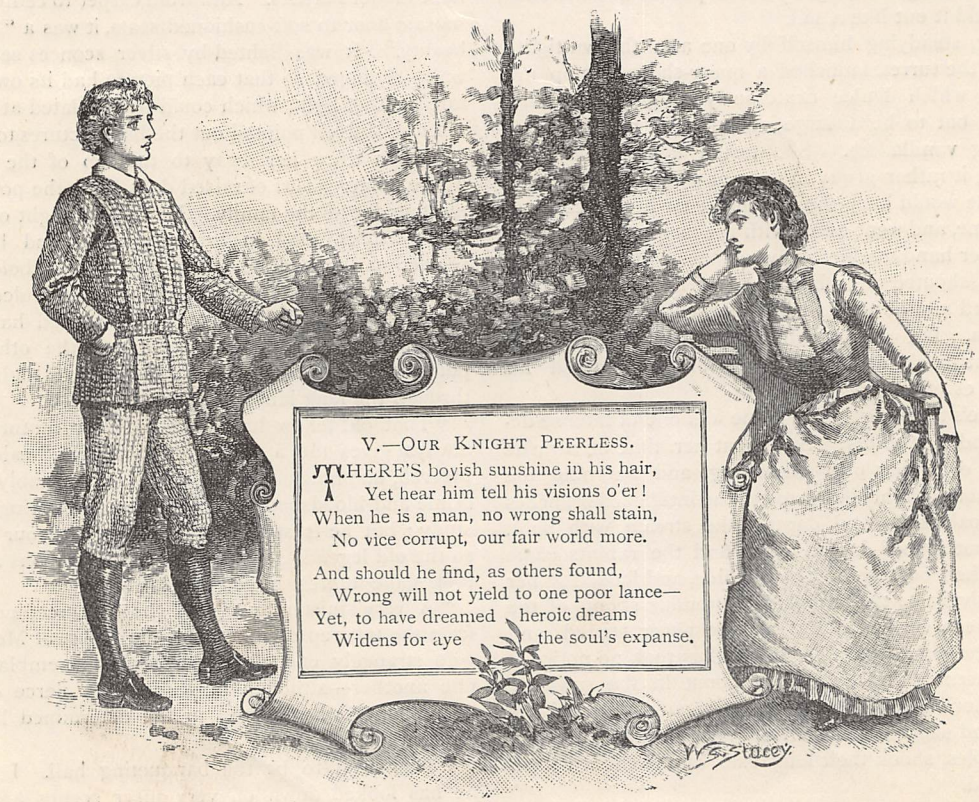
"This picture has twice fallen: once in the reign of good King Henry VIII., and now for the second time under the rule of our most Gracious Sovereign, James II. —when it has been restored by me, Rupert Melvell; each time its fall has boded ill to the House of Melvell —or rather, to the reigning head of that house—and I, Rupert Melvell, restore this aforesaid picture in the hope that by the grace of God further ill may be averted from this noble house. Henriette, my little daughter, has just been taken from me by a cruel death. May the Lord grant that the next fall of this ill-fated picture may neither take place in my life-time nor in that of my son."

"What an agreeable and enlivening message from the grave!" said Lord Melvell, suddenly tearing the slip of paper into shreds, and scattering it on the floor around him.

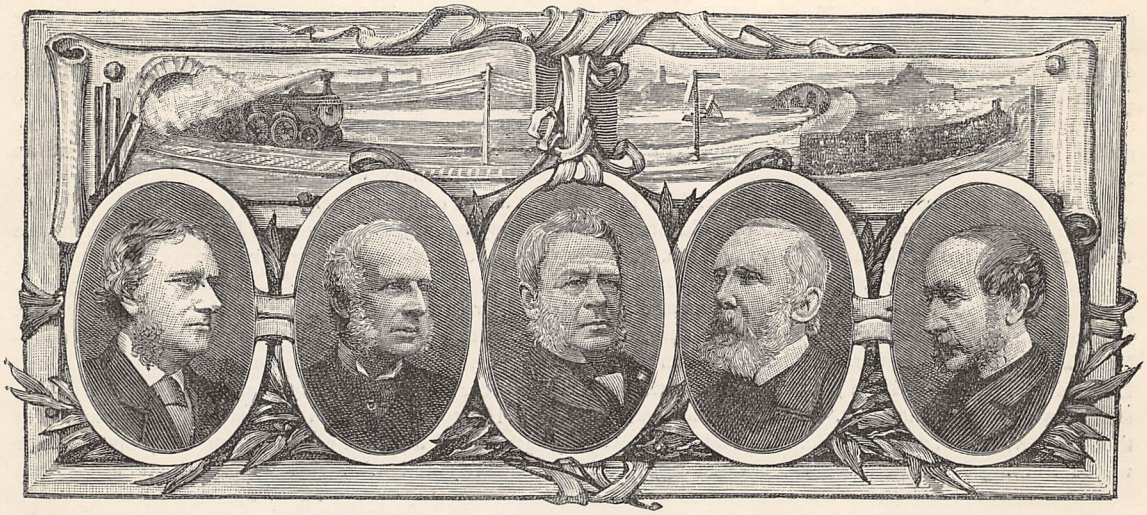
But Dulce, with real terror, rushed from the gallery, and scarcely waiting for her lover to join her, fled downstairs into the light and life of the drawing-room, trying to shake off the cloud of depression that the whole incident had cast upon her.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.



THE LORDS OF THE LINE.



THE HON. R. H. DUTTON. *Photo by C. Watkins.* F. SAUNDERS, ESQ. *Photo by F. O. Devereux, Brighton.* SIR M. W. THOMPSON, BT. *Photo by A. Sachs, Bradford.* S. LAING, ESQ. *Photo by W. & D. Downey, Ebury St., W.* LORD COLVILLE OF CULROSS. *Photo by W. & D. Downey, Ebury St., W.*

IT is not sixty-five years since the commencement of the railway system, yet already in the United Kingdom there are nearly 18,000 miles of railway. But there has been more than the building of that large lineage, and the investment of, perhaps, £40,000 in every mile—it has been needful to train up a vast army of men to do the work of the nation on these railways. Very small were the beginnings of the work, few were the men, and simple the methods in the early days. On the primal railway for years there were no trains for passengers, but "coaches" drawn along the line by horses were run at moderate speed, owned by different proprietors, and the conflicting times and claims of the coach-owners caused almost as much trouble to the "committee of the shareholders" as the larger mineral traffic the line allowed.

In Durham stories are still told of how that traffic had to be fostered and regulated by the lords of the line, for the "committee," in the days before directors, had an oversight so complete that each workman knew when the "committee days" were, and by whom they were attended. As the railways grew, order was educed, precedents were established, duties were defined, and gradually the Board of Directors became the ultimate court of appeal for railway interest, subject to the nominal supervision of their constituents—the capitalists who furnished the money.

But as the railways were formed, a tendency towards union became marked. The first railway—the Stockton and Darlington—projected, or acquired at least, six neighbouring lines, and it was in the end merged in the greater system of the North-Eastern, which was itself formed by the union of three previously competing lines, and which now embodies the mileage of what were a score of separate companies.

This union of lines has been known in all parts of the country, and now one great railway is made up from a congeries of forty smaller companies; and thus, whilst there are over fifty railway companies in England, with a length varying from six miles to 2,500 miles, five out of the total own nearly one-half of the total mileage in the United Kingdom.

But even with half a hundred railways there is a limitation of power, for some of these are leased. There are still small lines which are independent. The Londonderry and Seaham Railway is the property of the powerful family whose titles it bears. In other cases, companies are merely unions of others—as where the "Cheshire Lines" are owned by the Midland Railway, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and another company; and thus by lease, joint ownership, and working arrangements the numbers of those who control the railway system of the country are few.

Twelve chairmen of Boards of Directors are, indeed, the lords of the line in England. Sir Edward W. Watkin is the chairman of three important lines—the little Metropolitan, with its vast passenger traffic through the heart of London; the South-Eastern, one of the main arteries of Continental traffic; and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, with its wide-spreading system. There are other gentlemen who each preside over the destinies of two lines—as in the case of Mr. James S. Forbes, who is at the head of the London, Chatham and Dover

and of the Metropolitan District; but generally the work of the chairmanship is over one line. It varies even then. The Marquis of Hartington will have a task, in shaping the destinies of that line tapping the hematite iron districts—the Furness Railway—easy to that of Sir Richard Moon, who till recently presided over the chief of our British railways, the London and North-Western, with its 1,877 miles of line, and its streams of traffic by land and sea. As these lines go to press Sir Richard has given place to Lord Stalbridge.

These lords of the line include courtiers like Lord Colville of Culross, the chief of that fine old line, the Great Northern; men of family like the Hon. Ralph Dutton, of the South-Western Board; prosperous manufacturers, such as Sir M. W. Thompson, of the Midland, and Mr. Armitage, of the Lancashire and Yorkshire; country gentlemen, like Mr. John Dent-Dent, of the North-Eastern; men who have risen in the railway service, like Mr. Saunders, the head of the Great Western, and Mr. Forbes; and noblemen, whose training has fitted them for directing, as in the case of the Marquis of Tweeddale. Their qualifications are varied—training on the line, intimate knowledge of its working, financial ability, and the important one of presenting a case in its best light to the shareholders. It is true that the "speeches" made at the half-yearly gatherings are largely amplifications of the printed reports, but the earlier speech is part only of the chairman's duty. He has to reply to questions, objections, criticisms of the policy of the Board, and the speaker without tact or without an excellent memory would find these bi-annual gatherings a test of his temper, and a time of trial.

Many memories arise of the lords of the line in the days when they meet their constituents. There is the meeting of the "Sheffield" Company in Manchester, with Sir Edward Watkin repeating his theory that year after year the railways do more work for a sovereign, and that his aim is to make that company less of a provider of good traffic for longer lines—Sir Edward, skilful in speech, brimful of railway history, and with the map of all the lines in his memory down to the smallest junction. Sir Richard Moon at Euston

SIR EDWARD WATKIN ADDRESSING A MEETING OF RAILWAY SHAREHOLDERS.

spoke as one who was monarch of all he surveyed, and who met opposition by the statement of principles which are on the London and North-Western immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. A little distance away, Mr. Saunders is still under the shadow of the remembrance of that great chief of the Great Western, Sir D. Gooch, the sturdy Northumbrian who recalled the memories of the Stephensons and other early associates. At York, in a long and noisy public room, Mr. Dent explains in rather involved periods the policy of the North-Eastern, that his bluff and slow-voiced predecessor, the late Mr. George Leenan, did so much to consolidate. Again, in London every word is weighed that falls from the lips of Mr. Laing, for the company he represents—the London, Brighton and South Coast—is one whose stock fluctuates very frequently, and speculators listen to the utterances of the chairman to discern the extent of the prosperity before them.

The oratory at these musterings of the lords of the line is business-like. It abounds with figures, and millions are spoken of as meaner men speak of pounds. In the far north-west Sir Wilfrid Lawson intersperses his quotations and parodies with his explanation of the accounts of the prosperous little Maryport and Carlisle line, but that baronet's gay wisdom is privileged and personal; and the periods of his fellow-chairmen are ponderous, purse-proud, and at times prosy. They form a commentary on "propputty"; they are records of the extent of the traffic and travel, the cost of engine-power, the amounts of rates levied, and, alas! of the compensation that in some way indicates the physical pain and loss of the lines. Through subjects such as these, through projects of amalgamation and suggestions of new branches, the chairmen wade, and finally they arrive at the goal for the shareholders—the dividend.

Of the rest of the meetings, of the economical shareholder (who is generally to the front), the gentleman who desires additional or quicker trains, the argumentative shareholder, the one with a hobby, and the one who comes to complain of the charges for refreshments at the stations—these need not be here delineated, for though they appear as the auditors of the lords of the line, they are indeed better summed up amongst the customers with a grievance.

J. W. S.

CHRISTINA'S GUARDIAN.

"THERE'S a telegram, Chriss!—They will be here by the six-thirty."

Christina Barrett turned round quickly. "Really and truly?" she cried. "You are not chaffing?"

"Honour bright; look! here it is."

Christina read the paper eagerly, and then fairly danced up the steps into the hall, saying, "My dear old guardian! Now I shall have somebody belonging to me at last."

Janet and May Drayton watched her half sadly; they had parents, and brothers, and cousins innumerable, but poor little Chriss was alone in the world. Then the excitement of the new arrivals was too much for them, and Janet, full of the subject, went on, "We have not seen Will for five years. How long is it since you saw Major Wetheral?"

"Fifteen years!" said Christina, sobering down at once. "I was four years old when I left India, and I had not seen father for seven years before his death. Oh! girls, whatever you do, don't have anything to do with native regiments."

"I would not for anything!" cried May. "Just look at you and your people. Why, it's worse than exile."

Janet said nothing; somebody was trying for the staff corps, and she thought it advisable to change the subject before it became personal, so she suggested that the other two had better take their things off, as it was just tea-time, and no one thought anything more about partings, for the meeting absorbed everybody. Major Wetheral was in a sad mood all the journey down from town. Christina was the only child of his dearest friend, besides being his playmate and ward; and only a year previously Colonel Barrett was preparing to return, when he got fever, and died after two days' illness. Christina was likely to be a serious charge, for she had lately inherited a large fortune from the distant relative who had taken care of her ever since her return from India, and the major would have to attend to all the business, which had been interrupted by Colonel Barrett's death.

Christina always spoke of Major Wetheral as her old guardian, and his appearance rather bore out her words, for his dark hair was plentifully streaked with grey, and his face had many anxious lines about it. But it was care which had aged him, and his friendship with young Will Drayton was not quite such a strange affair as Janet and May thought, for he was barely forty, and as hale and strong a man as any officer in Her Majesty's service.

The drawing-room at Drayton Hall was brightly lighted, and dazzled the two men's eyes as they came out of the November darkness; but it was only for a moment, and then, while Will was embraced by his mother and sisters, a slender, golden-haired, black-

robed figure came eagerly up to the major, two hands grasped his, and a low sweet voice said in his ear, "Oh! guardian, I am so glad to see you again," and all his dismal surmises vanished into thin air in a moment.

Christina was very pretty, and Major Wetheral, who saw the resemblance to her fair young mother, was very much struck with her; but he felt a little envious when he saw that Will Drayton admired her immensely. The young man managed to sit next her at dinner, and it was very irritating to the major to hear the two tongues going, and to know that Chriss was asking all the questions that he ought to have answered, and that Will was drawing all the pictures of Lucknow and the native lines he had rehearsed in imagination. But after dinner the girl came up to him with her pretty, gentle manner, and said, "I want you to tell me so many things," and Major Wetheral was disarmed in a moment, and a long talk followed that was very pleasant to both.

"Where is Miss Barrett?" asked Will one day. "The ice bears, and I want to give her a lesson."

"You won't get her this morning," answered May. "Major Wetheral has just taken it into his head to make her a woman of business, and she is hard at work in the library learning the difference between real and personal property."

"Is she so rich, then?" inquired Will, who had for the last three weeks only regarded her as a pretty girl who was not a poor relation.

"She will have five thousand a year at least," said May impressively, "besides a lovely old place in Herefordshire; but everything is in such a mess owing to her father's death, and the wording of the will, that it will take the major his two years' leave to get it in order."

"Why doesn't he leave it to the lawyers?" said Will carelessly, and then sauntered out into the park.

Meanwhile Christina was giving all possible attention to her guardian's explanations, and showing so much comprehension and good sense, that he was delighted with her.

"I am very glad you understand it all," he remarked kindly, "for you will have to look after these things for yourself when I go back to India."

"Must you go back?" asked Christina.

"I am a poor man, dear, and must stay a bit longer. If I get the command of the regiment in another year, I may be able to come home in five or six years."

"Or you may get fever, like daddy did," said the girl piteously. "Oh! guardian, I wish you would stay and live with me!"

"I could not do that, Chriss!" was the answer. "Someone else will want you one of these days."

"I don't want anyone else," cried Chriss. "Why can't you live with me?"

The major blushed. "I don't think Mrs. Grundy would allow it, dear, though I am twenty years older than you. You must marry someone—there will be plenty of people asking for you—and then I shall go back to my work with a mind at ease."

Christina said no more, but she thought to herself that she should never care for a young man as she did for her old guardian, and then, girl-like, she let the future be, and devoted herself to enjoying the present. They had a gay Christmas at Drayton Hall, and the young people made the most of it—they skated, they rode, they snowballed, according to the weather, with almost equal zest, and wherever Christina was, Will was sure to be close by. He, too, had had a business conversation with his father, and the charm of the girl's beauty was intensified by the knowledge that her fortune would be of great use to a family who were by no means so rich as they had been, and that to himself in especial a certain amount of ready money would be of distinct advantage.

"What is the matter, major?" The second post was in, and Major Wetheral had sat for quite five minutes with an open letter on his knee.

"Bad news, Chriss!" he said cheerily. "They are going to send a force to Suakim, and my regiment has orders."

"Going to send Indian troops to Suakim? Nonsense!" cried Will; "they'll never do that."

"They are going to do it," answered the major, "and my leave is cancelled in consequence—don't cry, Chriss; be brave, like a soldier's daughter." But Christina was past being brave. She clung to him and sobbed, and begged him not to go, till he had to grow stern, and tell her not to be silly, and even then it was all they could do to soothe and quiet her again.

Major Wetheral was to join his regiment at Suakim, and found that if he went by Brindisi he should have a fortnight for preparations; and a very busy fortnight it was. Not only did he have to see to his own affairs, but as he did not shut his eyes to the probability of meeting his death in the war, he had to make arrangements for his ward's future.

"If anything happens to me, Chriss, you will be made a ward in Chancery," he said to her one day. "But for the present Mrs. Drayton will keep you with her."

"I seem always to be a trouble," sighed Chriss. "Shan't I be dreadfully in Mrs. Drayton's way?"

"Not a bit. On the contrary, they would be only too glad to keep you altogether. How would you like it, dear?"

"Like staying here?" answered the girl unsuspiciously. "Oh! they are very kind, and I am very fond of Janet and May; but I think I would rather be somewhere with you, guardian."

"I did not mean the girls, dear," said the major kindly. "Someone else wants you." And then, as Christina looked up surprised, he added, "Will Drayton has been asking my leave, to ask you to marry him, little girl. What do you say to that?"

Christina blushed. "I don't know," she said doubtfully. "I never thought about being married."

"I don't want you to marry unless you wish it," said the major gravely. "But Will Drayton is a fine young fellow, and would make a good husband. You had better think about it."

"Would you like me to marry him?" asked the girl, with a look of decision which was new to her.

"I should be glad to think that you had someone to care for you in case of my death; but, as I said before, it is a matter for you to decide. So don't worry, little girl; someone else will turn up one of these days."

But though Major Wetheral tried to be cheerful, he felt anxious, for Christina's simplicity and gentleness had won her a very warm place in his heart, and it was hard to leave her without anyone to take care of her. But Chriss had made up her mind while he talked to her, and that evening, when Will Drayton took her into the conservatory, she knew what was coming, and prepared to please her godfather.

"I will marry you if you like," was her answer to his appeal. "The major says I must marry somebody. But you won't marry me just yet, will you?" and there was a frightened look in her blue eyes, which made Will promise to give her as much time as she liked.

So Major Wetheral started, and Christina was left alone, and, strange to say, felt far more lonely now, in spite of her handsome young lover, than she had done in the old days, when her guardian was still an abstraction and lovers were unknown.

"BUT AFTER DINNER THE GIRL CAME UP TO HIM" (*p.* 310).

* * * * * * * *

March had come in, and the Draytons were in town, and had taken Christina with them. She was looking forward eagerly to the gaieties which would fall to her lot after Easter, and was enjoying various concerts and

exhibitions all the more because Will's leave had come to an end, and he was with his regiment at Colchester.

They were an odd pair of lovers: at first he had looked forward to having a nice little wife, whose pretty face was made more charming by the addition of a large fortune; but since his engagement he had been falling deeper and deeper in love, and now wrote daily letters, and grudged every moment that he had to spend on his duties, and not in rushing up to town to see her. As for Christina, she had developed far more character than anyone would ever have expected of her—she was quieter, and her merry childish ways had given place to a gravity which added womanliness to her gentle manner. But if Will had grown warmer, she was certainly colder; she discouraged his vehement love-making; absolutely declined to spend the evenings *tête-à-tête* with him when he came up for a night; and answered his long letters with short notes once or twice a week. "I can't help it," she said, when he reproached her. "I can't make-believe, and I hate spooning. If you behave yourself I will marry you some day, but if you want what I can't give you, we had better make an end of it."

The threat startled Will, who was far too much in love to risk the future, and he put his feelings so far aside as to behave what his *fiancée* called "quite nicely" from Saturday till Monday, when he had to return to Colchester.

Chriss had taken to reading the papers, and between careful study of the news from the Suakim field-force and Major Wetheral's letters, had grown to be quite an authority about the war, but no one was prepared for the state of restless misery that came over her when the battle of Hasheen was telegraphed. No list of killed and wounded came with the first news, and she had to wait what seemed to her endless hours before the special editions of the evening papers brought her what she had dreaded. "Bombay Cavalry: Major Alfred Wetheral severely wounded," Christina read, and then, to the horror of Janet Drayton, who was with her, collapsed on to the floor in a dead faint, from which she revived only to weep in the piteous childish fashion in which she had grieved over his departure. Particulars arrived in a few days. Major Wetheral had been wounded in the arm by an Arab sword, but had retained command of his men till a bullet in the thigh caused him to succumb. He was doing well, but there were great fears for his arm, which would probably have to be amputated.

Christina heard it all drearily: he was injured, that was enough for her, and she grew wan and white, and looked so unlike herself, that Mrs. Drayton got seriously anxious, and wrote to Will, imploring him to get a couple of days' leave, and see what he could do to cheer the girl up.

Will came, and found Christina lying on the sofa, looking so delicate that he was frightened, and sat down by her very tenderly.

"My poor darling," he said, taking her hand, "you have been very anxious this week?"

"He is not out of danger yet," sighed she, as if nothing else in the world mattered.

"No; but he will be. Cheer up, Chriss; he will soon come home, and you must be ready to nurse him instead of having to be nursed."

"I suppose I ought," said Chriss, brightening—"Thank you, Will; I'll try and not be silly."

She certainly was the better for the young man's visit; though, as he reflected on his way back, she had not once kissed him, or spoken to him about anything but her guardian's condition; and he could not help thinking that there was something wrong about their relation to each other.

Time passed on, and Major Wetheral was well enough to be moved; and at length he arrived at Portsmouth, and was brought to London, where the Draytons received him with the warmest of welcomes.

His arm had not been amputated, after all, but was in a sling, and he was lame enough to require a good deal of waiting on; but as Christina seemed to think that to run errands for him was the height of human happiness, no one complained of that.

"It is very good of you to take such care of me, little girl," he said, one afternoon when she had been reading to him, "but I don't want to be selfish, and I must not keep you from Will."

"I would rather stay here, thank you," answered Christina decidedly. "Janet and May are going out with Will."

"But doesn't he want you?"

"I don't know," with a little pout. "I did not ask him."

Major Wetheral was puzzled: two or three things had struck him about the young couple, and there was something very marked about his ward's complete indifference to her lover's visits, so that he was hardly surprised when Will came up to him that evening for a talk.

"I am very sorry to have kept Christina from you all the afternoon," began the major apologetically, by way of introducing the subject.

"Pray don't apologise," answered the young man grimly. "Christina very seldom honours me with her company."

"I am sorry——" began the major, but Will stopped him.

"I wanted to speak to you," he said quietly—"Christina does not care for me, and I don't think our engagement ought to continue. I should have spoken before this, only as you were away, and she was with my people, I thought it might be unpleasant for her."

"What do you mean?" cried the major. "She accepted you of her own free will!"

"She accepted me because she thought you wished it," proceeded Will. "And in the innocence of her heart she thought it would be all right. In the last six months she has grown into a woman; she has a woman's capacity for loving, and she does not love me."

"But who in the world does she love?" was the perplexed inquiry. "She has hardly seen any other young men."

"She has not fallen in love with a young man,"

said Will shortly. "Look here, Major Wetheral, last Christmas I knew nothing about the affair. Since we have been engaged I have grown to love her very dearly, and now I can understand it all. Do you suppose pretty girls give up all their time to guardians simply because they are ill?"

At last the major grasped the situation. "You are talking nonsense!" he cried. "Why, I am an old man, and her guardian."

"You are only twenty years her senior, and that goes for nothing now-a-days," answered the younger man. "And you watch her as she moves about the room in a way that is not at all paternal. Why can't you make each other happy, and have done with it?"

Why not, indeed? Major Wetheral saw an utterly unexpected dream of happiness unfolding before him, and then, like the gentleman he was, he turned to Will.

"And you?" he asked simply.

"I shall get over it," was the answer. "And, at all events, I will not make her unhappy;" and the two men shook hands warmly.

Some time later, when Will had carefully smoothed over matters with his mother, so that Christina should not find herself less welcome in the Drayton household, and had then taken a quiet friendly farewell of her, she came back to her guardian's room and offered to read to him.

"I don't think I want to be read to," he answered. "Are you inclined to talk to me, little one?"

"If you like." The girl's eyes had a suspicious brightness in them, but there was nothing heart-broken about her appearance.

"Do you know that Mr. Drayton has gone away?" she inquired, taking up her work.

"I am not surprised to hear it! Did he say anything to you before he went?"

Christina's fingers stitched busily as she answered, "He told me that he had been talking to you, and that you and he both thought our engagement had better come to an end."

"Well done, Drayton!" thought the major; but he said, "And did you object?"

"Oh, no! I was very glad! I don't think I should have liked marrying him, guardian."

Major Wetheral made a movement of impatience. "You will have to give up calling me guardian, Chriss. It makes me feel so old."

"I am sorry!" The girl looked up eagerly. "You are not a bit old," she cried. "You are young enough for anything."

"Am I young enough to marry? Chriss! my darling, could you put up with a broken-down old soldier?"

Christina was on her knees by his sofa. "Not old nor broken-down," she exclaimed. "Oh! guardian, you have made me so happy!"

And the major showed no objection to being called guardian this time.

M. PAYNE SMITH.

WHAT TO WEAR IN APRIL.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN April comes we begin to have faith in spring, and Easter falling early this year, we seem to have a right to realise its approach, and to prepare for the summer campaign. A dinner-gown which is not too smart, and yet suitable for any occasion, is almost certain to occupy our thoughts, and I recommend to your notice the one in our vignette. It is made in brown velvet and white silk brocade trimmed with gold. The brocade is used for the very narrow front of both bodice and skirt, and for the high sleeves. The edge of the front breadth at the foot has a couple of lines of gold scroll-work, then a row of gold circles, another scroll line, and three embroidered feathers above. Those women who desire to have a handsome dress at small cost should buy a simple brocade, line it with calico, place it in a frame, and outline the design with gold Japanese thread. This real gold thread is more costly than other kinds, but it lasts for years, while the less expensive tarnishes in a season. The sleeves at the wrist are worked with the same scroll-work in dots—a gold-edged ruche terminates the edge. This is repeated on the shoulder and round the throat, where it is wired to resemble a Medici collar. Round the waist there is a pointed Swiss belt of the brown velvet, but worked in gold, and this conceals the junction of skirt and bodice, which are put on together, as many of the dresses will be this year. This particular dress does not fasten, as many do, at the back, but at the side of the front, with invisible hooks and eyes. You will note that the stomacher of this dress is made in the white brocade worked in the same way in gold. It is brought up so high in the neck that there is no risk of the most delicate wearer catching cold.

In the following group a friend is greeting her hostess at five o'clock tea. Her dress shows a skilful use of the deep lace flouncing which for a while has been set aside. It is a plain silk gown, but a thick white muslin could be treated in much the same fashion. The back is perfectly plain, and rests a few

A VISITOR.

inches on the ground. The wide front breadth is cut in large scollops, which are embroidered all round in a sort of seaweed design with tiny black beads, and round them is sewn a full-gathered flounce of black lace, from beneath which, reaching to the hem, is a deep silk fringe. The bodice is made full in front, ending in a pointed jetted band, a wide collar encircling the neck. The back of the bodice and skirt are cut *en Princesse* in one, but the front is arranged with a deep black lace jacket, the basque quite twelve inches deep. This, however, is not at all long for present fashion—tall figures can wear these basques as deep as sixteen inches. The toque worn with this dress is of velvet and lace, without strings, but it would be quite easy to add them if desired. Many young girls who may care occasionally to appear in a bonnet choose a close-fitting shape for their hats, so that, by the addition of velvet strings, they soon acquire the semblance of a bonnet. The hostess, as you perceive, is wearing a tea-gown, which is made in the new figured crêpe de Chine—mousseline de laine at a quarter the price would make a pretty gown. The dress itself is of a tawny golden-brown shade. The front, made of soft silk, is in the new pinky-brown known as "cedar-wood," and it is trimmed with galon formed of gold and dust-coloured braid, having a few gems set here and there. The skirt is long, and is caught up on one side, so that it shows the silk petticoat. This is a style which will assert itself in all kinds of dresses, and those who have some gowns of last year which they desire to freshen up may easily do so while following the Spring Fashions. They can introduce a breadth of silk at one side, draw up the skirt, and have a waistcoat and sleeves in the same colour, which will completely alter the character of the garment. In the tea-gown I am describing, the soft folds of silk in the front of the skirt show but little, and are bordered by a graduated galon laid on a band of the same silk. This appears on the front of the bodice, is not carried to the waist, but is outlined with revers of similar embroidery, which borders the bell-sleeves. A deep lace collar turns downwards from the throat, and the lengthened waist is outlined by a girdle of gold gimp. This is a style of gown not difficult to copy, and likely to remain in fashion some time.

The new woollen materials of the year are tempting, and likely to be potent rivals to silk, though most of them are made up with silk or velvet. None of the patterns seem to be large, but they are generally raised very much from the surface, are of a shaggy nature, and with upstanding hairs. They show distinct conventional sprays, which, as a rule, measure, at the outside, five inches in length. Occasionally shaggy stripes, wide, and of distinct colouring, appear. Black and white, and black and grey, will be worn even into late summer. Chevron weaving and chevron lines forming the angle in the centre of the material are in great demand, and few woollens are manufactured under forty-four inches in width; they are then easily manipulated by dressmakers. Stripes would seem decidedly to have the preference over checks, and double stripes and dark stripes on light grounds assert themselves. Silk lines are frequently seen on woollen stuffs, and herring-bone grounds are effective with or without such additions. The large knickerbocker cross-lines and stripes are a decided feature, with their rough, irregular threads resting on the surface.

Jacquard effects play a most considerable part in spring fabrics, and some of the most beautiful appear on soft camel-hair grounds—an admirable background to tiny florets. The astrakhan effects in black on various grounds are combined with the Jacquard weaving, and give substance and solidity to the cloth.

Though neutral tints are worn, they are warmer and brighter than of yore, and heliotrope, cardinal,

light green, dust-colour grey, and the "cedar-wood," between pink and fawn, would seem to be the dominant tones. There is most certainly a revulsion against the dark, uninteresting colours that have been so long in favour. English tweeds appear with a brocade like an Oriental letter, which repeats itself in many materials. "Drap plumetis" means a stuff with feather-like effects on the surface, having Japanese patterns in preference to almost any others.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

In Paris nothing seems to find favour but the modes of Louis XV., and a practical exemplification of them may be seen in our picture. The first figure wears the pretty, becoming Louis XV. waistcoat, of white satin embroidered with a bordering of tiny florets, which the beaux and belles of that celebrated reign have associated with their names. Note how long it is, reaching almost to the knee. The dress worn with it is of a light-coloured tone of green, having a velvet collar lined inside with cream silk. The skirt is plain, save that just at the foot of the front breadth it is caught up with festoons, each one sustained by a bow. The upper part of this garment is cut *en Princesse*, caught up at the side, beneath a tab of green velvet. At the back, the superabundant fulness is formed into a decided bow, which takes away from the flatness that is often most unbecoming, for which see the style on the figure in the background. The collar on our model is not too high, and subsides into the front, but there is also a high collar-band to the dress. The bonnet is a floral one with an open crown. The sleeves are high, cut on the cross, ruffled up the arm, and finished with a silk ruche.

The accompanying friend wears a gown of quite another style. Here the long basque is treated in a fresh fashion; indeed, there is a double basque, the upper one closely resembling a flap-pocket; both are put on at the waist, the edge of the bodice following the lengthened waist-line now produced by lengthened stays. The dress is trimmed throughout with an embroidered galon; this borders both basques, the turn-down collar and the rounded revers, between which a lace cascade is visible, chiffon or pleated muslin answering the purpose equally as well. The sleeve is quite novel: full to the elbow, where a narrow puff is confined between two bands, the lower portion of the arm is encased in a close-fitting piece, with the trimming at the wrist. The front of the skirt shows a new garniture also. At the hem it is bordered with a narrow bias piece of the material, like a piping. On the front breadth above this is a turned-up hem, then a frilling or bouillonné of the material between two bands of galon. This would be an admirable model for washing materials, and the new designs are sufficiently tempting to induce all who can to buy, especially if the prophets prove true, and we have a hot, brilliant summer.

Printed mousselines de laines come almost under the category of washing dresses, they clean so perfectly. The plain grounds, in cream and lovely light colourings, are studded all over with most natural sprays of flowers. So are the spotted muslins with cream and coloured grounds, also the spots woven in and standing up boldly. These will make some of the smartest summer frocks of the season.

The ordinary cottons show large, elaborate, well-covering floral designs, so that they might easily be mistaken for washing silks. Most of them are of the natural tints of the blooms, but a few on navy blue, dark green, &c., are printed entirely in white. The designs inspired by a Cashmere shawl, small, intricate, and entirely hiding the ground, are revived; many are not much coloured, but blended only with white, and in peach or grey, blue or red, they are notably excellent.

Stripes do not assert themselves much in cotton;

IN THE ALLÉE DES ACACIAS, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

when they occur they are usually divided by floral sprays. Large shaded moons as big as a walnut form the ground for many floral effects.

Zephyrs are such a well-wearing, well-washing material, it is not wonderful that manufacturers have produced them, not only in their old guise, but also in many new designs. On their surface appear snow-flake spots, diamonds in white weaving, feathery stripes, and solid spots of silk, for silk and cotton are this season blended for the first time, and the result is eminently satisfactory. Cotton crape has such a solid aspect, and keeps in order so long, that it is not surprising it is being improved upon. Rings and spots, as if darned, and other quaint devices, are now introduced, and young girls can have plenty for their money, as far as effect is concerned. French girls affect washing dresses greatly, and bestow much pains on the making of them. White muslinettes have not been allowed to remain in virgin purity, but a line of colour borders either side of the stripes, and tiny motifs in decided shades appear in many examples.

Crêpe de Chine has been so richly brocaded that it is frequently made to serve for the principal part of a dress, and blends well with velvet, for velvet is much to the fore, both plain and brocaded.

Long, ruffled sleeves in thin materials are introduced with many low bodices, but as the season advances, they will not, as was predicted, be replaced by sleeves to match the dress. This is too hot and cumbersome a mode for summer, though the low bodices will be brought up higher on the shoulders and be somewhat severe in style.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Letter-Damper.

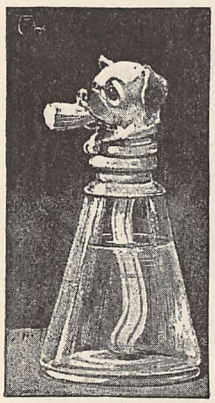


FIG. 1.

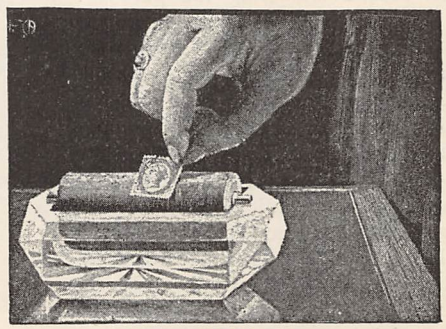
The woodcuts show a little apparatus for moistening the gummed flap of envelopes and the back of postage stamps. The first is a dog's head, from which a moist brush protrudes of sufficient stiffness to be used as an ordinary brush, and it is kept always wet by a wick which dips into the reservoir of water seen below. The reservoir is in the handle of the brush by which the gum is moistened. The second figure represents a moist roller or damper of a well-known type, on which the postage stamp is pressed in the manner shown. The glass vessel contains the water which moistens it.

Panoramic Photographs.

A means of taking a panoramic photograph of a long stretch of country—in fact, all round the horizon—has been devised by M. Damoiseau, a French inventor. It consists of a camera, which is pivoted on a horizontal plate supported on three legs, after the manner of a theodolite. The camera slowly moves round on its pivot, while at the same time the sensitised paper moves so as to present a fresh surface to the image; and the adjustment is so perfect that the photograph is quite distinct in every part.

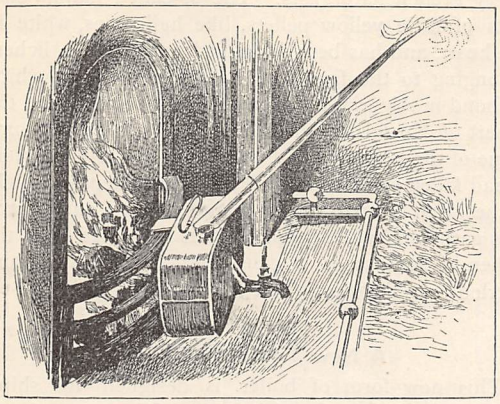
The Cycle and the Telegraph.

The water-cycle of M. Romanes has been tried in laying telegraph wire in the sea at Marseilles. This velocipede is fitted with hollow bi-convex wheels, which run well on a road and also serve as floats in the water. They are mounted with copper vanes, which act as paddles in propelling the vehicle afloat. A reel of insulated wire and a portable set of telegraph apparatus were taken out on one from the sea-shore at Marseilles, the wire being paid out into the water as the cycle advanced; and telegrams were exchanged between the cycle and the shore. The best receiver of the message was a magneto Bell telephone, and a battery was formed by lowering plates of zinc and carbon into the sea-water. The "line" was connected to "earth" through the metal frame of the cycle. The object of the experiment was to show that this amphibious velocipede, which travels on land at a



LETTER-DAMPER.—FIG. 2.

speed of twelve miles an hour, may be serviceable to scouting parties in crossing rivers and submerging telegraph lines.



A New Bronchitis Kettle.

Our illustration shows a new bronchitis kettle which has recently been patented. Its chief feature, as will be seen from the engraving, is that, by means of a hook at the back of the kettle, it is suspended in front of an ordinary fire-place, and thus the danger of upsetting is avoided and the steam most effectually directed into the room, while the fear of smoke entering with the steam is removed. Another advantage of this kettle is that it may be used with gas fires just as well as with coal; and by means of the tap shown in front of the kettle, the hot water may be readily removed if desired.

The Lucigraph.

An American inventor has introduced the magic lantern as a means of signalling at sea. The "Lucigraph," as he calls it, is an optical lantern, having slides in the shape of stencil plates, each with a letter or figure cut in it. The screen is a flag stretched in a conspicuous part of the ship, and the beam projects the letter of the slide on the flag. By the help of glasses, the distant ship reads the letters projected on the screen. They have the merit of being legible by anyone who can read, and do not require the use of a code.

The Poison of Toads.

Herr Schultz, a German naturalist, has recently shown that salamanders and toads have not only mucus-glands all over their skins, but certain poison-glands on parts of the back and limbs, and behind the ears. These glands perform a protective function, and emit a corrosive juice, which can be detected with copper-hæmatoxylin. In the salamander the poison is spurted out on stimulation; but in the toad it slowly exudes. Hence it is, perhaps, that the inaggressive toad has acquired his popular reputation as a venomous animal.

A New String Reel.

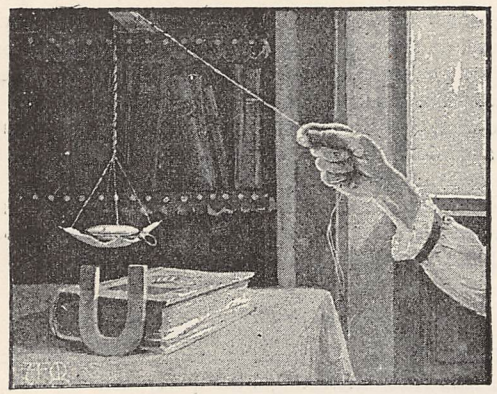
A new string reel, which has recently been patented, seems to deserve the attention of proprietors of large shops and warehouses. It is intended for carrying strong twine, and is fitted above the counter at a convenient height. In the bottom bar of the frame, below the spindle on which the reel revolves, is an opening which serves as a guide for the string which is wound on the reel, and, of course, regulates and controls its revolutions as it is drawn down by the salesman. The great feature of this invention, however, is a re-winder, which is brought into action by the pulling of a cord handle outside the frame, and which causes the reel to revolve in the opposite direction, and thus re-wind the string not required at the time. The advantages of a device of this kind are so obvious as hardly to need pointing out.

A Rock-Climbing Coney.

In the Small Mammals' House in the Zoological Gardens is an interesting little quadruped—the Cape Hyrax (*Hyrax capensis*), of the same genus as the "coney" of Scripture. This genus, which contains very few species, constitutes an order; for, though somewhat resembling rabbits in appearance, these animals approach the rhinoceros in the structure of the skull

and in the molar teeth, the elephant in the number of ribs, and the tapir in the number of the toes, which are covered with rounded hoof-like nails. The hyrax not only "makes its house in the rocks," but is also able to run up and down smooth surfaces that are almost perpendicular, and to cling tenaciously to horizontal surfaces. Dr. Schweinfurth, who was one of the first to record this fact, which had escaped general notice, saw that the foot of the animal had several deeply indented cushions, and thought that "by opening and closing the centre cleft it could throw off part of its weight and gain a firm footing on a smooth stone surface." The true explanation is much more simple. By elevating the sole, while the soft elastic sides and heel are in contact with the ground, the animal converts each foot into a natural sucker. But moisture is a necessary condition to the successful working of a sucker; consequently the sweat-glands in the foot of the hyrax are very numerous—about 40,000 to the square inch, or fifteen times as many as in the same space on the human foot. To enable the animal to run with impunity over hard angular surfaces, the sole is protected by a deep layer of epithelium, and the importance of the sweat-glands is again apparent, for

this layer would very soon become horny from continual pressure, if it were not constantly kept moist by abundant secretion.

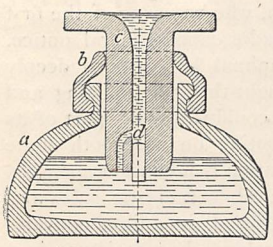


Demagnetising a Watch.

The engraving shows a homely arrangement for driving away the magnetism contracted by the steel parts of a watch—for instance the balance-wheel—on being brought under the influence of a dynamo or other electro-magnetic arrangement. It is due to Mr. P. D. Richards, of West Medford, Massachusetts. The apparatus required consists of a horse-shoe magnet placed on a table with its poles uppermost. A suitable support, say a wooden rule fixed by some books, is placed above it as shown, at a distance of two or three feet. The watch is hung over the magnet in a cardboard tray by a stout thread which has been previously twisted. The string is then allowed to untwist, and thus twirl the watch over the poles, while at the same time the tray is pulled up, increasing its distance from the poles by degrees until it is beyond the reach of the magnetic field. The original magnetism of the watch is thus removed.

Another New Ink-Bottle.

An ink-stand which only exposes a small area of the ink to the atmosphere, while holding a large quantity, is shown in section in our engraving. It consists of a receiver, *a*, which is closed by an air-tight rubber cap, *b*, through which a pipe or dipper, *c*, descends to the well. This shaft is closed by a plug, but the ink enters it by a curving side channel at *d*. To obtain a supply of ink for writing, the pipe *c* is pressed down through the cap till the ink rises to the top of the channel *d*, and there is no danger of the ink spurting out.

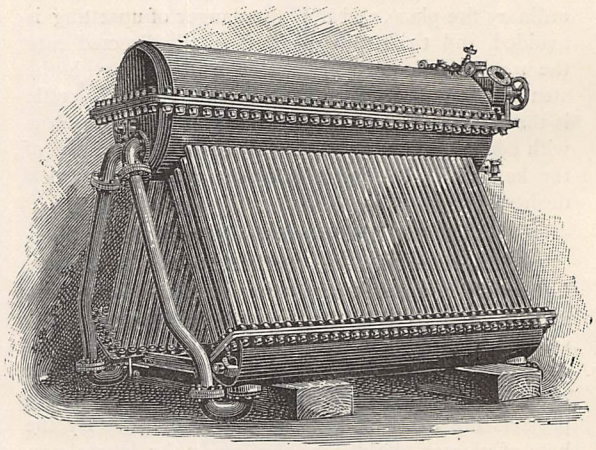


Lichen Bread.

During last August an extensive shower of "manna" fell near Merdin and Diarbekir, in Asiatic Turkey, and the substance was collected by the people, sold in the markets, eaten, and baked into bread. Samples of it were sent to Paris, and have now been reported on by French naturalists. The so-called manna consists of little yellow pellets, like hailstones, white in the heart, and has been identified as an edible lichen, belonging to the family of *Lecanora esculenta*, which is found in Algeria, the mountains of Tartary, and the desert of Kirghiz. Parrot, a traveller, brought home some of the lichen from Persia in 1828. He was told it had fallen somewhere in Persia to a depth of eight inches, that animals ate of it with avidity, and that it was gathered by the people. It is supposed that the lichen in such cases is caught up by the wind and carried to a distance, where it falls to the ground.

A New Tubulous Boiler.

This new form of boiler is designed for ships, and has been introduced into one of the new second-class torpedo boats. It consists of a horizontal upper chamber and two lower ones, connected by straight tubes of weldless steel. The gauges and other fittings are attached to the upper chamber.



The two bottom chambers rest at the sides of the fire-grate. The whole is enclosed in a smoke-jacket and the products of combustion pass up among the tubes to the chimney above. The advantages claimed for it are that it is easily cleaned and repaired, is light, and, while quickly heated, is a most efficient generator of steam.

Artificial Indigo.

Indigo blue was first made synthetically by Professor Bäyer, of Munich, in 1880; but a cheaper process than his was brought out recently by Professor Houmann, of the Polytechnic School, Zurich. The dye is made by heating phenyl-glycocine with caustic soda. The phenyl-glycocine is formed by the action of aniline on mono-chloracetic acid, which is obtained by the action of chlorine on glacial acetic acid; so that the artificial indigo is a product of acetic acid, aniline, chlorine, and caustic soda, all of which are inexpensive materials.

A Steel and Wood Paving.

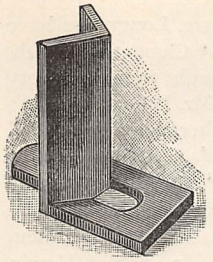


FIG. 1.

A composite pavement of wrought steel and wooden blocks has recently been tried in Queen Street, Sheffield, with the best results. A concrete foundation is prepared and coated with pitch, upon which sockets of wrought steel, as in Fig. 1, are set, each socket consisting of an upright angle-iron with a flat base. A corner of each wooden paving-block is placed in the socket of angle-iron, as shown in Fig. 2, and the insterstices

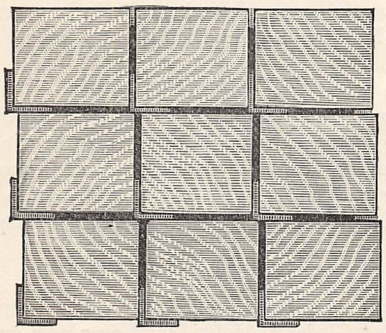


FIG. 2.

are filled up with melted pitch, which allows of the wood and iron expanding or contracting with changes of temperature. The pavement affords a safe and noiseless footing for horses.

An Electric Watch-Lighter.

The "Tempolux," or electric watch-light, is a small incandescent lamp fed from a dry battery, and enclosed in the watch-case, which is provided with a key or press-button, shown at the side of our illustration. This key illuminates the lamp whenever the time is required by night. The current is conveyed to the lamp by the wires shown, and the source of electricity is a Gassner dry battery, which is free from smell, and may be placed in any convenient spot. For persons with defective sight a special case with a magnifying lens is provided.

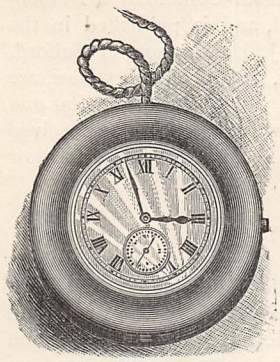


Photo-electricity.

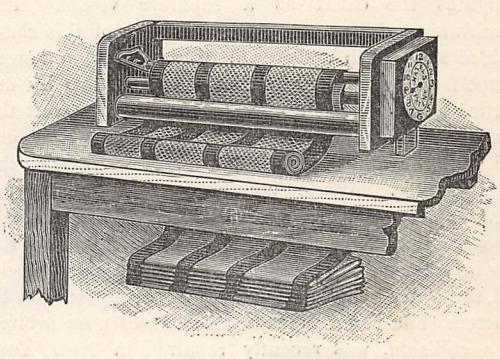
Professor G. M. Minchin, M.A., recently read a paper to the London Physical Society, in which he stated that electric currents can be generated by immersing in a conducting solution two silver plates coated with collodion, or gelatine emulsion of the bromide, chloride, and iodide of silver, provided one of the plates is exposed to light and the other kept in the dark. The electro-motive force of such a photo-electric cell is $\frac{1}{20}$ volt. Eoscine, fluorescine, and other aniline dyes, may be used instead of the above coatings. The blue end of the spectrum is the most active in generating the current, which, it may be added, has a photographic effect on the plate. This effect, moreover, is confined to the part of the plate through which the current passes. In making these experiments, Professor Minchin aimed at producing a "telephote," or "telephotograph"; that is to say, a means of transmitting a photographic image by electricity. Clearly, if the image can generate a current which, after traversing a wire, will evoke a corresponding image on a distant sensitive plate, his idea will be realised. But although he has made a step or two in this direction, he confesses that he is far from the goal of his researches.

Neuralgia and the Electric Light.

A writer in the *Medical Record* states that he has found relief from the pangs of neuralgia by holding the glass globe of a lighted incandescent lamp against the seat of the pain. The gentle heat of such a lamp may, indeed, act as a palliative, and the writer further suggests that poultices might be kept warm in a similar way. Perhaps some of our electrical mechanicians will construct a small warming-pan, heated by the electric current, for such purposes. There is, of course, little risk of burning the skin or setting fire to anything by properly utilising the heat generated in this way.

A Counting Cloth-Roller.

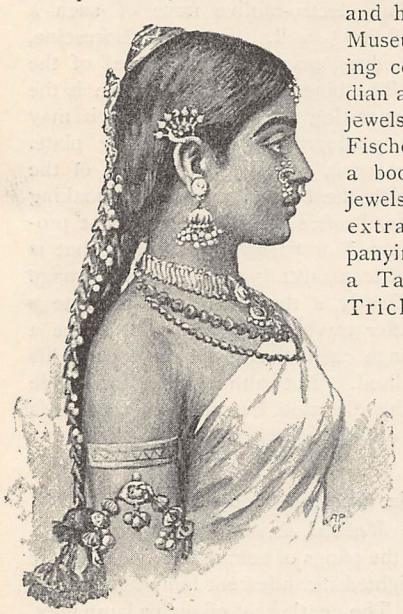
The engraving shows a simple appliance, weighing only a few pounds, for enabling retail drapers and



others to measure fabrics while rolling or blocking them. The cloth passes under and over a set of four rollers as shown, the last of which actuates a counter, the dial of which is seen on the right, and tells the number of yards paid out. Another of the rollers is adapted to tighten the cloth if required. The machine will be useful in stock-taking as well as at other times.

Science and Jewellery.

Science is teaching us that jewels, like everything else pertaining to man, have an ethnographic value, and hence the Berlin Museum is now forming collections of Indian and other foreign jewels. Herr L. H. Fischer has published a book upon Indian jewels, from which we extract the accompanying illustration of a Tamil beauty of Trichinopoly. The lower classes of India have a caste in ornaments as in race. The gems in vogue differ in different localities. Green stones are invariably worn by men in the Madras Presidency, garnets in Jeypore, turquoises in the Himalaya district. Bracelets are made from the Changu (*Turbinella rapa*) in the Dacca district, and amulets or rings of mother-of-pearl in Ceylon. Silver or its alloys are commonly, and gold but rarely used.



A Separable Steamer.

The Welland Canal, which connects Lake Ontario with Lake Erie, Canada, is only navigable for ships of comparatively light draught, and hence the plan of dividing a steamer into halves, each of which navigates the canal as a separate vessel. The *Mackinaw* and *Keweenaw* are two ships of this class, built of steel, with a tonnage of 3,578, and a length of 290 feet. They were recently split in two by unriveting amidships, at Buffalo. They then passed the canal in sections, which were united again at Montreal, and the entire vessels left for New York by the St. Lawrence. While upon this subject, we may mention that a new bow-and-stern dock has been introduced at New York. It can be fitted to the bow or stern of any vessel in an ordinary wet dock, and, the water being pumped out of it, repairs can be effected. The French steamer *La Champagne*, injured by a collision, was recently repaired in New York Harbour by this means.

"Memories of Milan."

With reference to the article under this title which appeared in our January number, we are informed by a correspondent, who tells us he writes on the very best authority, that it is not the case that any relic of Judas Iscariot is preserved at Milan, as the writer of our article was led to believe.

New Editions.

To their "Silver Library" Messrs. Longmans have now added Mr. Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra," which, with all the original illustrations, ought to make a very acceptable present for any lover of Mr. Rider Haggard's spirited works. The same publishers have concluded their cheap edition of Mrs. Sewell's tales and stories by adding "Home Life" and "After Life" to the series, and in this pretty form the stories ought to be popular with many readers who do not yet know them as they deserve to be known. Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a copy of the second edition of "Mademoiselle Ixe," the first volume in his "Pseudonym Library," whose quaint appearance somewhat resembles that of a very narrow-paged French novel. The story itself is a powerful one, depicting the adventures of a Russian Nihilist in an English country-house.

To Young Mothers.

To young mothers a little volume entitled "Our Baby," by Mrs. Langton Hewer, which has just been published by Messrs J. Wright & Co., of Bristol, ought to prove very interesting and useful. It is full of practical hints plainly set forth and easily grasped and understood.

Of Interest to Teachers.

A patent has been applied for, for a school seat called the "Girder," which is built on a new principle. The seat is formed of two pieces of wood so set as to be a trifle lower in the centre than at the back or front, an arrangement which makes it much more comfortable and less tiring than the ordinary level forms. The legs and back are coupled by means of a strong iron girder, or clamp, which serves also as a stiffener for the seat. The height of the seat is seventeen inches and its width twelve inches, and as its price is by no means exorbitant, it ought to be a very useful form for school use. For giving lessons in colour, the "Registered Colour and Colour-Combination Demonstrator" has been prepared, and is published in the "Register Series," by Mr. J. H. Dawson, of Salford. The three primary colours, red, blue, and yellow, are given on gelatinous sheets, which are secured at one corner by a fastener, round which they may be revolved to make the secondary and tertiary colours, or to show the colours of the rainbow.

New York.

It was a happy idea on the part of the publishers (Messrs. Longmans) to include a volume on New York in the series of "Historical Towns." We are afraid that to many English readers it will be a revelation that New York has such claims to be considered an historical town as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt shows in an attractive volume in our hands; but so many of us visit the United States now that the work ought to have a wide circulation even apart from its intrinsic merits, which are by no means inconsiderable. The comparison presented by the three maps of New York City, at the end of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in the present day respectively, is very interesting and instructive.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE WOOING OF HORATIA.

IT is said to be perfectly true that no man or woman is utterly bad or depraved. There must be in every human heart some soft corner, some vulnerable point, when all else is impervious to the touch of humanity or gentleness.

It was certainly so with Horatia Bird; for although much contact with the world and the independence of a lonely life had hardened a naturally overbearing and selfish nature, there was one bright spot left within her, and that was her love for children.

There was no woman in the world whom she could call her friend; for she scorned and despised the very name of friendship between woman and woman, holding that the feminine nature is too petty and self-interested to be true in every phase of life.

Having no father or mother, she lived with an old aunt, who spent most of her time in jeering at her for her state of single blessedness, and this jeering had soured Horatia's nature so completely that to see another girl admired or preferred to her was pain and grief so acute that she would stoop to any means, however low, to injure that girl's happiness.

She had a small fortune of her own, but not enough to tempt the men of her world to risk a marriage that might mean a ten-roomed house out of town and an early dinner.

But her love for children was so great that, strive to crush or disguise it as she might, it was evident from the very moment that she and one of the objects of her love were in the same room.

And, strangely enough, her affection was always returned, and it was a curious sight to see the hard, handsome woman surrounded by children, climbing her knee and sitting with their arms twined about her, while she showed them her chatelaine or her bracelets; and sometimes, when she forgot herself for an instant, a soft smile broke out and illuminated her face with a gentle light, that showed one what infinite capacities for motherhood were contained within that rough outer shell.

But the next instant she would have scattered her pets to the winds, and be talking horses and scandal to the first man who crossed her path. Such was Horatia Bird.

She and Eric Vernon were in a few days such bosom friends that his father declared he spent his time in her pocket. As it suited her *rôle* to make love to him, she for once allowed her feelings to have full play, and made much of the child, to her heart's content.

He infinitely preferred her to Dulce, and all his innocent childish secrets were confided to her ear, as he showed her his refrigerator and his precious cricket-bat, and even offered her a ride on his pony.

He and his father spent much of their time at Melvell's Court, both preferring the place to their own Yorkshire home, and knowing that they were doing Lord Melvell a kindness by rendering his lonely life less desolate.

Melvell and his cousin used to sit for hours side by side in the smoking-room, neither speaking a word, but each appreciating, in an odd sort of fashion, the other's society.

Mr. Vernon had "made his pile," as the Yankees say, in iron, and had now retired from business to enjoy life, which he did in a quiet, humdrum sort of manner. His wife had died when Eric was born; and he had never, until that fateful day when his eyes fell on Horatia, contemplated the violent step of re-marriage.

But the die was cast, and it was evident from his restless state of mind when in Horatia's presence, and his ill-disguised anxiety when he was out of it, that he was once more a victim of Cupid's bow and arrows.

"My dear Horatia, I believe you will marry that old thing for the sake of the boy," said Lady Spenhouse, rather maliciously, one day. "On the whole, I think it will be a very good thing for you, and you have me to thank for bringing you up to this place to meet your fate."

"Thanks—so many—*dear* Lady Spenhouse, for your good wishes," said Horatia; "but I really have not made up my mind to anything yet. *I* do not care to marry where my affections are not engaged, and I really do believe that I have no one but myself to thank for my northern visit."

But to Dulce she was rather more communicative.

"Yes," she said, in answer to a gentle remark from the girl, "I may consider myself fortunate to be on the very verge of making a fairly good match. He is really not too snuffy, and Eric is delicious."

"But, Miss Bird—Horatia—you surely will not think of marrying unless you really care for—Mr. Vernon?"

"Oh, no!—nobody does that sort of thing now-a-days, do they? There are no Lady Clara Vere de Veres," said Horatia, unable to resist the sneer; and then, seeing by the girl's quivering lips that the shaft had gone home, she added hastily, "No, no—I did not mean that, Dulce. But somehow, though I am handsome and amusing enough, I have never gone off, so to speak. And if you knew what my home was like—why, my aunt is ten times worse than *your*

revered grandmother!—you would not wonder at my jumping at the idea of a comfortable home of my own. Mr. Vernon is a 'gone coon' on me, and I really have a great liking for him. He is as genuine as his snuff, and a great deal more palatable!"

"Very well," said Dulce, half smiling at this odd way of considering one's future husband. "If you are really sure that you will be happy, I will do all I can to help you."

"Oh, thanks! you had much better leave me alone to manage my own affairs; you have got your hands quite full enough with your own."

And she went away, leaving Dulce to meditate over the truth of her last words. She certainly *had* got her hands very full with her own affairs, and she wondered dreamily where all this would end as she sat looking out over the park and the bright gardens that she would so soon have to regard as her own possessions. She thought of exhibiting them to Marjorie and the boys, but a dim shadow of doubt as to whether Marjorie would ever forgive her so far as to honour her with a visit crossed her mind, and checked her pleasant thoughts and plans.

Meanwhile, Horatia was walking across the smooth lawn down to the Dene. She had a bright scarlet parasol in her hand, and was walking with a slow, stately step, as if she knew and hoped that someone might espy her from the smoking-room windows and follow in her track.

And she was not disappointed, for a few moments after she had disappeared down the slope Mr. Vernon also stepped on to the lawn, and, with a doubtful glance from right to left to see if he was observed, darted like an ostrich in the same direction.

He caught up Horatia as she was fumbling at the latch of the park gate, and she turned and faced him with apparent surprise.

"Why, Mr. Vernon, I thought you were engaged with your paper and a cigar in the smoking-room, and I was looking forward to a lonely stroll!"

"Looking forward! Ah!—hum!—do you mean that I shall be in the way, Miss Bird?"

"Oh, dreadfully in the way! but I will manage to put up with you for a short time."

So together they strolled into a distant quiet corner of the park, sheltered from all observation, and more unfrequented than the Dene path: for here Lord Melvell kept two pet emus, which he had just brought with him from abroad, and which seemed to flourish in this wide expanse of sheltered ground. They had their own curiously shaped conical house, to which they retired when the nights grew short and cold; and Lord Melvell had a strange affection for these uninteresting birds, which they seemed in their way to return.

"Why have you brought me here?" said Horatia, as they strolled along. "This is quite a new part of the park to me."

"Well—ah!—hum! I thought, upon my honour, Miss Bird, that our pleasant *tête-à-tête* would not be so easily interrupted in this more lonely part; and, to tell you the truth, I should not be sorry if such were to be the case."

"Please don't talk in enigmas," said Miss Bird.

"And I have heard, too," he continued hastily, fearful of offending his goddess, "that Melvell has just established some emus in this part of the park."

"Oh dear me! are they fierce birds?" said Horatia, stopping short.

"No, no. Calm yourself, my dear madam; they are perfectly tame specimens, I believe, and no doubt we may see them presently in among those trees. But I wish you could see my own little property, and give me valuable hints as to the laying-out of my grounds. They are not very large, you know, but quite big enough for comfort."

"I must say," said Horatia, looking away, and making fierce flourishes at the roots of bracken with her parasol, "that for myself I much prefer a small place. To my mind there is nothing like a shooting-box on the Scotch moors, tightly packed with guests, for perfect happiness."

"I *quite* agree with you, Miss Bird," he said, with solemn emphasis. "I believe that our opinions on various topics would coincide."

"I have no doubt we should agree on many points," said Horatia, beginning to wish that her lover was not so unromantically like the later portraits of Henry VIII., as it made her wonder which of the wives' fates would be hers.

"What do you think of my small son Eric?" was his next unexpected remark.

"Eric? I think he is delightful!" was her warm reply. "He is a most attractive child."

"He is said to be very like me," hazarded Mr. Vernon.

Horatia looked up at the big red face and the heavy brows, under which the deep-set eyes looked nervously out at her. It was not such a bad face, after all, she considered: and unless looks were very deceitful, he was full of quiet good-nature and kindliness of disposition. But aloud she said—

"Yes; do you know, I do really think Eric is like you. Anyhow, I have taken a very great fancy to him."

Mr. Vernon breathed heavily for a moment, then recollecting himself, took a pinch of snuff, and faced Horatia like a man.

"Miss Bird," he said, "I'm a plain man, but an honest one, and I've got my faults, like most people, but no vices. I've got a neat little income and a tidy little home—quite enough to offer to any woman in the world; and I want to know if you could take a fancy to me as well as to my son Eric. In plain words, will you be my wife?"

This was not the wooing that Horatia had dreamed of in her younger days, when life was new and bright to her, and when she had imagined lovers handsome and wealthy at her feet. But such as it was, she recognised its worth and honesty, and she knew by the slight tremor in the man's voice that with his hand he was offering her his heart. She stood silent for a moment, looking very handsome as the sun glinted on her black hair and lighted up the changing colour in her dark face. Then she said quite simply, holding out her ungloved hand—

"Yes, Mr. Vernon, I will be your wife. I think that you will make me happy."

He seized her hand, and in an instant his arm was round her waist, and he was kissing her with such an ecstasy of joy as was quite worthy of a younger, handsomer lover.

At this supreme moment some demon of mischief put it into the head of the largest of the emus to feel hungry, and to hanker after the piece of bread that he was sure was lurking in the pocket of the insane human couple among the bracken.

So he started off on a voyage of discovery down the glade from his hidden nook, uttering as he went the strange "Prr-prr" of the emu's cry.

With his long stride he soon gained on the lovers, and their first intimation of his presence was his harsh note as he came with flapping wings across the fern and the gorse straight towards them.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Vernon, upset by the sudden apparition of the monster. "Do you know, my love, we had better at once take to our heels! The creature looks enraged, and is unpleasantly powerful."

With a wild shriek Horatia flung down her parasol, which engaged the inquisitive emu's attention for a moment, and without waiting to find out the intention of their alarming pursuer, the couple fled for their lives to the park gates.

If Horatia had not been really frightened, she would have roared with laughter at the sight of the fat elderly gentleman at her side nimbly taking the gorse clumps as if they were so many hurdles, and he a hundred-guinea hunter. But when their run was nearly ended, he tripped over a mole-hill and fell prone on his back, to Horatia's breathless horror.

"Don't mind me!" he gasped; "make for the gate at once;" and she obeyed him, and when once in safety behind the sheltering gate, turned and laughed heartlessly at the sight before her. Mr. Vernon lay with his legs wildly kicking in the air by way of defensive operations, and the disappointed emu was sniffing round him, trying vainly to discover the bread that he loved so dearly. But not finding it, he gave a little prod at his prostrate victim, and walked slowly and majestically back to his companion, and both disappeared once more among the trees.

Horatia carefully composed her face as Mr. Vernon, crestfallen and very hot, came up to her.

"What an adventure!" she said. "And how brave you were!"

"My dear—ahem—Horatia, it strikes me that we had better say nothing about this mild little excitement this afternoon."

"I quite agree with you," she answered; "for, after all, the bird was quite harmless, and besides that, it would be an unpoetical ending to our—love affair."

They parted at the drawing-room door with a passionate glance from Mr. Vernon, and a shy clasp of the hand on her part. And while she went in to announce the great news to Lady Spenhouse, he went to rave of his lady-love over a cigar to Lord Melvell in the smoking-room.

And so ended the brief wooing of Horatia.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

A FACE IN THE CROWD.

LORD MELVELL had carefully avoided all mention of the ill-omened fall of the picture of his ancestor. But for all that, he possessed much of the superstitious feeling of old families; and though he was too much of a lover and a gentleman to trouble Dulce with his doubts and fears, yet he thought and brooded over the bad omen of the accident very often in his silent hours.

This melancholy anticipating of evil tinged his relations, even with Dulce, with a strange taciturnity and reserve that filled her with surprise. For he was alternately depressed and passionately affectionate for some days, until the first impression of the incident passed from his mind.

Even her grandmother noticed the fresh reserve in his manner, and laid the blame so vehemently on Dulce, that the girl was frightened into an attempt at demonstrative affection, which highly delighted her lover.

Clifford Carruthers came down on the eleventh, and she was unfeignedly glad to see him, for she felt that her uncle could be, in case of need, a very true, though undemonstrative, friend. He was looking well, and brought with him a very satisfactory bulletin of Lord Spenhouse's health, based on the reports of Lady Mason and Smith. He himself had not been admitted into his room to see him, as the valet had declared that any extra excitement would be very bad for his lordship, who was going on so well.

This news relieved the whole party very evidently, and Lady Spenhouse put off her departure till the fifteenth of the month, so that Dulce might be able to sing at a little concert that had been got up by the Vicar of Melvell in aid of the school expenses, and in which Lord Melvell considered it his duty to take a prominent part.

The news of Horatia's engagement to Mr. Vernon was received with unfeigned gladness by all her friends; for they now saw the prospect of having her settled in a comfortable home of her own, where she could no longer be looked upon in the light of the death's head at the feast.

Her engagement, too, had softened her considerably, and to Dulce's relief she left her to herself, and seemed to forget her former desire to interfere with the girl's affairs. But that she had not forgotten the whole affair, and that her memory on certain points was only *too* green, was apparent from the occasional malicious and pointed allusions which she let slip in Dulce's presence.

But Horatia's wedding was also to take place before the summer was quite over; for, as Lady Spenhouse sarcastically remarked, really at their ages there was nothing to delay the wedding at all, and she was sure, by the extent of Horatia's luggage, that she had clothes enough to stock two or three trousseaus.

She was very much occupied in gauging the exact extent of her lover's income, and in laying down plans for the refurnishing of the house and restocking of the garden and stables; and Mr. Vernon found, to his

intense gratification and self-applause, that his future wife combined the most sound business qualities with a handsome face and figure. And he remarked complacently—

"Beauty and business don't, as a rule, go together; and—well, William, my boy, you're a lucky fellow."

It is seldom that a contemplated marriage satisfied all parties concerned so well as this one did, and Clifford Carruthers joined his congratulations to the rest with a feeling of amused interest.

Eric's manner of receiving the intelligence—or rather, of imparting it to the rest of the party—was novel, but embarrassing.

He came down to dinner the night of Mr. Vernon's proposal, and seated himself with rather a pre-occupied air in his high chair at his father's side. He was always allowed to appear at the dinner-table for a short time, and generally got through a large amount of conversation and Vienna rolls; but to-night he was very silent, and gazed at the table-cloth while he crumbled his bread, instead of eating it in the orthodox fashion.

At last he lifted his head, and looked straight at Lord Melvell.

"What's a new mamma?" he said briefly.

There was an intense silence—so great that the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece sounded aggressive. Then Melvell said cheerfully—

"Well, my little man, that is a subject we will discuss later on."

Eric, who cared as little for Melvell as the latter cared for children in general, turned his solemn eyes on Lady Spenhouse's amused face.

"Well," he said, "I should like to know, because White said to me, 'Well, Master Eric, you are going to have a new mamma, *you* are!'"

He reproduced with such faithfulness the voice and manner of the delinquent White, that the unfortunate under-footman who had been so indiscreet was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and precipitately left the room, to the exquisite joy of the other men-servants.

Dulce subsided into a helpless fit of laughter, seeing which, Lord Melvell checked the angry words on his lips, and only said quietly—

"White had no business to talk to you on such a subject, my boy; but if your father will allow you to stay up to dessert you shall hear all about your new mamma, and drink her health in a glass of lemonade."

Then he adroitly turned the conversation, much to the relief of the happy pair, who were positively crimson with anguish of spirit.

Eric was so satisfied with the explanation that he received at dessert that, becoming excited with the news, he leaped into Horatia's lap, and flinging his arms round her neck, whispered, as he kissed her repeatedly—

"I do love you, you beautiful new mamma!"

Poor Horatia was so touched by this unusual display of affection that when she looked up, after kissing the child's curly head, Dulce saw that her eyes were full of tears; and though she brushed them away and assumed her old insolent manner the next instant, still that soft new light which the love of a little child had roused into being lingered in her dark eyes for the rest of the evening.

It was a busy time at Melvell's Court, for, what with lovers and sportsmen, the time was fully occupied; and as the moors were in grand condition, the bags on the Twelfth were the heaviest ever made by the house party.

Then, in his intervals of rest, Lord Melvell had patterns of brocades and chintzes, and designs for decoration and friezes, to submit to Dulce's taste and judgment. Did she think, he asked, that she would like her morning-room to be a harmony in blue or pink? and would she prefer chintz or brocade in the small drawing-room? Did she care for the dark oak fittings and panellings of the dining-room, or would she like to have them re-done in light oak? And so on, till the girl begged him, in an agony of indecision and doubt, to leave everything as it was at that moment; or at least, if he would spend a small fortune on unnecessary adornment, to do it without consulting her.

The old servants at the Court were highly pleased at the idea of their new mistress, and appreciated her beauty and her winning manners. The head gardener, John Scott, who had been with the Melvells for generations, specially delighted her, and she often spent a few moments chattering to him while he looked after the greenhouses, or cleared away the weeds in a favourite bed.

"Do many strangers come up to Melvell—to the village, I mean—to stay here, and fish, and enjoy the country air?" she said one afternoon, while he was cutting a straggling branch off a young beech-tree, and otherwise correcting its erratic growth.

He paused in his occupation, and slowly shutting his great clasp-knife with his broad brown thumb, answered meditatively—

"No, miss; I don't fall to remember that strangers ever do come this a way on. But now I come to think on it, they *did* say as there was a furrin' lady stopping at the 'Three Tuns' just now, and has been for some time. But I don't rightly know who she is. She keeps herself to herself, and doesn't walk about much; but I see'd her one day looking in over the park gate with a kind of queer look on her face; so perhaps she's a bit gone in her head."

"Dear me, Scott! Do you think she is dangerous?"

"Lor', no, miss; don't go and get no such idea in your head. She is a fine-looking woman, too; but I reckon she has seen trouble."

Dulce moved away smiling, and her lover joining her, they went off on a voyage of discovery to the hot-houses, and there ate peaches and nectarines to their hearts' content.

She did catch a vague sight of the foreign-looking lady one morning, when she and Horatia walked down as far as the little village post-office to buy stamps.

She was standing in the porch of the rose-covered

inn, drawing on her gloves, and looking with a strangely eager glance up and down the road.

Dulce caught a glimpse of a pale, pathetic face, with melting dark eyes and waves of low-lying hair; but as the two girls approached the stranger turned her engagement, but conversation as to her own affairs, and Dulce found her few *tête-à-tête* walks rather dreary affairs, as, after a short time, stables, expenses, and linoleum *versus* Kidderminster carpets, were apt to pall on the uninitiated.

"'FOR I WILL MARRY MY OWN LOVE'" (*p.* 326).

abruptly and went into the house, with a gesture that was so rapid that it suggested flight.

"Who could that sad-looking woman be?" said Dulce, interested in spite of herself.

"I neither know nor care," said Horatia calmly.

And they continued their walk without further comment; for after such a snub the subject must necessarily be closed.

Nothing interested Horatia, at that early period of

The evening of the much-talked-of concert arrived, and as it was a lovely summer night, with not even a breeze to lighten the oppression of the sultry air, the little party drove down in open carriages to the entertainment.

Eric was to contribute his share, in the shape of a recitation from "Alice in Wonderland"—the tragic fate of Bill the Lizard; and if he by any chance got an *encore*, he was to give the audience "The Walrus

and the Carpenter." Of course it need not be said that his admiring party had determined to applaud the plucky little fellow to the echo.

The concert-room was crammed when they entered and made their way to the ante-room, where the performers were allowed to sit in coolness and retirement.

Lord Melvell, when he had seen that Dulce and Horatia were comfortably seated, went back to the concert-room, and, together with Mr. Vernon and Lady Spenhouse, were marshalled with great pomp to their seats, where they immediately became the centre of admiring eyes.

Dulce found a great deal of amusement in watching the faces and attitudes of the various performers, while Horatia drummed out the piece of music that she was going to play—on the table—by way of practice.

There was the usual throaty tenor, with a slight cold in his head and a very wide expanse of shirt-front, who was going to treat the audience to "When the Bloom is on the Rye," and was doubtful as to the high note, and debating as to whether he should dwell on it or touch and leave it.

Then the bass, with a black tie and a gloomy expression, who had not yet made up his mind as to whether "O, Ruddier than the Cherry" or "The Village Blacksmith" would be the most appropriate to the occasion; the nervous soprano, with a white shawl and blue silk gloves, who required much encouragement; and the contralto, who sang out of tune, and always chose Antoinette Stirling's songs, because she fancied that their voices were wonderfully alike.

Last, but not least, the comic man, who was also the village butcher, and who was rehearsing in a corner a telling bit of recitative from one of his songs.

The village choir opened the concert with a glee, which seemed intended to be amusing, but which was listened to in solemn silence; and Dulce listened to the songs that succeeded it with a vague dreamy feeling stealing over her, through which she faintly heard the false notes of the contralto and the growl of the bass.

She was quite happy, with a strange feeling of excitement and elation; and while Horatia was audibly expressing her disgust at the feeble exhibition, she was smiling, with her eyes fixed on the door, waiting for her call on to the stage.

It felt so like old times to be waiting here in the ante-room, one among so many *artistes*, that the old fascination returned upon her in full force, and when the vicar came to lead her on to the platform, she swept out of the room with head proudly erect, and with the dignified manner of a born professional.

The applause was tremendous when she appeared, and she stood silent for a moment, making a slight acknowledgment of her reception—a slim white figure, with a smile that was almost disdainful on her beautiful lips.

The first bars of the accompaniment were played, and she began to sing, her full rich voice thrilling and swelling through the small low-roofed room, for never had she felt herself conscious of so much strength and power. She had chosen a simple old ballad that she knew by heart, a thing called "Janet's Choice," and she was lightly touching the words of the refrain, "For I will marry my own love," when there came a shrill note that was half a cry of agony, and in the middle of her song Dulce flung up her arms, and fell forward in a dead faint.

It happened so suddenly that a few seconds elapsed before the crowd parted and Lord Melvell leaped on to the platform, pushing aside all eager outstretched hands. But before he could reach the prostrate figure, a woman in black, who had been sitting quietly in the front row, had Dulce's head on her arm, and was holding a bottle of Eau de Cologne to her lips, in the absence of any stronger spirit.

"Let me carry her to the ante-room at once," said Lord Melvell, hastily lifting the girl in his arms, and, still followed by the black-robed figure, he laid his fair burden down on the hard little horsehair sofa, and yielded her to her grandmother's care.

"I think she will be all right very soon," said the stranger timidly, as she stood with Lord Melvell, a little removed from the others. "The heat of the room was too much for her; she looks very delicate."

At the sound of her soft half-foreign voice, Lord Melvell turned, and stared into her face with eyes that seemed to be starting from his pale face.

"Nina," was all he said, "what are you doing here? Where is your husband?"

"Santiago is dead, and I have been staying at your very gates for the last three weeks," she answered in a voice that shook with emotion; then turning, without another word she left the room, and was soon lost among the crowd.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE CONFESSION.

WHEN Dulce returned to consciousness she lay for some time motionless, with closed eyes, not caring to exert herself or do more than show her grandmother that she was in the land of the living, and that life had not gone out with loss of consciousness.

Not that her grandmother appeared to be much concerned about her health, for she was excessively annoyed that the concert had been spoiled by Dulce's fainting, and, unseen by the others, she gave the girl an impatient shake.

"You little idiot!" she said. "What induced you to make such a scene? If you did not feel well before you left the Court, why on earth did you persist in coming? No one wanted to hear your feeble pipe."

But Dulce was past being hurt by blame or hard words. She felt absolutely indifferent to her grandmother, and merely turned a little further away from her, pressing her aching head against the cool horsehair of the sofa, while she tried to shut out of her mind the face that was imprinted in lines of fire on her brain: the face that she had seen in the crowd—the face of Jack Mordaunt.

Her life and future lay before her in startling reality at that moment, and she knew, with a certainty

that was almost maddening, that she could never marry Lord Melvell—that the mere sight of Dr. Mordaunt was more to her than the possession of wealth and rank—that no one but he should be her husband, and that if he bade her she would follow him to the world's end.

But at the same time she knew that she had lost him, for the look on his face as his eyes met hers had been so stern and reproachful—so full of pitying contempt, as it seemed to her—that the very sight of it had stricken her to the earth.

But of one thing she was resolved: and that was, to do no further damage and to ruin no other life. She had irreparably injured Dr. Mordaunt—for she was sure that never again would he forgive her, or trust in the faith and love of mortal woman. And she determined, as she lay there, she would no longer abuse the trust and confidence that Lord Melvell had placed in her. She would not ruin a second life: have another man's misery on her conscience. For she knew now that to marry Lord Melvell, loving Jack Mordaunt as she did—with all her heart—would be the most wicked thing that she could do. Better the short sharp suffering that he would endure, the deep scorn that would be her punishment, than life-long wretchedness and reproaches: the outcome of a loveless marriage.

Rupert, meanwhile, had as much to think of as his suffering *fiancée*. How in the name of all that was wonderful came his old love, the Marchese di Santiago, in Melvell? Could it be that she had tracked him out and followed him? And to what end?

She was no longer the magnificent beauty that he had known years ago in Italy, but a pale, slender woman, with pathetic eyes, and a face on which trouble had laid unmistakable lines. But her voice was the same: with that trick of tender pathos, and little difficulty over the hard English consonants, that had won his first love on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. But here lay his betrothed wife, a thousand times more lovely, who had wound her way into his solitary life; and he went up to her with tender anxiety in his voice and manner.

"Darling, what is it? Are you better?" he said.

The others had drawn back when he approached, so that the two were left alone together.

Dulce opened her eyes, full of a haunting terror, such as he had never seen before in her face.

"May I see you *alone* to-night, when we reach home again?" she said, in a low determined voice, half under her breath. "I have something to say to you that no one must hear before you. Don't let Lady Spenhouse know."

He promised, wondering what this great secret was which she was about to confide to him, and at that moment Lady Spenhouse came up.

"Now, my dear Dulce, if you are really better, perhaps you can go back again into the concert-room, and sing your next song."

Dulce, with an instinctive sense of obedience, half rose from the sofa; but Lord Melvell, with a quiet movement of his hand, kept her in her place.

"What nonsense, Lady Spenhouse!" he said, in a severely angry voice. "I am not going to allow Dulce to do anything so foolish. She is exceedingly weak; and as soon as Eric has finished his recitation, I propose that the whole party return to Melvell."

Clifford Carruthers went out to arrange about the carriages, and in a few moments they were all under way.

Dulce was sitting next her uncle on the return journey, with her *fiancé* on her other side, and opposite to her Lady Spenhouse, who was enjoying a sulky doze. She was very angry with Lord Melvell for reproving her in such palpable fashion, and was meditating revenge on Dulce—as revenge on the culprit himself was, as she knew by experience, out of the question.

Under cover of the noise of the wheels on the hard road, Clifford bent over his niece, and said softly, "Did you see an old *friend* in the audience, Dulce?"

His tone was full of significance, for he was a man who could put two and two together, and had noted with surprise the look of agony which the girl had cast to one corner of the room before she fainted.

"Yes, uncle," she answered, slowly and sadly; "and I want you to help me afterwards—I am going to tell Lord Melvell."

Then he guessed at her pitiful story, and after a moment of almost ludicrous horror as to what Lady Spenhouse would say and do, he relapsed into silent meditation.

If the whole affair was, as he conjectured, likely to end in another disappointment for his friend, he felt more sorry and annoyed than he could say, for he knew that the couple would be the talk of London for the orthodox nine days. But at the same time he felt great sympathy for his white-faced little niece, who had changed so much in these few weeks of their acquaintance. When he had first met her in her health and brilliant beauty, she was to his mind the most radiant creature he had ever seen. But now the dawning of womanhood had broken into maturity, and the child, through suffering, had become a woman. He could see it in her sad grave eyes, and in the more sedate manner that had replaced the innocent chatter of girlhood.

Why had she ever left her country home? The loving hands that had pushed her out of the nest had much to answer for. Had they not all much to answer for?

Had Lady Spenhouse — had any of them — been tender guardians, careful of this girl's peace of mind and happiness?

No; it seemed to him that they had thought only of her worldly advancement, and had treated her as if their pleasure must of necessity be hers.

He felt his conscience and his affection wake within him as he looked at his brother's child, so pale and wistful; and he said to himself that now was the time for him to prove a friend to her—a help in her hour of need.

Carruthers had a determined spirit somewhere lurking in his inert nature, and that same spirit for the first time came to the front, and he involuntarily

straightened himself as he made the desperate resolution to defy his step-mother—cost him what it might.

Dulce, looking up, recognised the change in him, and with a faint smile touched his hand gratefully under cover of the light rug.

When they reached Melvell's Court it was still early, and Lady Spenhouse and Horatia went to the drawing-room, while Lord Melvell, mindful of Dulce's request, said to her in an audible tone—

"Come into the library, darling, and rest a bit before you go to bed, and we will have a cosy talk."

Carruthers was going off in the opposite direction, when she, with an imploring look at him, besought him not to leave her, and he joined them, after a moment's hesitation.

The reading-lamp was casting a dim religious light through the room, and the three advanced to the brighter circle that it reflected in its immediate neighbourhood.

Lord Melvell slowly unfastened his coat and let it fall on to a chair, then, looking up at Dulce, he noticed, with a pang of reproach, the black lines that were marked under her eyes, and the pallor of the cheek on which the long dark lashes lay.

"My sweet love," he said, "you are far too tired to be talking here. Tell me your little secret, and then go up to your room at once. I ought never to have allowed you to sing to-night. I reproach myself very much for my carelessness."

Carruthers was standing farther back in the shadow, pretending to busy himself with a cigar. He was waiting for the *dénouement* which he knew was inevitable, and wondering how his friend would endure the blow which was for the second time to fall on his shoulders.

Dulce, as she stood there nervously playing with the clasp of her cloak, found the unconscious ignorance of her *fiancé* almost more than she could bear.

He was smiling tenderly at her—believing in her, trusting her, with the brightness of his future clear before his mind; and she, by one word, was going to wreck his life, and to give him the bitterest grief that any man can feel.

For one moment she hesitated; then, with an earnest determination to be true to herself and to him, she spoke—

"Lord Melvell, I have come here to tell you that I can never marry you; for I love another man."

Her words came low and steadily, and she did not give herself the time to think before she continued—

"I have done very wrong. I let my grandmother persuade me into engaging myself to you, while the whole time I knew that I loved Dr. Mordaunt, and that I was really the whole time engaged to him."

Lord Melvell's face was in the shadow, and he was playing with a ring that he wore, twisting it round and round and making the diamond flash in the lamp-light. But at her last words he looked up.

"Engaged to another man!" he said sternly, while the frown on his brow grew heavier, and his lips took a contemptuous, incredulous curl. "I really fail to understand you, Dulce. Has your indisposition turned your brain?" Then as the truth—written in every line of her face and of her drooping figure—struck him with conviction, he turned away his head. "I could never have believed that a girl like you could have been such a consummate hypocrite. You never led me to believe in any way that your affections were ever engaged elsewhere. And in reality, the whole time that I was striving with heart and soul to win you—believing you all that was pure and good—you were *engaged* to another man!"

Carruthers stepped forward, and stood at his niece's side.

"Don't be too hard upon her, Melvell. She has hardly recovered her strength yet, and she is striving to do what is right now."

"Hard on her, my dear fellow! Why, it strikes me pretty forcibly that she has been particularly hard on me, if this extraordinary story is true. What did she mean by leading me on to love her when she knew she was doing the most dishonourable thing that any woman can do to a man? Can you deny that?"

"I deny nothing, Lord Melvell," said Dulce, feeling as if the convulsive throb of her heart must strangle her. "I have behaved disgracefully: I have ruined two lives and my own as well; for I saw by the face of Dr. Mordaunt in the crowd to-night that he rated me at my proper worth, and that in his eyes I was beneath contempt."

"He made you faint, then? How did he come to be in the room to-night?"

"I know no more than you do," she answered; "but this I know: that it was like a face from the dead, showing me my sins and my past and present life, and I could not live another hour without confessing everything to you."

"What do you think is going to become of me? I shall be the laughing-stock of London and the whole neighbourhood," he said bitterly.

"I will marry you if you wish it," she said impetuously, and then paused.

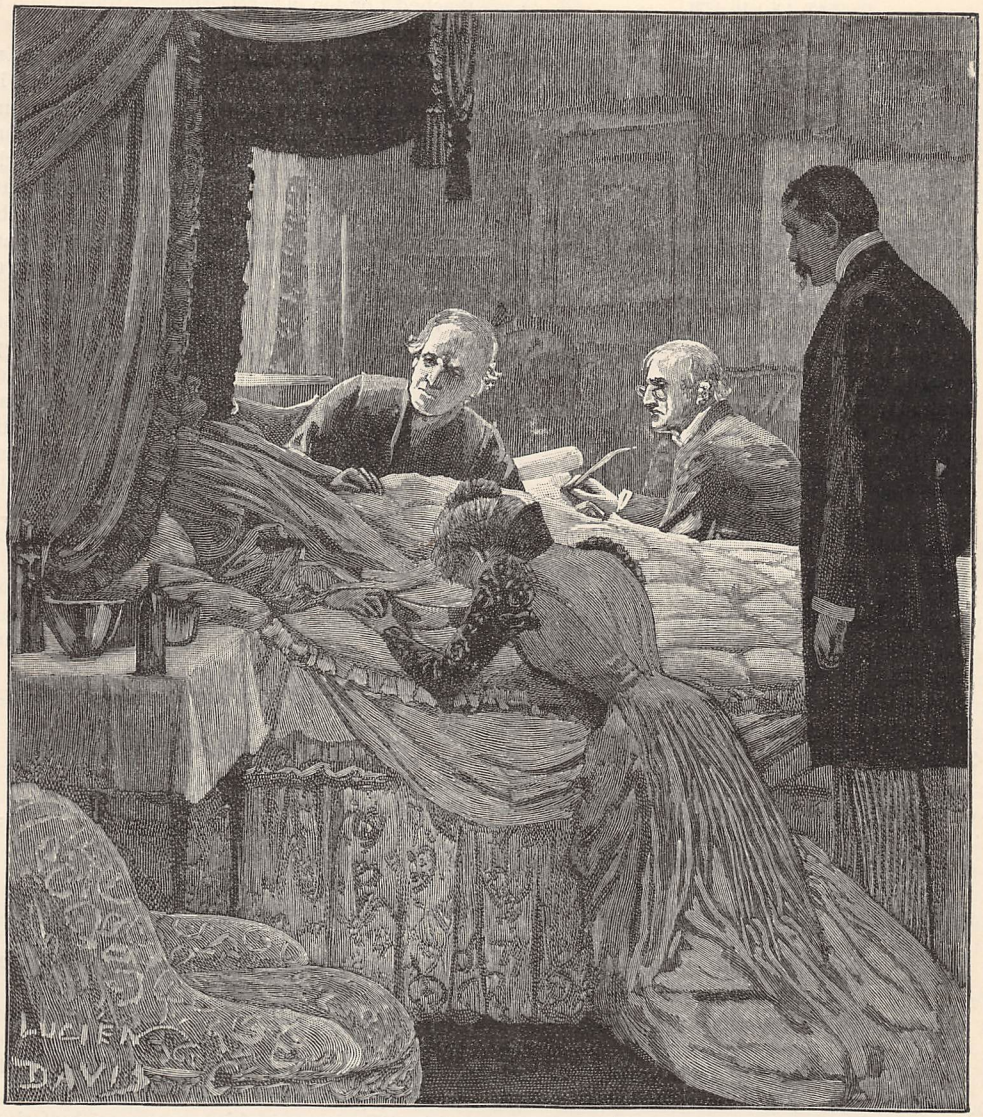
"Marry me!" he said. "I would not marry you *now*, Miss Carruthers, if my life were depending on it. Marriage without love is hell upon earth. But it seems to me that the sorrow and the punishment are heavy upon me, and that you—the author of all the mischief—are going to escape scot-free, and will probably be envied and admired, with another of your victim's scalps at your belt!"

Dulce lifted her face to his.

"Have I not suffered?" she said quietly. "Where is my happy girlhood? Do you think that my mother at home would know the child who left her home so few weeks ago in the woman who now stands before you?"

He looked at her with keen scrutiny, noting her pallor and her deep-set, weary eyes; then, as he remembered her face as it was when it first met his gaze that bright morning in the park, he said sternly—

"Yes, you have suffered: I can see it now for the first time; and I think I must have been blind not



"THERE WAS NO SOUND SAVE THE SCRATCHING OF THE LAWYER'S PEN" (*p.* 331).

to have noticed the change in you. But what compensation can you give me for having for the second time destroyed my faith in the truth and goodness of women? Ah! I see you are silent—you can say nothing. And now perhaps we can end this charming interview; so, for the present, farewell!"

And he left the room.

"He has been very hard on you," said Carruthers compassionately, touching her bowed head with a gentle hand. "Poor child, you have suffered."

"He has been no harder to me than I deserve," she answered gently.

"One thing you must promise me, Dulce, and that is that you will let me break the news to your grandmother. I can bear the first brunt of her wrath better than you can, and I believe that I shall have some influence over her, whereas you have none."

"Oh, thank you," said Dulce gratefully, for the ordeal that was before her—of telling Lady Spenhouse the bad news—was almost more than she could bear to think of.

They were standing together talking, when the door suddenly opened, and into the room stepped Lady Spenhouse—tall and erect as usual, but very pale.

"Clifford," she said—and there was an unusual tremor in her voice—"we must return at once to town by the night train: your father is dying. Rosalind has just telegraphed the news to me."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

DEFEAT AND DEATH.

THERE was fortunately a night train from the little country station, which caught an express at Newcastle, and Dulce hardly awoke from the stupor into which the events of the night had thrown her until they were being whirled rapidly away southward through the still summer night.

Lord Melvell had been most courteous and sympathetic at the last—eager to do anything to make the journey back to town easier. He telegraphed to Newcastle to have a special *coupé* reserved for them, and provided a delicate hamper of eatables to wile away the weary hours.

No one could have guessed from his manner the scene through which he had just passed, and as Lady Spenhouse was too much occupied with her own affairs, she never noticed the coldness of his parting with Dulce.

"I can arrange nothing," were her farewell words at the carriage door; "but I will write again when matters are more settled, and make arrangements for your coming to us, Lord Melvell. Dulce must not exist too long without seeing you."

He bowed his head, and the girl busied herself with her wraps, feeling that she could not say anything to her grandmother at that moment—indeed, that all communications on the subject must be reserved until their anxiety was over, for it would be hard on Lady Spenhouse to heap Ossa on Pelion, and grief upon grief.

"'When matters are more settled'—that means when the old man is dead," muttered Horatia crossly. "She doesn't care a rap, really; and as for me: well, I do wish he had reserved his dying to a more convenient period; I don't care about being carried off in this summary fashion."

"Horatia!" said Dulce, in a scandalised tone, "how heartless you are! He was dying when we left London, I am sure, and it was cruel of us to go on this miserable visit."

"Miserable? Yes, indeed, for you and for our well-beloved Rupert. I can see that much," said Horatia significantly. "I *should* like to know what the dragon says when you tell her that precious bit of news; but as we part at Newcastle, there is no chance of such a piece of luck!"

Dulce raised her eyes so full of dumb misery to her tormentor's face that Miss Bird was softened.

"Well, little child, don't look like that. Your eyes look exactly like two holes burnt in a white sheet. There!—I am sorry for you."

Which was as near an approach to affectionate sympathy as Horatia had ever volunteered.

"Sorry for her!" Dulce was very sorry for herself, and when Horatia had departed, in company with her maid, by a westward-going train to her own home, she felt keenly the loneliness of her position.

Carruthers made her a couch with plenty of rugs and cushions, and after a short time she dozed off to sleep, and the doze gradually becoming a deep dreamless slumber, she forgot her miseries for several hours, and never opened her eyes until they had nearly reached London, when Carruthers roused her to have some refreshment.

She noticed with surprise how changed his manner was since the news of his father's illness. He had lost the languid nonchalant air which had sometimes irritated Dulce, and he spoke to Lady Spenhouse with the air of a man whose position is assured, and who is determined to have his own way. He foresaw, perhaps, that after his father's death a collision between their two wills must of necessity take place, and that it was wiser at once to assume the position of head of the family.

They drove as fast as a London cab-horse could take them to Hyde Park Gardens, and Dulce, glancing up at the house, felt unutterable relief come over her to see that the blinds were all up. She had been fearing that they would arrive too late, and that she should never see the old man again who had been so kind to her, and who had won his way into her heart.

"How is his lordship?" said Lady Spenhouse, as the butler opened the door.

And on hearing he was still alive and about the same, Dulce fancied, to her horror, that she could detect a ring of something like disappointment in her voice.

"He is asking every moment for Miss Carruthers," said the man respectfully.

Lady Spenhouse turned so sharply round on him, with such a look of malevolence in her face, that he trembled with astonishment.

"You have no business to volunteer any information, Davis," she said.

But Carruthers broke in quietly—

"Dulce, come with me. You are not frightened, child? Death is a very peaceful thing."

"Oh, no, uncle," she answered, putting her arm in his.

And they followed Lady Spenhouse, whose every attitude showed suppressed fury, to the sick-room.

The old man was lying, propped up with pillows, on a bed by the window. He was breathing painfully and with difficulty, and his eyes were half closed. To Dulce's inexperienced eyes he looked dead already, and she shrank back for a moment with the first fear of death, till he opened his eyes and looked at her.

The doctor by the bedside, with his hand on the flickering pulse, looked up at their entrance, and then back again at the dying man.

"Dulce," said Lord Spenhouse, in a firm voice, while he looked at none but her, seeming to ignore the very existence of his wife and his son: "thank God, you are come in time! I could not die till I saw you again, and until the wrong done to your father was righted. Clifford, my boy, send for the lawyer at once—send for old Peel before I am dead. I want Norman to have his share."

Out of the shade cast by the curtains on the other side of the bed the watchful face of the valet seemed to grow, shaking his head with a perplexed expression at Lady Spenhouse.

To Dulce's excited imagination he seemed like the bad angel waiting at this bed of death, and she noticed that her uncle seemed suddenly to awaken to the sinister expression of his face and attitude; for he signed to him with an impatient gesture to move farther away from the bed.

"Don't you see that his mind is wandering, Dr. Ellis?" said Lady Spenhouse, excitedly coming forward. "A codicil to a will executed under such conditions could not be valid. Clifford, I forbid you to go for the lawyer."

"Woman!" said the old man, fixing his eyes sternly upon her, "on you rests half of the blame of my son's estrangement. Repent while there is time."

Lady Spenhouse fell back, biting her pale lips. She saw that resistance was vain, and unless her husband died during the absence of Clifford, and before the lawyer arrived, her children and herself would be the poorer by a large sum.

Carruthers seemed to read the thoughts that were passing through her brain; for he turned to the doctor, and said quickly—

"Dr. Ellis, I am sorry that you should be the witness of this painful scene. But may I ask you as a personal favour to remain by my father's side until I return with the lawyer?"

Dr. Ellis bowed gravely. It was not hard to interpret the meaning of this family drama—he knew too much of the ins and outs of the Carruthers family—and he was determined to do his part.

"Dulce, dear, remain till I return—he likes to have you near him," continued Carruthers—

Then, to Smith—

"Lord Spenhouse has no further use for you. Kindly leave the room."

And as the valet slunk out he closed the door behind him, ran downstairs, and, hailing a hansom, was furiously driven to Lincoln's Inn.

Dulce listened to the retreating wheels with a sense of gratitude and thankfulness. If this restitution were only enacted in time, she knew that it meant happiness and ease for her father and her whole family, without the sacrifice on her part which union with Lord Melvell would have been.

She remained kneeling by her grandfather, praying earnestly for him and for all her dear ones, while he seemed to find comfort in the mere fact of her presence, and his fingers often wandered in their restless movement towards her, until she caught them in her own warm young hands, and held them in a loving, comforting grasp. He seemed to be reserving all his strength for the last final effort, and she would not even speak to him, for fear of wasting any of that life—so precious and so fast ebbing away.

Dr. Ellis stood at hand, every now and then moistening the parched lips; while Lady Spenhouse, stupefied, as it were, with the result of all her scheming, sat with her face buried in her hands in a corner of the room.

After a long, weary time—as it seemed to the girl—had passed away, there were subdued voices outside in the passage, then a noiseless opening of the door, and Carruthers and the family lawyer entered the room.

"You are in time," said the doctor, relinquishing his seat; and "Thank God!" was Carruthers' fervent answer, as Mr. Peel sat down at once, stooping over the bed to take down the words that came now so slowly from those pale lips.

But the determination of the Carruthers was strong upon Lord Spenhouse, and he fought himself back into life with an effort that was like the last leap of a flickering taper.

"Peel," he said, "I have done wrong to cut my boy Norman out of my will. I wish to restore him in the eyes of the world to his rights again. Put this down in legal language: I give and bequeath to my son, Norman Fitz-James Carruthers, and to his heirs for ever, the sum of ten thousand pounds"—there was a low moan from the rigid form of Lady Spenhouse—"to be taken from the portions allotted unjustly to my two younger children; the property willed to my son Clifford to be left whole and untouched. This I do as a way of showing my love for my aforesaid son Norman, and with my last breath I forgive him, and ask his forgiveness."

There was no sound in the room save the scratching of the lawyer's pen as he endorsed, and put into legal language, the codicil. Then Dr. Ellis and the butler came up, and appended their names as witnesses, and after that there was a deep silence—a silence that meant rest and content.

When the room was empty of all save the three watchers, the old man opened his eyes again.

"It is morning on the hills," he said faintly, "and Dulce is with me; the flowers are so bright."

"He is thinking of my mother," said Clifford softly, "His mind is back in the past now."

"Dulce, have the boys come in yet? for it is getting cold, and our three bonnie lads are out in the fields—Norman, Clifford, and little Ted. Shall we go and meet them?"

Then, as his mind came back to the present, and still confusing the two bright-haired Dulces: the one of his past youth, and the one who with flowing tears knelt at his side—

"Dulce, say the Psalm about the hills."

And the girl, checking her sobs, repeated the beautiful 121st Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes."

He seemed to follow with faltering lips, until the hand of Death touched him, and he slipped out of life before those around him were aware of the presence of the dread angel.

When Alan and Lady Mason came in, in obedience to their hasty summons, all that remained of their father on earth was the cold, still form, and the face on which a solemn calm rested—a calm that spoke of the light of Paradise—the reflection of a wondering soul.

When Lady Spenhouse saw her daughter, her rigid calm gave way, and she suffered herself to be led out of the room.

"She has supplanted me!" she said between her teeth, as soon as the door had shut behind them—

"I tell you, Rosalind, that that girl has robbed me of my husband's love, and of nearly all your money. All his last words were for her—he never uttered my name; and I have toiled and slaved for him and for his children. I hate her! I hate that girl; and if I can help it, she shall not pass another day under this roof."

Rosalind tried to soothe her mother, who in her excitable condition seemed to be almost out of her mind, and in a few moments she regained her ordinary cold manner, and was ready to receive the condolences of the family on their loss. She disguised her hatred of Dulce most skilfully, for, as she reflected, the girl possessed more knowledge of her schemes and designs than was altogether agreeable to contemplate. And her engagement to Lord Melvell, though it had failed in bringing about her deeply laid scheme to enrich Norman Carruthers at someone else's expense, still placed her under a very powerful protector—one whom it would not be politic to offend. If the girl had been friendless it would have been a very different matter.

There were many things to arrange before the funeral, and Clifford Carruthers took the responsibility of everything on his own shoulders, and proved himself a most capable Lord Spenhouse. "*Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*"

It gave him a spasm of pain to be greeted as "my lord" by the servants and employés of the house when the late lord was still lying upstairs in his coffin in the darkened room.

He had always cared more for his father than he had really known, for under his quiet exterior there lay hidden a depth of affection which chilling surroundings had failed to wake into life; so that his death was a real sorrow to him, as it was to Dulce.

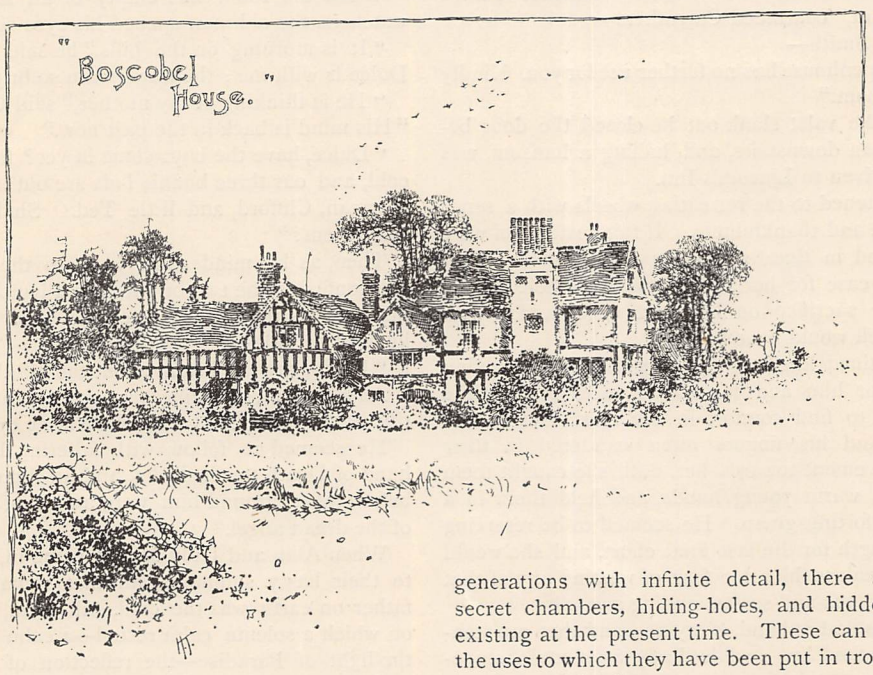
As the funeral was to take place at the country seat of the Carruthers family, he wrote to his brother Norman at Trelorn, giving him a brief account of affairs, and assuring him of his warm congratulations. He begged him, if his health would permit it, to be present with his eldest son at the funeral at Mere Dale Castle, for he considered it as quite necessary that a member of their branch of the family should be among the chief mourners.

Then, as there were many things to arrange and set in order, he went off to Mere Dale to stay till the following day, when he intended to return to make all arrangements for the funeral, bidding Dulce to take care of herself during his absence, and to be ready to greet him with a less haggard face on his return.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

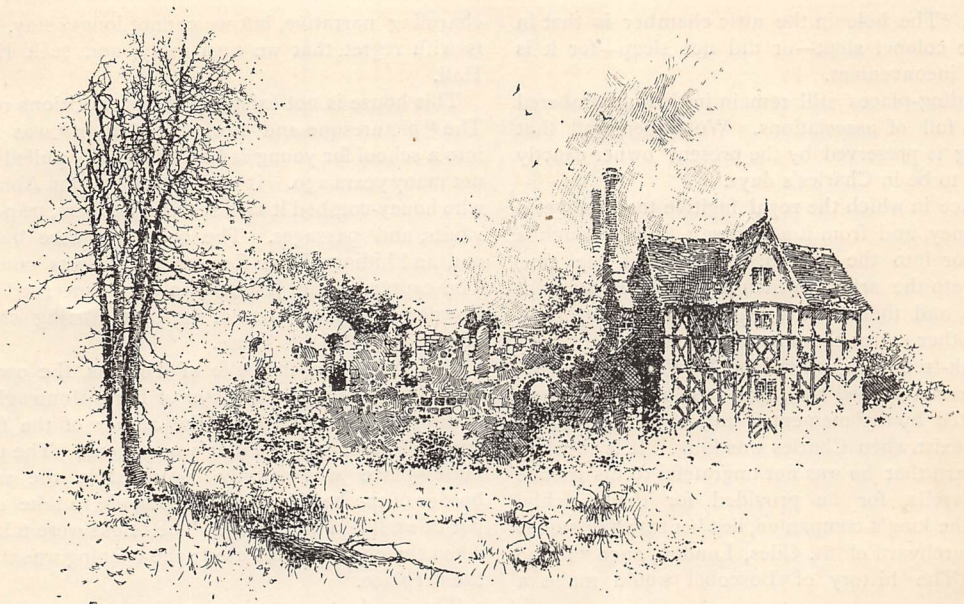
STRANGE FAMILY HISTORIES.

BY HENRY FRITH.—FIRST PAPER.



ALTHOUGH it is not necessary to suppose that there is a skeleton in every cupboard of our old houses and halls in England, there are many residences to which cling curious tradition and legend. Besides these long-established histories, narratives handed down for many generations with infinite detail, there are actually secret chambers, hiding-holes, and hidden passages, existing at the present time. These can be seen, and the uses to which they have been put in troublous times can be explained.

We need not in this place go into the question of "haunted" houses. That several well-authenticated incidents have happened in which (supposed) visitors from the other world have taken prominent part, cannot be gainsaid. Shapes have been seen, noises have



"Whiteladies."

been heard, which have puzzled even the sceptical, and while we doubt the evidence of our senses, we are compelled to acknowledge the extraordinary coincidences, and the exactness with which our impressions tally with those of others with whom we have had no personal communication.

Many of these legends, and particularly the stories connected with the secret panels, secret passages, and "hiding-holes," date from the Civil War, and the time of the Powder Plot. To take an instance of the former period, let us look at Boscobel House, which, equally with the ruined "Whiteladies," is memorable in the history of Charles II.

"Whiteladies" is a picturesque ruin; the few remaining walls are sheltered by thick ivy, but of the house—one of those "timbered" houses which we meet in Lancashire and Staffordshire—nought remains. Yet the Nunnery walls are of more ancient foundation than the house which has already passed away. The traces of the walls can be seen, but of the mansion to which Charles gladly fled after Worcester fight, there is not one stone standing on another.

Yet here, in this picturesque and pleasant spot, memories are green, and many representatives of those loyal partisans who assisted the king's flight may be found. Those bold landowners, the Penderells, the Yateses, the Giffards, and others, left descendants who will indicate the spots where Charles rested after his flight from Worcester.

On the morning of the 4th of September, 1651, Charles and his retinue came in hot haste to Whiteladies, where lived Humphry Penderell, who owned a mill. By his orders the royal fugitive was admitted, and concealed as much as possible from curious eyes. His horse was "stabled" in the hall for security's sake. To this historic mansion came other Penderells to devise means for the king's escape.

Then Charles was disguised. All his decorations cast aside, his hair clipped short, his face stained brown, and, clad in country garb, who would recognise in this ungainly lad, this yokel, the King of England?

Away, away! the Roundhead cavalry is on his track. Come, mount with your trusty Penderells, my liege, and spur for leafy Boscobel, where in a secret chamber thou canst lie concealed!

But there is no time; the wood alone gave shelter from the rain that day, and when again the darkness fell he wandered off to Hobbal Grange—a place which may still be seen—intending to reach Wales. But all the passages were strictly guarded, and after several adventures the king returned to Boscobel on September 6th, having been nearly four days tramping and hiding, by turns.

The Penderells of Boscobel can point with pride to their historic record. Dame Penderell and her sons were living there when Richard, who had stayed with Charles, went in to reconnoitre, and finding Colonel Carless of Broomhall there, brought in Charles to be hidden in the secret places of the house.

Now would you see old Boscobel? why then, go down to Staffordshire, and striking northwards from Wolverhampton, you will reach Brewood, and in its (formerly thick) recesses is the old house; fenced in with hedge and paling, surrounded by trees in the "bosky" shade which gives the pretty wood its name. The gables and great chimneys suggest hiding-places, and indeed the primary reason for the existence of the house was its seclusion, and its secret chambers.

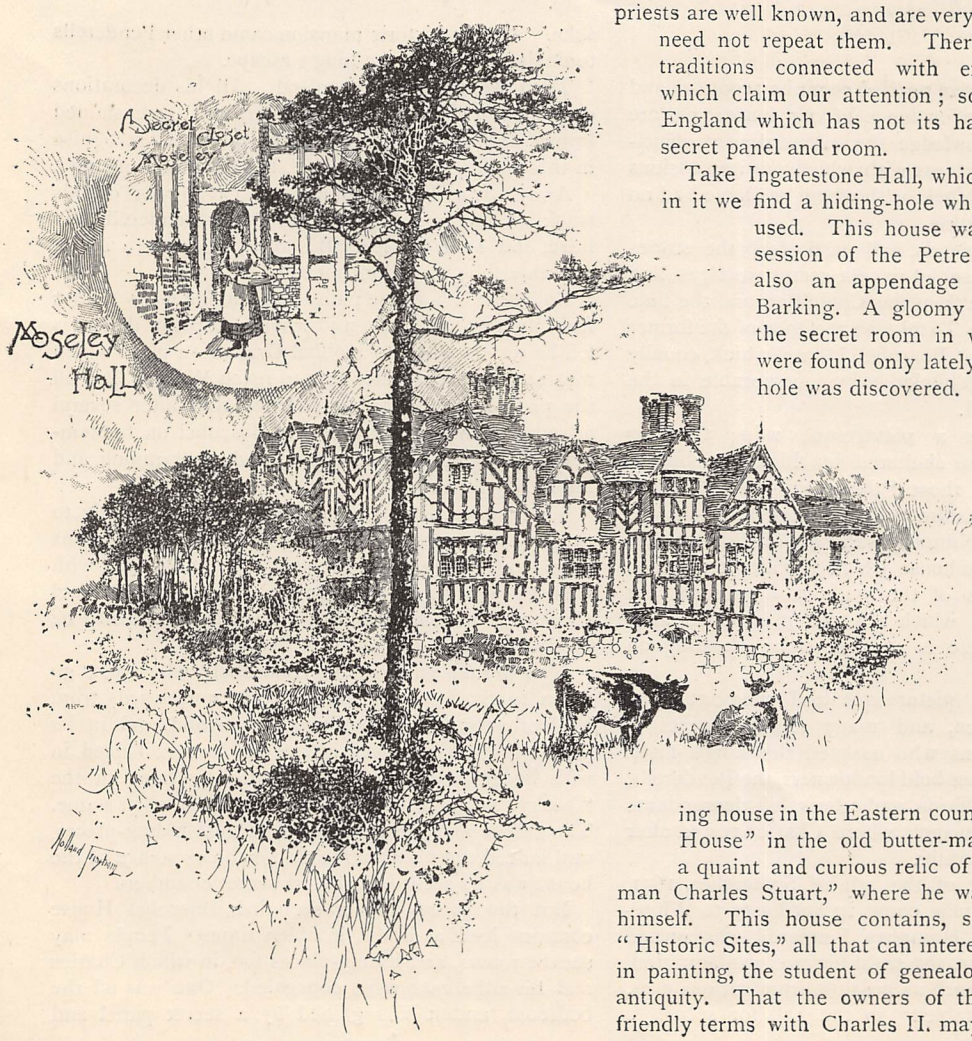
But though no longer secluded, Boscobel House contains itself as it did in olden times. People may see the rooms, and hiding-places too, in which Charles and his adherents were concealed. One was off the bedroom, and it was gained by a secret panel and

trap-door. The hole in the attic chamber is that in which the colonel slept—or did not sleep—for it is small and inconvenient.

Two hiding-places still remain in this old timbered house so full of associations. We understand that everything is preserved by the present owner exactly as it used to be in Charles's days.

The place in which the royal fugitive took refuge is in a chimney, and from it a stairway leads through a secret door into the garden. From this the king escaped into the arbour, which is still in existence in fac-simile, and thence he departed to Moseley Hall, where another secret chamber may be seen.

The oak-tree with which the king's name is associated was a lopped tree, and has long since been appropriated by the memento-hunters; it had already ceased to exist when Charles was king. It is satisfactory to learn that he was not ungrateful to his friends the Penderells, for he provided for them richly. Richard, the king's companion, lies beneath the stones in the churchyard of St. Giles, London, once "in the Fields." The history of Boscobel would make a charming narrative, but we cannot longer stay, and it is with regret that we turn away, and seek Hindlip Hall.



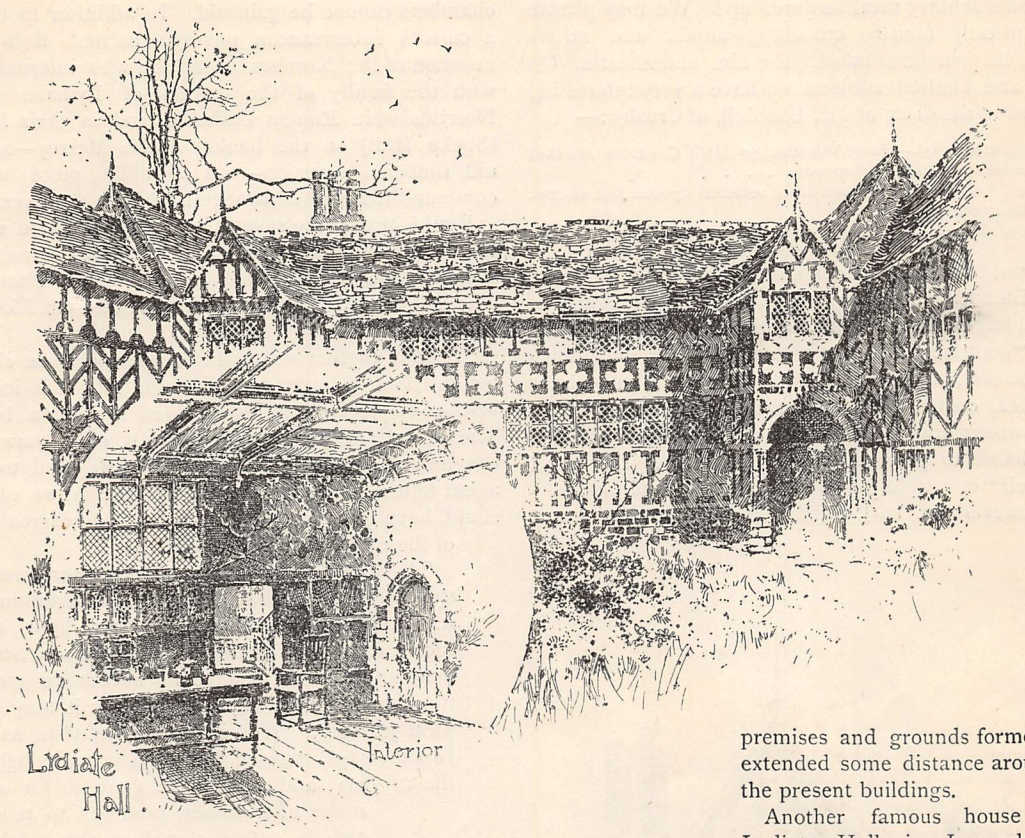
This house is not existent, but its traditions remain. The "picturesque and storied habitation" was turned into a school for young ladies, and finally pulled down, not many years ago. It was erected by John Abingdon, who honey-combed it with secret chambers, trap-doors, vaults, and passages. The chimneys were hollowed out, and hiding-places for seminary priests contrived. The capture of the Jesuits who were concerned in the Powder Plot, forms one of the most stirring chapters of the history of this house.

Mrs. Abingdon, the wife of Thomas, the owner in King James's reign, was sister of Lord Monteagle, and is supposed to have been the author of the famous letter which roused the king's suspicions. The priests' hiding-place was artfully contrived in the wooden border of the hearth, which was made to take up and put down like a trap-door. The bricks were taken out when the chamber was used; the opening was through the fireplace.

The incidents connected with the capture of the priests are well known, and are very dramatic; but we need not repeat them. There are many other traditions connected with existing residences which claim our attention; scarce a county in England which has not its hall or grange with secret panel and room.

Take Ingatestone Hall, which still exists, and in it we find a hiding-hole which has often been used. This house was formerly in possession of the Petre family, and was also an appendage of the Abbey of Barking. A gloomy record hangs over the secret room in which some bones were found only lately, when the hiding-hole was discovered. Access was gained by a ladder through the trap-door in the corner of a bed-room; this is the only outlet, and thus in darkness the fugitive must have sat, crouching in fear, from dawn till dusk.

Perhaps the most interesting house in the Eastern counties is "Sparrowe's House" in the old butter-market of Ipswich—a quaint and curious relic of the days of "the man Charles Stuart," where he was fain to conceal himself. This house contains, says the author of "Historic Sites," all that can interest the connoisseur in painting, the student of genealogy, or the lover of antiquity. That the owners of this house were on friendly terms with Charles II. may not be doubted.



His portraits adorn the rooms, and on the exterior the royal arms are displayed. The outside of the house is unique in its decoration.

Within is an apartment—a secret chamber—in the upper storey of the house at the back. It possesses one small window, which is invisible from any other portion of the building. In the year 1801 this concealed loft was discovered by accident. A wall, or partition, had for years existed between the two apartments, where a sliding panel gave entrance. The relics found within the room seemed to indicate that it had been used either as a chapel or as an oratory, in which the priests concealed themselves. Charles II. is stated to have hidden here; and the possession of so many miniatures of the fugitive monarch by the family of the Sparrowes seems to point to the great probability of their having rendered him yeoman service, which he thus acknowledged. This house is well worth a visit. It has two storeys: on the first are four bay windows; the frontage is seventy feet; underneath each window is an allegorical figure of one of the four continents. A cornice above forms a promenade, and the attic windows are gabled. No chimneys are visible from the front. No doubt the carvings are emblematical.

It is not our province to describe the house in detail, but no more interesting historical relic remains in the Eastern counties than Sparrowe's House, whose premises and grounds formerly extended some distance around the present buildings.

Another famous house is Lydiate Hall, in Lancashire, about half-way between Liverpool and Southport. It is always an interesting and curious object to passers-by, "as ancient timbered houses of this description are rarely to be met with in the county of Lancashire," says our historian, the Rev. Thomas Gibson. This gentleman has written a most complete history of the hall, and to him and other antiquarians we are greatly indebted for our information respecting the secret chambers of the old house.

The mansion is built of timber framed in perpendicular, horizontal, and angular lines, "arranged in *quatre-foil* and other patterns." The interior is extremely interesting, though some portion of the house has been demolished. The old chapel, with which we are principally concerned, was enlarged in 1841, and in the course of the alterations it became necessary to pull down an intrusive chimney which arose from the hall. In this the workmen discovered a very curious "hiding-hole" contrived. The entrance was artfully concealed by a sliding panel. Unfortunately for the antiquarian, this aperture was not retained. The chimney had to come down to admit of alterations.

But we understand that the curious seeker will be gratified by the sight of another hiding-place amid the beams in the south wing of the mansion, some ten feet by four in dimensions. This apartment was discovered in 1863, and the bone of a chicken found within it. This at once indicated it as a secret hiding-place; and what speculations this small relic

of some solitary meal conjures up! We may picture the priestly fugitive crouching amidst the rafters while his pursuers hunted for him underneath. On this and kindred subjects we have a very interesting record in the diary of Mr. Blundell, of Crosby:—

"Aug. 18th (1715).—Henry Valentine, ye High Constable, searched here for horses, arms, and gunpowder . . . ."

"Nov. 13th.—This house was twice searched by some foot as come from Liverpool . . . ."

"Nov. 16th.—I set in a straight place for a fat man."

From this last entry the chronicler concludes "that Mr. Blundell must have been forced to have recourse to the hiding-place usual in Catholic houses at that time," but "contrived only for a lean curate." The entry is, however, capable of another interpretation—viz., a quizzical commentary upon the position occupied by the owner whose proclivities and antecedents rendered him liable to persecution and suspicion. He found himself "in a tight place," as our modern phrase is.

However this may be, the existence of the secret chambers cannot be gainsaid. In addition to these, a curious subterranean passage existed from the mansion of the Norrises of Speke, who intermarried with the family of the owners of Lydiate. The Norrises were Roman Catholics, and in their house (Speke Hall) on the banks of the Mersey—a fine old timbered mansion—was a hiding-place which communicated with a passage leading to the river.

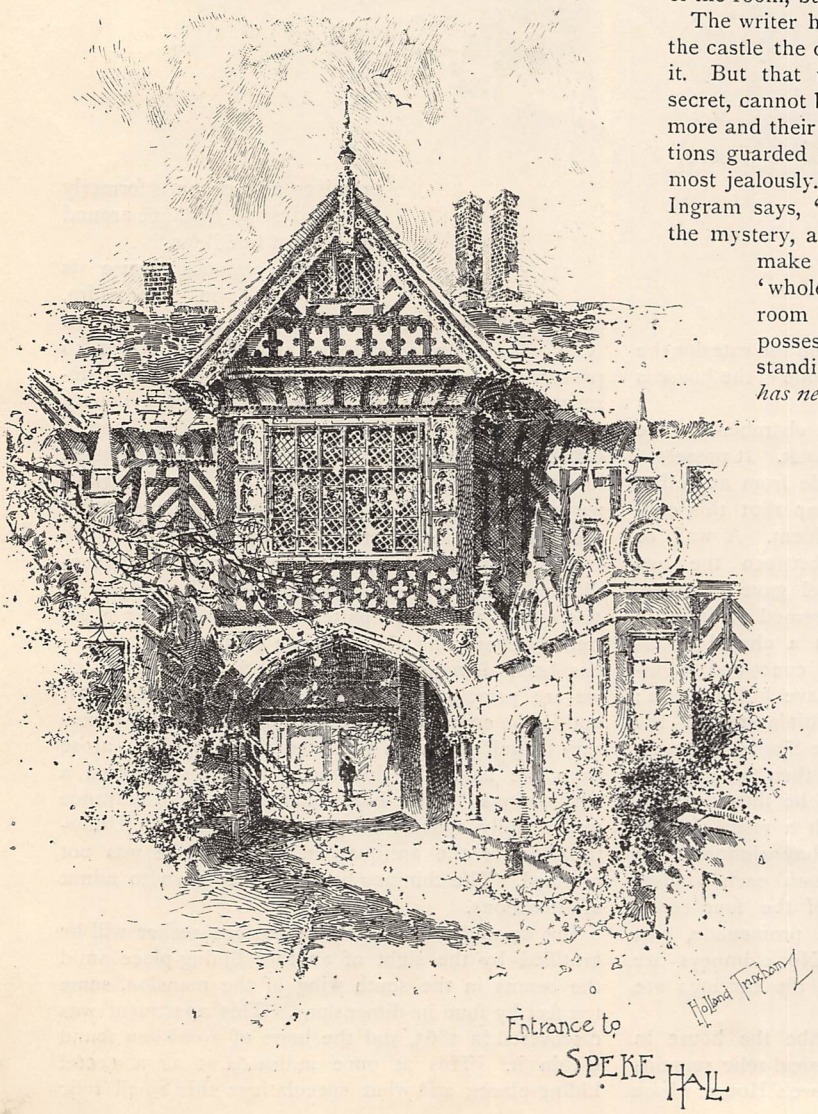
By this tunnel the suspected individual could make his escape and then take boat. The old mansion is a marvellous specimen of Elizabethan architecture. The hall contains some trophies carried from Flodden Field.

There is another secret and very mysterious chamber in Glamis Castle, and a tale is told that in this bricked-up room was incarcerated a human being. The actual position of the room is only known to the owner, to the heir of the property, and to the agent for the time being. Many attempts, we understand, have been made to ascertain the whereabouts of the room, but without success.

The writer has heard from a former guest at the castle the curious ghost tale appertaining to it. But that the room exists, and holds some secret, cannot be doubted. The Earls of Strathmore and their heirs have for successive generations guarded the secret—whatever it may be—most jealously. It is a curious fact that, as Mr. Ingram says, "gay gallants have made light of the mystery, and some have gone so far as to make after-dinner promises to tell the 'whole stupid story' in the smoking-room at night, as soon as he becomes possessed of the details. But notwithstanding all these brave airs, the *promise has never been kept.*"

No sooner does the heir attain his majority—when he has been initiated into the mysteries of the chamber—than he is quite as anxious to keep the secret as his predecessors have always been. Thus, the true secret has never been revealed, but tradition gives us a clue to the contents of the mysterious room in the old square tower of Glamis Castle.

The story goes that in days long past the feuds between Ogilvys and Lindsays were incessant, and on one occasion a number of the former clan sought refuge at Glamis. They were received within the walls, but carefully secured in an inner chamber, where the castellan barbarously let them remain and starve. The bodies were never removed, and there the bones remain, says our informant, the positions of some indicating the horrible sufferings which they underwent before dissolution.



Holland Tringham

Entrance to SPEKE HALL

An Angel Unawares.

Words by M. C. GILLINGTON.

Music by MARY CARMICHAEL.

Poco allegretto.

PIANO.

p

p

1. Love that died ere his day was done, Came to my door last night,

p

mf

Knock-ing and weep-ing and wail-ing on, Shut out from the warmth and light: "Now

mf

poco cres.

where-fore, where-fore, O thou dead, Re-turn to trou-ble me so? I thought the green moss

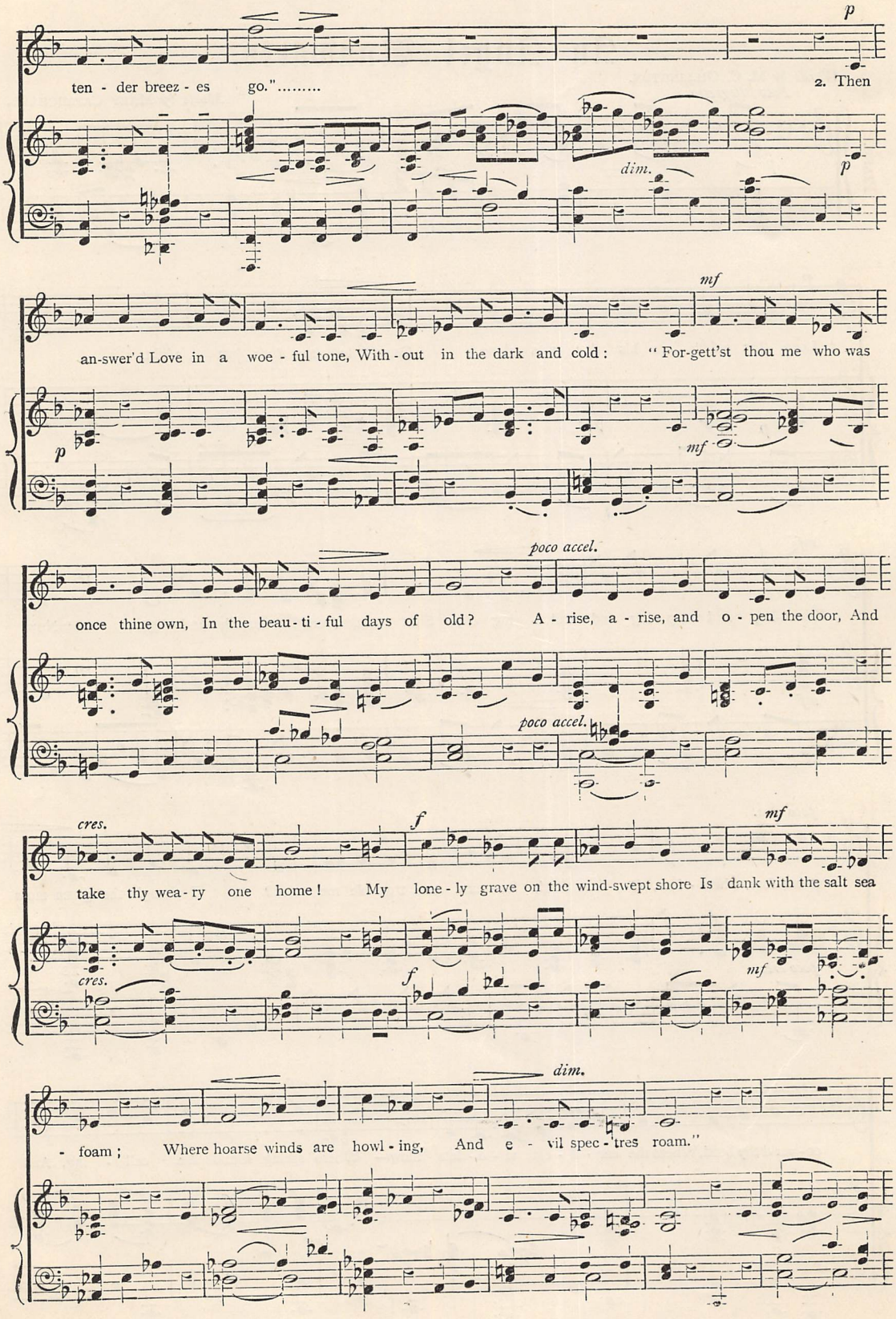
poco cres.

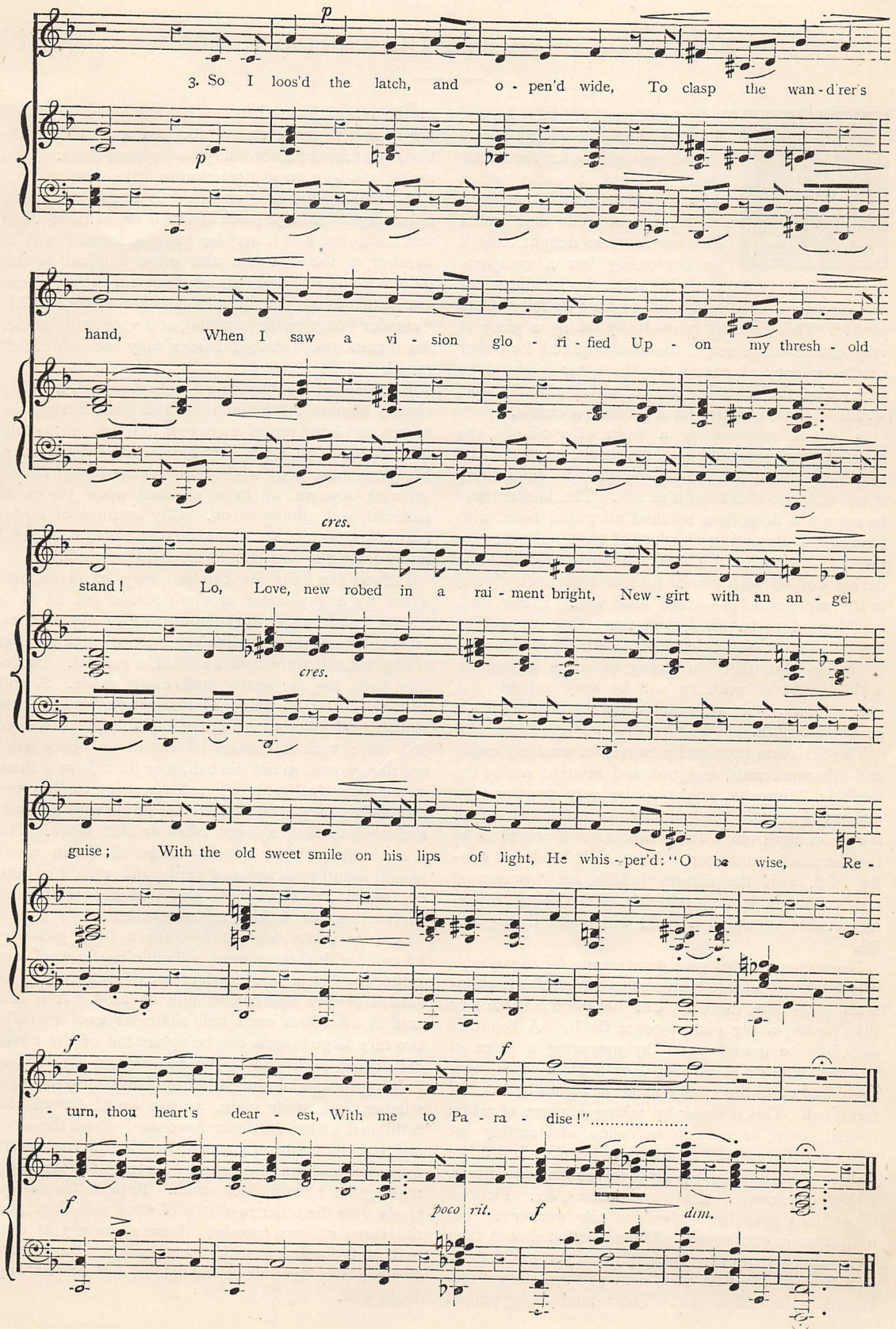
mf

co-ver'd thy head, Where the ear-li-est vi-o-lets blow— Where spring sounds are call-ing, And

mf

p


p
ten - der breez - es go."
2. Then
dim.
p
mf
an-swer'd Love in a woe - ful tone, With - out in the dark and cold: "For-gett'st thou me who was
p
mf
poco accel.
once thine own, In the beau - ti - ful days of old? A - rise, a - rise, and o - pen the door, And
poco accel.
cres.
f
mf
take thy wea - ry one home! My lone - ly grave on the wind-swept shore Is dank with the salt sea
cres.
f
mf
dim.
- foam; Where hoarse winds are howl - ing, And e - vil spec - tres roam."


p
3. So I loos'd the latch, and o - pen'd wide, To clasp the wan - d'rer's
p
hand, When I saw a vi - sion glo - ri - fied Up - on my thresh - old
cres.
stand! Lo, Love, new robed in a rai - ment bright, New - girt with an an - gel
cres.
guise; With the old sweet smile on his lips of light, He whis - per'd: "O be wise, Re -
f
f
- turn, thou heart's dear - est, With me to Pa - ra - dise!".....
f
poco rit.
f
dim.

SOME NEEDLEWORK FOR THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

ALL fond mothers have busy fingers, and are inspired to work wonders by the strong love for their little ones. I think I could tell a young mother how to make a cradle or cot quilt that would give her supreme delight, as well as engrossing but a comparatively small portion of her time in making—for mother's time is always said to be "so fully occupied!" This coverlet is made by taking a piece of very coarse white serge, the size required for either cradle or cot; of course, for the latter it would be larger, and the following design, which allows scope, would be more effective for a cot than a cradle.

A picture representing a flight of swallows, the birds to be sketched life-size, covers the surface of the serge, and these have to be outlined in embroidery stitch with two shades of blue silk. The border may be merely a deep hem stitched all round twice with blue silk, or formed in a variety of ways according to the worker's taste. A coverlet of oatmeal cloth—the design worked with two shades of blue linen thread in the same manner—would look well. Either quilt would need to be lined, and the serge one will be worthy of most elaborate work. I should recommend its being "quilted;" a lining of white alpaca on a thin sheet of wadding will be very suitable. A calico lining would be suitable for the coverlet made of oatmeal cloth.

The Scripture texts and pictures, on washing calico and other materials, designed and brought out by the late Mr. Mimpriss, ought to be very popular with makers of quilts. The patches were to be procured a few years ago from a fellow-worker and successor of the deceased gentleman. A cot quilt, made on scarlet twill, with the pictures (which are "warranted fast colours"), is very effective, and a thing the remembrance of which a child will retain throughout life.

Nursery requisites give great scope for ideas, and, where there is a large table in the centre of the children's play-room, nothing can be more satisfactory than having a big picture-cover for it. A beautiful one may be manufactured by procuring a piece of peacock blue or green cloth, or a plain table-cover itself, and upon the centre make a regularly stocked farmyard. This is done by taking a piece of white flannel, serge, or swansdown calico, and cutting out shapes of the various creatures required. It will be well to have, say, goats, donkeys, rabbits, pigs, horse, turkey, dog, cow, stag, cat and kittens, &c. Pictures of animals may be studied by the worker to get assistance in cutting out. The collection should then be arranged about the centre of the cover, and I think in a circle is the best plan, with perhaps the cat and kittens in the middle of it. The animals, being pinned on in place, have then to be appliquéd or felled down, and in some cases "touched up" with additional stitches of embroidery to improve them. This article will be a great attraction to little ones.

A child's quilt or "crawler" is a useful nursery appendage. A large piece of crash or oatmeal cloth will make one, and it may be gaily decorated with a number of the common and often comical square picture handkerchiefs, costing about 1d. each. These are stitched on flat in a "crazy" manner. This "crawler" may be large, useful, and very easily made. An ornamental coloured border may be added all round.

I have seen a "crawler" composed of a white charity blanket for foundation, and then having the heroes and heroines of numerous nursery tales (Old Mother Hubbard, Little Boy Blue, Little Jack Horner, Simple Simon, &c.) worked on pieces of canvas in separate squares, or even outlined upon pieces of material, and appliquéd on. Gay cuttings of birds, butterflies, flowers, &c., from cretonne are also useful in decorating a "crawler" with appliqué work.

Indiarubber balls for children may be made new again by a gay cover of cloth scraps put on in a "crazy" pattern and worked down with fancy stitches. It is a cheap and satisfactory way of making that changeable creature, called a child, a present. Harlequin balls, too, are pretty, and easily made. A soft ball must first be made as foundation, and a case stuffed with wool or cuttings of rag will make a nice soft one; various colours of Berlin or fleecy wool are then wound round the ball, four threads at a time, in a geometrical pattern; and wherever wools cross each other, they must be fastened down with a needle and wool, making a large cross or star stitch. The lovely soft balls for babies—made of Berlin wools wound round two circles of cards, and then tied and cut apart—are too simple and well known to need explanation, but nothing surpasses them.

A very pretty knitted boa for a little girl may be made with three ounces of double Berlin wool, one white, one black, one scarlet; or, if preferred, three shades of any one colour may be used. It is best first to take from each ball sufficient wool to make two nice large tassels, one being needed of the mixed colours for each end of the boa. Now, with coarse knitting-pins, take one ball of wool and cast on eight stitches, knit quite plain, as you would for an old-fashioned garter, until you have used up all the wool, and, before casting off your stitches, let the two middle ones slip, and run down the whole length of the work, making an open ladder stitch. Repeat this respectively with the other two balls of wool, and then plait the three colours together, draw up neatly at each end, and finish off with the tassels. If preferred, this boa may be made of one colour, and white always looks well.

A very neat turban cap for a little girl may be made with white double Berlin wool, and I think four, or four and a half ounces would be enough, six ounces being needed for a larger cap for a grown-up young lady. Cast on about twenty-six stitches on two very large pins, No. 1 (Bell gauge). The wool has to be divided into three balls, as you must knit with three strands at once. Knit loosely. First row: Slip 1, * purl 1, plain 1, repeat from * to the end. Second row: Slip 1, * plain 1, purl 1. Repeat from * to end of the row. Repeat these two rows, always knitting purl under plain and plain under purl, till the cap is done, which will be when all the wool is knitted up. Cast off, and sew the cast on and off ends together, and draw up one side all round to make the crown of the cap. Roll the other edge in a deep hem to make the turban, and run an elastic all round inside to fit the cap to the head. It has much the appearance of Astrachan fur, and is very pretty.

A pair of reins for a little boy is a good thing to bestow some trouble upon. They may be made with stout crimson wool, either in plain knitting or in tricot crochet, the latter being very strong and nice. Begin by making an oval piece to cross the chest, the two sides going to the arms being left straight, and to each of the four corners, two going over and two under the arms, continue working a narrow band of the tricot work, about two inches wide and four yards in length, to form the leading-strings. If the horse's name (*e.g.* "Nero") be worked in cross stitch on the chest-piece, with black wool, and a number of little brass bells also attached, it will be an immense improvement and fascination to the small owner whose property it is destined to be.

ELEANOR E. ARCHER.

ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

BY BEATRICE WHITBY, AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKENING OF MARY FENWICK," ETC. ETC.

"THIS INFATUATED LOVER WOULD SOON TIRE" (*p.* 342).

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"For that which makes our lives delightful prove
Is a genteel sufficiency and love."—POMFRET.

SHE was romantic. Though perhaps this was not on the whole a very grave fault, yet it was a downright misfortune in Miss Dangerfield's case, to whom a good settlement in life was a positive necessity. She had been launched by a rich uncle and aunt into those special spheres of society in which a matrimonial sequence to maidenhood was to be looked for with, if not a certain, at least a hopeful expectation.

She was an orphan, sparsely dowered, it was true, but her pedigree, like her beauty, was unimpeachable.

From her German mother she had inherited, along with calm, blue eyes, a fair, sweet face and a gentle stateliness of demeanour, a Teutonic *Schwärmerie*. This romantic disposition handicapped her matri-

monial chances ; it had hitherto prevented her from looking with a favourable eye upon any of those English gentlemen who had singled her out for their particular and marked admiration, and either one of whom might, had she chosen to play her cards well, have blossomed into a comfortable husband. But she neither understood nor cared to understand the game. She was a social failure.

Miss Dangerfield was four-and-twenty years old ; time was passing. Her aunt was getting anxious—openly and zealously anxious—about her sad case. Mrs. Dangerfield's girls—her four girls—had married, and had been eager to marry, but Gertrude—Gertrude alone—was indifferent to the hideousness of her impending fate, and continued to overlook with far-away, unconcerned eyes, her one remaining suitor.

Mrs. Dangerfield flattered herself, as most women flatter themselves, that she "understood men." She foresaw that this infatuated lover would soon tire of this unresponsive damsel, and would be lost for ever, while Gertrude—poor, foolish Gertrude!—would be left to her dreams, the "wrinkles' fretful tooth," and a poverty-stricken spinsterhood. Colonel and Mrs. Dangerfield had sons and daughters in plenty; they could, in justice to their own children, make no provision for their niece. It was shocking to see Miss Dangerfield squandering her few short years of youth.

"Marry first, my dear girl ; there will be plenty of time for reading tra— ahem ! poetry, and writing verses, afterwards. Mr. Douglas is—he really is—a *most* charming person."

"Dear Aunt Augusta, you are so kind ; you find all young men are charming," responded Gertrude gravely. "He is nice ; I do not find him 'charming' ; his interests are not mine : he does not *feel*, he only sees."

Mrs. Dangerfield tapped her foot sharply on the parquet floor.

"He will both *see* and *feel* that he is making a fool of himself, Gertrude, and he will leave us."

Miss Dangerfield smiled serenely.

"I shall not regret him much," she said ; "he makes me tired—often. He goes to England to-morrow."

"There ! I knew it. You make him tired, poor fellow ; I don't wonder at it, I am sure—I don't wonder at it."

"He will come back, Aunt Augusta ; he always comes back."

"The word '*always*' is not to be found in a man's dictionary, Gertrude."

"'Always' is a tiresome word, auntie."

"It is, Gertrude. I apply it to you : you are *always* blind to your own interests, and *always* will be. Good night."

Then Mrs. Dangerfield, much incensed, left her niece's bedroom.

This sort of interview was not particularly favourable to Mr. Douglas's success—Mr. Laurence Douglas who had, for more months than he cared to remember, persistently wooed Miss Dangerfield. This Scotch gentleman possessed a doggedness and tenacity of purpose, for which those who looked at his nondescript freckled face, and heard the drawling tones of his conventional remarks, would not have given him credit. He was a rich man—in all respects a "capital match"—and if Gertrude was indifferent to his suit, both Colonel and Mrs. Dangerfield abetted and encouraged it with great warmth and friendliness.

Throughout the season Mr. Douglas had hovered round the obdurate young lady ; he had followed her to Homburg. When the great comet H.R.H. returned westwards, the Dangerfields, tearing themselves asunder from the mass, proceeded to Switzerland; and Mr. Douglas, although he hated foreign life most cordially, decided that he too had intended to go there. He would run home for the Leger ; he was sure she would miss him. At any rate, he spoke English, that was in his favour. She would welcome him on his return ; it would be worth while to be away from her for a year to receive her welcome.

His welcome was in this wise. One evening it happened that Gertrude was leaning out of her window at Lucerne and looking upon the lake, the lovely vales and melting hills, the glorious snow-capped mountains, with eyes wet with tears and an ache (which she would have called *Weltschmertz*) at her heart, because of the unattainable beauty and majesty before her.

She could not feed her sight thus indefinitely ; the strained sense rebelled, and she looked down to the earth beneath her. There her eyes fell on a familiar sandy head, a familiar thickset figure, a familiar pipe protruding from under a familiar red moustache, and she became aware that Laurence Douglas was smoking on the terrace of the hotel, staring at his boots and apparently immovable.

The descent from the Alps to Mr. Douglas was beyond the capacity of Gertrude's mountaineering mind ; she lifted her eyes again to the peaks of Pilatus, and the current of her thoughts ran on undisturbed : with her inner consciousness this young man had nothing to do. Without a second glance at him she presently turned from the window and proceeded to dress for dinner.

The Dangerfields dined at *table d'hôte*, and when the clattering and interminable summons sounded for that function Gertrude remembered Mr. Douglas. He had come—he *always* came. She should find his chair next hers ; to him she must talk, at him she must look—she knew every freckle on his ugly face : there were the permanent freckles that never faded, and those others which the sun occasionally warmed into life. She tried to make conversation to suit him, and she yawned twice — prophetic yawns which need not be concealed, and were a luxury.

On reaching the dining-room she found Mr. Douglas, as she had foreseen. She took the chair next his and smiled politely at him.

"I saw you from my window," she said ; "when did you come ?"

"Only just now. Niceish place, isn't it ?"

She inclined her head affirmatively; she really thought the word "niceish," as applied to Pilatus, sacrilegious.

"Glad you like it. It strikes me as a bit stuffy. All these hills seem to get on one's head and sit there. Have you seen the menu? I'm frightfully hungry. *Poulet* and *rosbif*, of course."

"Niceish"—"stuffy"—"hungry." Poor Mr. Douglas!

"Uncle John, will you give me the menu?"

Colonel Dangerfield did so. He was ready that night to be content with any menu, for he had found an acquaintance—an acquaintance in a foreign hotel seemed to him a veritable godsend; he did not wish anyone to share his advantage. Next to him a man—a handsome, striking-looking man, whom Gertrude had never before seen—was seated, and by him Colonel Dangerfield's whole attention was absorbed. Gertrude looked at this stranger more than once to assure herself that she had never seen him; she wondered who he was; she liked his face: she called it powerful; it interested her.

"Do you know who he is?" she asked Mr. Douglas confidentially.

"He's a German. Your uncle met him at the Setons' last year; he speaks uncommonly good English. He's a funny sort of chap."

"Funny!" she said sadly—a facetious man was to her mind the most wearisome type of biped. "He doesn't look funny."

"I don't mean amusing, don't you know. I mean eccentric."

She looked again at this eccentric German. He wore his hair, which was a little long, and consequently contrasted favourably with the close-cut, sandy head hard by, brushed back in a heavy sweep from his forehead—a forehead which was deeply lined with thought; his dark eyes were deeply set and melancholy. His mouth was most expressive: the lips were sternly moulded, but broke every now and then into a curve of amusement which never widened into a smile. If this man was eccentric, then Miss Dangerfield admired eccentricity.

"Is he going to stay here long?" she inquired.

"I don't know," shortly, "shall I ask him?"

Gertrude raised her delicate brows.

"I hope he will stay," she said. "Uncle John doesn't like scenery, he likes conversation; if he finds someone to talk to, he will be happy."

"So shall I," said Mr. Douglas; even his light lashes didn't quite spoil the eloquence of his glance, but Gertrude was looking another way, and lost it.

Mrs. Dangerfield assisted her husband in monopolising the German. She possessed great powers of conversation, which, having been held somewhat in restraint of late in diffidence to a foreign tongue, now burst forth with renewed strength upon this good-looking man who spoke excellent English and seemed pleased to listen to all and anything that was said to him.

Gertrude seldom speculated about her neighbours—modern flesh and blood were commonplace and uninteresting—but now she made up her mind that that inscrutable face belonged to no ordinary person. He was a prince, a poet, a great statesman, a patriot, a very distinguished *someone* who travelled *incognito*, but whose superiority to his fellows could not be altogether disguised.

As soon as dinner was over, the Dangerfields and Mr. Douglas seated themselves upon the terrace to listen to the band; then it was that Gertrude, forgetting her surmises, discovered this unknown gentleman's identity.

"Count Engelbert wishes to know you, my dear," her uncle said, "indeed, he has every right to make your acquaintance, for he tells me that he is, in some remote way, a connection of your own."

Then Count Engelbert drew his chair close to Miss Dangerfield's, and there, to the chagrin of the rest of the party, he continued during the entire evening. He told Gertrude that he had seen her at Homburg, and, on inquiring her name, had discovered that he had the felicity of being her cousin.

"Your mother and mine were related," he said, "they were both Heriberts of Drachenburg, though of different branches of that family. Your face reminded me of one whom I know, and then—it was wonderful—I found there was indeed a link between us."

The link seemed likely to be riveted, so much and so pleasantly did these two newly found cousins talk together; Count Engelbert was a good listener, he encouraged his companions, whoever they might be, to talk, and to talk confidentially. He was at once self-contained and sympathetic. When Gertrude recalled that evening, she found that he had said very little—though he had looked a great deal. What he had said, he had said well: she remembered not his words only, but the tone of his voice.

"I am fond of music," he had allowed, in answer to her question, "but I am not educated up to that pitch which can find pleasure in nothing but a perfect rendering of the musical classics of the present age. Ah, you nod your head, you agree with me, you are no musical blue-stocking. I felt that, or I would have been more careful what I said. You go to the cathedral music up yonder?"

"Each evening I have been there."

"Ah! I knew *you* would go."

There was the faintest emphasis on "you." Gertrude smiled, a faint, pleased smile.

"You went—alone?"

"Yes."

He rested his melancholy eyes on her face. Overhead a great ball of electric light was shaded by palms and tree-ferns, so that the modern quencher of illusion did not wrest all romance from the moonlight night on the Lake of Lucerne.

"It is far best alone—unless——" he sighed.

"Unless—what?" She wanted to hear his sequel to "unless."

"You know—if you did not know, *I* could not tell you."

At this moment Mr. Douglas got up from his chair and went indoors. Colonel Dangerfield was asleep

"MR. DOUGLAS GOT UP FROM HIS CHAIR" (*p.* 343).

and snoring softly, and Mrs. Dangerfield pretended to be absorbed in the music, while in reality she watched her neighbours and nursed her wrath.

The evening passed with incredible speed. When the band ceased, Gertrude was surprised, and said so. She rose, with reluctance, to follow her aunt indoors. Mrs. Dangerfield was out of temper, and did not conceal it.

"Your uncle met that affected young man at the Setons'," she said, staring at Gertrude through her eyeglass. "Mary Seton always fills her house with oddities. I am sorry we have come across him, I am sorry John spoke to him. I hate foreigners. Where is that charming Mr. Douglas?"

Gertrude looked round the lift as if she expected to find him there.

"He must have gone away—he went away," absently.

"Went away!" sharply, "of course he went away. He is an English—I mean a Scotchman; he has perception; he will soon be tired of the *rôle* he has to play, and then you will be——"

"Still at Lucerne, Aunt Augusta."

"Still in the moon, and by yourself, Gertrude."

This was severe.

"By myself, auntie? You are unkind!"

Then a sudden light shone in and transfigured those grave, blue eyes. To be in the moon—but not alone—that was the prospect, the conception of which changed the expression of Miss Dangerfield's face. Hitherto she had spent the greater part of her time in that globe of green cheese unaccompanied, and she had been, when she came to think of it, a little lonely.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

COUNT ENGELBERT, amongst many charming accomplishments, played a good game at billiards, and therefore it was that Colonel Dangerfield turned a deaf ear to his wife's remonstrances and cultivated the young man's acquaintance—a German who played scientific picquet was a German to be encouraged.

It was only after the ladies had gone to bed that the colonel found Count Engelbert at liberty to take part in those seductive games; as long as Gertrude was to be found, Count Engelbert sat, figuratively speaking, at her feet, and she, again speaking figuratively, swept away her skirts somewhat eagerly to make room for him in that position.

Gertrude was transformed; she was no longer pale and listless, but the onlookers were aware that it was not the mountain air which tinged her cheeks so warmly, which fired her eyes, and which set the smiling curves dimpling her lips. She was not a demonstrative woman, but she was transparent as a child. Her time had come—the inevitable time of which she had often dreamt—it came with great strength, it was all the more powerful because it came late.

She did not put her feelings into thought, much less into words, she did not weaken their might by allowing them to ooze off in dribbling gushes of confidential

conversation; for once in her life she forbore to analyse. She was perfectly and unreasonably happy, she did not look ahead, she was content, content with the eternal hills before her radiant eyes, and that eternal companion beside her who spoke so little and who looked so much, but who read her mind like a book, and, when he did speak, clothed most noble thoughts in delicate and appropriate language.

It was all very beautiful and it had lasted a fortnight, which was a good average duration for that particular form of bliss—such ephemeral bliss as has no practical stamina to sustain it. Gertrude loved it for its very vagueness—but Mrs. Dangerfield did not. To her tutored chaperon-mind any husband was better than no husband, and the preliminaries of a match were a trial which had to be borne unflinchingly in the great and righteous cause of matrimony; but Count Engelbert's way of wooing was of all ways the most wearisome, and Mrs. Dangerfield did not refrain from expressing her candid opinion on this subject to her niece.

"My dear," she said, entering Gertrude's room suddenly one Monday morning with a majestic and important air, "my dear, Mr. Douglas leaves the hotel to-day. Upon my word, I wonder he has had patience to stay so long! He is going home. He has written me a most charming letter; he is a man after my own heart, a downright, frank, understandable person. What extraordinary taste yours is, Gertrude! You puzzle me more and more."

Mrs. Dangerfield's words burst out as though they had been long clamouring for freedom. Gertrude was brushing her beautiful hair; it was shining like gold in the morning sunshine; it had fallen half over her face, but she tossed it back and turned to the intruder.

"I can't think how *I* can puzzle anyone, Aunt Augusta."

"Now don't argue, Gertrude; if you can prefer the society of a melancholy young man, eaten up with egotism and conceit, who talks like a dull book when he does talk, and who looks like Manfred, or Egmont, or William Tell, or any tiresome, highly strung, depressing person, and who will make the most uncomfortable husband, to Laurence Douglas, you would puzzle Solomon, and so I tell you."

Gertrude's hair had fallen again from the brush and veiled her face; she did not answer. She had a sweet and patient temper, but she had to bite her lip to keep silence; her aunt's candour seemed an outrage to her maidenliness, but nothing was sacred to that matron.

"Yes. Laurence Douglas is choked off at last," the elder lady pursued grimly; "you will never see him again, and when it is too late you will regret it. But, of course, you will go your own way—you must be unhappy your own way, as I used to tell my girls. I *do not care* for foreigners."

"My mother——" began Miss Dangerfield gently.

"To be sure," said her aunt, with a sudden sigh, as of relief, "your poor mother would account for any—any oddity; of course, my dear, we must not expect too much of you; you are not a genuine Englishwoman—you are not like my daughters."

This conclusion seemed to comfort Mrs. Dangerfield; she kissed her niece and changed the subject.

"It is such a lovely day, Gertrude, we will cruise round the lake this morning. You and Count Engelbert are never happy away from your mountains, and I feel as though the day is wasted when I have not been upon the water. Dear me, I shall miss poor Mr. Douglas, for of late he has been my companion."

But, as it turned out, Mrs. Dangerfield was not called upon to deplore the absence of this young man. He was not leaving Lucerne until the evening, and he, with that instinct peculiar to the moth (and the lover), continued to singe his wings so long as he could by any chance approach the fatal luminary, and joined the Dangerfield party on the steamer.

"Travelling by night-train to Paris," he explained, in answer to Gertrude's question. "Oh, yes, I'm going right enough, but while I am here I may as well see a little more of you and of Switzerland. I'm afraid I've done most of the mountains by diorama and panorama; less exertion, you know, but unorthodox."

Gertrude said politely that she was very glad he was coming too, and then she wandered off to the bows of the boat and stood there with Count Engelbert beside her. The steamer cut her way through the brilliant waters of the lake, leaving a trail of rippling wavelets in her wake, passing beneath such frowning heights, such verdant hills, such smiling vales, as beggar description. Gertrude was awed—silent, and very still.

"To get away from the people, from the traffic, from the world, to sail alone across these waters," murmured Count Engelbert, "then one would taste the whole beauty, the great wonder of it all."

"Alone!" repeated Miss Dangerfield; a cloud veiled the heights of the Rigi, and she lowered her eyes to her companion. "Alone" sounded just then a peculiarly unprepossessing word. She thought vaguely that he would explain that he meant *solitude à deux*, but he did not do so; his gloomy eyes were fixed upon Pilatus. Pilatus was Miss Dangerfield's favourite mountain; she had told Count Engelbert so, but nevertheless she thought he might overdo his absorption in its beauties.

> "'There is a rapture on the lonely shore—
> I love not man the less, but Nature more.'

"Fraülein Gertrude, you read Byron, I know you do."

"Byron? I don't really like or approve of him. I love Schiller; I read his poems a thousand times. It is here I feel as he felt: I like to think of him climbing these very mountains, breathing this very air, inspired with the same scene as we see at this moment."

"That is not as it should be; it is not like you—it is commonplace. Are you not beyond wishing to see with the bodily eye the spot where the mortal person of the immortal genius lived and suffered?"

Gertrude knit her brow thoughtfully; her spirit,

she feared, was insufficiently refined. She was exceedingly interested in Schiller's stone. She started as her aunt's prosaic voice addressed her by name, and yet was not ill pleased at the change of subject.

"Gertrude," she said, "Mr. Douglas and I are going up the Bürgenstock. Count Engelbert, we are going to try the mountain railway, will you come?"

"Certainly, I will come."

"Aunt Augusta, it is a steep ascent—worse than the Rigi; you will be giddy."

"Mr. Douglas says that no one could be giddy. It is steep, of course, but it is short. The view from the top is magnificent, and the lights to-day are perfect."

When Mrs. Dangerfield spoke in that voice, her niece was too wise to contradict her; she submitted herself to a fate, the unpleasantness of which she dimly foresaw. The following moment the steamer stopped alongside the crazy wooden pier of Kehrsiten, and Mrs. Dangerfield bustled off, followed by her companions, towards the miniature railway station. Gertrude turned to watch the steamer as, swooping out into the lake, it glided rapidly away, with a sinking of heart. A mountain railway is trying to untutored nerves, and Miss Dangerfield's head was not a particularly steady one. The single carriage formed of three compartments was waiting and empty. Count Engelbert took the tickets, and the party took their places in the centre partition, which is, in mercy, provided with curtains. Mrs. Dangerfield had grown very silent; in fact, an unnatural stillness had fallen on the two ladies. With its single guard, a light-hearted Swiss, who sang carelessly at his work, this ghastly vehicle began its perilous journey. The ascent was steep—appallingly steep; the summit of a mountain nearly twelve hundred feet in height was reached at foot-pace in fourteen minutes. At first the railway crept up through a pine-wood, a lovely wood, at which Gertrude stole a few nervous glances when her *vis-à-vis* drew her attention to its beauties, then it emerged from the shelter of the trees. Along a narrow line cut out from the rugged ribs of the mountain-side, this most hideous form of modern conveyance slowly, and with great labour, advanced. Upon one side of the carriage the gaunt crags of the Bürgenstock, overlapping the excavated railway, hugged the window of the train, upon the other hand the precipitous cliff shelved sheer down to the smooth waters of the lake. Gertrude's head reeled.

"If," said Mrs. Dangerfield, "if the man—there is only one man, I believe—if he should have a fit, what would become of us?"

She spoke rather hoarsely; no one offered a solution of the problem. Count Engelbert was enjoying the scenery; he looked down the awful precipice with an appreciative eye, steady as a hawk's. Mrs. Dangerfield never lifted her eyes from her lap. Mr. Douglas was watching Gertrude, who, alas for her courage, had been expecting the worst for some minutes, and whose face and lips were blanched as white as death; her eyes were closed, so she was unconscious of the sympathy which one of her companions silently proffered her.

"It is very, very lovely," said Mrs. Dangerfield. The "it" must have been the pattern of white lilac stamped on her foulard gown, for her eyes had not yet left her lap. "*When* do we reach the top?"

"In two minutes," answered Mr. Douglas; "only two minutes more of this horrible railway."

"Does it," inquired Mrs. Dangerfield innocently—"Does it make you feel uncomfortable?"

He made an impatient movement, still watching the increasing pallor of the face he loved.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said shortly. "I've got a head like a musical-box: nothing knocks it out of tune."

As "e'en the weariest river leads somewhere safe to sea," so the longest of fifteen minutes passes, so the most gruesome of journeys gets accomplished in time, and so the mountain-train, with a whistle that seemed to twang on Gertrude's strung nerves, as a rough hand twangs the strings of a harp, drew up at its destination.

It was Mr. Douglas' hand which helped her to alight on *terra firma*, it was Mr. Douglas who hurried her through the blessed shelter of trees, and conducted her to a rustic seat without—oh, the blessing of it—without a view of any sort beyond a tangled thicket of bushes backed by a wall of the Bürgenstock Hotel. It was Mr. Douglas who told her gently "to sit still for a while, she would be all right directly, her head would steady itself now; he was so sorry, so awfully sorry." It was Mr. Douglas who did all this for her, but it was Count Engelbert who, when the colour had returned to her face, and when she had regained control of her nerves, was to be found beside her. It was he who strolled with her beneath the pines, it was he who pointed out to her the merits of the snow-capped heights, it was he who picked her a handful of the delicate Alpine crocus; it was he who quoted Schiller and Goethe so happily, it was for him the colour played in her cheeks, and a happy serenity shone in her eyes. It was his presence, no doubt, added to the anticipation of that terrible return journey down the mountain-side, that made the time pass with such cruel quickness.

The hour which had been fixed for their return drew near; Gertrude, notwithstanding her companion, grew silent and *distraite*—it was impossible to be sentimental or elevated with this ordeal hanging over her head. Count Engelbert was not observant, he did not notice her growing distress. The Alps and the rare air inspired him; he had said some graceful and tender things to his comrade, which struck him as particularly apt and eloquent; he was pleased with himself, and therefore very happy and content. Mrs. Dangerfield and Mr. Douglas had been discreet enough to keep apart from the other couple; the lady had talked and enjoyed herself, the man had smoked and would have been profoundly miserable had he not comforted himself by planning for the welfare of Miss Dangerfield. It was a very well-meant arrangement, but he mooted it awkwardly.

"I say, Miss Dangerfield," he began, strolling up to the rustic seat upon which Gertrude and Count

Engelbert were seated, "I say, if you don't like that railway, you need not go back by it, don't you know. There's a road down the mountain to Stanzstad, and the boat will pick you up there. It's an easy walk, four miles, lovely country, no giddy passes, good road, have made inquiries at the hotel, lots of traffic up and down every day."

Gertrude's delighted smile warmed Mr. Douglas' heart.

"Only four miles," he repeated encouragingly—"nothing of a walk, all down hill."

"I would rather walk fifty miles—I would rather walk five hundred miles than go down the Bürgenstock railway," she said, with vehemence.

And so it came to pass that Count Engelbert and Miss Dangerfield set off to walk to Stanzstad, defying Mrs. Grundy (but then in Switzerland Mrs. Grundy rarely travels, for she meets too many of her cousins from over the water there, those cousins who have shaken off her tyrannous hand), while Mrs. Dangerfield, suppressing some natural excitement, for she foresaw a possible matrimonial sequel to the day's excursion, returned with Mr. Douglas to the station, and descended to Kehrsiten by the train.

That walk down the mountain-side Gertrude Dangerfield never forgot, it seemed to her that its memory never dimmed; it had taken its colouring from the great artist, Nature, and such tints are eternal. The relief of escaping from the dreaded descent was joy sufficient, and the crisp air, scented with pines, invigorated her. The heaving sides of the deep vale, the pine-woods, the pasture-land, on which the cattle, their bells tinkling as they moved, browsed peacefully, the low Swiss cottages, scattered at random both in the valley and on the mountain-side, the belt of blue water, the frowning snow-topped crags, the changing lights, the rich repose, the loveliness, the glory and the wonder, the grandeur of the whole, made a picture upon the like of which she had never before looked.

Down the zig-zag path they paced: he seemed to be in thought, he spoke so little, but he walked slowly and kept his eyes on the landscape; Gertrude was content to talk or to be silent as he pleased, she would have been content to walk on thus for ever if he would have it so. Considering her twenty-four years, she was strangely unpractical; she did not look forward nor back, she lived in the present; it was not a husband she wanted, not a wedding-ring, or a trousseau, or a pretty house; she only wanted someone upon whom she might lavish every treasure of heart and mind which she possessed; she had wanted such a person all her life, and now it seemed to her she had found him. She stole a long look at his dark face, it was handsome and powerful enough to rivet any woman's attention, she wondered whether he would present her with those thoughts which clouded his eyes and lined his brow; she rather fancied he would, and presently he did so.

"It is your poet, Lewis Morris," he said, "who has put the mountain thoughts into words. It was in his work I found my own idea set down. I look at you and feel it all again."

"I do not know," she faltered; "I have not read. I do not think I feel anything that I could classify."

He silenced her with a gesture of his hand, and went on speaking—

"These are the words. Listen:

> 'Oh, snows so pure!—oh, peaks so high!
> I lift to thee a hopeless eye.'

That is one isolated thought—a spiritual craving. Then comes a human want—a great longing. It is mixed with earth—

> 'I see thee, passionless and pure,
> Above the lightnings stand secure.'"

Gertrude was a little troubled. It frightened her to hear him compare her to a lonely snow-mountain. She did not want to stand alone above the lightnings; it was not with a hopeless eye that she wished to be regarded. She wished he had thought only of the mountains, and not of her. She accepted the *rôle* with a vague disquietude.

"It is as a noble maiden should be," he went on slowly, "proud, pure, inaccessible—only to be reached by laborious travelling, only to be gained by the bravest, the most untiring, the steadfast climber, who faces death to reach her heart."

This language seemed so beautiful to the listener that her heart leapt in her breast, and sudden tears dimmed her eyes.

"I have climbed," he murmured, as if thinking aloud—"I have toiled—I have worked much. I—" She held her breath to listen—"have gained the summit. I have reached her heart."

There was a long pause. Gertrude, pale as ashes, was yet conscious of surprise that he should take so much for granted—should have pierced her English reserve and read her secret. She turned cold. How could he compare her to an inaccessible snow-mountain under these circumstances? It was very beautiful, but puzzling too.

He was speaking again. He turned and looked at Gertrude—her eyes were cast upon the ground, her bent head was averted.

"To none but *you*, *meine Cousine*—to none other could I speak thus. It is of her that you have so much reminded me—the likeness is remarkable and dear to me. These things are too sacred for the ears of all; I do not speak of her but to you. I love, and am loved again. I go to Richsten to-morrow to marry my bride—my Hildegunde—who looks at me from blue eyes which resemble yours so strangely."

Gertrude had the blood of two brave nations in her veins, and she did them credit. Over the Bürgenstock ascent her nerves had reeled; but the descent, the vast descent she made in Count Engelbert's company did not shake her fortitude. It was about as deadly and precipitous a descent as any poor woman could be called on, without a moment's warning, to traverse, but she did not falter or tremble; she kept her head, and reached the bottom in safety.

When the count had once broken the ice, and demeaned himself sufficiently to mention the sacred Hildegunde, he did—as more commonplace gentlemen

do—he talked of her incessantly. He was deeply in love, the theme was of overwhelming interest, and he gave his sympathetic companion an unstinted dose of the subject.

It was dusk when they reached the hotel. Mr. Douglas, surrounded by rugs and portmanteaux, was waiting in the portico for the station omnibus. He approached Miss Dangerfield.

"I'm just off," he said; "so glad you came back in time for me to say good-bye."

He took her hand and stared into her face.

"God bless you, whatever happens," he said gruffly. "You look done up; that beastly train knocked you out of time. Go and lie down and rest—now do."

And she did, nerving herself meanwhile for the coming evening, and a not distant explanation with her aunt. For the first time in her life she regretted Laurence Douglas' absence.

"Aunt Augusta would have talked to him," she thought. "As it is, she will do nothing but watch me."

Every trial of life would be more bearable without the observant eyes of our kind friends and neighbours.

At *table d'hôte* Count Engelbert was beside her, talking more than usual, and in such low, confidential tones that Mrs. Dangerfield's mind was at rest. At length Gertrude's settlement in life was assured; it was evident that the young couple understood one another. She made all arrangements for their wedding—settled its date, locality of the ceremony, her own *toilette*, the number of the bridesmaids, the expense of the *trousseau*, in her mind's eye during the dinner-hour, and beamed graciously upon the world, so satisfied was she to have reached the long-sought goal.

It was late that night when Mrs. Dangerfield, in dressing-gown and slippers, and with her brow bent ominously low over her angry eyes, sought her niece's bedroom. Gertrude was sitting before her toilet-table; she had not taken off her evening gown. On her lap a few faded Alpine crocuses were lying; her eyes were sunken and heavy-lidded, her face was very pale. She turned to her aunt with a smile which strove to be bright, and which only succeeded in being nervous and deprecating. The smile mollified Mrs. Dangerfield. She loved Gertrude in her own way, and there was something a little piteous in that smile.

"My dear, you ought to be in bed. You look tired out after that detestable excursion; such a long walk was too much for you. But Laurence Douglas is as obstinate as a pig, and that German has no discrimination. Foreigners are so extraordinary; one must not judge them as we judge other men. Think how he has singled you out, made you conspicuous by his attentions for weeks, and all the while he was engaged to be married! He tells your Uncle John that he leaves Lucerne to be married. He leaves to-morrow."

"I know," said Gertrude; "he told me."

"You knew it, Gertrude! Then"—sitting down heavily on a hard chair—"then, I declare, I don't call it—proper."

"Aunt Augusta!"

"I repeat that it is not proper to follow one girl about like a dog when you are not going to marry her. I consider he has made a fool of you, and of me, and of Mr. Douglas. I consider you have conspired to deceive us!"

"Aunt Augusta!"

"That is all, Gertrude. I have nothing more to say. If you were a flirt like my girls I could understand you; but when you go mooning about with a man for weeks like this you mystify me—you put me out of patience. There!—don't make a fuss; it is over now. Luckily none of our people know anything about it. It is very unfortunate that before Laurence Douglas, of all men, you made an exhibition of your oddities. However, if you have no objection to being an old maid, of course I need not repine at your fate. Good night."

Strangely enough, Mrs. Dangerfield's prophetic words were not fulfilled. Two years later Gertrude again visited the Schweitzerhoff Hotel at Lucerne, but this time she had assumed the dignity of matronhood and had changed her name to that of Douglas. She came as a bride—rather a silent, pensive bride; but her bridegroom was well satisfied to have her as she was.

It was natural that their thoughts should revert to their former experiences in Switzerland, when they found themselves surrounded by the familiar hills and mountains.

As they once more sat in the verandah beneath the palms and the ferns, and within sound of the band, Mr. Douglas, for the second time in his life, spoke to her of Count Engelbert.

"He wasn't much of a chap really, dear," he said, looking rather searchingly into his wife's eyes, and wishing he could see into her mind for one moment. "If you hadn't liked him, upon my word I should have called him an ass—a sentimental ass."

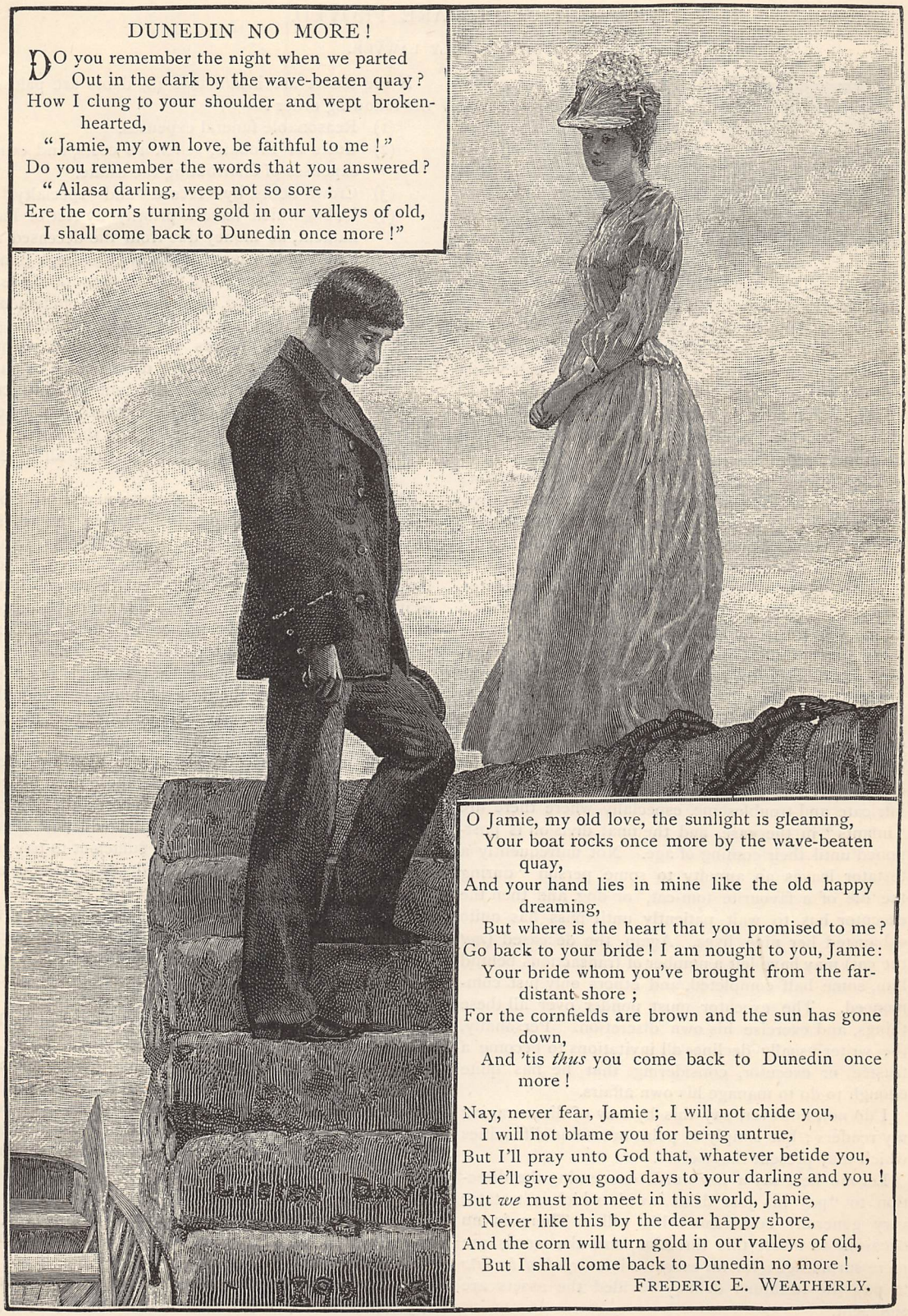
Mrs. Douglas smiled.

"Birds of a feather should flock together, Laurence."

"Pshaw!" he said, "that's ridiculous. Don't you know two of a trade never agree?"

DUNEDIN NO MORE!

DO you remember the night when we parted
Out in the dark by the wave-beaten quay?
How I clung to your shoulder and wept broken-hearted,
"Jamie, my own love, be faithful to me!"
Do you remember the words that you answered?
"Ailasa darling, weep not so sore;
Ere the corn's turning gold in our valleys of old,
I shall come back to Dunedin once more!"



O Jamie, my old love, the sunlight is gleaming,
Your boat rocks once more by the wave-beaten quay,
And your hand lies in mine like the old happy dreaming,
But where is the heart that you promised to me?
Go back to your bride! I am nought to you, Jamie:
Your bride whom you've brought from the far-distant shore;
For the cornfields are brown and the sun has gone down,
And 'tis *thus* you come back to Dunedin once more!

Nay, never fear, Jamie; I will not chide you,
I will not blame you for being untrue,
But I'll pray unto God that, whatever betide you,
He'll give you good days to your darling and you!
But *we* must not meet in this world, Jamie,
Never like this by the dear happy shore,
And the corn will turn gold in our valleys of old,
But I shall come back to Dunedin no more!

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

HOW WILLS ARE PROVED.

BY A FAMILY LAWYER.

"YOU remember old So-and-so, don't you? Well, he died last week, and has appointed me his executor. I suppose his will must be proved; but I am sure I don't know how to do it. Can *you* tell me?"

How many times I have heard this remark! and yet, when a will is tolerably simple, the operation of obtaining Probate is by no means a difficult one.

I will endeavour to put it within your power to obtain a Grant of Probate without going to the expense of employing a solicitor. If, however, the trusts of the will are at all complicated, and difficulties are likely to arise, I would advise you to seek legal assistance, and also to consider whether you should *renounce* the executorship or not.

The duties of an executor, or trustee, are sometimes onerous and responsible, generally unremunerative, and *nearly always unthankful.* If he does his work well and conscientiously, he rarely gets thanked for it; but should he make a slip, then woe betide him!

In the event of your being appointed an executor, you should carefully consider the question of undertaking the trusts or *renouncing* them. There is not the slightest difficulty in the matter, and you are perfectly at liberty to renounce should you desire to do so.

The duties of an executor are often burdensome in this respect: viz., that he must keep accurate accounts of the estate and all dealings with it until it is finally distributed. These accounts sometimes become rather intricate and troublesome, especially where there are "infants" in the case, and the final division is postponed until their coming of age. Not unfrequently a testator leaves an annuity to some person "during the life of a favourite tom-cat," or dog, and then the executor has to wait patiently until puss has quite exhausted her nine lives. Again, the deceased (*not* the cat) may have left a number of transactions behind him, some half completed, and others only just commenced. The executor must ponder over all these things, and exercise his own discretion. Personally, the writer usually declines all invitations to become a trustee or executor, considering that he has quite enough to do to manage his own affairs.

I do not, however, say this by way of discouraging my readers; but simply to point out some difficulties which may present themselves.

Let me here say a few words concerning the direction to "pay his just debts," with which a testator very generally commences his will. There is no occasion to insert this direction, and the words are mere surplusage; for an executor is *compelled by law* to pay the testator's debts, provided the assets are sufficient.

If the assets are insufficient the debts are paid in the following order:—

(1) Reasonable funeral expenses.
(2) Costs of Probate, solicitor's costs, and other expenses of distributing the estate.
(3) Crown debts, by "record" and "specialty."
(4) Debts which have a priority by Act of Parliament, as money due from the deceased as officer of a Friendly Society or Savings Bank, or as Overseer; and also Regimental debts.
(5) Debts of record, as debts due on judgments and recognisances (including decrees in equity and orders in bankruptcy). Until recently the "specialty" debts had to be paid by an executor before the "simple contract" debts. But now this distinction is abolished by the 32 & 33 Vict. c. 46, and therefore:
(6) After the above debts are satisfied all others are paid *pari passu.*

Having decided to act as executor, you will probably ask, "What ought I to do *before* proving the will?" If you determine to renounce, you must do so before intermeddling in any way in the trusts; otherwise, you may render yourself liable as "executor de son tort," as it is expressed in Norman-French: that is, "executor of his own wrong." My advice is, Do as little as possible beyond what is absolutely necessary.

However, there are some things which *must* be done. For instance, the funeral must be ordered; the effects of the deceased should be looked up, and an inventory made of them; his family must be provided with the necessaries of life, and with mourning, &c. If the deceased had horses or cattle, these must be fed.

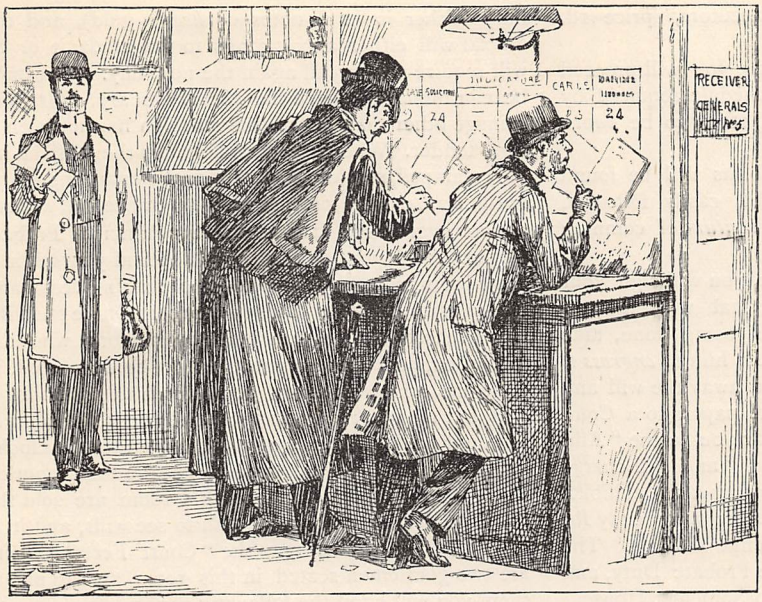
With regard to the funeral and its cost: the general opinion would seem to be that it should cost about £10 or £15, if the assets are not sufficient to pay all debts in full. In fact the deceased should be buried suitably to the estate which he leaves.

Blackstone says, "The deceased should be buried in a manner suitable to his station." The funeral expenses are allowed in priority to all other debts; but still, if they are extravagant the executor may be made liable for wasting the estate.

"Tim Finnigan," the song tells us, "lived in Sackville Street—an Irish gintleman moighty odd;" and it is related that the obsequies of this gentleman included "a gallon of whiskey at his feet and a gallon of whiskey at his head." History, however, does not inform us whether the price of the whiskey was allowed in the funeral expenses, or whether the refreshment was the *gift* of some sympathising friends of the deceased.

We must next consider the question of *Probate Duty*, and ascertain what property is subject to duty, and what is exempt.

It may be here stated *generally* that all Government and other funds, leaseholds, and similar property,



FILLING IN WARRANT FOR PROBATE AND ADMINISTRATION STAMPS.

coming under the legal designation of "personal estate, is *liable* to Probate Duty; but that freehold and copyhold property, called "real estate," is *exempt* from Probate Duty, with a few exceptions.

The Probate Duty, and also the Court fees taken in the Probate Registry, are calculated on the *net* amount of the assets *at the time of proving the will*, as shown in the "Affidavit for Inland Revenue," and *not* according to the value at the date of the testator's death.

Formerly the duty payable on "Administrations" was heavier than that on "Probates," but now the duties are the same.

The following are the rates of duty :—

Where the estate is above £100, and not above £500, the duty is at the rate of £1 for every full sum of £50, and for any fractional part of £50 over any multiple of £50.

Where the estate is above £500, and not above £1,000, the duty is 25s. for every full sum of £50, and for any fractional part of £50 over any multiple of £50.

Where the estate is above £1,000, duty is at the rate of £3 for every full sum of £100, and for any fractional sum of £100 over any multiple of £100.

Where the personal estate of a testator dying on or after the 1st June, 1881 (without any deduction for debts or funeral expenses) does not exceed £300, the fees of court and expenses payable are only 15s.; and in case the estate exceeds £100, the further sum of 30s. for *Stamp Duty* (44 Vict. c. 12).

Having elected to act, the next thing is to estimate the approximate value of the estate. Thus, you must ascertain the amount of "Cash in the House," "Cash at the Banker's," "Furniture," &c., according to the items set out in the Affidavit for Inland Revenue, of which I will speak presently. As regards the furniture, it must be valued by an appraiser, unless it is small in value, in which case the Inland Revenue officials will generally accept the executor's estimate of the *maximum* value.

If the deceased owned any shares in public companies, you should carefully go through them to see if any are exempt from Probate Duty, as these of course will be omitted from the affidavit. The debts *due at the death of the testator*, and the funeral expenses, can also be deducted.

The value of the estate having been arrived at as nearly as possible, you can now set to work to prepare the necessary papers for Probate.

Should the will contain any erasures, interlineations, or alterations, these will have to be explained by affidavits of the witnesses who attested the execution of the will, or by any other persons who are able to testify to the same.

I would advise you in the first place to make a *verbatim* copy of the will, to keep for your own satisfaction.

You should next prepare a schedule or list of the personal estate, and also a list of debts and funeral expenses. When you have done this you can go to Somerset House, and get some forms of "Affidavit for Inland Revenue."

There are two forms of this affidavit: one called "Form A," and the other called "Form B." The first of these is used in *all* cases except when the estate, without deducting debts and funeral expenses, does not exceed £100, so that no stamp duty is payable; *or* when a stamp duty of 30s. is impressed under Sec. 33 of the 44 Vict. c. 12 (*i.e.*, when the estate exceeds £100, but does not exceed £300). The second is *only* used when the estate, without deducting debts and funeral expenses, does not exceed £100, so that no stamp duty is payable, *or* when a stamp duty of 30s. is payable.

You will naturally ask where these forms are to be had, so I will proceed to direct you. Upon passing through the archway of the principal entrance to Somerset House (in the Strand), you will come to a large quadrangle. In the centre of the right-hand side of the quadrangle you will see a door, over which are painted the words "Legacy and Succession Duty Office." Enter at this door, and on your right hand, immediately on passing in, you will see an attendant. Ask him for one or two forms of "Affidavit for Inland Revenue" [Form A or B, as the case requires]. These forms are supplied free of charge.

On your way home call in at a law stationer's, and

ask for a form of "Oath for Executors," price 1d. or 2d.

Now, having obtained the forms, you will proceed to fill them up, and sign each schedule required by the Affidavit for Inland Revenue, ready to be sworn by you.

[The marginal notes on the forms will be found of great assistance, and can be easily followed, provided you have the average *quantum* of common sense.]

The forms being duly filled up, you will sign your name in the margin of the original will, thus:—"John Noakes, Executor." This being done, take the will to the law stationer, and ask him to *engross it for Probate*. Next, having fetched away the will and engrossment, you will take all the papers to a Commissioner for Oaths, who will swear you to the "Affidavit" and the "Oath for Executors," and will charge 1s. 6d. for each oath and 1s. for marking each "exhibit."

So far, so good, and the papers are now ready for investigation by the Inland Revenue officials. The next thing to be done is to pay the Probate Duty, and for this purpose you must return to Somerset House.

You will go through the main entrance, as before, but instead of proceeding as far as the quadrangle, you will, passing through the archway, turn to your right, and through a second arch. There are several policemen at the doors near at hand, and you should ask one of them to direct you to "No. 7 Room," where the duty is paid. On arriving at this room, you will procure a "Warrant" for "Probate and Administration Stamps" (forms of which you will see hanging up near the door), and this must be filled up with the amount of the duty, and handed, with the Affidavit for Inland Revenue, to an official at the long counter on your left hand. You will then pay the amount of the duty (either in bank-notes or *heavy* gold), and the official will either affix stamps to the affidavit or he will require you to call again the next day. You must bear in mind that since the 28th February, 1891, gold coinage other than of the present reign has not been a legal tender. When you have obtained the "Affidavit" duly stamped, retrace your steps to the quadrangle, and in the centre of the side facing the entrance you will see a door over which are the words "Principal Probate Registry." Upon entering, you will find yourself in a large room, containing a number of reading-desks and big volumes of wills. This is the room where the wills are "searched" for and read by persons who are interested, or believe themselves to be interested, in the same. However, you do not wish to *search* for a will, but to *prove* one, and you will cross the room to the door on the left side of the room, under the clock.

Pass through this door, and enter the first room on the left in the corridor. In this room are sold the *search tickets* for those who wish to see wills, and it is here, too, that you will pay the "Court Fees." There are two gentlemen seated in this room, and to one of them you will hand the following papers, viz.:—

(1) The *original* Will.
(2) The Engrossment on parchment.
(3) The Affidavit for Inland Revenue, duly sworn and stamped, and with all schedules attached.
(4) The Executor's Oath, duly sworn.
(5) Any Affidavits rendered necessary by reason of alterations in the Will, or any other reason.

The papers are then examined, the fee stamps affixed, and a receipt given for them. The official then hands you back the papers, and directs you which room to take them to.

You must now continue along the corridor, and at the end you will find an iron staircase leading upstairs. Go up to the first floor, and find the room the number of which was given to you downstairs. Having found this room, the papers will be handed to the official seated therein, who in *his* turn will examine the papers, and if they are in order will give you a voucher for them. This voucher you must carefully preserve, and after *two clear days* the Probate will be ready, *provided the authorities have not raised any "queries" on the papers.*

ROOM WHERE "COURT FEES" ARE PAID.

The two clear days having elapsed, you will again attend at the Probate Registry—being duly armed with the voucher before mentioned. You had better ask someone to direct you to the "Sealer's Room," and having found it, hand the voucher to the official and ask for the "Probate

under Seal." If it has passed muster, you will receive it there and then : but if it is not ready, the official will direct you to a certain room, and you must now make up your mind that there is a *hitch* or hitches somewhere. These hitches having been removed to the satisfaction of the officials, you will call at the "Sealer's" again in a day or so, and then you will find the Probate duly sealed.

It is not often nowadays that one hears of a will made by two persons, and the following is a curious one which was proved some years ago by the writer of this article. It is an exact copy of the will, the names only being changed :—

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN.

We John Smith and Robert Smith Brothers and Partners in Business Living in the Parish of —— in The County of Somerset and knowing that it is appointed for All men once to Die do make and Ordain this our last will and Testament that is to say Principally and first of all we give and Recommend our souls into the Hand of Almighty God that gave it And our Bodys we commend to The Earth to be Buried in Decent Christian Burial at the Descrition of Our Executor and as tuching Such worldly estate wherewith it Hath pleased God to bless us We give and dispose of the same in the following manner We give and Bequeath to Our Nephew Thomas Jones Whom we likewise constitute make and Ordain the Sole Executor of this Our last Will and Testament The Dwelling House and Mill and all other Buildings and Garden belonging Thereto and all Our Household Goods and Effects and all that We shall Possess at our Demise and the said Thomas Jones Shall Pay off all Our Just Debts if any

In Witness whereof we Have Hereunto set Our Hands And Seal this Eighteenth day of February in year of Our Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy

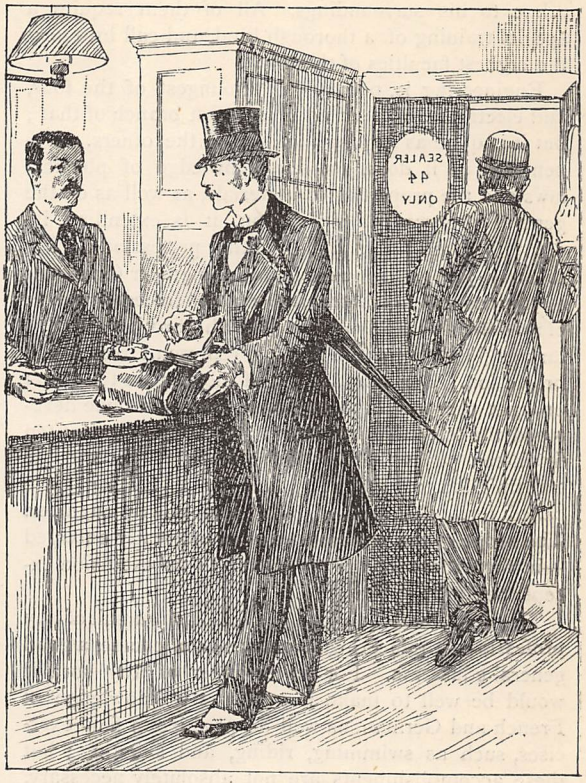
Signed sealed Published Pronounced and Declared By the Said John Smith and Robert Smith as their last Will and Testament in the Presence of us and of each other who have Hereunto Subscribed our Names

the mark of John Smith ×

Seal.

JOHN BROWN
JOHN JONES

Robert Smith Seal.



SEALING FOR PROBATE.

With reference to this will, I may here add that it is quite unnecessary to *seal* a will.

The limits of this article are necessarily short, and it is impossible to provide for every contingency that may arise ; but it is hoped that the foregoing directions will give the reader some idea "How Wills are Proved."

H E. B.

In my last article, entitled "Gentlemen of the Jury!" it was inadvertently stated that special jurors are now paid £1 1s. per day, and common jurors 10s. 6d. per day. This should be altered as follows :—Special jurors are paid £1 1s. *a cause*, and common jurors 1s. *a cause*.

THE PROFESSION OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

BY J. MUNRO, C.E., AUTHOR OF "PIONEERS OF ELECTRICITY," ETC.

THERE are now at least four learned professions—the Church, Law, Medicine, and Engineering. The Ministry and Law are concerned with the spiritual and moral, Medicine and Engineering with the material well-being of a man. If the Church deals with his relations to God, and the Law with his relations to his fellow-men, Medicine and Engineering are equally occupied with his relations —intimate or casual—to Nature. Covering as they do the whole field of human life, they are all connected with each other. Though we have named the Church and Law together as dealing with moral effects, and Medicine with Engineering in respect of physical things, we might, on the other hand, class the Church with Medicine in their joint concern for the health of the individual, and Law with Engineering, since they

relate to his surroundings. All of them require a special training of a thorough kind, and call into play the highest faculties of the mind.

Engineering is, perhaps, the youngest of the four, and electrical engineering is the latest branch of that; but it is quite as vigorous as any of the others. Depending, as it does, on our knowledge of physical laws and the properties of materials, as well as on the general progress of civilisation, it is extending its dominion even faster than the other professions. Fifty or sixty years ago the mechanical engineer (or maker of engines and machines), the civil engineer (or maker of roads, canals, and railways), with his brother the military engineer, were the leading representatives of the profession. The introduction of the electric telegraph brought the telegraph engineer, who has since developed the telephone engineer; and within the last ten or fifteen years the use of the electric light and the transmission of motive power by electricity have called forth the electric light and power engineer. The scope of the profession has been greatly enlarged—in fact, there seems no bound to its extension except the limits of the earth.

The best foundation for the successful pursuit of any profession—engineering included—is, of course, a good general education. For an engineer of any sort, it would be well to make it comprise a knowledge of French and German, as well as practice in field exercises, such as swimming, riding, and shooting; but these accomplishments are not absolutely necessary, and in any case they can be acquired afterwards.

The special education should be determined by the branch of the profession which it is proposed to follow. Electrical engineering may be divided into departments, both founded on the same principles of electrical and magnetic science, but differing in their practice. The first of these is telegraph engineering, with its sub-division of telephone work. The second is electric lighting, and the application of motive power by means of the electric current. We shall consider each of these in turn.

Telegraph engineers are occupied with the making and repairing of telegraph or telephone land-lines, and of submarine cables. There are several classes of them. Consulting engineers or electricians are those who design the cables for the telegraph companies which require them. Manufacturing engineers or contractors supply the overland lines or submarine cables to the orders of the telegraph companies and the designs of their consulting electricians. Lastly, the telegraph companies require electricians to test their lines, and keep their apparatus in good order. The same may be said of the railway companies, the Post Office (which works the national telegraphs), and the telephone companies. Moreover, these last corporations generally construct their own lines, under the superintendence of their own electricians.

The most select opening for a telegraph engineer is through the office of a consulting electrician; but in this case it is usual for the pupil to pay a premium, and it may be some time before he can earn a salary. His duties, however, are of an instructive kind, and, being trained by eminent or distinguished men in the profession, he acquires a status, or *prestige*, which is afterwards very serviceable to him. If his masters have a cable on hand, he is initiated into the mysteries of designing it, and is sent to the works of the contractor who is making it to test its properties, and superintend, as a kind of electrical inspector, the progress of the manufacture. He also goes out on the cable ship, and helps in the work of laying and of testing the cable while it is being laid, or for a set time—generally thirty days—after it is laid, and before it is finally accepted by the telegraph company for whom it has been made and submerged. This work is, of course, attractive, involving, as it does, a certain amount of travel—now here, now there—with constant change of scene and glimpses of foreign lands.

Another opening is to be found in the works of the contractors or manufacturing electricians, who equip and send out land telegraph parties to erect lines in distant countries, or make and lay with their own ships the submarine cables which have been ordered by the cable companies. In the testing rooms and factory of these contractors he will learn his business very well, and he will receive a salary which is sufficient to support him. Two pounds a week are sometimes paid even to beginners, if they are intelligent and well educated. They are servants of the contractors, and have therefore less freedom than pupils; but in any case the work is not very hard, since it consists principally in accurate observation of the instruments and careful calculation of the results obtained. The learner is liable to night duty in rotation, as the manufacture of the cable goes on continuously. When the cable is finished, he may be selected to go with the expedition and help to lay it. In that case his salary will probably be raised; and as his travelling expenses are all defrayed by his employers, he can save the greater part of it. The same remark applies to engineers sent out to build a land-line somewhere abroad. There is, however, a drawback to this class of telegraph work. The demand for cables and overland lines is not very great, and it may happen that after the completion of some "big job" a number of the testers or ordinary electricians will be discharged, until such time as another large order sets the wheels of the factory spinning merrily once more. Naturally, the best hands will be retained in such a case, so that the better electrician he is, the better his chance of not being paid off when the dearth comes.

The Post Office also employs electricians to test and superintend the making of its lines; but this is a branch of the Civil Service under its own regulations, and it is perhaps rather difficult to get on the electrical staff. The railway companies have their own electricians, too, and a berth for a skilled person occasionally offers itself in their service. The telephone companies have also their engineers, either recruited from their other employés or by advertisement, or through a good word spoken by a "friend at court."

Science classes in the University are sometimes a good step towards becoming a telegraph engineer. It occasionally happens that a professor of electricity and

"YOU'RE NEVER READY!"

(See p. 355.)

magnetism is also a consulting electrician, and can select one of his best students for some appointment in his gift. The student in that case goes direct from the laboratory to his profession, without serving an apprenticeship. Berths as electric light and power electricians are also obtained in this way, but it is not a regular avenue to the work. The School of Telegraphy and Electrical Engineering in Hanover Square may also be mentioned as a training-place for telegraph and other electricians.

While telegraph is allied to some extent with civil and military engineering, electric light and power is closely connected with mechanical engineering. It follows that the best way of becoming an electrical engineer of this class is to learn mechanical engineering, and on that as a basis, add the study of electricity and magnetism. After a young man has served his apprenticeship in the shops as a mechanical engineer, and at the same time acquired a theoretical knowledge of mechanics, steam, and the steam-engine at the classes of some University or technical college, he will be able to pick up enough electrical science in the class-room and the laboratory, or in the factory of an electrical manufacturer, say in about a year, to enable him to take a berth as an electric light and power engineer, either on a steamship lit by electricity or in the service of the electric lighting and supply companies, or the electrical laboratories of the great shipbuilders. The shortness of this training in electrical work is due to the fact that the general principles of electrical and magnetic science are comparatively few and soon mastered, although the effects and particulars are numerous and varied. With the electric light gradually making its way in town and country, with electric railways springing up around us, this is by far the most promising branch of electrical engineering.

In conclusion, it may be well to offer a few remarks on the natural qualifications most suitable for the pursuit of this profession. A boy destined for any kind of engineering should have all his wits and senses about him. Physically he should be sound in wind and limb, hardy, energetic, and by preference fond of athletics and field sports. In character he should be plucky and resolute, practical and manly. He should not be afraid of work, either with head or hand. He should be a quick and correct observer, a clear and accurate thinker. Inaccuracy is a troublesome fault in an engineer, and a mistake on his part may cost very dear, not only in money, but in suffering and death. At the least, he ought to have no distaste for the profession, and if possible he should have a decided love for it. Best of all, he should reveal a true bias for the work—that is to say, a natural turn for it. The lad of fair intelligence who does not dislike it, or even likes it from the first, may by dint of application and experience become a useful engineer and electrician, but he who has a strong mental bias for it will excel his fellows, and rise to the top of his profession.

A predisposition for a certain walk of life generally implies a love for it, together with the necessary talents. A predisposition for engineering involves mathematical, scientific, and constructive ability. The boy should show an interest in scientific and more especially in mechanical experiments and building operations. He should be fond of study and calculation, and evince an inventive genius. There should be originality in his devices, whether he is working at the lathe, making chemical experiments, or building a rabbit-hutch. Parents should not too hastily conclude that because he is engrossed with bricks and other toys of the kind he is therefore an architect or an engineer in embryo.

In order to find out a boy's real bent, it will be well to place him under a variety of circumstances, so as to call out and test the growing predisposition, which it should be the aim of every educator to discover.

"YOU'RE NEVER READY."

LAST winter, frilled with silvery fur,
I vowed that she was daintiest, neatest;
But ah! what matters dress to her?
She's always sweetest.

Yet no! I'd have her robed in white,
In garden hat and belted jacket;
And certainly her fingers light
Should hold a racquet.

She leaves me here to yawn and stretch,
And pace the walk in turns unsteady;
Then comes, exclaiming, "Lazy wretch!
You're never ready!"

She mocks my play with lip and eye—
Oh, scorn enow she makes me suffer!
Yet well she knows the reason why
I'm such a duffer.

It is not that my skill is small,
But hopeless odds her rival plays at;
For who on earth could watch a ball,
With her to gaze at?

"Game—love," she cries; "go, hide your shame!"
"True words," I answer, sadly witty;
"With me it's love, with you it's game—
And more's the pity!"

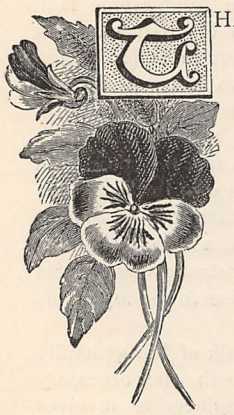
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A SHARP EXPERIENCE.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "For the Good of the Family," "To be Given Up," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

OUR LAST EVENING AT THE MANOR HOUSE.



THAT Gracie should come to her uncle in this his time of severe trial is not in itself a circumstance which ought to excite our surprise. In fact, when first I wrote to her, apprising her of the change in Clarence's position, I fully expected she would have answered the letter in person. It seemed to me that in the face of so overwhelming a misfortune the misunderstanding which had previously existed between the uncle and the niece should have been forgotten; and I was therefore very grieved that Gracie did not hasten to do her part towards effecting a reconciliation. But although there is nothing in the bare fact of Gracie's coming to call for remark, there is much in the manner of that coming to startle us. Her sudden appearance, her agitated manner, and the desire to disguise her identity, which the thickness of her veil would seem to suggest, all tend to give rise in our minds to a vague sense of alarm.

It is from an instinctive feeling that all is not well with her that I ask, even before attempting to greet her—

"Gracie, where is your husband?"

"I have no husband. Never mention Lincoln Anstice's name to me again. I hate him!"

"Oh, Gracie! hush! hush!" I exclaim, in much consternation; while Clarence says sternly—

"Pray moderate your language; invective is powerless to change the relation in which you stand towards the man whom you have chosen to marry."

"You won't take his part when you have heard how shamefully he has treated me. I should like to kill him! I should——"

A burst of tears checks her further utterance.

Clarence looks terribly alarmed.

"Do try to tell us in a rational manner what has happened. Nothing is to be gained by abusing Lincoln Anstice."

All the coldness of manner which Gracie used so to resent in her uncle has returned.

"You will never forgive me—never—never! I wish I hadn't come here at all; I wish——"

Gracie's further wish is cut short by Clarence, who takes hold of her arm, and fixing his eyes on her, says with slow deliberateness—

"Gracie, you must tell us exactly what has occurred—now—at once. Neither Olga nor I can help you if you keep anything back; but if you will tell us frankly the position in which you are placed, we will do our best to help you."

She casts a frightened glance at him, while the tears still run down her cheeks. "Will you promise not to be very, very angry with me, uncle?"

A look of annoyance, almost of disgust, spreads over Clarence's face. "Why will you be such a——" then he checks himself; perhaps he remembers how much remorse he has already suffered in consequence of his former coldness towards his niece. Continuing in a far gentler tone, he says, "Come, Gracie, you need not be afraid of me; if I can help you, I will. Only speak out."

I take one of Gracie's hands in mine. However much she may have erred, she is certainly to be pitied now. It seems so strange to see bright, winsome, wilful Gracie thus bowed down with grief.

"Try to tell your uncle what has happened, Gracie dear," I urge. "And, Gracie, tell him everything; it will be so much better for you in the end, dear."

A painful scene follows. Gracie clings to me—she seems too frightened and filled with shame to look at her uncle—and between bursts of grief and anger, sobs out a pitiful story.

She is very incoherent, and it is only by dint of much cross-questioning, and going over the same ground again and again, that we are at length enabled to glean the following facts.

On leaving the Manor House, ostensibly to visit Mrs. Howard, Gracie was met at the junction, where she should have changed carriages for Drislington, by Lincoln Anstice, who conducted her to his mother's house. Here she was received by Mrs. Anstice, who had formally invited her son's *fiancée* on a long visit, and was unaware that Mr. Fane did not know his niece had accepted the invitation. The address furnished by Lincoln Anstice as that of the rural retreat where he and his bride were spending their honeymoon was merely the residence of one of his friends, who had agreed to take in any letters for either Mr. or Mrs. Lincoln Anstice, and forward them on to Mrs. Anstice's house in freshly addressed envelopes.

"But, Gracie, what was your object in so grossly deceiving us?" I ask, when this point is reached. "Your uncle would probably have allowed you to visit Mrs. Anstice, had you asked him."

"Lincoln said——" but Gracie is too overcome, too thoroughly ashamed of herself, I hope, to proceed.

"Pray try to be explicit. I find the greatest difficulty in following you," says Clarence in his coldest tone.

He is, I can see, deeply angered with his niece. This is but natural; has she not lied and deceived in return for all the kindness shown to her? Still she is in dire distress now; if Clarence could but realise this he would be more gentle towards her. But I dare not speak. Clarence is generally very ready to forgive a

personal injury; after all, however, he is but a man, and if I interrupt him now, when he has such just cause for anger, I shall probably only incense him the more. Yet I long to plead for poor misguided Gracie.

One of Clarence's hands is resting on the balustrade near to which I am standing; I place mine over it. He turns quickly towards me—never yet has he been insensible to my lightest touch—while I glance at him beseechingly. My mute appeal is not in vain; his voice is more encouraging, and his eyes have lost their terrible severity, as he again begs his niece to speak out plainly.

"Lincoln thought that if we pretended we were already married, you would promise to make me an allowance;" and as Gracie finishes speaking, she hides her face on my shoulder for very shame.

"And if I had?" asks Clarence, more sadly than sternly.

"We were to be quietly married as soon as ever we had money enough to live on: at least, that is what Lincoln used to say. But he never really wanted me, he only wanted my money."

"I see now why you refused to live at the Gate-house," I exclaim. "And all the time you have been away Mrs. Anstice has been under the impression that your uncle knew you were staying with her?"

"Yes; but she knows my engagement is broken off now; Lincoln told her so. He doesn't even pretend to care for me any longer."

"But why did he break off the engagement?"

Gracie lifts up her head, and looks at me in astonishment.

"He threw me over directly he heard about the estate going to Uncle Richard. He had never cared a bit about the real me. And I used to worship the ground he trod on. Oh, what a fool—what a wicked, deceitful, ungrateful girl I've been! and all for a man who didn't care a straw for me. I shall never be happy again—never—never!"

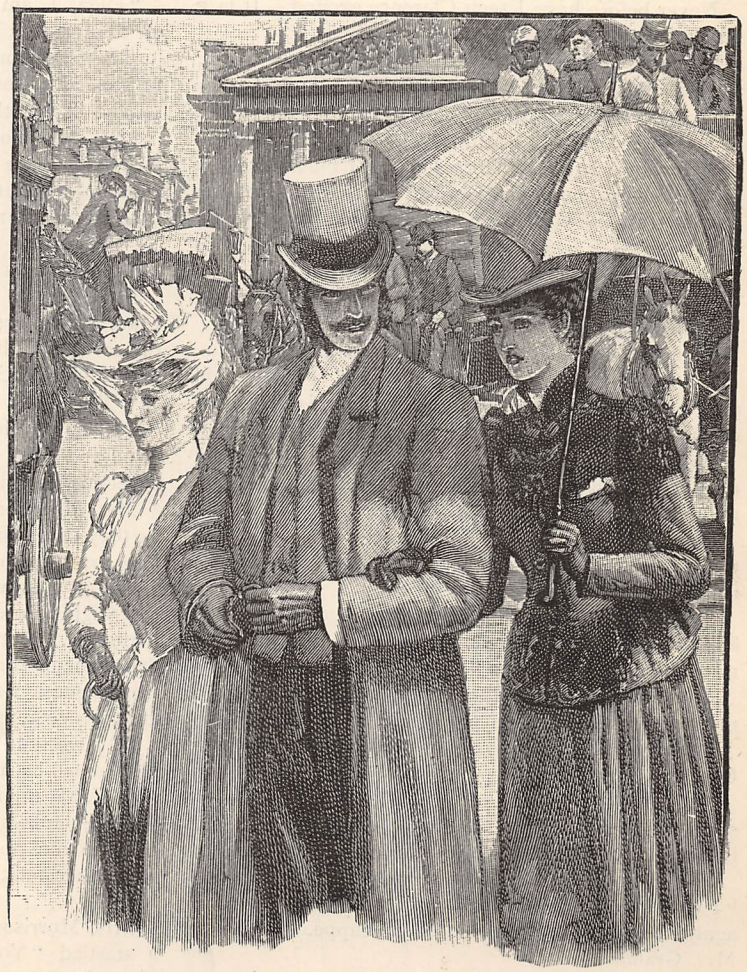
Poor Gracie! she is trembling with anger and mortification. Yet I cannot help feeling glad she is not married to Lincoln Anstice. Painful as is her present position, her plight would be far worse were she Lincoln Anstice's wife.

But we have not heard the whole of Gracie's story yet. It appears that her lover threw her over about a week ago, when he first heard the estate had changed hands; and that she left Mrs. Anstice's house at once, intending to return to the Manor. During her journey, however, her courage deserted her, and when she reached the junction at St. Leger Major, she got out, and took rooms in the town. It was not so much that she dreaded meeting her uncle as that she so shrank from appearing in St. Leger Minor, where everyone would soon get to know of the humiliating position in which she was placed. Still, meeting her uncle face to face after all that has occurred is a sufficiently terrible ordeal, and one to which I much doubt if she would have subjected herself had not her money run short.

She has been hiding in the grounds for upwards of an hour, she now tells us, in the hope of seeing her uncle without asking for him.

"Why did you do that? It would have been far better to have presented yourself at the front door. Surely you must have known that?"

Throughout this distressing interview Clarence has looked graver every moment. Evidently he is not prepared to rejoice, as I am, that Gracie has been saved from the lifelong misery of an unhappy



"OCCASIONALLY I GO UP TO LONDON" (*p.* 362).

marriage. Perhaps this view of the case has not presented itself to him.

Gracie shivers. "Oh, uncle! how could I have faced the servants? Think how astonished they would have looked! For everyone to believe me married, and then to hear that I have only been jilted! I would rather die than that anyone in St. Leger Minor should have seen me."

"You will have to face the servants now. What difference can an hour or two make?"

But this is not Gracie's plan at all: she wants her uncle to give her sufficient money to keep on her rooms in St. Leger Major for a few days longer, and then allow her to join him in London.

"Gracie, you must be mad!" Clarence exclaims, speaking with more energy than I have ever yet heard him.

Gracie looks amazed, while I am much puzzled by Clarence's words.

"Have you no thought?" he continues. "Half the evil under which the world groans originates in rumour only. Don't you see that you have already placed yourself in a most equivocal position? What folly you have been guilty of!"

Never before have I seen Clarence excited. It is a revelation to me.

"Won't you have me back with you ever again, uncle? What shall I do? What shall I do? I know I have been a very wicked girl, and a very ungrateful girl, too; but still, I did think you——"

"Have you back? Why, of course I must have you—at once—without a single moment's delay. Nothing but the truth, unpalatable as it is, will avail you now."

"Come back *now?* Let everyone know what has occurred? Uncle, I can't—I *can't!*"

"Yes, you can; you must—you will. Come, Gracie, we will help you—Olga and I."

"Olga and you," repeats Gracie in a dazed way.

Clarence lays his hand on my arm. "Yes, Olga and I, we will help you." Then letting his gaze rest on me for a moment, he adds, "This is my future wife."

Even in the midst of his distress there is a proud ring in his voice as he introduces me to his niece in my new character.

Gracie looks from one to the other, but says nothing. I hardly know if the news surprises her; she is so engrossed with her own misery.

"Gracie, you must stop here with Olga, while I go and speak to Mrs. Graham. Mind, you must obey me now: obey me to the very letter."

Clarence passes into the house, leaving Gracie and me standing on the terrace.

"Olga, what is he going to make me do?" asks Gracie, winding her arms round me in her helplessness.

"What it is best that you should do, dear: rest assured of that. Cannot you trust him, Gracie? He is so good: the best man I have ever known."

She clings to me, crying piteously, and murmuring, "I wish I were dead! Oh, how I wish I were dead!" again and again, until Clarence reappears, leading Mrs. Graham.

How Clarence has managed it I cannot say, but he has certainly succeeded in persuading Mrs. Graham to receive Gracie as if her coming to the Manor House were the most natural thing in the world. And Mrs. Graham is generally such a fussy person, so given to magnifying trifles.

"How do you do, *Miss Ogilvy?*" she says, holding out her hand. And then she begins talking about the weather.

I hardly know whether to laugh or to cry; notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, it undoubtedly has its comic side. To see poor Gracie trying to stifle her sobs so as to steady her voice before she agrees that it is much colder to-day than yesterday, while Mrs. Graham keeps unconsciously repeating the same inane remarks, as she casts furtive glances at Gracie's tear-stained face and dishevelled hair, is as ludicrous as it is pathetic.

Clarence makes a sign to me, and I join him, leaving Gracie and Mrs. Graham together. He draws my hand through his arm, and we walk the whole length of the terrace in silence. When Clarence has anything of importance to say to me, I always make a point of waiting for him to begin. He has such a horror of talkative women.

"Olga, I am very anxious that the true version of this painful affair should be the one circulated in the neighbourhood. I think I had better speak to Mrs. Morrison and Tompkins myself. It is most important that they should know the whole truth."

Mrs. Morrison, the housekeeper, and Tompkins, the butler, are two old and trusted servants, who came to the Manor House during Eaton Fane's lifetime, and have remained here ever since.

"But will it not be a terrible ordeal for you to tell the servants yourself?"

Although the kindest and most liberal of masters, Clarence has ever been distant in his manner towards the servants of his household.

For answer, Clarence only says—

"Olga, come with me."

I clasp my hands together on his arm, and raise my eyes to his. When people understand each other, speech is often unnecessary.

Mrs. Morrison and Tompkins look a little flurried as they enter the drawing-room, in obedience to the "master's" summons.

Clarence is very pale, and his face has assumed that rigid expression which at one time used so to alarm me. But when he speaks, it is with his wonted deliberateness and clearness of enunciation. Few would guess from his manner all that his present action is costing him.

"I have sent for you, Mrs. Morrison, and for you, Tompkins, because I think it better to inform you myself that my niece, Miss Ogilvy, has returned."

Clarence lays a slight stress on the word "niece," as if he were anxious to give Gracie all the protection which her relationship to him can be made to afford her.

Mrs. Morrison throws up her hands and ejaculates a startled "You don't say so, sir!" while Tompkins sits open-eyed and open-mouthed, as if he

were experiencing some difficulty in taking in the situation.

"Doubtless," Clarence continues, "you both heard my niece was married to Mr. Anstice. There was no truth in this report. She was engaged to marry Mr. Anstice, but even the engagement is now cancelled."

Mrs. Morrison makes as if she would speak, but stops before astonishment has tempted her so far to forget herself as to interrupt the "master"; while Tompkins shifts his position uneasily. I think he is of opinion that there is something indecorous in the "master" alluding to so private a matter before servants. Tompkins has ever upheld the dignity of the Squire of St. Leger Minor, as if he felt that his own was incorporated with it.

"Two months ago my niece left here to visit Mr. Anstice's mother; she remained with this lady until three or four days since, when she took rooms by herself in St. Leger Major. My niece left Mrs. Anstice's house because her engagement to Mrs. Anstice's son was cancelled; her reason for staying in St. Leger Major was that she shrank from coming here, where she would be obliged to admit that there was no truth whatsoever in the report of her marriage with Mr. Anstice. My niece's motive for circulating this utterly false report was a hope she entertained that I should cease to withhold my approval of a marriage which I believed to have been solemnised, however strongly I might have opposed it, had my consent been asked before the inevitable step was taken."

"Yes, sir; I quite understand, sir," says Tompkins hurriedly. He is evidently all eagerness to get out of the room.

But Mrs. Morrison is curious to hear more; so she throws in a sympathetic—

"To think of that now, sir! What an artful young lady, to be sure!"

Clarence winces. It is very galling to his proud nature to hear his niece's conduct criticised as "artful" by an inferior. However, he is too just to resent a remark which he feels is but natural the housekeeper should make.

"I have now laid the whole story before you," he continues, with a rather more obvious effort. "My object in doing so is that you may be able to tell your fellow-servants exactly what has occurred. I am sure I may trust you both to help me in this matter."

"Lor', sir! we'll make the best of it, never fear," replies Mrs. Morrison, with a degree of easy good-nature that, prior to this interview, she would never have dreamt of assuming towards the "master"; while the butler murmurs a few hurried words to the same purpose.

Clarence thanks them both in his polite way, but I can see how terribly humiliated he is, successfully as he disguises his feelings from less observant eyes than mine.

"And now," continues Clarence, addressing the housekeeper and butler, "I will take this opportunity of thanking you both for your long and faithful service to me; that this service must cease to-morrow is to me a cause of deep regret."

His words are courteous, but his manner cold and formal. If his hearers could but know all that this farewell is costing him!

He pauses while Mrs. Morrison and Tompkins murmur an incoherent "Thank you, sir."

With a slight break in his voice, he adds—

"I think I must ask you to thank your fellow-servants in my name for their past services, and to assure them of my earnest desire for their well-being. I had intended calling them together, in order to address a few words of farewell to them, but this has been a trying evening for me, and——no, I can't do it. You will, perhaps, understand that this parting is to me very painful. I have tried to be a good master to my servants, a good landlord to my tenants. That I have not altogether succeeded in winning your love or theirs has been in a great measure due to a false impression which I fear my manner may from time to time have conveyed—the impression that I was indifferent to the feelings with which those for whose welfare I have been in some degree responsible regarded me. This has never been the case in the past, and it is indeed far from being so now, when——"

His voice breaks and his face quivers—that strong, stern face, in which I have never before detected any sign of weakness. He seats himself with nervous haste, and passes one hand across his forehead.

"I can only ask you to thank them all for me, and to assure them of the regret I feel at parting from them," he says hurriedly, as if he did not dare to linger longer over his farewell words.

Mrs. Morrison and Tompkins thank the "master," and then get themselves out of the room as best they can. I think they have learned more of Clarence's true nature during the last half-hour than in all the years they have served him.

Presently, when we are all wishing each other good night, thinking much of the morrow, but saying little, Gracie pauses in front of her uncle. "Good night, Uncle Clarence," she says timidly, as if in doubt as to how Clarence intends treating her.

"Good night, Gracie," he replies in his deliberate way. Then, much to my surprise, and I think to Gracie's also—for Clarence is a man with whom caresses are rare—he bends down and kisses his niece's forehead. "It is very hard for you now, dear, I know; but we shall soon settle down quietly together, you and I."

The kindness in the tone perhaps more than the actual words touches Gracie. She throws her arms round her uncle, and presses her cheek against his shoulder, as she murmurs, "I'm so sorry, so sorry! but I will try to be good to you now: I will indeed, uncle dear."

Thus ends the evening, the last which Clarence and I will spend together for—how long? We had promised each other it should be a happy evening, notwithstanding the morrow—an evening we could both look back upon with pleasure: instead of which it has been one of the most painful times we have ever lived

through. And yet, underlying all its anguish, I feel I have much cause for heartfelt thankfulness. Does it not always gladden the heart when the man whom one loves above all other men acts, under exceptionally trying circumstances, as a Christian and a gentleman? Oh, but I am proud of him, *my* Clarence!

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

A WELL-TIMED INVITATION.

THE next morning, Gracie, Clarence, and I are in the library, when I am told a gentleman wishes to see me, but that he refuses to send in his name.

"Not send in his name!" I exclaim. "Are you sure it is me whom he wishes to see?"

"Yes, miss; he asked perticular for Miss Vesey."

"How very strange! Where have you shown him?"

"Into the small drawing-room, miss."

I am just preparing to go to the small drawing-room, when an idea occurs to me. "Tompkins, it isn't Mr. Richard Fane, is it?" I ask in some alarm. The possibility that the new squire of St. Leger Minor may wish to renew his offer to me flashes across my mind.

"No, miss." A rather peculiar smile spreads over Tompkins' face as he adds, "It isn't anybody as I think you would object to see." Since Clarence told Tompkins Gracie's story, that most worthy of butlers has assumed the manners of a confidential servant.

I turn the handle of the small drawing-room door with some trepidation and more curiosity. Who can wish to see me in St. Leger Minor, where I know so few people?

I must confess to feeling a wee bit disappointed when I find that my unknown visitor is only Alfred Pennington. There are some people whom one seems instinctively to speak of as "only" so-and-so; Alfred Pennington is one.

"I hope you will forgive me for calling on you in this unceremonious fashion, Miss Vesey; but you have always permitted me to regard you as a friend."

"There is nothing to forgive, Mr. Pennington. But why would you not send in your name?"

"I did not wish her to know I was here until I had seen you; I feared to distress her."

Of course the "her" refers to Gracie. Then he must know she has returned. News travels fast in St. Leger Minor.

"Miss Vesey, is it true?"

"Is what true, Mr. Pennington?"

"That Gracie is free?"

"Quite true, Mr. Pennington."

"Does she—er—er—appear to feel it very much?"

"I think she feels the humiliation very much; and I also think she is sorry for the deception she has practised towards her uncle. Mr. Fane has been very good to her."

"Has he?" and Mr. Pennington's face brightened. "But how does she feel about Anstice?"

"She hasn't a good word to say for him."

"Do you really think she has ceased to care for him?"

"I should be inclined to say so."

"But I have heard that when a woman once cares for a man, nothing he can do will change her feelings towards him. Do you think this is so?"

"There are women and women," I reply sagely. "As far as I can judge, Gracie no longer feels any regard for Lincoln Anstice. I fancy that living for so long under the same roof with him in his mother's house may have opened her eyes to his real character, and that disenchantment commenced before the final breach. But mind, I don't know this; it is only my own idea."

"It is a great encouragement to me, Miss Vesey, to hear you say this; but I didn't want to see you just to question you about the state of Gr——Miss Ogilvy's feelings."

"No?"

"I—er"—then Mr. Pennington stops short, and twirls his cane nervously round and round. He is never very fluent at the best of times.

"Yes?" I say, trying to throw all the encouragement I can into my voice.

"I thought, perhaps—I was wondering if—in short, Miss Vesey, it occurred to me that it might be inconvenient for Mr. Fane to take his niece up to London with him at such a short notice, you know; his chambers might not be suitable for a lady, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Mr. Pennington pauses; he has evidently not yet said all he has come prepared to say.

"Of course, Gracie's return is a great surprise to Mr. Fane; still, I dare say he will be able to arrange for her accommodation in London. He is not a man to make a trouble of every little inconvenience."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Miss Vesey; I have the greatest respect for Mr. Fane, as you know. Only I was thinking that perhaps if Miss Ogilvy were to come to the Court for a time—just as a temporary arrangement, of course, while Mr. Fane looks about him a bit—it might make things more comfortable all round. Now, what do you think of the suggestion? I have so much confidence in your judgment, you know."

I understand it all, delicately as it is wrapped up. Gracie's presence at Pennington Court would effectually stop all gossip. This is the direct result of bright eyes and bewitching dimples. Were Gracie a plain woman, there would be no Alfred Pennington to come to the rescue in this noble manner. To me, this is one of the most puzzling problems of life, and one which I have long since given up trying to solve.

"Would it, do you think, be quite convenient for Mrs. Pennington to receive Gracie just now?"

Alfred's eyes brighten.

"My mother is waiting outside in the carriage. I am going away for a time myself, and the mother would be delighted to have Miss Ogilvy with her to keep her company during my absence."

"Suppose I go and see how Gracie herself feels about it?"

Mr. Pennington thanks me warmly, and then I

proceed to the library. Clarence and Gracie are still together.

Olga, I can't see him or his mother either! I couldn't bear to face them!" Gracie exclaims, as soon as I make my mission known.

But Clarence is too wise not to wish his niece to avail herself of the protection which the friendship of such people as the Penningtons is so well calculated to afford her.

"Gracie, don't be foolish," he says, almost sternly. "It is very considerate of Mrs. Pennington and her son to call, and you mustn't appear indifferent to their kindness."

"I will see them, then, uncle, since you wish it," says Gracie meekly.

Her trouble has rendered her wonderfully submissive. But she casts such an appealing look at me that I could find it in my heart to beg she might not be called upon to undergo so trying an ordeal, did I not feel, with Clarence, that it is for her ultimate good.

When Alfred Pennington comes in, leading his mother, I observe a certain deferential tenderness in his manner towards her, which convinces me that there has been an earnest appeal made on the one side, and a rather reluctant consent given on the other, and that the son is now anxious to show his gratitude for the concession. Alfred must indeed have pleaded long and well. Oh! bright eyes and bewitching dimples, what a power ye wield!

Having made the concession, Mrs. Pennington is evidently prepared to carry it out in a whole-hearted manner. She is a woman who has been accustomed all her life to mix much in fashionable society, and she possesses in a pre-eminent degree that happy knack of smoothing over social difficulties that nothing but long practice will impart.

"A LITTLE GIRL ADVANCES AND PRESENTS ME WITH A BOUQUET" (*p.* 364).

To totally ignore Gracie's long absence from the Manor House and the rumour of her marriage would be too marked; so after greeting her with just sufficient warmth to suggest sincerity, she says playfully—

"You naughty little thing to mislead us all so! It was really quite too wicked of you! I expected to find Mr. Fane acting the part of the relentless uncle. But I suppose you have bewitched him as you do everybody else, you mischievous little puss!"

Poor Gracie hangs her head, and looks anything but a "mischievous little puss."

"And now, what do you think I have come here for at this unconscionably early hour? Why, to carry you off to the Court, to be sure!"

Gracie demurs.

"Oh, but you must come. I can't let that long-suffering uncle of yours have all his little plans upset. He has arranged to be an out-and-out bachelor, you know, and live in residential chambers, and dine at his club, and all that sort of thing. So you see he cannot possibly take you with him."

Alfred joins in here, declaring it to be a capital suggestion on his mother's part, but one which he fears is not prompted by disinterested thought for Mr. Fane only, as he (Alfred) is going away from home for a few weeks, and he rather fancies his mother is actuated by a desire to provide herself with a pleasant companion during his absence. He does not do it quite so well as Mrs Pennington—men seldom can; and then, his heart is so nearly concerned. However, he is fairly successful.

Gracie thanks them both—I think she is touched by their kindness—but she looks at her uncle beseechingly, as if asking his permission to refuse the invitation.

But Clarence realises all that Gracie is desirous

of refusing; once let her appear as a guest at Pennington Court, and she will have little to fear in the way of cold looks from other quarters. Ultimately a compromise is effected. Gracie is to go up to London with her uncle, and at the end of a fortnight she is to spend a few days at Pennington Court.

I smile to myself as this arrangement is entered into. It does not require a very prophetic eye to see that, doleful as Gracie's plight at the present moment is, her future prospects need not be dismal.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

"ALL OF THIS IS MINE AND THINE."

TWO years have passed away since Clarence left St. Leger Minor—years that have been full of weariness to me. I have remained at home all the time. Had I consulted my own wishes only, I should have endeavoured to obtain a situation of some sort, but my step-mother was strongly opposed to my doing so.

"Because I stretched a point and permitted you to go on a long visit to Gracie Ogilvy, you seem to imagine that henceforth you ought to be allowed to strike out a bold course for yourself. Really, Olga, you might think of your sisters a little. You know very well how soon a family loses caste when any of the girls attempt to earn their own living."

So I have settled down to fancy-work and afternoon tea; but "my life is full of weary days."

I think my step-mother must have given Jack Bassett her own version of my engagement to Clarence, for there was a brightness in Jack's eye and a hopefulness in his tone when first I returned home, that seriously alarmed me. So I seized an early opportunity of telling him exactly how matters stood between Clarence and myself. As soon as I had taken him into my confidence, his manner towards me underwent a marked change; whether his feelings did or not I cannot say, but from the moment he knew that I earnestly loved another man, he ceased to be my lover, and became my friend. This is a great comfort to me. In a certain sense I am lonely at home, so that I am very glad to have someone to whom I can speak unreservedly of that which lies nearest to my heart. For my engagement has become a tabooed subject with my step-mother and sisters. Warmly as they had congratulated me when I became engaged to the squire of St. Leger Minor, they did not hesitate to advise me to cast off Clarence as soon as they heard that the estate had passed out of his possession. At first I tried hard to bring them round to my way of thinking. During this period Clarence used to visit me occasionally, but my family received him so coldly that his visits gave me more pain than pleasure, while, although he was too proud to complain even to me, I felt convinced that they afforded him no satisfaction; so after a time they were discontinued by mutual consent.

"I cannot understand how a man of honour, such as you say this Mr. Fane is, can keep a girl to a promise made under such very different circumstances. But some men are so selfish: they think only of themselves. And as often as not, when a girl has wasted all the best years of her life waiting for a man, she is thrown over at last," my step-mother is constantly saying.

I smile at the bare idea of being thrown over by Clarence; but it is uselsss to argue with my step-mother: she either cannot, or will not, understand. So I take refuge in silence, and extract as much happiness as I can from writing long letters to Clarence, and receiving equally lengthy ones in reply.

Occasionally I go up to London, and spend the day with Clarence and Gracie. These, however, are treats which occur only at long intervals, as I cannot afford to spend much money in railway tickets, and my step-mother would be scandalised if I did not travel first-class.

Gracie spends a great deal of her time at the Court, but although she has now been formally engaged to Alfred Pennington for some months, she continues to make her real home with her uncle. Gracie's painful experience has not changed her character entirely, but it has toned down many of her faults, and established a degree of confidence between the uncle and niece which at one time I should have deemed impossible.

Clarence holds his secretaryship still; he has also embarked upon journalistic work, and has managed to get quite a nice little literary connection together. It is, however, up-hill work, especially as he has Gracie to provide for; and I know that it is because his income continues so small, and not because he is desirous of throwing me over—as my step-mother is so fond of hinting—that he does not urge me to become his wife.

I have taken great interest in domestic matters lately. I can make my own dresses, trim my bonnets, and I have no cause to be ashamed of my pastry or preserves. It is so necessary that I should know how to do these things, since I am to be a poor man's wife.

Gracie is staying at Pennington Court, but has come up to her uncle for a day or two to do some shopping, when a cheap excursion to London induces me to visit Clarence.

Gracie has great news for me: she is to be married in three months' time. She seems to expect me to be very much taken by surprise, but on what grounds I should be puzzled to say, as for some time now I have been wondering when the wedding would come off. However, Gracie is in a great state of excitement.

She has been shopping hard for the last two days, and her small bedroom will hardly hold all her purchases. She shows me article after article with almost childish delight.

"Very pretty; very pretty indeed!" I keep repeating, while I cannot help wondering where all the money for these extensive purchases has come from. I suppose it must be Mrs. Pennington who is supplying Gracie in this liberal manner, for Clarence certainly cannot afford to do so. However, I do not like to ask any questions, for fear they should embarrass Gracie. Were I in Gracie's place, I would rather be married in a print dress than have the most elegant trousseau

imaginable purchased for me by my future husband's relatives. Still, different people have different ideas, and Gracie certainly does not seem to feel any delicacy in accepting so much. In fact, I think she is thoroughly happy. Of course she is not infatuated with Alfred Pennington, as she once was with Lincoln Anstice, but Alfred is very, very fond of her, while she is grateful to him, and loves him in a quiet sort of way.

But although I do not like to question Gracie about how she got the money for her trousseau, I have no hesitation in asking her if the wedding is to take place from the Court. It is not that I have any doubt about the matter, but rather to show a friendly interest in the coming event, that I make this inquiry.

To my utter astonishment, Gracie blushes painfully, and looks the picture of distress, as she murmurs something about "not quite knowing yet." To me her conduct is quite inexplicable. She seems calmly indifferent to the source from which she obtains the means to purchase her trousseau, while she is covered with confusion by the bare suggestion of the wedding taking place from the bridegroom's house. Well, I will ask no more questions.

Clarence is in excellent spirits. I think he must be pleased about this approaching marriage. Yet, Gracie's departure will leave him very lonely.

I venture to hint at this as he accompanies me to the station.

"Yes, Olga, I shall feel lonely—that is, if I *am* left alone."

I look up at him inquiringly; his manner is insinuating.

"The fact is, Olga, I feel that I cannot continue to live this kind of life any longer. You know what my position is. Would you be afraid to venture?"

"When you say 'Come,' Clarence, I will come, without a misgiving."

"Then, Olga, I do say come—come at once. I should like our wedding to take place before Gracie's. Could you be ready in six weeks' time?"

My step-mother and sisters are simply petrified with horror at my imprudence. Marry a man whose salary is only one hundred and fifty per annum? Why, I must be going out of my mind to think of such a thing. But Clarence has said "Come," and nothing anyone else can add will deter me from obeying him.

After a time my step-mother begins to realise this, and she at length consents, although very reluctantly, to allow the wedding to take place from her home. This is a great relief to me. I always think that when a girl has a home she should certainly be married from it.

I do not get much in the way of a trousseau—Clarence urges me so persistently not to make extensive purchases. However, I do indulge in one really pretty costume: a soft delicate grey, in which I am to be married. Nor do we get our home together. We *are* going to have one—a tiny house all to ourselves; but Clarence says we had better wait until after we return from our honeymoon, so that we can set about furnishing it together.

The wedding is a very quiet affair. My step-mother says that when a girl is throwing herself away as I am doing, it would be simply ridiculous to draw people's attention to it by making a fuss. I certainly do not desire anything that could reasonably be described as "a fuss," but I do most heartily wish my family would treat Clarence more courteously. After all, he is sharing everything he has with me, however little that may be. Not but what he receives their cold looks and formal greetings calmly enough; in fact, I cannot help fancying that he looks a little amused now and again, especially when my step-mother, with very questionable taste, makes a commonplace remark about poverty, love, and the window.

Clarence seems to have rather extravagant ideas about our trip. At first he was most anxious to take me to Switzerland, a country I have long wished to visit; but I was very firm about it. I told him plainly that I would really not allow him to ruin himself on my account.

So we go to a smiling little watering-place in Devonshire. But even here I find it a difficult matter to keep Clarence within bounds. He wants to go everywhere and see everything, and has very little idea of how to set about doing so economically.

"It is the first holiday I have had for two years, remember," he pleads, whenever I attempt to take him to task.

He carries out his extravagance consistently to the very end.

"What dress are you going to travel up in?" he asks.

"My dark blue serge," I answer promptly.

"Why don't you wear that pretty silver-grey you were married in, Olga? I like you in that."

"I hope you like me in all my dresses, sir."

"Think of all the hours I shall have to sit opposite to you, and wear something I like to look at."

My wedding dress! The dress that is to be my Sunday best all the summer! Travelling would soil it so; it would never look fit to wear again," I urge.

Clarence says no more, but I fancy he is disappointed. After all, I would twenty times rather wear a soiled dress all the summer than vex my husband, so I don the grey costume and stand before him to be admired.

"Do I look nice, Clarence?"

"Very, Olga.

"Will you really get it soiled?" he asks presently.

"Perhaps not, if I am careful. I must sit away from the window."

Soon after Clarence comes in with an elegant dust-cloak, which he has been out to buy for me.

"You will not need to sit away from the window now," he says, smiling.

I thank him for the cloak with tears in my eyes. I am very pleased with it, for it is one of the prettiest I have seen; but oh! what a lot of money it must have cost—almost as much as the dress which it is to protect.

And then, when we get to the station I find Clarence has taken first-class tickets.

"I thought you would be less likely to soil your things," he explains, when I express my surprise.

I had no idea Clarence was naturally so extravagant, or that his ideas on the subject of economy were so impracticable. What rigid self-denial he must have practised for the last two years!

Our journey to London will be a very tiring one, I fear, for our route lies through the junction at St. Leger Major, and Clarence wants to turn off there, and pay a flying visit to St. Leger Minor. He has some business to transact which must be attended to in person. He is rather mysterious about this business, but is evidently very anxious to see it through, so that although I rather dread the fatigue of the double journey, I would not for the world offer any opposition to it.

Visiting St. Leger Minor must inevitably awaken painful memories in Clarence's mind, and I am therefore rather fearful for him. However, he seems in excellent spirits during the journey. Two or three times he alludes to my objection to wearing the grey costume, and calls me his thrifty little wife; then he asks me if I know how to attend to various little domestic matters, speaking always with a smile on his face.

When we arrive at St. Leger Minor, the railway officials recognise us at once, and accord us a hearty welcome. They address me as "ma'am" without a moment's hesitation, although I am rather puzzled as to how they are so certain of my matronly dignity. I feel that it is very nice of them to be so civil to us; they could not be more deferential if Clarence and I were really the squire and his lady.

Outside the station quite a crowd is collected: in fact, it seems to me that all St. Leger Minor is assembled, as I recognise first one familiar face, and then another.

A big cheer greets us as we appear among them; while there, standing just before us, is the Manor House carriage.

As I am wondering what it can all mean, a little girl advances, and presents me with a bouquet. I recognise her as one of a class of Sunday scholars that I used to teach, while a second glance assures me of the presence of the other members of the class.

Trembling violently, I turn to my husband. He covers the hand that is resting on his arm with his own.

"Olga, Olga, courage!" he whispers. "I see now that I ought to have prepared you for this."

"What is it, Clarence? I can't understand it all."

"They are welcoming home the squire and his bride."

I look about me in a dazed kind of way, and murmur, "Richard Fane—I don't see Richard Fane."

"Not Richard, but Clarence Fane: Clarence Fane and his dear wife," my husband replies.

We get into the carriage that is waiting for us. My husband holds my hand fast in his, and looks long and anxiously into my face.

"Clarence, where is Richard?" I whisper.

"Olga, he died six months ago: died without a will, so that I succeed to the estate."

"How came he to die?" I ask confusedly.

"Intemperance was, I fear, the primary cause."

"Poor Richard!" I murmur.

And my husband echoes, "Poor Richard!"

* * * * * *

Again we are standing together on the terrace: the same terrace on which we stood side by side two years ago.

What changes have taken place! Then we deplored Eleanor Cathcart's blighted hopes; now we rejoice that she is the proud and happy wife of the Dean of Allchester. Then we were startled by poor Gracie's sad return; now we are looking forward to her wedding, which is to take place in a fortnight's time from the Manor House. Then Clarence looked out upon his fair domain for the last time, as he believed; now he knows that it belongs to him and his heirs for ever.

We both felt sad enough that last evening. Yet, how much less suffering did the temporary loss of the estate occasion us than did its acquisition cause poor Richard Fane!

And thinking thus, my face grows grave. How strange it is that our deepest joy is ever tinged with a little sadness! I had looked forward to sharing poverty with Clarence, to making the best of straitened circumstances; now I half regret that no such opportunity for self-sacrifice will present itself. To sacrifice oneself for love's dear sake is so sweet a dream. I am not in love with poverty as I have experienced it—few people are—but an ideal state of poverty is not void of attractiveness for me.

I have kept silence about my disappointment; I would fain hide it altogether if I could, but already Clarence has divined it.

"Olga, what is it?"

Shall I not speak out plainly that which is in my mind, for are we not one?

Clarence listens gently, with a grave tender smile.

"You would have helped me to struggle against poverty, Olga," he says; "will you not help me in the harder task of spending my wealth wisely?"

Then I put my hand into his, and look up fearlessly into his face. "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part," I answer.

THE END.

THE TEACHING OF COOKERY IN BOARD SCHOOLS.

WHAT an easy thing cooking does seem—before you try it! In happy confidence you start out gaily with an attempt to make some dainty French trifle—all sugar and eggs. Mother and cook smile, and say you are beginning at the wrong end, but in the cookery book it looks such a simple little affair, you feel quite capable of making it in spite of them. Hence you are considerably pained and astonished when, instead of your airy nothing, a black, shrivelled-up, funny little object appears, uncanny to look upon, and fearful to taste. Then, while brothers jeer and inquire if that last "sponge-cake" you made was a specimen of best concrete, you begin to realise that cooking is an art after all, and must be studied from simple beginnings.

A STRUGGLE WITH A PUDDING.

After several woeful experiences similar to the above, I discovered that cooking is not only one of the arts, but that it is the very greatest of all, which is the reason why women have to study it. This was borne in upon me through witnessing the effects produced by my early efforts upon the tempers of the family, particularly as regards its male members. Among other wise reflections consequent upon this grand discovery, it struck me what a splendid thing it would be to teach the women and girls of the working classes how to cook properly. It would work a revolution, and produce greater effects than the Salvation Army has done, or even the eloquence of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. But it was somewhat mortifying to find that I was by no means the first to project such a scheme; many others had forestalled me. In fact, the London School Board has been so much before its time as to have instituted an excellent system of instruction in cookery in the girls' schools under its control, some fifteen years ago.

I was much attracted by this scheme, and felt I must see it in working. So for this purpose I visited one of the schools in the West Lambeth division of London.

The Board has done the thing thoroughly, I am bound to confess. All the arrangements made are simple, yet very complete. The cooking-school, I found, is in a building detached from the main body of the school, specially provided for the purpose. Everything within the room is scrupulously neat and clean, you might eat with perfect safety off the boards: at least, before the children arrive on the scene with their dirty boots. The teacher stands behind a demonstration counter, facing the girls. A stepped gallery, with desks, is provided for the class, so that everyone can see if they choose. As far as possible all the cooking operations are carried on with the aid of a gas-stove placed in the middle of the counter. There is, however, a kitchen range also provided, which can be resorted to if necessary. On one side of the room, between the desks and the counter, is a black-board, on which, before the lesson commences, are carefully written all the ingredients of the different articles to be cooked during the lesson.

The Board has decreed that no girls shall be taught cooking who are under the age of ten, and these only when they are in Standard IV. and upwards. But, with all due respect to the Board, I don't think even little girls of ten derive much benefit from the instruction. They pay very little attention to the mistress, however good she may be, and it looks as if a large part of the energy she devotes to her work were wasted. Should her eye be turned from them for an instant, her pupils seize the opportunity to hold earnest

conversations together, though not, I should fancy, on cookery. Pulling one another's hair, thrusting their elbows into each other's ribs, and scribbling remarks and notes on the desks and on scraps of paper, seem to be occupations of infinitely greater interest to them than their legitimate subject of study. They have, besides, one very distressing peculiarity: that of answering all at once a question addressed to one alone. In reply to a simple question, one child gave a very comical answer. The question ran—When you lay tough meat into vinegar, what does it make it? Of course what the teacher wanted to elicit was that it would make the meat tender. But the answer she got was—"Mutton." A forest of hands went up in response to every question, but frequently when the owner of one of those most vigorously shaken was personally addressed she looked blank. The hand-raising was merely a matter of form.

After the teacher had gone carefully through all the items set for the day's lesson, the children came down to the counter to try their hand at producing the same articles and dishes themselves. Much of the food cooked serves for the dinners of the teachers in the big school. Hence the mistress must keep a sharp look-out over her small pupils' proceedings, or the consequences would be disastrous.

I can't say I think the position of teacher of cookery in a Board School is one to be coveted. Not only must a candidate be a properly certificated cook, but she must also be able to market economically, and keep correct accounts; all this without speaking of the numerous qualities required of her as a teacher. The virtues of a good cook, a good housekeeper, and a good teacher seem rather cheap at the price even of a first-class teacher's salary, which ranges between £80 and £100 a year.

In addition to the instruction in cookery which now forms part of the ordinary Board School course, evening classes are held once a week for the benefit of older girls who have left school. The time allotted to this class is not so long as that to the day classes, but it is sufficient to allow the girls to do some practical work. Besides, there is much less time wasted than with the younger children, the girls requiring a smaller amount of watchfulness on the part of the teacher. They are attentive and intelligent, and naturally their mistress feels the difference. In consequence, the tuition of this class is the part of her work she likes best, although it comes at the end of a long day's work, when both head and voice are weary.

It is a pretty sight to watch these big girls at their cooking. They take a lively interest in what they are doing, and, for the most part, set about it in an active workman-like manner. Occasionally a damsel is to be seen shaking her fingers delicately, and puckering up her mouth over her task, generally when it involves the handling of something greasy. But on the whole she is an exception. Buzzing round their teacher, the girls ask eager questions, and catch with wonderful quickness at all her hints and suggestions. They take delight in their own prowess, and gleefully relate all their experiments at home: their successes and failures. If, too, by any chance one of them can show the teacher how to make some little thing she didn't

THEORY.

PRACTICE.

know before, what a triumph! It makes the fortunate one feel quite an inch taller, and oh! so much more important than her companions. The girls are allowed to buy the articles they have cooked themselves, and take them home as trophies. This is a practice at once gratifying to their pride and economical for the Board. There is one slight drawback to this class. Time does not permit the girls to do any cleaning and scrubbing. This makes them less careful and economical in their use of utensils than they otherwise would be, as the kitchen-maid who cleans up after them knows to her cost.

My experiences in the Board's cooking-school convinced me completely of the excellence of the scheme. The style of cooking taught is plain and economical, and eminently useful. But I felt very sore on one point. These girls of the working classes seemed to me to have advantages which we of the middle class have not, but which we decidedly ought to have. Is it not as important and necessary for us as for them to know how to cook well and economically?

THE GARDEN IN MAY.

SOME time during the month of May our English flower-beds suddenly put on their summer dress. In some cases—more particularly in those that are rigid examples of the bedding-out system—the change is so startling as to give to the hitherto black and deserted beds a sort of "bank holiday" attire in the shape of one unvarying blaze of scarlet geranium.

It may be well, therefore, in this bedding-out month to say something more particularly with reference to a few of the popular bedding-out plants. The spring of the year can hardly as yet be said to have left us; the summer is before us; and some of our enthusiastic young gardeners are probably burning with a great desire to try a few experiments at a time of year when almost anything will grow if, as is vulgarly said, we merely "stick it in the ground."

Let us, then, commence with the calceolaria:—generally speaking, this being one of the hardiest of our stock of cuttings that we have been protecting during the winter, we begin our first bedding-out morning with this pretty and variously tinted flower. It is right, then, that we should speak of it first. The singular shape of the flower now so familiar to us—that, namely, of a slipper (*calceolus*)—of course gives us very naturally the name *calceolaria*, by which we know it. Now, as it is about the middle of August that we take our stock of *cuttings*, such as calceolaria, geranium, &c., so also is this same month perhaps one of the best in which to raise the calceolaria from seed. It will, however, be readily seen that if we have by us any good supply of seed, it could as easily be raised in this present month of May. Calceolaria seed is very small, and some recommend that the seed-pods should be carefully taken off when they are turning yellow, and should then be laid out to dry thoroughly, but so that the wind does not blow them about. Sow in the usual well-drained pan, but not too thickly, in ordinary green-house compost, taking care to use, however, plenty of silver sand on the surface. If you sow in the early spring, have a hand-glass over your pan, and place it either in the greenhouse or in a garden frame. If, however, you sow in August, your pan, covered with a glass, could stand in any thoroughly shaded part of your garden. And bear in mind that August is a hot month, and that the seed, once sown.

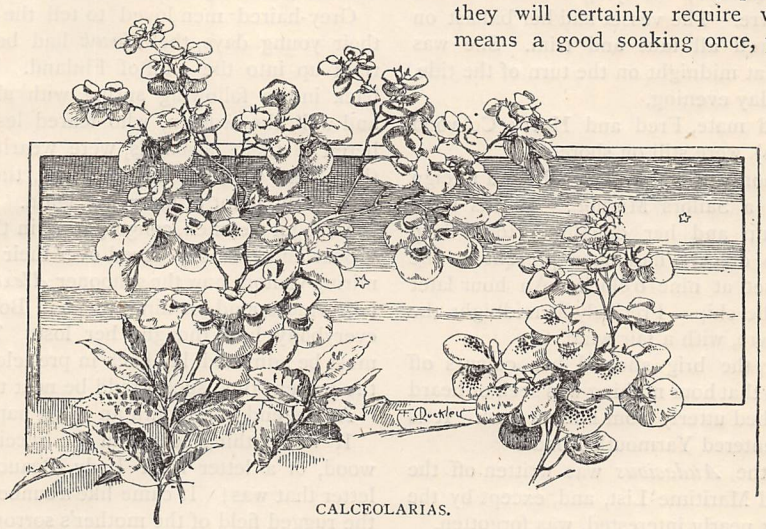
should never be allowed to get dry; nor, in fact, should your pan stand at all in the sun. As soon as your little seedlings have grown large enough to handle, prick them out again into another pan, some inch or two apart; and here again they can grow until they begin to show signs that they are in the way of each other, when they should be potted into "sixty-sized" pots, and placed in a pit or frame. Then they will for a while require a little watching, as they must not be kept either too moist or too dry. As the green-fly is somewhat partial to the calceolaria, some tobacco fumigation may perhaps be necessary. And on the principle that prevention is better than cure, it is well, perhaps, to give one or two slight fumigations to prevent or to check the appearance of green-fly rather than to give one very dense and powerful fumigation because you have discovered the actual presence of the fly. An unusually strong fumigation might perhaps kill some of your plants altogether. And then as to the protection of the calceolaria during the winter: it is well to know that though it could not live out in the open garden—least of all through such a winter as that of 1890-91—yet it will never require any artificial heat. This is a great convenience to those of us who have only limited greenhouse space at their disposal, but it will nevertheless be found that many crowd out their greenhouse room at Michaelmas with their hardy calceolaria cuttings and young plants, which will flourish equally well through the winter if merely planted out under the protection of an old cucumber-frame. In this case, should a very hard frost set in, such as that experienced but a few months ago, throw some matting or other light protection over the frame itself. It will hardly be necessary here to name many varieties of the calceolaria, their varied shades of yellow being perhaps sufficiently familiar to us; but as a bedding-out plant the calceolaria is invaluable, affording as it does such a striking contrast to the brilliant scarlet of the geranium by its side. It is, however, by no means effective to have one whole bed entirely devoted to the calceolaria. Yet, if it be not too late in the season to speak of it, we should once again advert to the importance of hardening off before bedding out. As a rule, however, we do not begin bedding out until the second—or, in colder parts of England, the third—week of May has passed. If then, for example, we intend soon to begin upon the calceolarias at present standing in our cucumber-frame (given, of course, as a mere protection, and without any bed being made up), these can readily be hardened by the entire removal of the glass during the day and leaving it open a little way at night—always provided, however, that the weather is not unseasonable, and that there are no unusual May frosts about.

WAGING WAR ON THE GREEN-FLY.

Pansies should be now blooming freely this month; but they will want water, and are impatient of any prolonged hot sun, under which they would certainly wither. And by the time that your bedding-out is completed, you ought to have a few annuals that you have slightly forced on in your greenhouse ready to take from their pots or to "plunge" as a first bloom exhibition. The seed of annuals sown in the open flower-beds in the second or third week of March will hardly be blooming so early as the second week of May.

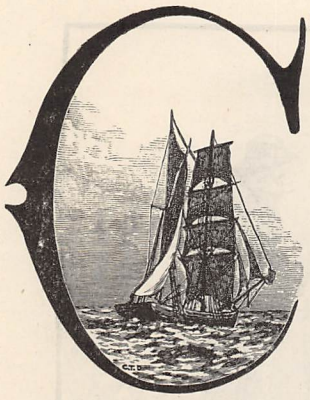
And in this month the fruit garden will again be claiming a little attention. It is generally about this time that we begin to grow anxious as to whether or not we are to have a visitation of the gooseberry caterpillar. One remedy against this unhappy pest is certainly a remarkable one, but it has been tried with good effect. It is as follows:—Spread some tar on some good coarse paper, and place it all round on the ground underneath the tree affected. Then give a gentle, steady, but very decided, shake to the tree: numbers of caterpillars at once, of course, fall on to the tar, and are soon speedily dead. This is certainly a quicker method than

picking them off by hand, and is decidedly effectual, as they cannot crawl away. The idea was no doubt suggested by the ordinary "fly-papers" that we sometimes have recourse to in the summer. Another remedy suggested is to burn rubbish near the gooseberry and currant bushes, so as to allow the smoke to find its way amongst the trees by having the fire on the windward side; but this is often impossible at this time of the year, when every corner of our fruit and vegetable garden is filled. The strawberry beds by the time that May is advancing will want some attention. In a really prolonged dry season they will certainly require watering: and this means a good soaking once, perhaps, in four or five days. Everyone must have noticed that in a real drought we get no fine strawberries; while, on the other hand, excessive and continuous rain is equally disastrous to their well-being if it falls just as they are ripening.



CALCEOLARIAS.

TRACKED: A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.*



CLAIRVOYANCE is too often looked upon as being a peculiarly daring phase of imposture, with which the art of the begging-letter writer compares favourably. Authors of manuals on conjuring furnish their readers with elaborate instructions how they may best produce the various phenomena that are grouped under the head of Clairvoyance. As these details of information consist chiefly of how eyeholes may be arranged, and catch-words made to serve for stage cues, I am not concerned with them. Such manifestations of what is professedly an occult art are only deceitful displays of degraded powers.

Clairvoyance is a reality. Now and again the practical hypnotist, in the exercise of his avocation, will meet with it. It may be that a thousand hypnotic subjects will only furnish one lucid somnambulist. Consequently, while that one may be sufficient for the purposes of the operator, the sceptical world, which is condemned to kick its heels outside the scene of mysterious operations, refuses to believe in the reality of the phenomena which are produced. Not many persons have witnessed these.

It has been my privilege, or my misfortune, not only to see, but also to conduct certain clairvoyant experiments of an astonishing nature. Several of these I have described in the columns of the weekly and daily press.

The most extraordinary of them all I will now proceed to relate.

Let me premise that I had, at the time of which I write, a servant who was one of the most wonderful clairvoyantes I have ever met with. A single word would, at any time, suffice to throw her into a state of hypnosis. From this she would pass, almost immediately, into the stage of somnambulism which nearly approaches to ecstasy. When in this condition her mind seemed to be utterly untrammelled by the limits of either time or space. The girl, when she was in her

* The narrator is alone responsible for the facts contained in this communication.—Ed. *C. M.*

normal condition, was not conscious of the fact that she was clairvoyant.

It was the middle of February, 1885. The brig *Audacious*, of Northwood, was lying at anchor in the French port of Havre. The vessel had her ballast on board, and appeared all taut and trim. She was waiting to run out, at midnight on the turn of the tide. The time was Sunday evening.

The captain and mate, Fred and Harry Colwood (they were brothers), were still on shore.

Havre, in common with many English and foreign seaports, possesses a Sailors' Mission. In this work a Lady Beauchamp and her daughters took deep interest. The two officers had been present at the service, which closed at nine o'clock. An hour later they returned to the ship. Precisely at midnight the *Audacious* left Havre, with a fair wind.

Two days later the brig showed her colours off Aldeburgh. From that hour nothing was seen or heard of her. She vanished utterly from human ken. It is certain she never entered Yarmouth Roads.

In due course the *Audacious* was written off the Northwood Mutual Maritime List, and, except by the few who were most nearly interested, was forgotten.

I had known Fred Colwood from his infancy. His aged father and mother sat weekly under my teaching in the little old-fashioned chapel at Northwood. I had been present when the good homely old mother had wept over her son, and had placed the Bible in his sea-chest, on the memorable occasion of his "going foreign" for the first time. When Fred had successively taken his certificates as first mate and as captain, no one could have rejoiced more heartily and unaffectedly than I had done, unless it were his mother. Not the least of my simple ministerial pleasures had been to unite him in marriage to Bessie Ambrose, the rustic belle of our fishing village.

Nearly a month had elapsed before the anxiety respecting the *Audacious* approached the acute stage. We were a patient, slowly-moving people, who had been taught many lessons in long-suffering.

Grey-haired men loved to tell the story of how, in their young days, the *Hawk* had been blown away right up into the Gulf of Finland. When she came back in the following spring, with all her crew safe and well, the women, who feared lest they had been bereft of their husbands, were wearing black: all of them, that was, but one, and she, the heartless jade, was on the point of marrying again.

Younger seamen, congregating in the parlour of the "Bear and Beacon," loved over their pipes to tell admiring visitors how the schooner *Alexander Adam* had lain wind-bound for nine weeks in Boston Deeps, and everybody had thought her lost. These events, it must be admitted, lay back in pre-telegraph days. At the present time such would be next to impossible.

At the end of a month an event happened.

It was nothing less than the receipt, by Mrs. Colwood, of a letter from Lady Beauchamp. What a letter that was! It came like a sunbeam falling across the rugged field of the mother's sorrow, and conveying sweetest comfort. It was from a woman who knew how to write with unobtrusive sympathy, to a distressed sister. It told the broken-hearted one of the presence on that last Sabbath evening of the two young sailors at the Havre Mission, and of the evident interest which they had taken in the simple service.

That communication has ever since lain hidden in the village woman's breast. If Lady Beauchamp had never done anything for others except to write that letter, she would not have lived in vain.

The uncertainty as to the fate of the *Audacious* troubled me. I lost appetite—an unusual thing with me—and was unable to settle down to work. When

"GREY-HAIRED MEN LOVED TO TELL THE STORY."

ever I endeavoured to comfort mourners—and such were plenty in Northwood—the words which I would have spoken stuck in my throat.

What had become of the brig and its crew?

I was sitting, reading, in my study on an evening in early April. My wife was present sewing. The boys had gone to bed.

The servant entered. What prompted me I am unable to say, but it was an irresistible impulse. I waved my hand gently towards the Abigail, who immediately sank back into a chair. She had fallen asleep. A few passes, made in the usual manner, sufficed to throw the girl into a somnambulic condition.

How shall what followed be best described?

The narrative will be unquestionably denounced as an utterly unreliable romance. It will be accepted as a positive proof that the writer is wholly destitute of the critical faculty. Nay, more: not a few will from henceforth conclude that I am *facile princeps* in the reprehensible art of lying. These things cannot be helped. Facts are given exactly as they occurred. The causes which underlie the phenomena disturb my philosophy and elude my search. My brethren, many of whom ungenerously hint that I am a willing ally of the Prince of Darkness, may assist me somewhat. I am, I trust, not past praying for.

Turning to the girl, I asked if she were asleep. She replied, "I am."

The next step was a command, backed by all possible force of my will, that she should so annihilate the restraining influences of Time as to cause it to be to her, at that moment, the third Tuesday in February.

This occasioned many convulsive spasms, coupled with considerable twitching of the facial muscles. In the end Science triumphed, and in a minute the sleeper announced that it was so.

"What is the day of the month?" I inquired.

Quick as thought the reply came. "It is Tuesday, February 17th."

A glance at any almanack for that year will show that the answer was correct.

Somnambulists do nothing, whether important or trivial, instantaneously. Time, however brief, is needed for the performance of every act, as well as for the conception of each thought. All things are effected by direct action of the mind. As the subject yields to the will of the operator, certain spasmodic movements indicate a condition nearly approaching to trance, while the compressed lips and puckered brow bespeak intense concentration of thought.

Time had been conquered. It was as though it had not been.

There remained Space.

In order to accomplish my purpose it was essential that I should transport the maid-servant from Northwood to Aldeburgh, a distance of fully one hundred and fifty miles. This was not to be a bodily transportation, but a mental one. The corporeality was to remain sitting in my easy-chair, while the girl herself wandered freely through space. I was planning to stand face to face with a soulless body.

I succeeded in this purpose also.

Under the combined influences of will and of suggestion, the girl was conveyed by train to London. A cab bore her to Liverpool Street, whence another train hurried her away to the pleasant little Suffolk watering-place.

All this occupied about five minutes—not more.

Further questions elicited such a graphic description of the red-tiled houses, standing back from the sea, of the pebbly beach, and of Orfordness, that I am persuaded the clairvoyante must have seen all, as if in some panorama. Yet she had never visited the Eastern counties.

The true difficulty began here. How should the *Audacious* be found?

Clearly only by the girl waiting upon the beach until the vessel hove in sight, and then joining it. This would scarcely be more difficult than the events which had preceded.

It was not long—in reality not quite half a minute—before she gave me the welcome intelligence that the brig was in sight. Here occurred a slight pause; then she continued, "I am on board."

Let me attempt to describe what followed in the person of the clairvoyante as nearly as may be in her own words.

"I am on board the *Audacious*. Captain Colwood is at the wheel; it is very cold, and both he and his brother Harry are wearing blue guernseys and sea-boots. I see three men, whom I do not know, and little Sammy Stephenson has just gone down the companion-way.

"The men are now bending on the flags, to signal the name of the vessel to the coastguards. The signal is seen, and Fred says, 'That is right. Now they will be satisfied at home. I will write from Yarmouth.'

"It is growing colder; the wind is going down with the sun; a thick mist creeps up; it is foggy and dreary. The waves lap against the bows; it will be a nasty night. We are nearing Southwold.

"The captain is anxious. He is talking to his brother; he says the brig drifts a little to leeward. What is that noise? It is too loud for the cry of the gulls, and it does not come from the shore. The men are talking; three of them are gazing anxiously astern. They say it is a steamer, and that we are lying directly in her track.

"Will she see us? Surely, yes.

"The captain hears her. He is porting the helm; but there is no wind, the sails refuse to draw, the brig continues to drift. That is all.

"Now the men are shouting, and the boy blows the horn. They are endeavouring to make themselves heard on board the steamer. Will they succeed?

"Evidently we are in danger; but of what? I cannot tell yet. We shall soon know.

"The steamer approaches. She looms up like a great mountain through the mist; the swish of the screw is distinctly audible.

"Help me! I am frightened. I am too young to die. Captain Colwood says she will run us down. All are alarmed; there is nothing but confusion on board. What shall we do? They do not hear us on board the

"A FEW PASSES, MADE IN THE USUAL WAY, SUFFICED" (*p.* 371).

steamer, for she has not altered her course by a hair's-breadth. Is there no one on board her? Surely they do not intend to murder us in cold blood!"

The clairvoyante here almost sprang from her chair. Her cheek was blanched. Her whole attitude was expressive of alarm.

A slight pressure of the hand, and a kind firmly spoken word, tranquillised her. She resumed—

"The vessel is upon us. She strikes. The two ships grind together; the spars twist and twine. Oh, what a crash! The steamer is backing; she parts from us. Ah! what an awful collision! We are cut down from the quarter to below the water-line. A yawl might sail through the chasm. We are doomed to destruction.

"The captain speaks. He tells the crew that there is no time to launch the boats. They must jump for their lives. He is going to stand by the brig until the last.

"The men are in the water. They are unable to swim. Fear and cold have benumbed and paralysed them.

"The steamer is almost out of sight. Those on board of her have left us to die. They are guilty of murder.

"The men have disappeared from view. No. I see them: down, down below the black water. Harry Colwood has the boy Stephenson in his arms. I am looking upon the faces of the dead.

"The captain and I are left. The *Audacious* is settling down by the stern. Only her deck is above water. She reels. She is sinking stern-foremost. We are waist-deep in the water. Fred Colwood is muttering something — his prayers — No! He says, 'Bessie——'"

Here the sleeper once more sprang from her seat, crying piteously, "Help! I am drowning. Save me—do!"

The demands of Science are inexorable. Heart must not be permitted to triumph over brain. Quietly, but firmly, I compelled the maiden to be seated, and bade her continue. She went on—

"I am alone in the sea. I can see no one. The captain must be drowned."

This was sufficient. The fate of the *Audacious* and her crew had been strangely revealed by means of this occult art.

The vessel, like too many others, had been run down by a passing steamer, which, because merchants look on time as being of greater value than life, had inhumanely left its wretched victims to perish.

Who was the destroyer?

This was not difficult to discover.

Almost immediately the clairvoyante was placed upon the runaway's deck, and her detective commission was made clear to her.

With an air of mysterious excitement, the pythoness (was she not this?) re-commenced—

"I am on board a steamer. This is the first time I

have been in such a place. How did I come here? What a wonderful ship it is! larger than the whole of our village.

"The crew are mustered on deck. There are forty of them—men and boys. The officers are present; all are talking together, it is quite a Babel, for not one-half of them are English. They are blaming the look-out, and say that he was asleep. What does he reply? I am unable to say. He is a foreigner, and his English is so bad that it is impossible to understand him. They are swearing horribly: the officers at the men, and the men at one another.

"The captain commands order.

"Now all is silent, except for the hollow thud of the engines.

"The captain is surely a bad man. Listen! He is offering each man and boy an additional week's pay if only they will swear to maintain absolute silence about the collision.

"They swear; and they will keep the secret of the sea locked in their own breasts.

"It is awful! I am among murderers!

"I shrink from addressing these men. Yet I must do so. A stronger power than my own will compels me to speak to them. I ask the name of the ship.

"The captain answers. He refers me to the mate. That person is rude and boorish. He swears at me, and bids me begone. No gentleman would swear at a woman.

"It is impossible to discover what the ship is or whence she has come. I question the men, but elicit no replies.

"I will search her.

"I am in the hold. The black yawning cavern is filled with barrels. These constitute the bulk of the cargo. They are filled with sugar. Having discovered this, I return to the light of day.

"What strange force impels me? I am dragged by invisible hands to the side of the vessel. They raise me. I am unable to resist; the water is beneath me. I stand upon the waves as upon the solid earth. Above me towers the great square stern; upon it, engraven in golden letters, I plainly see her name. It is—*Alexandria*, New York.

"Once more I return on board. The captain is more calm. As he stands upon the quarter-deck, I approach him. What do I see? The bows of the vessel are stove in, the thick out-standing fore-mast is broken off close. Are the men intending to repair this?

"Now the captain replies to me; but he evidently does so under constraint. He must be compelled by the same mighty force which binds me to do its bidding. He no longer hides the name and destination of his vessel.

"Slowly and distinctly he utters the words. I do not miss one. It is the steamer '*Alexandria*, from Valparaiso to the port of Sunderland—last from Cardiff.'"

Then, with a sigh, the clairvoyante said—

"I am very tired."

Do any doubt the truth of this simple story? They need not do so.

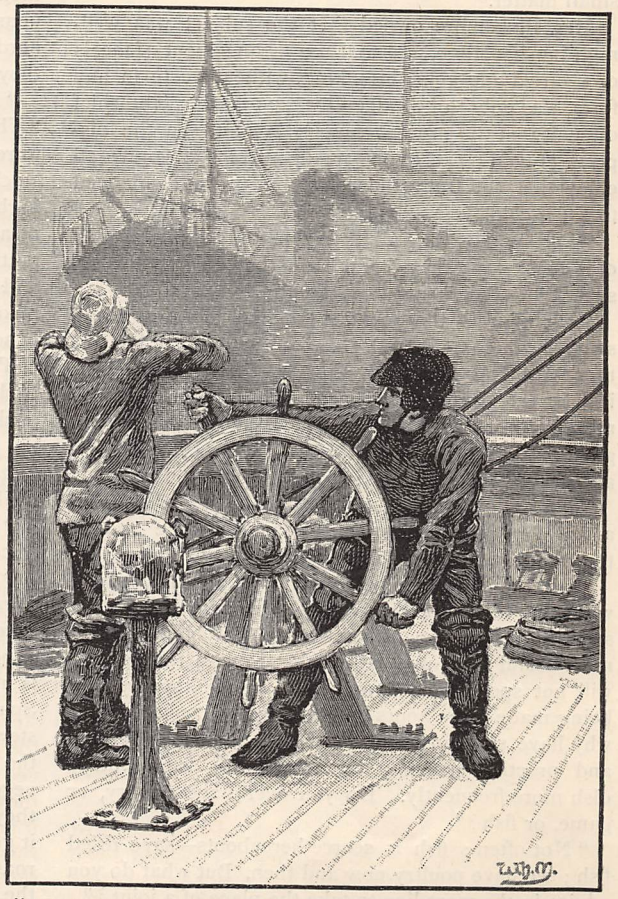
I am aware that the evidence, thus strangely obtained, would be valueless in a court of law. The testimony of my eye-witness would be rejected as the cunning story of an impostor. But, notwithstanding all that may be advanced in opposition, I am persuaded that the *Audacious*, with the bodies of her ill-fated crew, rests off the Southwold coast, and that the steamship *Alexandria* was the guilty vessel which did those men to death. When He, whose hands hold the scales of justice even, shall bring the hidden things of darkness to light, it will be seen that the closed eyes of the young clairvoyante rightly and truly read the crime-laden story of this mystery of the sea.

The sequel remains to be told.

Inquiry elicited the startling information that the *Alexandria*, when she entered the port of Sunderland on the night of February 18th, had her bowsprit snapped off, while her bow-plates were also started. No satisfactory explanation of any accident had been vouchsafed by the captain.

What further corroboration of the truth of my story could be required or given than this?

C. N. BARHAM.



"THE STEAMER LOOMS UP LIKE A GREAT MOUNTAIN THROUGH THE MIST" (*p.* 371).

SOME PLEASANT VARIETIES IN FOOD.

"AND what is the trouble to-day—you look worried; is anything serious the matter?" was the query of Mrs. Blakemore during her call upon an old friend's daughter, Mrs. Tomlin, who, having been married only six months, was always glad to ask for advice, while Mrs. Blakemore was equally ready to give it.

"My trouble," said Mrs. Tomlin, "is nothing more or less than *scraps:* odds and ends of an edible kind, I ought to say. Don't laugh; I know you will help me—you always do. Somehow, try as I will, with four men to cater for, I can't avoid the accumulation. I told you, I think, that my husband's three cousins are up for study, and making their home with us for the present? They all like change of diet, so I provide all sorts of things, with the result that the 'left-overs,' as I call them, are appalling. To an old housekeeper like you, no doubt the disposal of them would be but a small matter."

Mrs. Blakemore owned that the subject was well-nigh inexhaustible, and that the arrangement of meals of a varied and nourishing kind, without waste in any form, was only to be gained by experience. The chief difficulty in the present case seemed to be the disposal of cold meat, as the members of the family all enjoyed a cut from the joint, but were disinclined to eat it cold.

"Fortunately, they all like soup, and would be glad of it every day; that *does* use up the bones, but I get such a lot of fat," said Mrs. Tomlin.

"Well," was the reply, "the first morning I can spare I will come in and give you a practical lesson; there are dozens of nice things I could show you; just for the present jot down a few hints; but you must tax your memory too, for I know you have a good one. By the way, I forget how your meals are arranged. Do you have suppers?"

"No; tea is our last meal. As a rule, 'the boys' are seldom in before seven, and as we dine at one, they want something substantial."

"I see. Then you will be glad of anything which will come in for tea or breakfast, therefore recipes for such things as can be prepared beforehand will be most useful; you understand that I mean dishes that will not spoil—indeed, many are really improved by being made some hours before they are cooked. But why have so many joints? Begin at the beginning, and practise economy by substituting some other dish more frequently. Do you ever have poultry, or game, or fish?"

"Not often; fish is scarce hereabouts—save dried fish; we have poultry now and then. But what do you advise in the meat line to take the place of a joint?"

"First, I would say, acquire the art of braising and stewing—nothing is more economical or tasty; among other things, try liver, hearts, kidneys, ox-tails, or a cow's cheek occasionally, and the remnants of the last-named will, if potted, give an excellent breakfast dish. *Liver* is perhaps nicest if stewed whole in a good gravy made from bones or trimmings; tomatoes or mushrooms added are a great improvement, and the dish should be garnished with sliced lemon and curled bacon. The *kidneys* you can prepare similarly; always wash those from beef in vinegar and water first: it removes the strong taste, and makes them tender; *hearts* you can stuff with a good veal forcemeat; sheep's and calves' are naturally more tender and take less time than a cow's heart."

Mrs. Tomlin was getting interested, and eagerly inquired how long to cook the viands in question.

"From one to two hours for liver, according to quantity and kind; for a couple of pounds allow quite two hours, and the same for a large kidney. Hearts vary most of all; I allow three or four hours for a cow's, but calves' and sheep's hearts are done in half the time. It is a good rule for beginners to weigh them, and give from thirty to forty minutes to the pound, as, being close-grained meats, they are very hard to digest if under-done, but if carefully cooked they are very nutritious."

"Now about the cheek," Mrs. Blakemore went on. "That wants several hours' soaking in salt and water to remove the blood; then, by adding plenty of weak stock for gravy, and a good supply of vegetables and herbs, you *may* get a tureen of soup, and plenty of meat for dinner, with, as I said, some left over for potting. I always cut up the meat into inch squares, and season it well with salt and pepper, powdered mixed herbs, and allspice, and add an equal amount of something of a gelatinous nature, such as a cow's or calf's foot, or some ears and feet from the humble porker—all thoroughly boiled, of course; you must pack it closely into your mould, with a very little of the stock from the feet, then turn it out next day. I forgot to say that it is much better to cut the meat up while warm."

"I'll try that," was the emphatic comment; "and of course those bones will come in again?"

"Just so; put them all on for further cooking. Now I want to remind you that braised steak is another excellent dish, and the kind called 'skirting' is very good, the gravy from it is so rich; a pet dish with us is made from it stewed, with plenty of celery or with Spanish onions; sometimes I use carrots, and for stews generally I grate them—the result repays me for the trouble. Remember, my dear, that plenty of vegetables in a stew serve two purposes—nay, three: they make the dish more appetising, save the meat—it goes farther than when quite plainly served in the roasted or boiled state—and we get all the benefit of the valuable salts which are lost when the vegetables are boiled, and the water thrown away. Good cookery

does not only tickle the palate : its aim is higher than that ; but I won't touch on matters scientific just now, or you'll vote me a bore ; but I'll give you instead a few recipes for the utilisation of your fragments."

"Do, please ; and keep to solids to-day. I'll ask you about some soups another time, because I know you make delicious purées without any meat at all."

"Very well ; here is a *pudding* I tried only yesterday," said Mrs. Blakemore. "Supposing you have half a pound of cold meat—if under-done all the better—pass it through your mincing machine, mix it with two ounces of bread-crumbs and the same weight of cooked rice or macaroni cut small, then beat up an egg, and add it, with a tea-cupful or so of stock mixed with half an ounce of flour."

"That sounds very good, but is there no seasoning?" interrupted Mrs. Tomlin.

"Certainly ; therein lies your scope for variety : plenty of salt and pepper as a matter of course, and, for the rest, some herbs, fried onions, a spoonful or two of celery sauce, or onion sauce if you have some left over ; a few tinned mushrooms or tomatoes, a dash of very nice store sauce, ketchup, or mixed pickles, a spoonful of curry-powder, or—but that will do for the present ; exercise your ingenuity, and note results. For a real *gamey* flavour, though, which will raise your dish quite above the level of the commonplace, put in a spoonful of anchovy essence."

"I never heard of that with meat!" exclaimed Mrs. Tomlin.

"I dare say not : a Frenchwoman told me of it ; whatever else may be said, seasoning is certainly one of the things better managed in France. But to cook this pudding : first grease a cake-tin or basin, coat it with bread-crumbs, and pack in the mixture—it should just come to the top of the tin ; put more crumbs on and a sheet of buttered paper over, then bake it in a moderate oven for an hour, or nearly ; it should turn out brown and firm, and more gravy can be poured round it. Or you can steam it : in that case you must allow rather longer, and don't forget that the water in which you boil your rice and macaroni should never be thrown away : it forms a good foundation for plain white soups (of which, however, more later on), and so does the liquor from boiled haricots.

"To proceed : try a *savoury roll*, made by mixing some cold meat (if fat, all the better ; or you can put in some bits of ham or bacon) with mashed potatoes, about an equal weight of each ; the meat must be minced, and the potatoes are all the nicer if sieved while hot, or if sieving is inconvenient they must be carefully mashed. I have just invested in a handy little article called a potato-masher ; it does for pulping all sorts of other things, and is a wonderful time-saver. But to return to my recipe : if you have, say, a pound each of meat and potatoes, add two eggs, well beaten, an ounce of dissolved butter, with seasoning to taste, a spoonful of chopped parsley, and a little thick gravy ; shape it like a roll pudding, and brown it in a quick oven. I generally reserve a little of the egg for brushing over the top, and I serve plenty of gravy round it, and sometimes put a few little heaps of mixed pickles here and there, heating them first in a little of the gravy. The fact is, my dear Dora, these things want a little trouble in finishing off, but my experience is that the average housekeeper regards a bit of garnish as quite superfluous unless for some expensive dainty.

"Now, with your permission, I will end our talk by introducing you to the simple *menu* of our last night's supper ; you know what a house ours is for surprise parties, and it was bitterly cold, so I treated my guests to a hot meal in the shape of *savoury pancakes*, *haddock soubise*, and *potato fritters*, or, in reality, they were Parmesan fritters, as I added some grated cheese to a mixture which I use for ordinary potato fritters ; indeed, they can be varied in so many ways that if I begin to tell you I shall hardly know where to stop. Remember, all I am about to detail were made from scraps, and the dishes went down empty—a good sign of appreciation.

"First, the pancakes : just a plain batter for the foundation, made from a pint of milk, six ounces of flour, three eggs, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. I always fry them small and very thin ; the "filling" was the remainder of some minced veal left at dinner : this I re-heated, and put a spoonful in the centre of each pancake, rolled it over, and dished them in a pyramid, with sliced lemon and fried bacon in little rolls as a garnish. You'll be surprised how tasty these are ; any mince will do, or some curry of fish or meat is excellent ; but whatever you use must be thick, or the gravy will run out, and make the whole most unappetising."

"Thank you ; please go on. Are the fritters to be fried too?"

"Certainly ; their name implies the process, and though, in the manipulation of these particular fritters, 'left over' potatoes were used, I ought to tell you that they were sieved while hot, also that they had been baked in their skins—the method *par excellence*, in my opinion, as both colour and flavour are so superior, and they are always more floury. For a pound, after thoroughly mashing and sieving them, you will want two ounces of dissolved butter and half a gill of hot milk ; beat up for a few minutes ; stir in an egg and a couple of ounces of grated cheese, salt to taste, a little cayenne, and a grate of nutmeg ; beat hard—it makes them lighter—then fry in hot fat, a table-spoonful at a time. I must remind you that the exact quantity of milk can only be regulated by the mealiness or otherwise of the tubers. You seem interested in my hints."

"I am, very ; but do these go into a frying-basket?"

"Oh, no! only firm things, like croquettes and rissoles, are treated in that way ; these are too soft : they go right into the fat quite hot, and enough to cover them ; they are quickly cooked, and will be brown and crisp, or should be, if the fat is of the right heat. To test it, drop in a bit of bread ; it should turn a golden brown instantly ; or watch for a thin, bluish smoke ; the moment it appears, drop in the fritters, or any other *small* things of the same nature ; a second too long, and the blue flame turns to black, and the fat is burnt and spoilt."

"Thanks; now your fish dish; it is a new name to me, but I hope it is not an expensive affair."

"Not at all, but it is very delicious; its peculiarity consists in the addition of an onion, which gives a piquant flavour without being really decided. We had had boiled fresh haddocks for dinner; a pound or so was left, and this I had flaked while hot, then stewed down the bone and skin in water for an hour until I had a quarter of a pint left. I dissolved two ounces of butter in a pan, added a small onion, *very finely* chopped, two ounces of flour, and three gills of milk, which I stirred to boiling point, and cooked for five minutes, then put in the fish stock and the fish, and just stirred it until heated through. In the present instance I used shrimp essence for flavouring, but any other kind can be used. Finally, it was dished on a large piece of hot buttered toast, with some slices of hard-boiled egg put on the top. It was intended for a breakfast dish this morning, but, as I say, came in handy for supper.

"Pardon the reminder that all white fish can be used up similarly; I know of not one exception, and for a plain family dish, a border of mashed potatoes, or boiled rice, or macaroni can be added Now, is there anything more you specially wish to ask?"

"Yes. I did want to ask you for some recipes for potted meats, and how to use up cheese in some nice ways. Could I, for instance, use other vegetables in the same way as *cauliflower au gratin?*"

"Indeed you can; onions—Spanish for choice—are excellent, so is celery, likewise carrots and beetroot, any one singly, or all mixed if you like; the sauce, you know, must be always thick enough to coat them, and if you can, let a portion of the cheese, however small, be Parmesan, because it gives just the twang which all other kinds lack. But I'll hurry off now; you have enough to work out for the present. I'll run in again shortly, and bring you something new, if I can."

"Thank you a thousand times," said Mrs. Tomlin; "and when you come again I hope to be able to tell you that I have acted upon your hints, and that the dishes have been duly appreciated."

WHAT TO WEAR IN MAY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THERE can be no reasonable doubt that the weather in May, 1891, will be very different from the Mays of fifty years ago. Then muslin and cotton gowns were cheerfully donned, and careful housekeepers had their chimneys swept, and left off fires. These would not be wise proceedings nowadays; but still "hope tells a flattering tale," and spring sun, however sparse its rays, shows up the defects of winter garments, and we begin with as good a heart as we can muster to make our preparations.

The figure in the initial vignette wears a new-cut gown, such as we desire to don without any other covering out of doors; but the chances are a fur cloak will be acceptable, which we can leave in the hall or carriage when we call to see our friends. The dress is of poplin, embroidered in a darker tone with a faint line of gold thread run through the silk work. I would specially draw attention to the make of this dress, because it is the height of fashion, and also because it is well suited to the re-arrangement of a last year's gown. The bodice is pointed back and front, and the deep basques, which would appear to be an essential part of all the new fashions, are added to this bodice. The embroidery is carried down one side of the skirt, for the front breadth is apparently laid outside the rest; it also ornaments the basques and the front. There is an upright velvet collar, lined with poplin, the points turning downwards and revealing the lining. Sleeves are not worn of the preposterous length seen in the winter, happily, for it was a most disfiguring mode, but they are still a little raised. The bonnet is straw, trimmed with ribbon only, to match an upstanding bow over the face, a torsade of the same carried beneath the brim at the sides, and a high bow, with visible ends, at the back, from which come the strings. The backs of bonnets this year are most carefully trimmed, and a cluster of bows or roses invariably nestles on the hair, beneath the brim. Capes are newer than long cloaks or jackets, and are most comfortable wear—they are quickly slipped on and off, and do not crush what is worn beneath. The cape in the illustration is composed of cloth for the lower portion and of velvet for the upper, the velvet being worked either with gold bullion thread or black silk. The model from which the drawing was made was of a terra-cotta tone, but black, green, or dust-colour would be equally fashionable. The cape is tied at the throat with cord and tassels, and the collar is entirely composed of black ostrich feather tips.

These high collars are a great feature in the dress of the present day, but they need to be most carefully arranged. They should fit up close to the back of the head, and when made of any woven material are generally cut on the cross and joined down the centre, being lined with the stiff holland used by tailors. Cloaks of this kind to match dresses are often now sent home as a natural accompaniment,

very frequently not lined. Where the material is thin they are made full, and occasionally honey-combing is introduced below the collar.

The skirt worn with this particular cape is, as most of the skirts are, quite simple—the bodice fulled into a pointed band. The hat is of the toque order, made of velvet, with a full bind for the brim, a plume of black ostrich feathers placed gracefully at the back.

Severe tailor costumes every woman wants, and almost every woman wears. The other figure gives a good idea of one of the prettiest styles. The skirt and bodice open, apparently, diagonally, the skirt portion secured towards the feet with four buttons, the bodice with only one. Of course, the actual fastening is invisible. The only trimming is a triple row of stitching round the hem and cuffs, and a double row round the pockets and on either side of the fronts. The vest and collar-band are of a contrasting colour. The original dress was of a chamois tint, the vest blue. The sleeves are of the "leg of mutton" order, tapering at the wrists. The side basques are added, not cut in one with the bodice. The hat is flat, bordered with a twisted rouleau of velvet, a tuft of feathers fastened at the back and front.

The fashions in millinery are varied in the extreme, and it is really a difficult matter to obtain either a hat or bonnet that does not run into extremes. The hats are mostly gigantic, with huge bows standing up like rabbits' ears—not broad at the edge of the brim, but having bands of velvet beneath. Cornflower colour and the actual cornflower are most fashionable. *En tout cas* of deep blue silk, with the flower nestling in the clefts of the natural wood handles, are sold by hundreds to be used with the hats and bonnets of the same shade.

Fancy straws, which look as though they had been crocheted or worked on the pillow, have almost superseded plain straw, but hats are made in tulle, gold-spotted net and lace, in preference to straw, and deep full pink roses, with a great deal of grass-green foliage, are liberally introduced upon them. The old bone lace, especially in black, is once more worn. Shot ribbon is used a great deal, and transparent hats and crownless bonnets lead us to hope we are to have fine warm weather when the summer comes.

Bonnets are much larger, and though occasionally only made of a lace pleating, white or black intermixed with jet, they do protect the head a little. Combs of metal or jet are placed at the back of many of the bonnets, in such a way that they show from both back and front. Embroidered silk guipure of a most open pattern constitutes the principal portion of both hats and bonnets. Metal snakes twine round crowns and bows, and many a brim is edged with close clusters of either baby ribbon or narrow black velvet. Wings of lace and gold thread cover the sides of bonnets, many being inspired by Egyptian models.

A DISCUSSION.

White stockings are to be worn in the immediate future; meanwhile, the Magpie stocking has been brought out, with white feet, black insteps, and half the leg black and half white—all of one material, and capable of being washed without any fear of their running. But they are too suggestive of the old Economy tops, when black silk legs and feet were continued in cotton to diminish the price.

The last novelty in parasols is the *flot de mer*, made in lace or chiffon—one rib standing, the other down, giving a most undulating surface. It is somewhat fantastic.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The French capital in May is most enjoyable, with sunshine, balmy air, and the shops decked out to the very greatest advantage.

A Parisienne begins to prepare for the exigencies of dress, and though in town, at all events, a woman of fashion does not walk much, still a promenade-dress is a necessary part of her outfit, for she is not always in town. The visitor in the foreground is arrayed in the new blue tone of cloth, trimmed with black braid. The cut of the bodice is quite novel; the fulness is drawn in between an incised point attached to the

piece of the front, which fastens at the side with eight buttons. The basque is new also, hanging deep and square at the side, but caught up in a rounded form in front, beneath a velvet clasp. The hem of the dress and the basque are all braided in black, in an Empire pattern. The sleeves are quite simple, and only moderately large at the top. Ruffs of lace, very closely pleated, with the end falling in the front, are so becoming it is not astonishing that they are much worn. The one in the sketch gives a clear impression of them, and they would not be difficult to carry out ; they need to be very closely pleated. The hat is a black fancy straw, with red roses introduced inside and outside the brim. It has narrow velvet strings tied at the back, for in Paris the hair is worn low down.

The hostess speeding her visitor wears a silk dress of the new turquoise tone, covered with finely sprigged black net. The bodice is cut low ; but the lace is carried up in horizontal folds to the band at the neck. There are blue silk sleeves over which the lace is ruffled. The design of this lace is purely Empire, and at the foot of the skirt it is caught up in a festoon beneath a rosette at each side. On the left side there is a broad box-pleat of the silk edged with gold embroidery, and quite at the back a triple box-pleat of the blue material is seen without any covering, but is bordered with a narrow flounce of the lace. The gown fastens at the back.

Four-button gloves for day wear are superseding longer ones, and for evening the length which just reaches the elbow obtains ; twelve are more fashionable than sixteen, but eight are well worn. Grey suèdes sewn with black, and charmingly soft tones of stone, are fashionable ; and for all but positive town wear gauntlets are coming in again. A new make has no buttons, but is drawn in with elastic at the wrist.

Parasols are trimmed with lace and also with a fringe formed of the silk, cut after the fashion of paper mats used some years ago. Japanese handles, exquisitely carved, are specially imported ; and natural wood with all kinds of flowers introduced on the handles. A new tassel surrounds the handle, starting from a mossy silk ruche. Much embroidery in the form of flounces is introduced, especially black chiffon worked in coloured flowers ; and rows of gold spots border some of the black silk *en tout cas*. Fancy clocks for day wear, and profuse embroidery and open-work on stockings for full dress, are the chief novelties in the hosiery department.

"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

Children are wearing poplinette, beige, plain and figured, and other light woollens ; the skirts are as plain as can be, but the bodices are elaborate with large revers. Yokes embroidered, deep added basques, and much guipure of a cream tone are introduced in the gowns for fête occasions. Many little girls' bodices are gathered back and front, and finished off at the waist with pointed belts.

Capes are the principal outdoor covering for children, and when long coats and cloaks are worn, they are trimmed with capes and double frillings outlining a sort of pointed habit-shirt, a style which gives breadth to the figure. Silver braid in straight lines and close-set scrolls is a favourite trimming, and sometimes long slashed points edged with silver border capes. Large hats are well suited to children, and give a very excellent finish to the present style of youthful dress, which certainly has not the merit of simplicity.

A lovely colour has come to the fore, and has rarely been surpassed for beauty in velvet and rich materials—viz., "peach-pink," a combination of old rose and a red-mauve. On this graduated circles of jet are introduced with great effect. Black trimmings still have the preference over any other, jet or silk, or even wool cord sometimes, and appear on all colours ; the new turquoise and cornflower tints especially blend well with black. Gold is in extreme favour ; gold-speckled net in millinery, and gold-tipped feathers and gold braidings appear alike on gowns and bonnets, and for bridesmaids nothing is so well worn as gold and cream.

The newest sleeves come almost to the knuckles, and the mitten sleeve of black lace fitting the arm and almost concealing the hand is quite novel. Large wired jet ruffs are placed on both high and low bodices, and are faithful copies of those worn in the sixteenth century.

A dark gown may be furbished up and made to look smart with velvet sleeves and velvet yoke, back and front outlined with jet. For this purpose the rich mandarin colour and red heliotrope are worn. Brunettes are ordering this deep yellow freely, and the result is a most effective costume.

Flowers are not so fashionable a trimming for evening dresses as feathers, which are extraordinarily large; but when employed small blooms form a trellis-work and fringes round the hem of skirts and the basques of bodices, for all basques would seem to be trimmed either with a flounce of lace or chiffon, or with flowers. The advent of paniers is near at hand, and they threaten to revive hoops, which we must all devoutly hope will be delayed. How sensible women could submit to the nuisance of large crinolines is surprising; but in all ages the fair sex has followed the dictates of Fashion blindly, and no higher education, no teaching, no preaching, have produced any contrary effect.

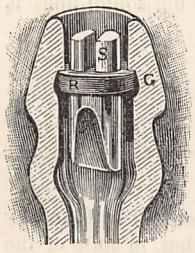
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

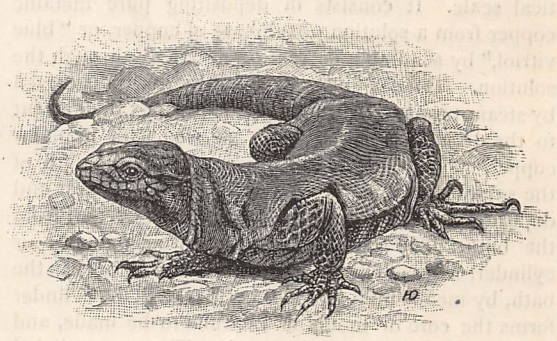
A Siphon Stopper.

Our engraving shows a new stopper for bottles containing aërated waters, which, being on the siphon principle, allows of a part of the contents to be drawn at a time, without injury to the remainder. The stopper, S, of glass, has a ring or washer of india-rubber, R, which fits into a groove, G, in the neck of the bottle. The pressure of the gas on the stopper prevents its escape until the stopper is forcibly pressed down, either by hand or by a simple contrivance for the purpose. So long as it is kept down the water discharges itself; but when it is let go, the bottle is closed again.



A New Lizard.

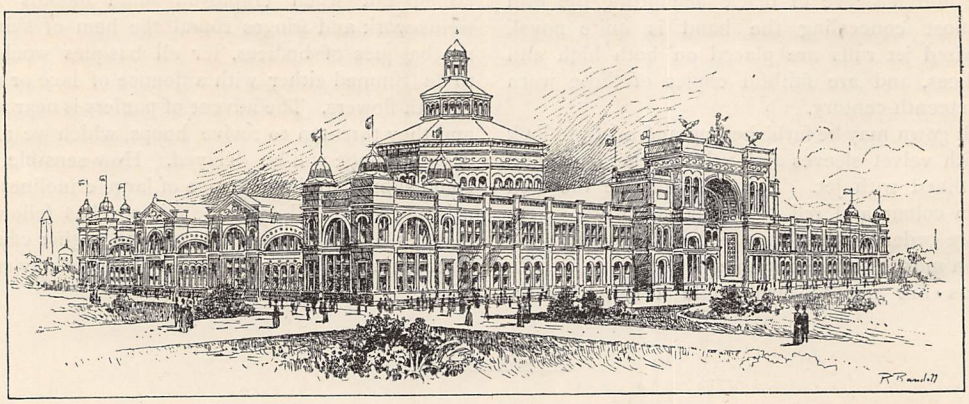
The reptile-house at the Zoological Gardens now contains two lizards of species never before exhibited. One—Simony's Lizard (*Lacerta Simonyi*)—is especially interesting as confirming a tradition that had long existed as to the occurrence of large lizards on the island of Ferro or the rocks lying off the east end of the island. More than 400 years ago, when the chaplains of Messire Johan de Bethencourt wrote their account of his subjugation of the Canaries to the power of Spain, they spoke of lizards in Ferro "as large as cats, but harmless, although very hideous to look at." Their story was considered a mere "traveller's tale," till Fritsch visited the island in 1862–3, and was asked by the people if he had seen such animals, which they called "chameleons." But naturalists knew nothing of them till very recently, when they were scientifically described from specimens preserved in spirit and sent to Europe. Some little time since, Canon Tristram visited the island and brought away some specimens from the rocks of Zalmo, at its eastern extremity, which are only accessible in fine weather when the water is smooth. The animal measures about eighteen inches, of which the tapering tail is nearly one-half; the general colour on the upper surface is dark brownish grey with two rows



of round yellowish green spots on each side; the under surface is yellowish or greenish blue. Great interest attaches to this animal, which has so long escaped scientific observers, and which has a habitat so different from other members of the order. The people of Ferro say that these lizards live on crabs, but although these were provided in plenty, the specimen in the Gardens refused to touch them, and appears to thrive on a mixed diet of raw fish and meat, with a few grapes and pieces of banana.

The Columbian World's Fair.

Our illustration represents the American Government building of the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago

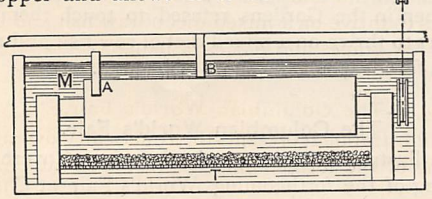


THE COLUMBIAN WORLD'S FAIR.

in 1893. The Exhibition is to be held in Jackson Park. The building in question will be 420 feet long and 320 feet deep, with a central dome 120 feet in diameter. It will contain the Governmental exhibits, including those of the Agricultural, War, and Interior Departments, as well as of the Fish Commission, the Smithsonian Institute, the Treasury, and Post Office. Of these the Interior Department is likely to attract many visitors of all classes.

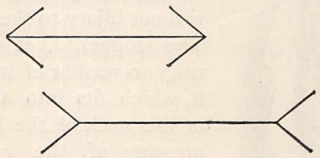
Copper Tubes by Electricity.

The Elmore process of making copper tubes by electricity has now been put in operation on a practical scale. It consists in depositing pure metallic copper from a solution of sulphate of copper, or "blue vitriol," by sending a current of electricity through the solution. The current is supplied by dynamos driven by steam power. The anode which brings the current to the bath is a copper tray strewed with granular copper, as shown at T, which keeps up the strength of the solution as metallic copper is reduced from it and deposited on the cathode which leads the current from the bath. The cathode is a cast-iron mandrel or cylinder, M, revolving round its axis horizontally in the bath, by means of a strap and pulleys. This cylinder forms the core or mould of the tube to be made, and the fresh copper is deposited on it. The current is led from it by a metal brush or contact, A. An agate burnisher, B, presses on the deposit as it is formed, and so gives a "grain" or "fibre" to the crystalline copper, and a consequent strength to the tube. The mandrel is removed from the copper jacket by an ingenious rolling-mill, which dilates the copper and allows it to be drawn out. The tensile strength of the copper forming these pipes and tubes is said to be twenty tons per square inch. Besides its use for steam-pipes, Elmore-deposited copper is likely to be used for various household articles, such as candlesticks, boilers, and saucepans. The kettle of the future will be made by electrolysis.



A Simple Optical Illusion.

A new and curious optical illusion is shown herewith. The question is, which of these two horizontal lines is

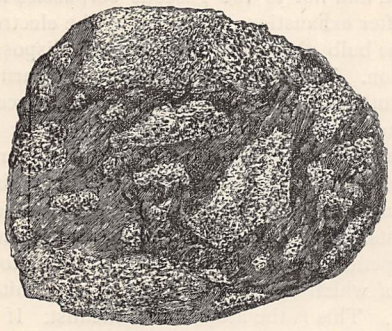


longer than the other? The answer will be found by measuring them, and it will show that, in spite of the old adage, we cannot always believe our eyes.

A Future Sanatorium.

The mineral springs of the far-famed Yellowstone Park, in Wyoming, U.S., have now been analysed, and are found to comprise calcareous alkaline-silicious acid, arsenical and sulphurous waters. The analyses are given in No. 47 of the Bulletins of the United States Geological Survey, and they show that these waters will in future be resorted to by invalids for drinking and bathing purposes. Norris Basin contains every variety within its bounds, and it is marked out as the site of a future sanatorium, to which the pure air and wonderful scenery will also attract many travellers. While upon this subject, we may mention that the American Government have set apart the Yosemite region in California, and also the district of the Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), to be national pleasure-grounds, like the Yellowstone, for all future time. We may also mention here that Mr. Weed, a member of the United States Geological Survey, has discovered that the numerous

algæ, or water-weeds, in the hot springs and basins of the Yellowstone Park, and which by their brilliant colours add to the beauty of the pools, are also, in part at least, the architects of those wonderful fretted brims, "marble terraces," and "petrified cascades," which are the admiration of visitors. Mr. Weed shows that the calcareous and silicious deposits of hot springs are not merely caused by chemical change, the salts depositing from the waters, but are rather due to these low vegetable organisms. Travertine is secreted by them from the calcareous, and sinter from the alkaline-silicious waters.



The Meteorite of Oschansk.

The meteoric stone which was seen to fall at Oschansk, near Perm, in Russia, on August 30, 1887, has been examined by M. Stanislaus Meunier, and proves to be of exceptional interest. Our figure shows one of the fragments now in the Natural History Museum at Paris. It belongs to the type called Canellite, from a meteorite which fell at Canellas, in Spain, in 1861, and is a breccia or conglomerate of angular fragments of different rocks. One of these is an oolitic stone—that is to say, formed of roundish granules of Limerickite—of a dark violet colour. Another is a white oolitic stone which M. Meunier terms "Montréjite;" but the most remarkable fact about the meteorite is that, in the opinion of M. Meunier, it must have been formed under geological conditions like those existing on the earth.

Photographing in Colours.

Professor Lippmann, a well-known *savant*, and Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne, Paris, has made a certain advance towards the solution of the problem of photographing natural objects in colours. It has been thought that the most direct way of doing so would be to discover a sensitive film which would be so influenced by the rays of light from the image, that it would secrete red matter where the red rays fell, yellow matter under the yellow, and blue under the blue rays. Professor Lippmann has attained this end by a different way. He has not discovered a new sensitive medium, or a process of development. He uses the old collodion and iodide or bromide of silver film, taking care, however, that the film shows no traces of a granular texture even under the microscope. The glass plate G, Fig. 1, having a dry collodion film, is clamped on a dark slide of india-rubber, C, C, which is

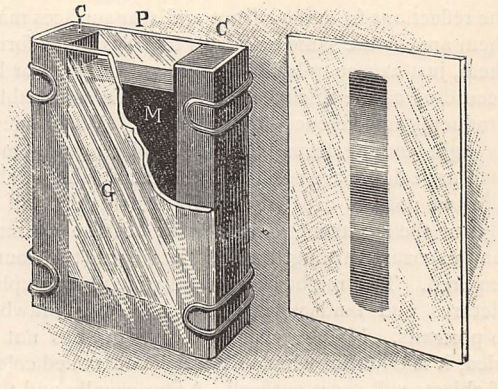


FIG. 1.

made hollow and filled with mercury, M, so as to form a liquid reflecting surface, or mirror, in contact with the film. This slide, which has a glass back, P, to contain the mercury, is placed in the focus of a camera, and the image of the object received on the film, in the ordinary way. On being developed as usual the photograph is seen to be coloured. When the coloured light of a stained glass window or the prismatic spectrum is taken in this way, the reproduction is very brilliant. On the right of Fig. 1 a spectrum thus taken is represented. At the time of our writing M. Lippmann had not perfected the method for blended colours such as appear in natural objects. The theory which he offers of the process is to the effect that the colours of the plate are due to the silver being reduced by the light in the form of thin plates or laminæ at regular distances from each other through the thickness of the sensitive film. The colours in fact are similar to those of thin plates of oxides on ancient glass and tempered metals. The silver is made to deposit in layers by the device of the reflector, which reflects the light from the lens back on itself and causes "interference" of its rays within the film. At every half-wave length there is a dark line and a bright line where the waves cancel or swell each other. No silver is deposited in the dark space, but a film of it is reduced in the bright space. There are several of these "beats" and "swells," to borrow the terms of music, in the thickness of the film, the waves of light being very minute. Fig. 2 shows their arrangement on a distorted scale, M representing the mercury, G the glass, and the intervening space the section of the film. As will be seen, it is divided into half-wave lengths, and O, O′, O″, O‴ are the dark spaces, while the dotted lines I, I′, I″, I‴ are the bright bands where the silver laminæ are formed. Since the wave length of light varies with the colour of the ray, being smallest at the blue end of the spectrum, the thickness of the plates varies accordingly, and hence, when seen by light reflected from them, the interference caused by

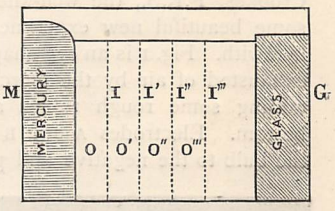


FIG. 2.

the reflections from their front and rear surfaces makes them appear the same colour as the rays which formed them, just as a soap-bubble shows red or green or blue according as the thickness of the bubble is capable of producing interference of these rays. When viewed by light coming from behind the plate, the complementary colours are seen. Unfortunately the sensitive films we possess are not equally sensitive to all the rays of the spectrum, and to bring out the colours a long exposure varying from half an hour to two hours is required. This might be overlooked in photographing pictures and landscapes, but is a serious drawback to portraits. Moreover, as M. Lippmann has not yet tried, it is doubtful whether the delicate mixed colours of objects will come out well. A film equally and more sensitive to all the rays is required to improve the process.

Molecular Light and Shade.

During his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. William

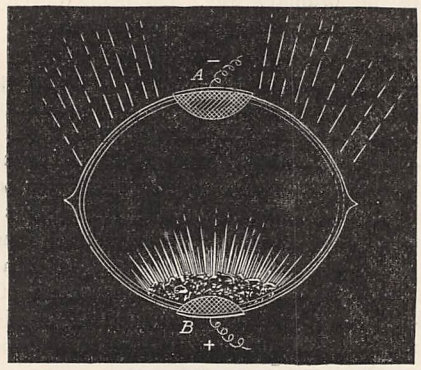


FIG. 1.

Crookes, F.R.S., the well-known chemist, performed some beautiful new experiments, which we illustrate herewith. Fig. 1 is an egg-shaped bulb of glass, highly exhausted of air by the mercurial air-pump, but containing some rough rubies and pure yttria in the bottom. Electrodes A and B connect the outside of the bulb to the negative and positive terminals of an induction coil. When the current is started in the coil the gems and yttria are seen to glow with a ruddy phosphorescence. Only non-conductors, such as glass and gems, appear to have this property. Fig. 2 represents another exhausted bulb having a small cross of mica in its centre. The electrodes, A and B, are connected to the coil as before, and

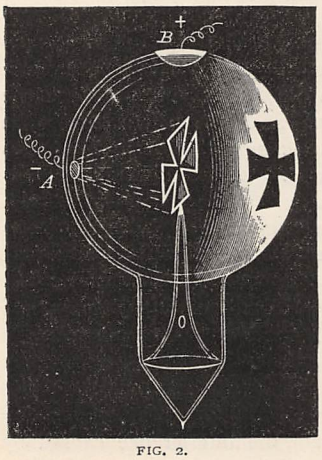
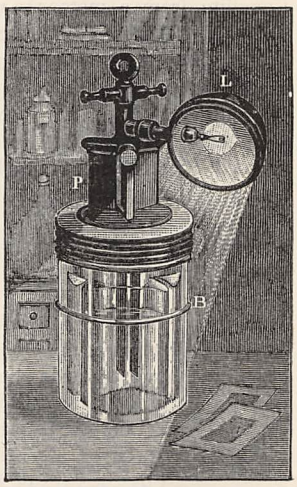


FIG. 2.

when the induction current is excited the residual particles of gas in the bulb stream across from the negative electrode, A, and strike the opposite wall of the bulb, causing it to phosphoresce like the rubies in the preceding experiment. In the midst of the illuminated space, the dark shadow of the cross is clearly marked. It is to be noted that in both of these cases the electrodes are on the outside of the glass. In all Mr. Crookes' former experiments they penetrated to the interior through the glass, and Dr. Puluj, a foreign man of science, has for this reason declared the results to be due to particles of the electrodes torn away by the current, and not to the gaseous corpuscles left in the bulb after exhaustion. By keeping the electrodes outside the bulb altogether, Mr. Crookes disposes of this objection. These experiments have a bearing on the constitution of the chemical atom, and, according to Mr. Crookes, it is being acknowledged by chemists and physicists that what we call the atom is really not a simple indivisible body, but a stable combination or harmonic group of still smaller bodies called meta-elements. In course of time, under certain conditions of temperature, the meta-elements gather into clusters, each of which is durable and has a definite atomic weight. This is the atom of the chemist. If we could resolve the atoms of one substance, say lead, into its meta-elements, and recombine these into another atom, say of gold, we should be able to perform the great crux of the alchemist, namely, the transmutation of metals ; but we cannot do this any more than we can transform a horse into a cow.

A Photographer's Electric Lamp.

The red glass lantern employed by photographers in developing their plates is apt to smoke or burn low ; hence M. Radiguet, a well-known electrician of Paris, has introduced the electric lamp, which we illustrate, and which may be used for other purposes. The lamp itself is a small incandescent bulb fitted in a reflector, which is covered by a movable pane of glass, red, or another colour if desired. The lamp, L, is attached to the plates, P, of a bichromate battery, B, containing three separate cells joined in series to give an electro-motive force of 5 volts. The plates are pulled up from the exciting solution when the light is not required ; and the intensity of the light is regulated by the depth to which the plates are immersed in the solution.



A Stinging Primrose.

The beautiful China primrose (*Primula obconica*), so much admired for its winter blossoms, has the

objectionable property of stinging the skin and poisoning the blood of some people, producing an inflammation resembling eczema. Not long ago a number of workmen in an American greenhouse were poisoned in this way, and care is needful in keeping the plant, lest a person in touching it should be stung by the leaves.

New Electric Light Fittings.

Fig. 1 represents a combined standard-bracket and hook for an electric lamp, that cannot fail to be useful.

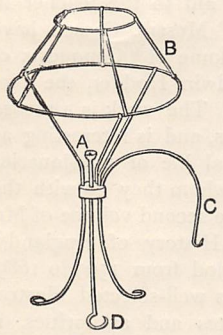


FIG. 1.

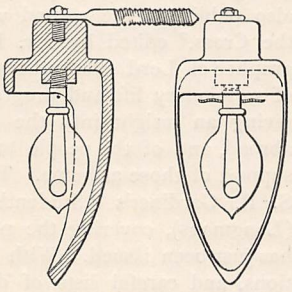


FIG. 2.

It is shown as a standard where A is the socket for the incandescent bulb, and B is the frame for the shade; but the feet D are so formed as to fasten on the wall, and the hook C also allows it to be hung from the back of a chair. The current is, of course, conveyed to the lamp by flexible silk-covered wires. The device is made of brass rod, in two sizes, one twelve inches and the other eighteen inches high. Fig. 2 is a front view and section of a new lamp-holder and shade made of white porcelain, which acts as a reflector. The bulb is fixed, as will be seen, in the focus of the reflector.

A Despatch Railway.

The continuous transport of large numbers of people is a question which is now engaging the attention of American engineers. Obviously a railway or tramway which would allow passengers to step on or off at any point without stopping the cars or necessitating the use of signals would be a great advantage. Messrs. F. L. Silsbee and M. E. Schmidt have solved the problem in a promising way by means of travelling platforms. To take a simple case, let us suppose that there are only three platforms, parallel to each other and going at different speeds along the track, which is endless—that is to say, makes a complete circuit, so that the platforms keep ever moving round and round at given speeds. Fig. 1 represents a section of the track, and Fig. 2 an elevation. In these figures, D is the outer or fixed platform, level with the ground; C and C are two travelling platforms mounted on the axles of the cars and moving at a slow speed, so that any person can step from D upon them at either side; E, is a central platform, or car proper, fitted with seats and a canopy overhead, and mounted on the periphery of the wheels A, so that it travels at a much faster rate than the side platforms, C, C. The passenger steps from the street, D, by easy gradations to the car, E, while it is in motion, and leaves it again when he pleases. The number of moving platforms can be increased according to the speed it is desired to attain. The inventors suggest that their despatch railway should be employed in conveying visitors round the Columbia Exhibition, at Chicago, in 1893, free of charge.

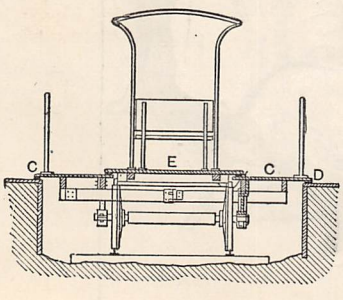


FIG. 1.

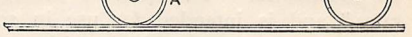
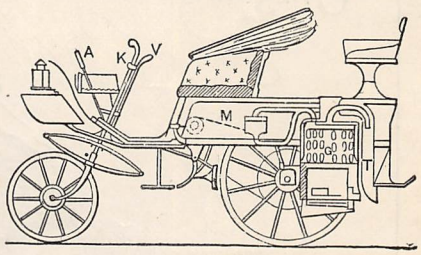


FIG. 2.

A Steam Phaeton.

A steam phaeton propelled by the inexplosible boiler of M. Serpollet has been brought out in Paris, and is permitted to run on the streets at a speed not exceeding ten miles an hour. The illustration shows a section through the vehicle, where A is the handle for starting and stopping as well as the lever of the pump which feeds the boiler with water; M is the two-cylinder Serpollet steam motor; G is the inexplosible boiler; T is the smoke funnel discharging in the rear; K is the steering handle; and V the lever for controlling the speed. The tank of the boiler can hold sufficient water to run twenty miles; and the bunker enough coal—preferably coke or anthracite, as they are all but smokeless—for a journey of thirty-six miles. The engine is of four horse-power, and, with seven persons on board, can run the vehicle at a speed of fifteen miles an hour. The phaeton can be started in twenty minutes, and the supply of the boiler and furnace is effected automatically. The starting, stopping, slowing, and steering are all managed from the front seat by proper handles within reach.



A Handy Dictionary.

An English dictionary at once handy in form and comprehensive in its definitions has long been a

desideratum, and "Cassell's English Dictionary," edited by Mr. John Williams, M.A., meets the want. It covers 1,100 pages of moderate (demy 8vo) size, and contains definitions of upwards of 100,000 words, together with capital lists of phrases from modern and ancient languages, and a brief historical sketch of the English language. As this new work is based upon the "Encyclopædic Dictionary," its reliable character is assured, while its handy form and clearly printed pages are certain to make it popular as well as useful.

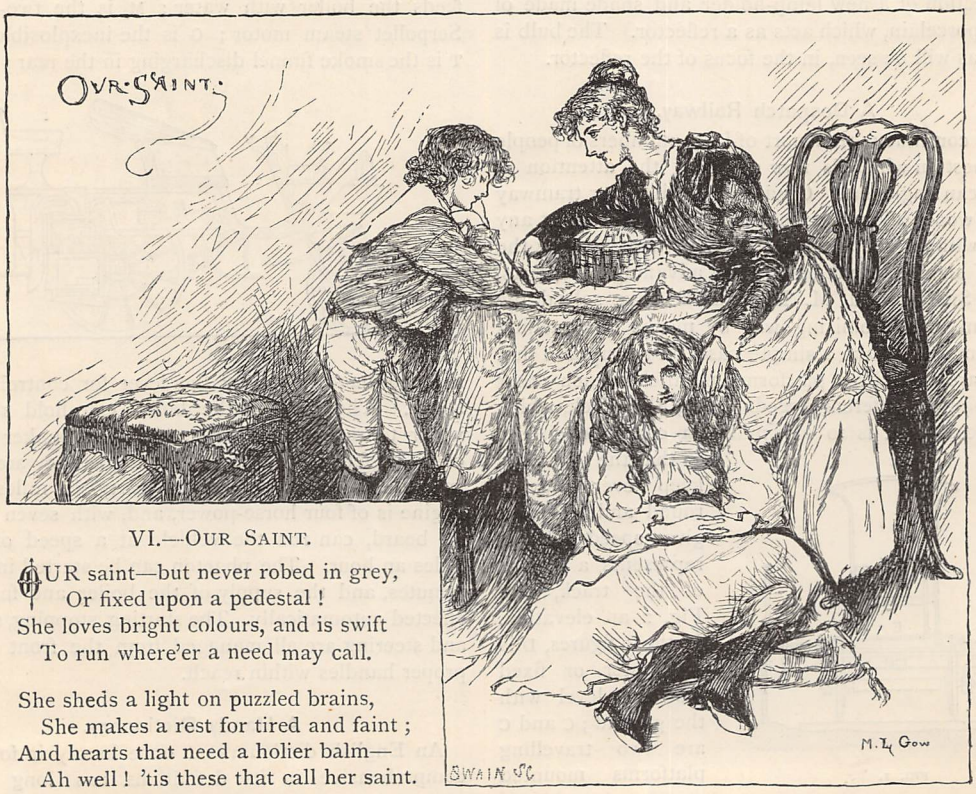
Two Practical Books.

Messrs. Longmans have just published the second part of the Rev. Isaac Warren's "Elementary Treatise on Mechanics." This part is devoted to "Dynamics," and is intended for use in schools and by the junior students in Universities. So far as we have been able to test it, the work seems thoroughly practical, simple, and helpful. One excellent feature which it presents, is a large number of examples and exercises which are given for working out. Another eminently practical book from the same publishers is Miss F. Heath's "Pattern-Making from Paper-Folding," described on its title-page as being a simple method of cutting out underclothing and children's dresses. It is hardly necessary for us to say more than that the work is accompanied by a series of very cleverly drawn plates, and that its author is Senior Examiner to the London School Board.

"To be Continued."

Messrs. Cassell's Jubilee edition of the "History of England" has reached its fourth volume, which covers the period from the "Fall of Marlborough to the Peninsular War," which of course includes the days of Burke and Pitt. Again we must call special attention to the illustrations, which serve as a valuable commentary on the text, and an aid to the teacher in giving lessons on the period. Messrs. Cassell have also published the second volume of "Conquests of the Cross," edited by Mr. Edwin Hodder, the biographer of Lord Shaftesbury. The work is a record of missionary life and progress, and is interesting as giving an insight into the real life of missionaries abroad, and of the people to whom they go with the support of those at home. The second volume of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "Student's History of England" (Longmans), covering the period from 1509 to 1689, has just been issued. With its well-selected illustrations, and careful lists of dates and authorities, it ought to prove a great practical help to teachers and students. The next volume is to complete the work; but this one, including the period that the author has made especially his own, is peculiarly valuable.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.



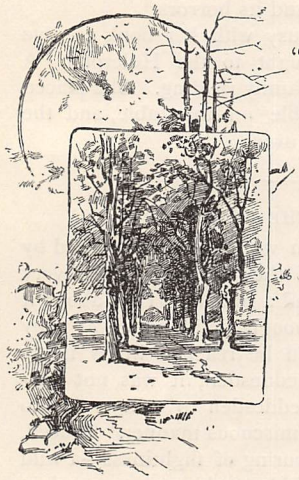
VI.—OUR SAINT.

OUR saint—but never robed in grey,
Or fixed upon a pedestal!
She loves bright colours, and is swift
To run where'er a need may call.

She sheds a light on puzzled brains,
She makes a rest for tired and faint;
And hearts that need a holier balm—
Ah well! 'tis these that call her saint.

A QUAKER GIRL.

NEW SERIAL STORY. By GEORGE B. BURGIN.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"JONATHAN, hast thou untied the lad from the pump?"

Jonathan started guiltily. In truth he had forgotten all about the lad and the pump.

"Nay, Martha," returned Jonathan, looking up with a dreamy expression, and absently wiping a wriggling worm from the toe of his boot. "Didst thou not say he was to stay there until sunset?"

"Yes, Jonathan, but I hope someone is there to watch him."

"Yes," said Jonathan, lifting a spadeful of sweet-smelling damp earth, the greater part of which fell into his boot, "I left Dorothy to admonish him."

Mrs. Geddes paused in her labours with a dissatisfied expression. "I fear Dorothy will beguile his captivity with worldly discourse," she said. "Let us finish planting these sweet-williams and pansies, and then we can help her to deal with him."

Jonathan presently picked up his tools, and wiped his boots upon the grass. "I had better untie the lad from the pump, and give him some supper," he tentatively suggested.

Mrs. Geddes is a charitable woman, but this is too much. "The next thing," she said, with calm satire, "we shall find the boys allowing themselves to be tied to the pump. Now that the hens are beginning to lay, it is just as well to keep the lads out of temptation."

"Hens do not lay at this time of night," said Jonathan, with a mild twinkle in his eye. "Even the Brahmas of which you are so fond cannot achieve impossibilities of that sort. Did you have many chickens hatched with the old hen?"

Mrs. Geddes shook her head mournfully. "Dorothy superintended their coming into the world," she said dubiously, "at least, all those which came. She said it was so cold this morning that two died, and—but it savours of vanity to repeat such nonsense."

"What was it?" asked Jonathan. He dearly loves to cherish Dorothy's "nonsense." Sometimes, it sounds wiser to him than all he hears in the city.

"She wondered whether the third chick went back into its shell in disgust because of the chill morning air."

Mrs. Geddes turned to go into the house, and Jonathan toiled laboriously along with the garden tools. A tall bay-tree hid the pump. As they drew near, there was a loud guffaw, and then Dorothy's sweet voice babbled musically on with her story. "So the fisherman cast the vase into the sea, and the evil genie was never seen again. And now, if you will try to seal up your faults, I will ask papa to forgive you, and let you go."

"I baint goin' to break in any more, I baint, if you'll tell I stories over the wall," said Hodge, in a tone of deep contrition. "Father'll dust my jacket when I get home. Ow-h-h-h!"

The prospect of having his jacket "dusted" did not appear to be inviting to Hodge. He forgot all about Dorothy's story in his anxiety for freedom. "Let I go," he urged, "afore the old 'un comes along, an' I'll gie ee a blackbird's nest with fower eggs in it!"

Jonathan stepped forward. The last ray of departing sunlight fell upon Hodge and Dorothy. Hodge was of the customary bucolical type—a lad of fifteen, with red hair, and blue eyes, and shabby corduroy trousers, patched behind with a legend proclaiming to the world that "Smithson's oilcake is the best." But Dorothy! Dorothy stood near the pump in all the winsome beauty of her eighteen years. The fair old garden had no fairer flower than she. Tall and lithe as a willow, she stood before Hodge, swinging her gardening hat by the ribbon, and gazing pitifully on his distress from sweet hazel eyes. And Dorothy's eyes touched even this uncouth cub with a feeling of delight. He gazed back at them as if receiving a baptism of purification from their gentle glance. Her dark hair (Jonathan is wont to declare that in the sunlight it is full of hidden gold) was coiled in thick masses around her head, and there were a few fluffy wavelets falling over her broad low brow. She had a straight, rather delicately chiselled nose; firm, sweet red lips, and two rows of perfect teeth, white, small, even, and delightful to behold. But all Dorothy's features were winningly sweet. Old men and young, children and boys, stopped to steal a furtive glance at her whenever she went to Geddesden—over the hill. Her somewhat heavily marked eyebrows gave an expression of restrained joyousness to her hazel eyes—as if they were longing to peep out into the delightful world, and to make it fairer with their delight. A little white collar clung lovingly to her slim throat to hide it from the rude gaze of worldlings. She wore a light striped blouse, gathered in at the slender waist by a broad black leather belt, and her skirt was of a darker material. Good, solid, sensible, square-toed shoes concealed her dancing little feet; her long slender fingers were protected by gauntlets of russet-brown, lest in her gardening operations she should encounter a slimy worm. Dorothy was good to all living things, but she confessed to a lively distaste for worms. Blackbeetles she did not love, but worms! She would go a long way out of the path, lifting her dainty skirts with timid

grace, in order to avoid treading on the worms after a storm.

Jonathan paused a moment to look at Dorothy with tender love.

"A phantom of delight," he said softly, and then rebuked himself for loving her too fondly.

"I will fetch papa," said Dorothy, and a ringdove hid in one of the cedars cooed back to her low sweet voice. "If you will promise to be good, here is a silver threepenny-bit I was saving up for myself."

"I doan't want no thruppence," said Hodge, whimpering. "I want to go whoam an' git it over."

He wriggled against the pump to emphasise his meaning. Hodge Senior would appear to be in the habit of chastising his offspring.

"I think you may let him go, Dorothy," said Jonathan, unwinding the coil of rope which had so long encompassed Hodge. "You have had more effect on him than I could have had. Save your money for someone who deserves it."

"I doan't want her money," whined Hodge, feeling himself a man again now that he was free. "An' I'll gi'e her a blackbird's nest, I will—with fower eggs."

He faded away, an unlovely apparition of hobnailed boots; a faint glimpse of the oilcake legend on his trousers was visible as he climbed the wall. "With fower eggs," he repeated, astride on the mossy bricks, and, even when they thought he had gone, his gleaming red head reappeared for a moment on the top—"with fower eggs."

Mrs. Geddes had already lighted the lamp, and was bustling about superintending the preparations for the frugal evening meal.

Jonathan took the head of the table. Then there was silence as with bowed head each member of the little family returned thanks for food. It was not a sumptuous repast. A dainty little dish concocted by Dorothy, who was very great on all household questions, a few rich red-brown eggs, and a large bowl of hot milk were the most striking things upon the board. But they amply sufficed for the simple wants of Jonathan and his family.

"I have some news for you, papa," said Dorothy, after supper was over.

She had curled herself up in a low armchair, and was reading the life of George Fox with great enjoyment. It was all so very real to her: she was hundreds of miles away from Geddesden. She came back for a moment to impart her news. "There is another house taken in the village," she said—"The Holcrofts, from Bettenham, are coming to live in it."

"Holcrofts!" repeated Jonathan. "Isn't he the superintendent of the Small Arms Factory?"

"I don't know, papa." Dorothy was already away with George Fox again. "Listen to this, papa, please. 'And also my ebony bedstead, with the painted curtains, and the great elbow-chair that Robert Widders sent me, and my great sea-case or celleridge, with the bottles in it. These I do give to stand in the house as heirlooms, when the house is made use of for a Meeting-place: so that a Friend may have a bed to lie on, and a chair to sit in, and a bottle to hold a little water to drink.' I should so like to see all these dear old relics. I wonder what the 'painted curtains' were like, papa?"

Jonathan seemed disturbed. "I hope it is not the man from the factory," he said. "He would be a constant reminder of war and its horrors."

But Dorothy was too busy with her book to give more than a passing thought to the Holcrofts. A little later, it was time for family reading. She placed the huge brass-bound Bible on the table, and the simple uneventful day was over.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE people of Geddesden were greatly exercised by the reported incoming of the Holcrofts. The very name sounded well. It had a romantic ring about it that was attractive. Although Bettenham was only five miles away, and could be reached in as many minutes by train from Geddesden, it was not considered "the thing" in Geddesden to take trains to Bettenham in such a promiscuous manner. Indeed, it was looked upon as savouring of flightiness—a wild desire to plunge into the giddy world, and to revel in its wickednesses. In short, Geddesden had slept for a thousand years, and modern civilisation had declared that after her long nap of centuries she was to wake up, and take her place in the van.

Geddesden did not like it. For centuries past, things had gone so comfortably that the ancient inhabitants could not understand the old order changing to the new. They had generally had snug incomes, and comfortable moss-grown houses in which to live, but modern Science (it is always best to spell "Science" with a capital) declared their moss-grown haunts and lichen-covered walls to be unhealthy. "And that there Inspector," growled irate Gaffer Gamble, the one small farmer left on the outskirts of Geddesden, "said as haow I baint to have my moock-heap nigh the front garden any mower. It's a been there forty year. What does he want to coom and shove his nasty prying nose into my moock-heap?—it's good wholesome moock. Inspector said, said he, 'My man, this can't be allowed no mower.'" But this relic of the past had to go, and Farmer Gamble missed it so sorely that he took to his bed for a fortnight. When he re-appeared, he had become resigned to the inevitable, and adapted himself to the new order of things, even going so far as to water his milk, and send it round to people instead of making them either fetch it or go without.

Farmer Gamble was standing at his dilapidated gate the morning after Dorothy had delivered her rustic friend from the pump. That interesting youth was in Farmer Gamble's employ. His present idea of hard work was to lounge about the front garden, or to gaze vacantly down the Bettenham road. Presently, he saw the Holcrofts' furniture vans approaching at the snail-like crawl common to these vehicles and hearses. Outside Gaffer Gamble's farm the tired horses came to a stop, and for some time refused

to be urged forward by the vocal efforts of a dirty white parrot on top of the leading van.

In the afternoon, Farmer Gamble put on his best embroidered smock in order to walk down to Milton Road and see the "quality." He would visit the new people and secure their custom. His venerable white locks usually impressed people with the idea that he was a simple elderly child of nature, unacquainted with the guileful ways of the busy world. It was only when they attempted to decipher his milk-bills that they came to the conclusion he was not so Arcadian as he would wish the world to believe. This afternoon he was clad in his neatly embroidered white smock and soft-brimmed russet hat. He carried a stout stick in his hand, and his shrivelled old cheeks were like winter apples. His appearance alone was worth a large sum of money to Farmer Gamble in the course of the year. As he stood at the gate preparing to start, there was a sound of galloping horses in the distance. Nearer and nearer they came with a musical rhythmical beat. Farmer Gamble opened the gate and drew himself up by the wayside, ready to answer questions if the gentry on horseback were strangers from Bettenham.

He was not far out in his calculations. A young fellow of about thirty and a beautiful girl (they were evidently brother and sister) drew rein at Farmer Gamble's gate. The lady's horse (a bright bay) immediately reached over the palings and bit off the tops of the flowering red currant bush.

The male rider thrust his soft felt hat back from his dark brow, and prepared to interrogate Farmer Gamble. He was not so young as he looked in the distance, for his dark, handsome face was a little bit hollow at the cheeks. His moustache was black as a raven's wing, and he had great fiery dark eyes which seemed to pierce down into Farmer Gamble's soul as that venerable impostor answered the stranger's inquiry about Milton Road. All the world seemed to be going to Milton Road to-day.

Farmer Gamble felt that it was his turn to seek for information.

"You be Muster Holcroft, surelie?" he said, in his soft, drawling speech. "I bid your honour welcome to the place."

He took off his hat; the soft breeze played with his thick silvery hair. As a model at eighteenpence an hour he would have been invaluable to Mr. Watts or Sir Frederick Leighton. His rustic bow was perfect. He picked a bunch of the flowering currant and handed it to the young lady, who fell in love with him on the spot.

"Horace," she said, in a subdued whisper, "it is worth coming here if only to sketch his saintly old face."

The girl looked round at the farmhouse. Now that the "moock-heap" had gone it was really very presentable. Quaint old flowers had taken the place of that unsavoury collection. Bees hummed busily in and out of wasteful straw hives, for Farmer Gamble knew not of the latest American devices for making the bees work double time by putting back the combs for them to refill. He had an idea that it was best not to interfere with the bees beyond taking a certain amount of honey, most of which found its way to Dorothy, for he loved her. It was she who straightened out his milk-bills for him, when grave complications arose among his customers. It was Dorothy who believed him to be a saintly, good old man, and he did his best to keep up the delusion when she was with him. He knew she must find him out some day, but he loved his money too dearly to give up making it as quickly as he could—honestly or otherwise.

It was for her sake he kept those milk-white fantail pigeons, which strutted about the old, red, weather-stained roof, and bickered and cooed in the sweet spring sunshine. Dorothy was the one human being in this wide world dear to Farmer Gamble's heart—no one else believed that he had one.

"I am Horace Holcroft," said the young man, bowing to the old one. "And you are——?"

"Farmer Gamble," said that worthy, again louting low. "If the young lady wants any milk or cream, or real new-laid eggs, she shall have the best."

"It will be delightful to come and have syllabubs under the lime-tree there," Miss Holcroft said—"Farmer Gamble, do you know what a syllabub is?" she inquired, gathering up her reins.

Farmer Gamble again took off his hat.

"If I did, miss," he said, "I've clean forgot, for your sweet face has 'most 'mazed me."

And all the time he was thinking in his deceitful old heart that it was a rather hard face: that there was a coldness in its beauty, and that those great black eyes could not be compared with Dorothy's sweet shy glance. He did not know what a syllabub was. It seemed to him that it must be made out of lime-trees or grow on them, or something of the sort; but the young lady evidently expected him to know all about it, and so he evaded the question. Perhaps Miss Dorothy would tell him the next time she came down to the farm.

"Never mind," said Miss Holcroft. "And, Farmer Gamble, I am coming here to sketch this pretty old place some day, if you will allow me."

"To sketch it?" said Farmer Gamble, in a puzzled way. "Oh, make pictures of it, like Miss Dorothy does. Why, yes, miss; surelie."

They rode away. Farmer Gamble looked after them a moment.

"You be a beauty," he said, gazing at Miss Holcroft's rapidly retreating form. "You be a beauty, but Miss Dorothy!"

He glanced up at the pigeons on the roof. He did not quite know how to express it, but had a dim, nebulous kind of feeling, that the whiteness of the birds was typical of Dorothy's pure soul. Then he went in and carefully doffed his Sunday smock.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE Holcrofts quickly settled down at Milton Road, and the parrot in the porch became a popular favourite

with the children who strayed from the other side of the railway. Mr. Holcroft spent most of his time at the factory, superintending the production of various bloodthirsty-looking weapons for the extermination of whatever people we might chance to quarrel with. It was his business to see that the swords supplied would really serve their turn. So much fuss had been made in the papers about leaden bayonets and untrustworthy swords, that Mr. Holcroft was resolved to dispel all idle rumours on the question. He generally rode over to Bettenham a little after nine, and returned about six. Dorothy could see his head as he cantered along the road. He appeared to be always in a hurry. She supposed his horse could walk, but he did not seem to be aware of it. A little before six every evening there was a patter, patter, patter in the distance, and the gallant bay came sweeping along. His rider, sitting squarely and easily in the saddle, appeared to be immersed in his own thoughts. Sometimes he smiled, as if weaving day-dreams. Generally, his whole air was typical of energetic self-reliance. He had a knack of cutting across a short field which intervened between Geddesden and the direct route to the factory. It might possibly save him two minutes, and the leap from the road had a very awkward take-off, but the bay never made a mistake. As he neared the place, Holcroft kept him well in hand, rode squarely at it, and over they went.

Dorothy was not always busy when Holcroft passed. She had little time for dreaming during the day. But when the evening shades descended, she sometimes paced thoughtfully up and down pondering over many things.

One afternoon, a piteous appeal from Farmer Gamble reached her through Jiffkins. Jiffkins was the youth who had fulfilled his promise of presenting her with the blackbird's nest with "fower eggs." Dorothy was greatly distressed when he arrived with his gift. She could not wound Jiffkins' feelings by refusing to accept it, but she pitied the parent birds robbed of their home and its contents at one fell swoop by the ruthless Jiffkins. Jiffkins had "blowed" the eggs for her, and impaled them on an oaten straw. Dorothy realised that it was mere mockery to return them to the old birds after so drastic a proceeding, but she succeeded in working on Jiffkins' somewhat obtuse intellect until he was dimly conscious that the old birds did not like losing their nests. To comfort his sad heart, Dorothy presented him with a plum cake, which Jiffkins took to the cart-shed and incontinently devoured, with many expressions of gratitude. Dorothy was rather afraid to ask for an account of his interview with Jiffkins senior. The subject was tacitly ignored by them as being too fraught with painful memories—to Jiffkins at least; he felt sore about it. She afterwards heard that Jiffkins took refuge in Farmer Gamble's horse-pond, well knowing his sire's hatred of water in any shape or form, and so escaped the full force of what he afterwards forcibly described as a "wallopping." Dorothy hoped to refine Jiffkins' vocabulary in time, but she saw very well that she could not expect to do it all at once.

Meantime, Jiffkins was beginning to feel that there was one hand in the world which would never strike him; one sweet voice which would never speak harshly to him; and the thought had enlarged his horizon. There might be other things better worth doing than to grow up and drink unlimited beer. There might be. He wasn't quite sure. He began to be unpleasantly aware of the oilcake legend on his trousers, and to wish that it were not there. It placed him at a disadvantage when mixing in general society. He confided his thoughts on the subject to Dorothy, who promised to intercede with Farmer Gamble for more suitable garments. Jiffkins looked upon Farmer Gamble as the greatest man on earth. It needed but this proof of Dorothy's influence to convince him that he had fallen in luck's way at last.

Farmer Gamble was so pleased with the manner in which Dorothy unravelled his accounts that he lent a gracious ear to her petition with regard to Jiffkins. It needed much coaxing to obtain a definite promise from him, but at length he agreed that Jiffkins was to be furnished with new corduroys, partly at his own, and partly at Dorothy's expense. Dorothy, too, was pleased that her intercession had been successful. She came across the field in a great hurry to get home and acquaint Mrs. Geddes with the result of her mission. A bonnie brown thrush sang his heart out in a tall tree; perky little chaffinches went "chink-chinking" along the hedge; all the birds were busy, in fact; whilst a wee bunny, the first of the season, scuttled away through the green grass to the friendly shelter of the thick overgrowth. Dorothy stood within a yard of the place which Holcroft was accustomed to leap.

In her pitying amusement at the frantic efforts of poor bunny to escape, she quite forgot that it was Holcroft's usual time for returning to Geddesden. Before she could move, the great powerful bay rose high in the air, and Holcroft saw her white terrified face as he bore down upon her. In another moment the life would have been crushed out of her beneath his horse's hoofs. He kicked himself free of the stirrups, wrenched the bay round, and there was a crash as the horse crossed his feet and came down with Holcroft underneath. The poor stunned brute was still for a moment, then rolled off Holcroft, and struggled to his feet with a look of human distress in his great dark eyes.

It was all over in a second. The horse, recovering from his fright, commenced to crop the short sweet herbage. Something remained motionless on the grass. Only a few feet from Dorothy was that which had once been a man. Was the life all gone out of it? Would it ever move or speak again? Dorothy's head swam. She clutched nervously at a sapling, and clung to it, as the shadows lengthened on the grass. But she was no bread-and-butter school-girl to faint at the sight of a mouse. The first shock of horror and amazement over, she realised that something must be done—and that right speedily. He might not be dead.

She approached him, and lifted his head from the ground. It fell back in a horribly limp, inert way

"'I THINK YOU MAY LET HIM GO, DOROTHY'" (*p.* 386).

which filled her with fresh terror, but she untied his collar, and made a pillow of her little cloak wherewith to support his clustering dark curls. Holcroft's eyes were shut; he might have been asleep save for the unnatural pallor of his face and a slight twitching of the lips. She dared not leave him, and yet the house was only a hundred yards away. Suddenly, she heard a whistle. It was the melodious Jiffkins coming to arrange financial preliminaries for his new garments. She tried to call him, but Jiffkins did not hear. He was lost in admiration at the beauty of the bay horse, grazing there. What a chance for a ride! He stole softly towards the animal, but dropped the rein with a guilty air when Dorothy's weak voice reached his ear. "Jiffkins, if you please, run to the house and fetch papa."

"Be he dead, miss?" inquired Jiffkins. "I be woundily afeerd of dead 'uns."

"I don't know," poor Dorothy said, with a sob in her voice; "but please, Jiffkins, run and fetch papa."

"I baint agoin' to leave you with a dead 'un," said Jiffkins sturdily.

"If you don't go I will never speak to you again," Dorothy declared. "Run at once, Jiffkins."

There was something in her tone which warned Jiffkins that she was not to be trifled with. He reluctantly relinquished his plan for a ride on the bay, and went off at a shamble. Dorothy was once more alone with *it*.

It gave a slight shiver. Dorothy happened to have some eau-de-Cologne in her little reticule. She bathed

Holcroft's forehead with it, and wetted his lips with water from the little brook hard by.

Presently, her ministrations were successful. Holcroft gave a groan, and tried to move. He raised himself on his elbow, and looked at the bay. "Ay, old fellow," he said reproachfully, "I thought you had killed me, but we saved the girl."

He again tried to move, but had to give up the attempt. "I suppose there is nothing for it but to wait until someone comes."

Just as Dorothy was about to reply, there was a shout in the distance. Jonathan appeared with two or three labourers and a hurdle, and the stile was speedily knocked down with a crowbar.

Jonathan came on in advance and anxiously surveyed Dorothy. He found her pale but composed. "You are not hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"No, papa." Dorothy's voice sounded strangely in her own ears. It had the effect of belonging to someone else. It seemed to her that someone else was speaking. "I am not hurt, papa," she said; "but I am afraid Mr. Holcroft is."

"Mr. Holcroft!" said Jonathan. Were his forebodings about the "man of war" so soon to be realised? Still, he was a human being and in distress. "It is too far to go down to the village," said Jonathan with decision. "Mr. Holcroft, we must take you to my home if we can once get you on the hurdle."

"Thank you," said Holcroft faintly. "I am afraid my right leg is broken. The accident was all my fault."

"Never mind about that," said Jonathan cheerily. "Now, my boy, catch that horse."

Jiffkins captured the bay.

"Can you ride?"

"I be rough-rider to Farmer Gamble," said Jiffkins, with injured pride.

"Then ride off to Dr. Evans as fast as you can go," said Jonathan, "and ask him to come at once."

Jiffkins was in a seventh heaven of delight. He climbed into the saddle, gave a wild hurrah like that of a Comanche Indian on the war-path, and darted off towards the village.

There was no difficulty in taking Holcroft up the wide old oak staircase of Jonathan's home. Before he recovered he was undressed and put to bed, Jonathan tenderly doing everything himself. The labourers withdrew, and Jonathan was left alone with his guest to wait the arrival of Dr. Evans.

Jonathan moved softly to the bed, as Holcroft opened his eyes for a moment. He knelt quietly down by the sufferer and prayed for him, with a sweet, gentle, yearning tenderness born of infinite pity and compassion. Holcroft made no sign. His eyes again closed, and he remained half unconscious. Suddenly a swift step was heard, and Miss Holcroft was at the bedside. "Horace, Horace, don't you know me?" she asked, flinging her arms around his neck, and again his eyes opened in dreamy lassitude. "I—I don't quite know where I am," he said slowly. "I seem to be confoundedly thirsty though. Can't you get me what Polly would call a 'glarse of water'?"

"Don't joke, Horace—don't joke," she implored. "You would laugh on the verge of the grave. Are you much hurt?"

"I don't know," he drowsily murmured. "I met an angel by the way—and she upset me—that is all."

The doctor came, and Miss Holcroft was turned out of the torture chamber whilst her brother's leg was being set. She moved mournfully away in the darkness and sat shivering on the stairs, as she heard an occasional moan of pain. "Oh!" she cried passionately, starting up. "They are killing him."

But a tender little hand stole into hers, as Dorothy came up the stairs. "I am afraid we have not been sufficiently attentive to you," said Dorothy remorsefully. "Mr. Holcroft will be better directly the leg is set, and mamma says that I am not to let you remain here in the dark fancying all sorts of dreadful things."

Miss Holcroft felt reassured, and they went downstairs together.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE wounded man's broken limb was set, and pronounced to be only a simple fracture. After pounding and prodding him all over, the doctor announced that Holcroft had not sustained any further injuries beyond a few bruises and a general shock to the system. The next morning he appeared with yards of bandages, and a tin box of something which looked like flour.

"What is that?" asked the patient fretfully. "I thought, doctor, that you had done with me for a little while."

"This?" said the cheery Medico, displaying the tin box with great pride. "This? Why, it is only plaster of Paris."

"Only plaster of Paris!" groaned the impatient young man. It is wrong to call him "patient" under any circumstances. He is naturally too impulsive to suffer in silence. "Oh, that is only plaster of Paris? Are you going to take a cast of me for the sake of posterity?"

"For the sake of something much nearer than posterity," said Dr. Evans, unrolling yards and yards of apparently interminable bandage. "What do you suppose I am going to do with this?"

"It looks as if you contemplated turning me into a mummy. 'But yesterday I was a king,' as somebody says somewhere, and now"—morosely—"I am like a lame jackdaw, with every prospect of becoming a cripple."

"I must call up my assistant, Mr. Jinks," said the doctor, disregarding this mournful speech, and a sandy-haired youth in spectacles entered the room.

The sandy-haired one looked critically at the injured leg.

"A be-yew-tiful fracture!" he said, gloating over it.

He gave a little prod with his finger where the fracture was worst. Holcroft wished he had an assegai wherewith to despatch the sandy-haired one to the happy hunting-grounds.

"That will do, Mr. Jinks," said the doctor, restraining the zeal of his youthful assistant; "that will do."

Mr. Jinks clasped one end of several miles of bandage

with a ghoul-like air. "I am ready," he said, in a tone of heartfelt joy.

He evidently looked upon Holcroft's mishap as a heaven-sent opportunity for acquiring practical knowledge at his expense.

"Hadn't you better take your coat off?" suggested the doctor, looking compassionately at Mr. Jinks' wasp-like waist.

Mr. Jinks prided himself on his figure, and was not to be done out of the opportunity of showing it off.

"A mechanic strips for his work," he said, with lofty contempt.

"Very well," replied the doctor, who had already divested himself of his coat; "I am going to be a mechanic. I only spoke for your good."

Mr. Jinks turned up his cuffs, with the air of a great surgeon about to operate.

"It's a pity you didn't wait until I got back from Bettenham before you set the limb," he said, with the air of a man who could have polished off such a trifle very much better than the old-fashioned bungler whom he allowed to instruct him. "It's a pity you didn't wait for me. I think I should have done it differently."

"No doubt you would," said the doctor sharply. "Meanwhile, be good enough to do as I tell you. Fetch that pail of water here."

Mr. Jinks was startled. Something Biblical floated through his mind about "drawers of water."

"Oh, very well," he said, in an injured tone. "What am I to do?"

"Just hold the bandage as I direct. That's it. Now, put the plaster of Paris over it, and dip your hand in the water. Smooth it gently so, until you get several thicknesses. Don't press too hard, man. Our patient isn't made of iron."

"I think that will do," said the cheery old doctor, after a few minutes had elapsed. "Now, Mr. Jinks, you can take that pail of water downstairs, and perhaps you had better walk back to the surgery. That plaster is difficult stuff to get off the carriage cushions."

This was adding insult to injury. Mr. Jinks had spoilt his coat, and must walk through the village an object of derision to Jiffkins and other kindred spirits. Holcroft smiled, and Jinks immediately hated him. Jinks was not a very amiable young man.

In a weak moment, the inhabitants of Geddesden had made him the secretary of the Tennis Club. They wished he would resign; but Jinks had tasted the sweets of office, and nothing could force him into the cold shades of Opposition. Before he departed, it occurred to him that it would be a good opportunity to enrol Holcroft as a member.

"I am afraid I haven't the rules and regulations about me," he said to Holcroft, "but may I put your name down as a member? I can explain to you the advantages of joining the Club. In the first place——"

"Oh, certainly," said Holcroft, dying to get rid of him.

He felt that if Jinks stayed one moment longer there would be something thrown against those spectacles, and unparliamentary language used. But Jinks was not to be robbed of his oration until the doctor came to the rescue.

"Every moment you leave that stuff on your coat," he said to Jinks, "the harder it will get."

And Jinks departed in a great rage, of course meeting the inevitable Jiffkins as he passed Father Gamble's.

"He's rather a trying young man," observed the doctor. "I don't think he'll ever be a success."

"I shouldn't think so either. I want to ask you a few questions about my host. I feel that I am a horrible nuisance here. How soon can I be moved?"

"It is evident you don't know Jonathan Geddes," said the doctor gravely, "or you wouldn't think it necessary to discuss the point. Don't you know he is a Quaker?"

"That was the reason I asked. I thought that he was poor. So the rumour goes. This apartment is not exactly sumptuously furnished. Not that I care one straw. Only I thought all Quakers loved money; that is the reason I want to know if I can't offer to pay him for my being here."

The doctor became indignant.

"There are about fifteen thousand Quakers in England," he said warmly. "I have often thought of making the number fifteen thousand and one; but custom—tradition—the old hard-and-fast grooves—have been too many for me. We have a strong settlement of Quakers down here; many of them are my dearest friends. I never met a Quaker who deceived me; I never met a Quaker who wasn't an honest man; I never met a Quaker who was a fool; and though a Quaker knows how to take care of money and hates to be humbugged, he gives unostentatiously and continuously."

"I am sorry if I have wounded your feelings, doctor; but don't you see I am not even acquainted with these good people? I only know them by repute."

"They owned most of the land about here fifty years ago," said the doctor. "I wish they owned more of it now—for their sakes."

The doctor opened the door, but Holcroft motioned him back.

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Isn't there a lovely, hazel-eyed girl who lives here?" inquired Holcroft.

The doctor was surprised. "It never occurred to me before," he said. "You must mean Dorothy. Yes, now I come to think of it, she is lovely. Strange, now, that you should be the first to point it out to me. Jinks is supposed to be in love with her, but it is only a rumour."

"Faugh!" said Holcroft. "Jinks!"

"Jinks is the son of wealthy pork butchers," replied the doctor. "Hence, he looks upon the pig with all the hatred of a Mussulman for that same harmless, necessary animal. Jinks wishes to rise in the social scale, and to marry into an old

family. The Geddes are the only ancient family about here."

"Jinks!" repeated Holcroft with unabated disgust. A beautiful girl like that! Jinks! Faugh!"

"I didn't say she would marry him," observed the doctor, laughing. "Don't be too hard upon Jinks. He has his good points."

"So has a worm. He's full of points. Good day, doctor," and Holcroft dozed off into a dream wherein he was pursued by Jinks in the shape of a worm. At last, he put Jinks in the can of plaster of Paris, and in doing so gave his leg a twitch. This brought him back to the world. He uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Hush," said the gentle voice of the hired nurse, and he went to sleep again.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

FOR the next month, existence resolved itself into a very commonplace round with the fiery and impatient Holcroft. He made many attempts to get away to his own home, but Jonathan would not hear of it. The foremen from the factory came over with their daily reports. They brought steely-blue bayonets with them which were unpleasantly sharp. Dorothy looked on, her sweet eyes larger than ever. Holcroft had considerably enlarged her horizon since the accident. They had become very good friends indeed. Holcroft even knew several bits of the "Life of George Fox," and Dorothy was secretly amused one day to hear him tell the foreman, who was brandishing a bayonet in her presence, to "put up thy carnal weapon," well knowing that it was a quotation from the great Quaker when a lackey ran at him sword in hand.

But it was Sunday morning, and there were no carnal weapons to "put up" anywhere.

The warm sunlight streamed into the room. A bee buzzed furiously against the pane until Dorothy threw open the window and let him out. Presently, a white butterfly flitted past the window. "I can't stand this," said Holcroft. "I must go out."

Dorothy was rather alarmed. "But supposing you tumble down?" she urged.

"I couldn't tumble down if I tried," said Holcroft. "Don't you think I am entitled to a little holiday? It is such a glorious day. I will be abjectly obedient if you will only relax your stern vigilance for a little while."

The procession started at a funereal pace for the verandah, Dorothy bringing up the rear with a rug and a couple of cushions, although Holcroft strenuously protested against her being thus burdened.

"I don't feel at all disputatious to-day," said Holcroft, dreamily leaning back in his chair.

He shut his eyes and let the warm sunshine smite full on his face. He was in that state of dreamy convalescence when a spring day is only wanted to complete an invalid's well-being.

"It's just perfect," he said, with sleepy irrelevance.

"What is?" asked Dorothy.

"The day, and this Austin-Dobson-like, quaint old garden. Don't you know the sort of thing?

'Here would the ringdoves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.'

And then he went on to describe a beautiful girl as she comes down the path:

'O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed,
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone,
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the Queen be gone.'"

Dorothy was interested, but people were not in the habit of quoting verses to her on Sunday. Still, it seemed so appropriate that she could not see any harm in it. Besides, she was very fond of Austin Dobson, and of the "veined humanity" which runs through so much of his work. "Gideon has often read it to me," she said.

"Gideon!" thought Holcroft. "I wonder if Gideon is Jinks. Gideon Jinks! Mrs. Gideon Jinks; Phœbus, what a name!" But he said nothing. Dorothy would hardly speak of Jinks by his Christian name.

"I wish he would come back," said Dorothy, looking up at the blue sky with an air of wistful longing which was new to Holcroft.

"Gideon?" asked Holcroft, now wide awake. He leant a little forward to catch her reply.

"Gideon is my brother," said Dorothy, noting his interested appearance. "He went away to South Africa because he said he had had enough of respectability. He wanted to become a primeval savage or else make money in the attempt. He was tired of England."

"And has he become an aborigine?" asked Holcroft.

Dorothy sighed. "We have not heard from him for a long time," she said. "Sometimes I fear lest he should be ill and want me, and I cannot go to him. One's faith seems so weak and cold in cases like this. It is wicked of me to question the goodness of God, but absence is very hard to bear when we are parted from those we love."

"I wouldn't fret about it if I were you," said Holcroft cheerily. "Some day he will appear with his pocket full of gold and diamonds, and settle down in England. The wanderers always come back to England somehow."

Holcroft noticed that Dorothy's dress was blue. "It is a pity the tiger-lilies are not up yet," he said.

"Tiger-lilies?"

"Oh, I was thinking aloud. You are in blue to-day."

"It is my favourite colour," said Dorothy simply.

"I used to see you every evening on my way home. You must have about filled up this old garden with bulbs and things by this time."

"What made you notice me so much?" asked Dorothy. "You must be very observant."

Holcroft did not know what to reply. "Supposing I had said that it was because you looked so picturesque in the garden?" he suggested.

"But I cannot suppose anything of the sort," and Dorothy became immersed in a little old brown-covered Bible which she had brought out with her.

Holcroft sat and watched her in silence. She was a revelation to this somewhat cynical being sated with the attentions of match-making mammas. The worldly-minded mothers of Bettenham had been rather a shock to him with their thinly disguised persecutions. He was still little enough man of the world to think that all women should be approached with chivalrous respect and courtesy. He infinitely preferred Sir Galahad as a type to Sir Lancelot. It hurt him to have pretty girls thrown at his head as if he were the Grand Turk with handkerchief in hand ready to cast it to the favourite. He was not that despicable being, a male flirt, the sort of man who keeps a diary of his conquests and goes about showing tresses of hair probably purchased or purloined from the barber. He thought of Bella Lockwood with her hearty laugh and boyish manner, and the eagerness with which she adapted herself to his ways when he first came to Bettenham. She would probably drive over with her mother to see him soon. It made his leg twitch to recall her perpetual activity both of tongue and body. What would Dorothy think of her? and what would she think of him? Then he reflected that Dorothy probably would not think of him at all.

Dorothy looked up for a moment, with sweet trusting eyes pure as a little child's.

"'I WAS THINKING ALOUD'" (*p.* 392).

"Here comes papa," she said. "Don't you think it is time to go in?"

And they went in.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A FEW days after Holcroft's introduction to the sunlight, he noticed unusual preparations going on in the house. Dorothy came in, and reproached herself at the sight of his pale face. "I am afraid we have neglected you to-day," she said, taking a seat beside him. "And you are looking tired and—and—" she hesitated.

"Fractious," he suggested. "Oh, it isn't any use

trying to conceal it. I am in an abominably bad temper."

"I don't wonder at it," said Dorothy compassionately. "Your leg must hurt you so. I didn't like to tell you about it because of your leg."

"I don't understand. What 'it' do you mean?"

"The Tennis Club meeting. They always make papa chairman, and meet here before the season begins. Papa never does anything except take the chair. He only does that because he feels people mean it kindly."

"Does Jinks play tennis?"

"Yes."

"In a frock coat?"

Dorothy laughed.

"No, he takes off the frock coat for that occasion. He has some beautiful braces, of which he is very proud—according to tradition—but it is wicked of me to laugh at him."

"It isn't, really. You are ministering to the sick and infirm by describing Jinks' garb. What is the legend of Jinks' braces? It wouldn't be a bad title for a story."

"Well, according to tradition, they were once presented to Jinks by a patient whom he cured."

"That settles the unreality of the story," said Holcroft promptly. "I don't believe Jinks ever cured anyone."

"That is uncharitable," said Dorothy.

"I don't think so. Jinks ought to feel flattered that we are talking about him. But, please, I want you to be good enough to do me a favour, if you don't mind."

Dorothy promised—if she could.

"Well, I don't know the people, and since my sister has flown off to visit her friends and left me in your care, don't you think you and Mrs. Geddes might sit in here with me whilst the meeting is going on? Then we can see into the dining-room and hear all the fun. You can tell me about the people, too. I am sure Mrs. Geddes will help you."

Presently the guests began to arrive, and were ushered into the quaint old drawing-room by the neat-handed Phyllis. Her real name was Sylvia, which is even prettier. Sylvia began with three thin, middle-aged spinsters, of vinegary aspect, who did not look very promising subjects for tennis. They had little bags with them, and declined to take off their sad-coloured bonnets. When they had seated themselves, they produced bits of paper and compared notes.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Dorothy. "They are going to ask questions. They always have a grievance. They are Miss Lapp, Miss Amelia Lapp, and Miss Sempronia Lapp."

Holcroft smiled.

"It would take about four of them to cast a shadow."

Dr. Evans came in with his little Welsh wife. Then the Trayes and the Hayes appeared. They were neighbours, and their letters always got mixed by the rural postman, especially when Jiffkins volunteered to help him. The Tupwell-Greenes, who had made money as dentists, entered very loftily. The effect would have been better had their own teeth not been so bad; but Mr. Tupwell-Greene seemed to have been too busy to attend to himself and his family. The Tupwell-Greenes seated themselves haughtily apart, with much the same air a set of "gold-filled" teeth would exhibit if asked to associate with mere plebeian ordinary "stopping." The Tupwell-Greenes only came because they wished to assert themselves.

When every topic of conversation had been exhausted, Jinks entered in a hurried and yet mysterious manner.

"Have been called away from most important case," his manner seemed to say. "Really, you know, nothing but so solemn an occasion as this would excuse my being here. Still, without me I would not be answerable for the consequences."

"Mr. Jinks will now be good enough to read the report for last season," said the chairman, and a respectful silence prevailed as Jinks, in a nervous flutter, began—

"Jadies and lentlemen—I mean, ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. and Mrs. Tupwell-Greene."

This was unfortunate. Jinks intended it as a delicate compliment to the grandees, but to the others it seemed as if he were flinging into the great ones' teeth the fact that they were outside the pale of gentility. The Tupwell-Greenes glared at Jinks, who in his confusion upset the ink, and proceeded to mop it up with his handkerchief.

Jinks finished his report with a little speech.

"I—ah—regret to announce," he said, with a sickly attempt at pleasantry, "that we are—are not so well off for funds as could be wished."

Then he sat down, inwardly anathematising the ambition which had led him into this painful position. It would be much pleasanter with Dorothy in the other room.

Miss Lapp rose to her feet.

"I think, Mr. Chairman, I am in order in asking the official" (she threw withering emphasis on the word) "who has just presented his report, a few questions with regard to the items?"

"Poor man!" said Dorothy, in a tone of such heartfelt pity that even Holcroft was sorry for Jinks.

"Yes—yes, I think so," said Jonathan nervously. "It has always been the custom for the secretary to explain his accounts."

"I trust I may be allowed to resume my seat," said Miss Lapp, in a tone of martyrdom. "I have walked twenty-five miles to-day, and nothing but a stern sense of public duty has enabled me to be here this evening."

Jinks looked as if he wished her sense of duty hadn't been so strong.

"I think," said one pleasant person, endeavouring to pour oil upon the troubled waters, "I think we are prepared to accept Mr. Jinks' accounts?"

There was a slight murmur of applause.

"It is not a question of accepting or declining to accept," said Miss Lapp severely. "I apprehend it

is a question of far deeper significance. We have entrusted this—this official with our funds. We have a right—a right which becomes a duty also—to know how he has fulfilled that trust."

Jinks would have fled, but Miss Lapp was between him and the door.

"I shall be happy to—to answer any questions from the young lady who has just spoken," he said—"very happy, I'm sure."

He looked so crushed that his bitterest enemies pitied him, but Miss Lapp resented being called a young lady. She thought Jinks was mocking her. She had hitherto played with her victim—he must be crushed.

"I find," she said, "an item of one pound fourteen and sixpence for a cooking-stove. If my memory serves me right, we paid fourteen and ninepence for a similar article last year. How, then, can Mr. Jinks justify his extravagance in this direction?"

She paused for a reply.

Jinks felt faint. What could he say to this terrible indictment? Somebody did authorise him to get the cooking-stove, but he could not remember who it was.

"I cannot remember," he said feebly.

"The pris—I mean he cannot remember," said Miss Lapp sternly. "Sister, have you got that down?"

"Oh, yes," returned Miss Sempronia. "When you have done with the wit—I mean official—I have a question or two to ask him."

"Have you no other explanation to offer?" asked Miss Lapp, turning to her victim. "You really cannot remember? Is this an evasion?"

"No," said Dorothy, coming quietly into the room, to the great delight of all present (everyone felt sorry for Jinks). "The members of the Ladies' Committee requested me to ask Mr. Jinks to buy the stove, and he very kindly and cleverly got the people to reduce the price from two pounds to one pound fourteen and sixpence. We wanted the stove for the afternoon tea on Saturdays."

"Perhaps you can explain," said the foiled Miss Lapp, "how it became necessary to have a stove which cost more than twice as much as the last one?"

"Oh, yes," said the undaunted Dorothy. "We had three times as many members last year, and they couldn't go without their tea."

"That child is a heroine," thought Holcroft, as Dorothy came quietly back to her seat.

Jinks looked as if he could fall down and kiss the hem of her garment.

Fired by Dorothy's noble example, Holcroft hobbled into the room, and in a neat little speech asked to be allowed as a newcomer to subscribe the amount required to make the accounts all right.

"It was very good of you," said Dorothy presently, to Holcroft, "to speak so kindly for poor Mr. Jinks."

Holcroft was very tired, and his leg smarted.

"I didn't do it for Jinks," he said; "it was for you."

"For me?" said Dorothy, in amazement.

"Yes. I thought you wouldn't like to see Jinks crushed beneath the iron heel of that feminine despot, and so I came to the rescue."

Dorothy was pleased, but confused.

"Was that quite—quite honest?" she asked—"Everyone thought that you took an interest in the Club, and not in Mr. Jinks."

'I don't take the slightest interest in Jinks," said Holcroft crossly (his leg was very painful), "and I did it to please you, because I thought you wouldn't like to see even Jinks in such abject misery."

Dorothy flushed slightly, and moved silently away.

Ungrateful Jinks had also fled into the night, and Holcroft sat alone in the corner, wishing that he had never been born. He had troubled these good Quakers long enough. To-morrow he would go back to his own house, and enjoy his bad temper all to himself, though the prospect was not a cheerful one.

Presently, a little table obtruded itself by his elbow. It was laden with jellies and sandwiches and grapes.

Holcroft came back to existence with a start.

"It is so awfully kind of you, Mrs. Geddes," he said, "to make such a spoiled child of me. I was becoming tremendously hungry. But where is Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy's grave face appeared on the other side of the table.

"I thought you were hungry," she explained.

"And you were good enough to take all this trouble for me," said Holcroft incredulously, "after I was so very, very rude to you just now!"

Dorothy smiled gravely.

"You forget that one ought to be good to one's enemies."

Holcroft leaned back with a determined air.

"If you won't think me very rude, I would rather not have my supper under such conditions."

"It is I who am rude," said Dorothy. "I really did not mean it, and if I did not mean it I should not have said it."

"That is what comes of your directness of speech," said Holcroft, quite cheerful again. "Of course, I thought you meant it."

Suddenly there was a sound of voices in the hall.

"I don't care, my dear," a shrill voice energetically declared. "The fare is only a shilling, and I will not pay one farthing more. He can summon me if he likes. I have taken his number, and shall also apply for a summons. I will not be defrauded by a yokel, after successfully fighting half the cabmen in London. Make him give up my boxes, or he——"

A majestic-looking little old lady appeared on the threshold in a state of great excitement. She was clad in a cloak of gorgeous Indian pattern, and this was surmounted by a white tippet with black spots on it. She was of diminutive stature, but with a hawk-like nose which made her seem at least six inches higher than she really was.

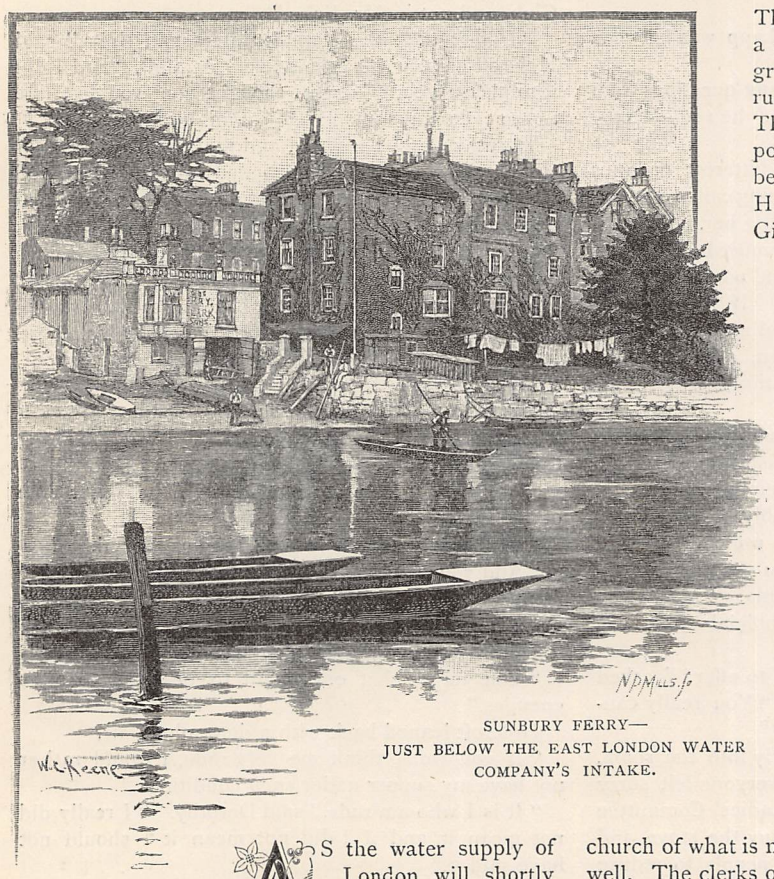
"Jonathan—Jonathan!" she called. "What on earth possessed you to remain a Quaker? You can't even thrash a cabman. Jon——"

Dorothy gave a little cry of surprise.

"It is Aunt Melmerby!" she exclaimed, and the next moment was folded in the arms of that eccentric and excited individual.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

LONDON'S DRINKING WATER.



SUNBURY FERRY—
JUST BELOW THE EAST LONDON WATER COMPANY'S INTAKE.

AS the water supply of London will shortly attract considerable attention in many directions, it may not prove uninteresting to our readers to know something of its general history, without diving into the bewildering and formidable array of statistics connected therewith. In the time of King Henry II., we learn from Fitzstephens, secretary to Thomas à Becket, that there were "round the city and towards the north, as is certain, six excellent springs at a small distance, whose waters are sweet, salubrious, and clear,

'Whose runnels murmur through the shining stones.'

Among these, Holywell and Clerkenwell may be esteemed the principal, being much the best frequented." These wells lasted until the early days of the Tudors, when the famous old chronicler Stowe, writing in the days of Elizabeth, tells us that "anciently, until the conduit's time, the city of London was watered (besides the famous river Thames in the south part) with the river of Wells, as it was then called" (probably what was afterwards the Fleet River, degenerating into the Fleet Ditch), "in the west with a water called Wallbrook, running through the midst of the city, severing the heart thereof. There was also Langbourne Water, a great stream breaking out of the ground in Fenchurch Street, and running down Lombard Street to the Thames." In addition to these, pools or ponds were used, there being one at Smithfield called the Horse Pool, and another near St. Giles', Cripplegate; and another in the east of Islington known by the singular name of Dame-Annies-th'-Clear. Close to this was Perilous Pool, so styled because so many youths had lost their lives in it. In more recent times it was used for the Peerless Pool Baths. The pond at Smithfield was filled up after the great fire, because it was nothing more nor less than an open cesspool. The Cripplegate pond was done away with in 1544, because Anne of Lodbury, wife of a citizen of repute, was drowned therein.

The citizens were thus well off for pure water, and, in addition to those already mentioned, there were several public wells, of which the most celebrated were Clement's Well, near Clement's Inn, and Clerk's Well, near the church of what is now known as the parish of Clerkenwell. The clerks of the City parishes of old time were accustomed "to assemble at this well to play some large history of Scripture": hence its name. Another well, the Skinners', had a piece, lasting for eight days, played around it in 1409 by clerks; it lasted so long, we are told, because "it was of matter from the creation of the world." As well as these public wells, there were a great many belonging to private individuals. After a time "the river of Wells, the running water of Wallbrook, the Bournes, etc., having been destroyed by the encroachments of buildings and the rising of ground as the number of citizens increased," the City was forced to go some distance to obtain a water supply. The water was conveyed through pipes, some of wood, but more often of lead, to what were called conduits, now known as fountains. Gilbert Sandford, at the urgent request of Henry III., granted permission to the citizens to take water from the Tybourne, which was conveyed through leaden pipes for the supply of the great conduit in West Cheap, and this was opened in 1285. The Tybourne was a stream, or rivulet, which took its rise in what was called Conduit Fields, near where the Swiss Cottage now stands. It flowed through what is now Regent's Park, Marylebone Road, Marylebone Lane, Berkeley Square, and the Green Park, to where Buckingham

Palace stands; there it divided, one branch flowing into the now ornamental waters in St. James's Park, the other emptying itself into the Thames, near Westminster Abbey. What was known as the Great Conduit, into which the water of the Tybourne was led, was a large leaden cistern, enclosed within a strong castellated wall. This erection was the first of its kind in London.

Those who cared to fetch water from the Thames could obtain a good supply. The proprietors of the houses in the lanes which led to the river, and those having riparian rights, levied toll upon those who passed over what they considered their ground to get water. In the reign of Henry III. this unauthorised tax was declared illegal.

Early in the fifteenth century the inhabitants found they needed their supply of water increased, and additional water-works were provided. The Little Conduit was opened in West Cheap in 1442; conduits were constructed in Aldermanbury and Fleet Street in 1471, also at Holborn Cross in 1498, at Stock's Market in 1500, at Bishopsgate in 1513, at Aldgate in 1535, at Lothbury in 1547, and in 1577 a conduit was erected for the public benefit by William Lamb, commemorated by the name of a street—Lamb's Conduit Street. There were also several other conduits besides these erected. An Act was passed in 1544, empowering the City to convey water from Hampstead Heath, "Maribone," Hackney, and Muswell Hill, but the powers were not utilised for nearly fifty years. In 1589—90, when Sir John Hart was Lord Mayor, four reservoirs were formed upon the declivity between Hampstead Heath and Pound Street, and another in the Vale of Health, the whole communicating one with another, and occupying twelve acres of ground. Between Hampstead and Highgate, afterwards, eight other reservoirs were constructed on different elevations on the slope leading from Caen to Kentish Town. These, too, were in communication, and occupied twenty acres. These works were conveyed to private individuals by the Corporation in 1592, and the works were styled the "Hampstead Water Works." An important and interesting clause is to be found in an Act of 1694, stating that "All the rents and profits arising by any aqueducts and the rights of bringing and conveying water, which do or shall belong to the mayor and commonalty and citizens, are to be appropriated towards the payment of said interest money for the relief of orphans and the creditors of the City of London."

During the first quarter of the fifteenth century the lift pump—then a new invention—was introduced into London. Every parish had at least one pump, erected at the parishioners' cost, for public use, to give a supply of water from surface wells. It is not so very long since these pumps have been done away with, their removal being necessitated by their pollution by sewage filtration, which rendered them quite poisonous.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth saw the erection of a water-wheel in one of the arches of London Bridge, which was moved by the tide, and worked a number of force-pumps. On September 18, 1562, the wheel was put in motion, and great was the delight and astonishment of the City fathers at seeing the water squirted over the steeple of St. Magnus' Church. Peter Morrice, a Dutchman, who erected the wheel, was granted by the City fathers a lease of the arch and of the Thames water, together with the ground on

HAMPTON—NEAR THE INTAKE OF THE SOUTHWARK AND VAUXHALL AND WEST MIDDLESEX WATERWORKS.

which the force-pumps stood, for five hundred years, at the annual rental of ten shillings. His heirs and assigns were included in the grant. Two years afterwards the lease of another arch for five hundred years was granted to Morrice, at an annual rental of thirty shillings. When he sought other arches, however, objections were raised that the traffic of the river would be destroyed, so he had to bide content with the two. Morrice was the first to convey water raised by his pumps into the houses of those who were willing to pay for it. Morrice sold his rights to one Richard Soane for £38,000. Soane applied for another arch when the New River scheme was started, and obtained it, paying an annual rent of twenty shillings, and a yearly fine of £300 for as much of the period of five hundred years as remained. He afterwards formed the London Bridge Waterworks Company, with a capital of three hundred shares of £500 each. The shares being in great request, Soane sold out, and realised a profit of £150,000. This company obtained another arch of the bridge on the south side, where a wheel was placed to supply Southwark with water, and also two more on the north side. The latter were taken over by the New River Company in 1822. The New River Company came into existence in the reign of James I., and it was empowered to supply water to London north of the Thames by a cutting from springs in Hertfordshire and the upper reaches of the river Lea. The Corporation transferred their rights to Sir Hugh Myddleton, to whom a charter was granted in 1629. He found that the expenditure incurred grew beyond his means, which was caused by the opposition from the landowners. He therefore appealed to the King, who relieved him by advancing one-half of the capital in consideration of half profits for himself and his heirs. The capital consisted of seventy-two shares, thirty-six being known as King's shares and thirty-six as Adventurers' shares. Charles I. transferred his shares to the company in consideration of an annual payment of £500, which has been continued to this day.

THAMES DITTON.
(*Where the Chelsea Company's water comes from.*)

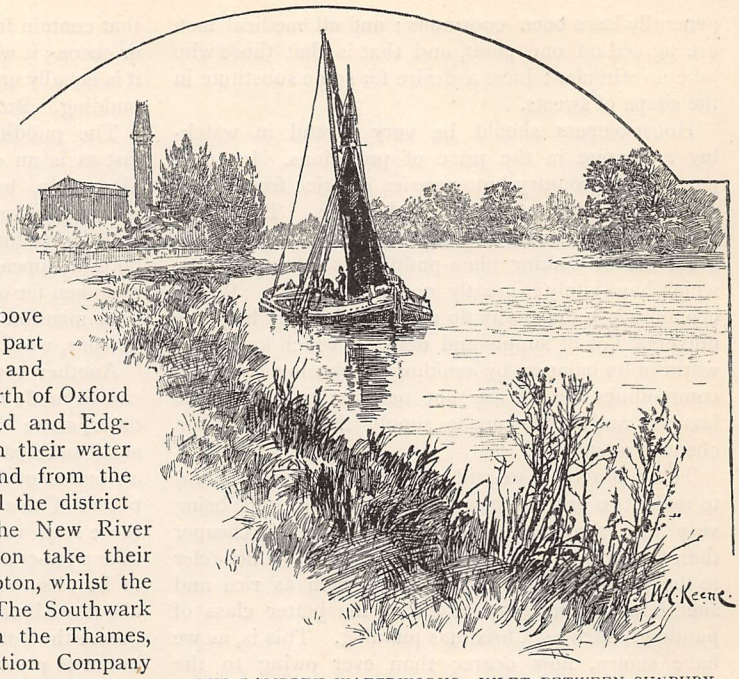
Until 1723 the New River Company was almost the only purveyor of water to the Metropolis. In that year the Chelsea Waterworks Company was started to supply water to Westminster and the neighbourhood. They drew their water from the Thames near Chelsea Hospital, and they had reservoirs in the Green Park and Hyde Park. The Serpentine also they used as a reservoir, and in 1829, when filter-beds began to be used, the filtered water was stored in their reservoirs in the Green Park.

In 1785 the Lambeth Waterworks Company began to supply the parish of St. Mary's, Lambeth, and the adjacent districts; and as London continued to grow, the East London Waterworks was started, and the West Middlesex Water Company, the Grand Junction Company, the Kent Water Company, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Company: the history of the latter being somewhat peculiar. In 1771 an association was formed for providing part of Southwark with water from a pond at St. Mary Ovarie. This property was acquired from Mr. Edward Vaughan in 1820, and in 1823 he agreed with the New River Company to purchase that part of the London Bridge Works which supplied the southern portion of the Thames. He died in 1832; and in 1834 an Act was obtained empowering the representatives to sell the Southwark Waterworks. They were purchased by a company, and, after long rivalry with the Vauxhall Waterworks—which had been styled the South London Waterworks—the two companies amalgamated.

Such has been the growth of London's water-supply, and quite in a haphazard sort of way. The inhabitants are entirely at the mercy of trading companies. A movement now coming vigorously to the fore again is to place this first necessary of life in the hands of the representatives of the ratepayers.

The existing companies providing London with its water supply are eight in number—viz., the New River Company, the Chelsea Company, the West Middlesex Company, the Grand Junction Company, the East London Company on the north side of the Thames; on the south side, the Lambeth Company, the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, and the Kent Company. The New River Company take their supplies from springs in Hertfordshire, near Hertford and Ware, and from the river Lea in the same district. This company supplies Central

London. Its district is bounded by Charing Cross, the Haymarket, Tottenham Court Road, and Hampstead Road, on the west, by the Thames on the south, and the Tower and Stamford Hill on the east. The Chelsea Company take their water from the Thames at Ditton, and they supply Chelsea, Knightsbridge, Pimlico, Belgravia, and some parts of Westminster. The West Middlesex take their water from the Thames above Hampton, and this company supplies part of Fulham, Hammersmith, Kensington, and Brompton, and also a large territory north of Oxford Street, between Tottenham Court Road and Edgware Road. The East London obtain their water from the Lea, near Walthamstow, and from the Thames at Sunbury. They supply all the district north of the Thames and east of the New River Company's line. The Grand Junction take their water from the Thames, above Hampton, whilst the Lambeth take theirs from Molesey. The Southwark and Vauxhall also obtain theirs from the Thames, above Hampton. The Grand Junction Company supply a very irregularly shaped district, including portions of the parish of St. George, north of Piccadilly, parts of Marylebone, most of Paddington, and a small portion of Westminster. The Lambeth Company supply a district reaching from the Thames on the north to Croydon on the south. The Southwark and Vauxhall Company supply the borough of Southwark and as far as Rotherhithe on the east side of the Lambeth Company; and Clapham, Battersea, and parts of Lambeth on the west side of the Lambeth Company. The Kent Company obtain their water from wells sunk into the chalk. Of these there are three at Deptford, two at Charlton, one at Plumstead, one at Crayford, and one at Bromley. The depths of these wells vary from 120 feet at Crayford to 420 feet at Plumstead. The Government offices and some other places in Westminster, and the fountains in Trafalgar Square, are supplied from Government wells near Charing Cross. London's total actual daily supply is some 157,000,000 gallons, of which more than one-half is taken from the Thames. It is not improbable that our noble Father Thames will not be able to supply London, with its ever-increasing demands, and authorities on the subject are busily engaged considering whence our extended supplies can best be brought. Dartmoor and Wales seem the favoured spots. In Wales, the valley of the Upper Wye and Upper Severn have been fixed upon. Any of these schemes would mean bringing our water from a distance of 180 to 200 miles; but the schemes are regarded as quite feasible.



THE LAMBETH WATERWORKS—INLET BETWEEN SUNBURY AND HAMPTON.

NEW PUDDINGS.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "CHOICE DISHES," ETC.

PROBABLY all people will admit that there is a charm in novelty. Educated persons feel this want more than those who are uneducated; and within certain limits a change of diet is advisable, not only for the well-being of the body, but for that portion of the body which we may term brain, and which is so intimately connected with our thoughts that we hesitate to call it body.

In most households it will be found that the general thought is to settle down into a course of routine, and if we are not careful, we allow our cook to degenerate from being an *artiste* who ought to be able to play from sight, into an organ-grinder who can only play a certain number of tunes.

There are perhaps few parts of the dinner more open to change than that known as sweets. Of late years this portion of the dinner has received greater attention in consequence of the enormous increase in the number of those who have given up the habit of taking any kind of alcoholic stimulant with their meals. The amount of saving and the additional happiness that have ensued in consequence throughout the country

generally have been enormous ; and all medical men are agreed on one point, and that is that those who take no stimulant have a desire for some substitute in the shape of sweets.

Housekeepers should be very careful in watching a change in the price of provisions. In some parts of the country butter varies in price from eightpence a pound to one-and-eightpence. The same change is noticeable in fresh eggs. One of the ingredients in making plum-pudding is sultana raisins, which have lately so greatly increased in price. Where economy is a duty, why do not housekeepers help the universal law of supply and demand which keeps the world in its balance, by avoiding purchasing expensive commodities which are not necessaries but simple luxuries, and endeavour to supply their place by a cheaper substitute ?

To be practical, we will endeavour to describe how to make two or three new puddings, which, while being very nice, shall at the same time be much cheaper than the ordinary run of puddings. We do not refer to the plainest kinds of puddings, such as rice and suet, but to what may be called the better class of puddings, such as Christmas pudding. This is, as we have shown, now dearer than ever owing to the increase in the price of the materials of which it is composed ; and these sudden advances in price are very apt to be overlooked, especially by young housekeepers.

Try the following simple recipe :—Take a quarter of a pound of suet, a quarter of a pound of flour, and a quarter of a pound of Porto Rico sugar. Chop the suet very finely. Inexperienced cooks may take a hint even in this simple operation. After chopping the suet finely as you think, if you place it in a basin and shake the basin, the big lumps will come to the top. Now take a pound of dates, and stone them and cut them up into small pieces. There is no occasion to chop the dates as finely as you did the suet. Mix all the ingredients in a basin, and add a quarter of a nutmeg, grated. Moisten the whole with only sufficient water to make the ingredients adhere. The reason of adding this small quantity of water is that, when the pudding is exposed to heat by steaming, the suet melts, and consequently the pudding becomes more moist. But first we must describe how to cook the pudding. The ingredients should be placed in a basin, which should be slightly buttered, in order to ensure the pudding turning out without breaking. The basin should be tied over with a cloth, and the pudding should be steamed in the ordinary way for about four hours. In private houses, where there is no regular steamer like those attached to big hotels and restaurants, this can de done by placing the basin in a saucepan half full of boiling water, keeping the water boiling with the lid on for the time specified.

It will be observed that, among the ingredients, we have said that the sugar should be what is known as Porto Rico. This sugar is darker, stronger, and *sweeter* than most sugars. As it is the cheapest kind of sugar sold, it is particularly economical. It is only suitable for puddings like the one we are describing, that contain fruit. It would also do to sweeten coffee or cocoa ; it would be very unsuited to sweeten tea, and it is equally unsuited for any kind of custard, or custard pudding. But to return to our pudding.

The pudding should be turned out on to a dish just as is an ordinary Christmas pudding. It is very nice plain, but a little sweet sauce poured over it would by some people be thought an improvement. It is exceedingly like good, rich Christmas pudding, both in appearance and flavour, and might easily be mistaken for one. The whole cost of the pudding we have mentioned, and which is amply sufficient for six persons, would be less than fivepence.

Another very nice and even cheaper pudding still can be made from dates as follows :—Take a pound of dates, stone them, cut them up and place them in a small saucepan, and let them stew gently, using about an ounce of butter, adding as before a quarter of a pound of this coarse brown sugar. It is best to let these stew very gently from one to two hours. Next take a tea-cupful of rice and boil this in sufficient water to be absorbed when it is finished. This would be about two breakfast-cupfuls. Wash the rice thoroughly, grease the bottom of the saucepan with a tiny piece of butter to prevent the rice sticking, and let the rice boil quickly for ten minutes, adding, as we have said, two breakfast-cupfuls of water to a tea-cupful of rice. You can put the rice into hot water at starting, but take care that it boils for quite ten or eleven minutes. Now move the saucepan to the side of the fire, and let it stand for about twenty minutes or half an hour, at the end of which time it will be found that the rice has swollen and absorbed the whole of the water. There is nothing like economy in little things. The reason we did this is that we do not waste the water in which the rice is boiled. It is as wrong in principle to throw away the water in which we have boiled our rice as to throw away that in which we have boiled a nice fresh piece of silverside of beef. Turn the whole of the rice out on to a dish, and with a spoon smooth it neatly round the outside, at the same time making a sort of well in the middle. In fact we are making a rice border. The well in the middle must be made large, but only just sufficiently large to receive the stewed dates. These dates are poured into the middle, piled up slightly, and the dish sent to table. The dates should be of the consistency of thick jam. It will be seen that we have not recommended any flavouring to the dates. We can, however, add a little nutmeg, and it may perhaps be an improvement to add the juice of half a lemon, but it is by no means essential. Still, if you have half a lemon by you, getting stale, it would be a good opportunity of using it up. This is a very cheap pudding, and looks very pretty, the brown dates reposing, so to speak, in a white nest. Should we have this pudding on some special occasion, we can ornament it as follows, and when ornamented its appearance is such that it might be served as a sweet at the wedding breakfast of a princess.

While the rice is cooking, after it has been placed by the side of the fireplace, take out a tea-spoonful and

(*Drawn by* SYDNEY COWELL.)

SUMMER PLEASURES.

(*See p.* 401.)

absorb the moisture with a cloth, and then separate the grains of rice one from another with a fork on a plate, and dry these grains by putting the plate in the oven for about a minute. Take half of these grains and put them in a saucer with two or three drops of cochineal, and shake them about till you make them pink. Don't soak them in cochineal and make them too dark, but roll them backwards and forwards on a pink saucer till each grain becomes a bright pink. It would be best to colour rather more than half the teaspoonful pink, as we shall want rather more pink than white. Next, before sending the dish to table, and after piling up the stewed dates in the middle of the dish as much as possible (and for this purpose we must take care not to make the well in the rice too deep) sprinkle a few of the white grains of rice on the dark brown dates. We can next take a very few pink grains and sprinkle them on the top between the white.

Remember that we do not want the grains of rice sprinkled too thickly or too closely together; if they are an inch apart they will be quite near enough. Next take the remainder of the pink grains of rice and sprinkle them, keeping them the same distance apart, about an inch, over the white rice border. This makes the dish look extremely pretty, and a little cut lemon might be placed on the edge of the dish, but this is not necessary.

If by chance you have any angelica in the house, you can sprinkle a few specks of green on the white rice as well as the pink. The little pink and green spots on the white look extremely pretty. Any kind of green crystallised fruit does for the purpose as well as angelica, as long as it is a fairly bright green; and the quantity required is so very small that the cost may be said to be nothing. There is a great satisfaction, in sending a pretty dish to table, in thinking that no money has been *wasted* on it.

A very nice pudding, and which will be found to be a novelty, can be made from bananas. Bananas are sometimes sold in London as cheap as six a penny, but, at any rate, they can generally be bought four a penny when they look very black and stale. Many persons will not buy them when they are black, because they think they are bad. Such, however, is not the case. Of course they are not equal in flavour to a ripe banana picked from the tree abroad, but bananas, like pineapples, have to be picked before they are ripe, and then allowed to ripen afterwards; otherwise we could not have them in this country at all. Take six bananas, and peel them and beat them to a smooth pulp in a basin with a spoon; or, better still, rub them through a wire sieve. Add two table-spoonfuls of white powdered sugar. Next beat up four eggs very thoroughly and add these to the mixture. Now take a pint of milk and boil it, and after it has boiled add the milk gradually to the mixture, and keep stirring. Pour the whole into a hot pie-dish, and bake in the oven till the pudding is set. As soon as it is set, take it out and let it get cold. When it is quite cold, cut it right round the edge with a very thin knife and turn it out on to a dish; of course an oval silver dish is best. Take a preserved cherry and place it on the top in the centre, and cut four little spikes out of green angelica and place them round the cherry. This makes a very pretty dish, and it is a mistake to think that it is expensive because we have made it look pretty. If we always have by us in the house, say, a quarter of a pound of dried cherries and a quarter of a pound of angelica, we shall always be able to have pretty-looking dishes at a very small cost. Dried cherries cost sixteenpence a pound. Fourpennyworth would last a very long time indeed if we only used one for every pudding. Angelica is still cheaper, but fourpennyworth of that would probably last as long as fourpennyworth of cherries.

An ordinary custard pudding, instead of being sent to table in a pie-dish, can likewise be turned out and ornamented; and if the custard pudding is a little watery, as is often the case, a few drops of cochineal can be added to the water that runs into the dish, which makes it look like a pretty pink sauce.

Of course it is not necessary to turn the pudding out, as it can be sent to table in the dish. And it will be seen that this banana pudding costs no more than an ordinary custard pudding beyond the addition of the bananas. It can also be sent to table hot in the dish, but it is nicer cold, as when hot there is a scented flavour about it. Still, it is worth trying both ways.

SUMMER PLEASURES.

PUNTING idly down the stream,
In the hazy golden gleam
Of an idle summer day
Where the coolest shadows play,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
By the margin of the river,
And the water-lilies float
Round our tiny little boat.

Drifting gently o'er the sky
Silver cloudlets float and fly,
Chase each other, while the air
Breathes a fragrance sweet and rare;
Birds are singing; down the dells
Comes the echo of soft bells;
All the earth seems sweet and gay,
For our joyous holiday.

Summer Pleasures—how you pass,
Swift as dew-drops from the grass;
Light your touch as shadows shifting
O'er the river where we're drifting;
Tender as the golden glory
Of a love-song old as story.
Birds, and reeds, and lilies say,
"Have we not enjoyed to-day?"

H. BROOKE DAVIES.

Words by SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* FREDERIC W. AUSTIN.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Moderato (♩ = 132).

p

Hark! Hark! the

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

crescendo.

lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ-bus 'gins a - rise,.....

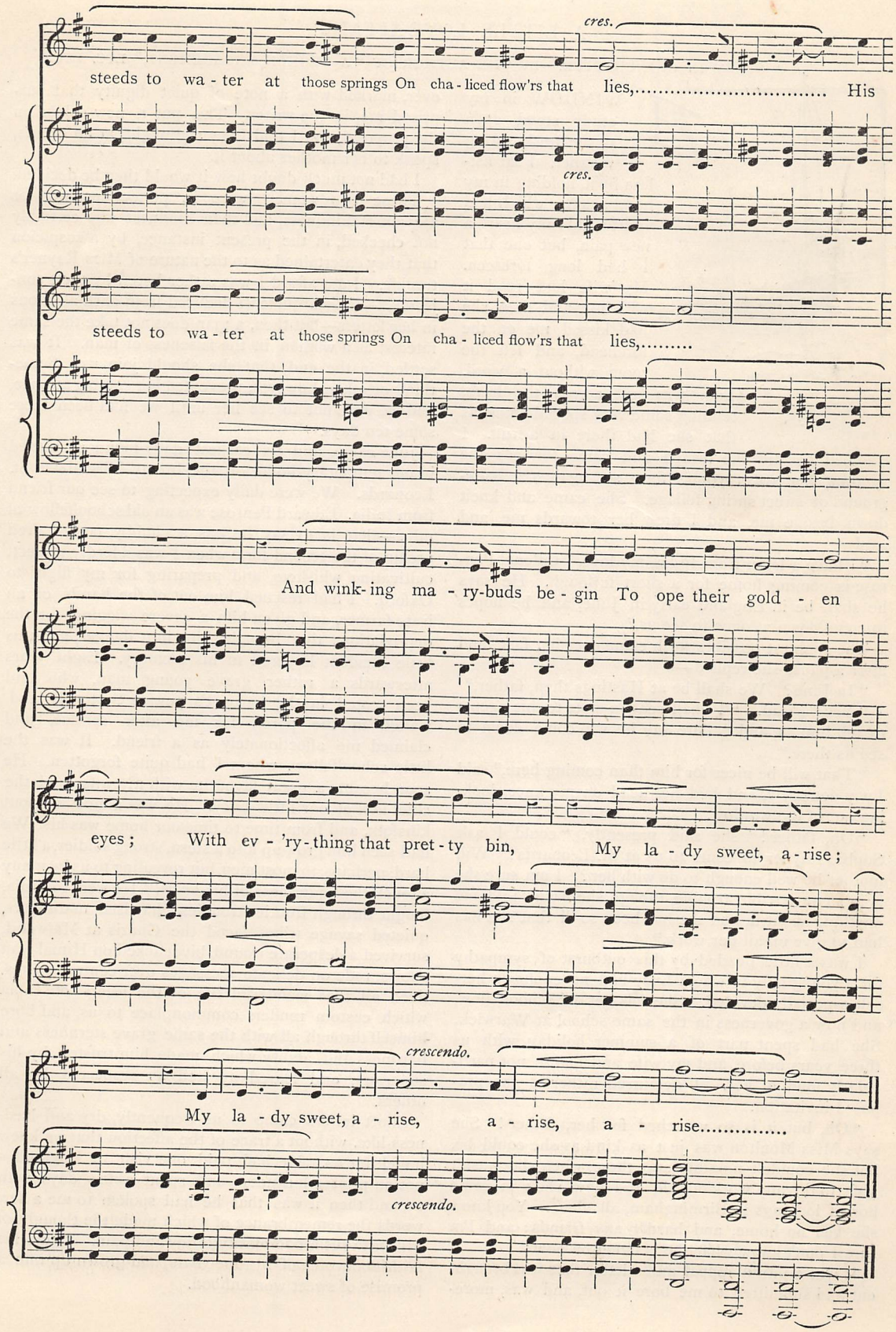
crescendo. *f marcato.*

f

And Phœ - bus 'gins a - - rise,.....

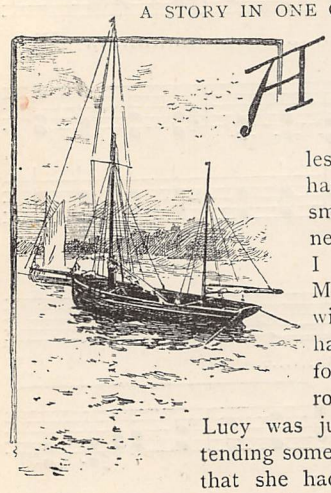
mf

His


cres.
steeds to wa - ter at those springs On cha - liced flow'rs that lies,..... His
cres.
steeds to wa - ter at those springs On cha - liced flow'rs that lies,.....
And wink - ing ma - ry-buds be - gin To ope their gold - en
eyes; With ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, a - rise;
crescendo.
My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise.....
crescendo.

A LITTLE LOVE-AFFAIR.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT," ETC. ETC.



A WINDOW in my study stood open to the fresh spring weather. I sat listless by it, holding in my hand a letter which had smitten into my heart a new pain, but one that I had long foreseen. My wife had read it with me, and then she had kissed me on the forehead, and left the room without a word. Lucy was just across the lawn, tending some very special chickens that she had there in a run. I watched her till she turned and came towards the window, her sweet young form set against a background of sweet spring foliage. She came and knelt down beside me, and I drew her towards me, and said—

"I have a letter from India, my love. Colonel Penrose is coming home for a short furlough. He says he shall be in England early in June, and he hopes to come down at once to see us."

The slightest possible flush came over her face, and after a pause she replied—

"In June? We shall be at Hastings then, father."

"Yes," I said. "I shall send a note to his agents to tell him so, and I dare say he will come down to see us there."

"That will be nicer for him than coming here," said Lucy demurely, and laid her head on my knee, looking out of the window.

"Oh, father!" she said presently, "could I ask Sophie Rayner to come to us at St. Leonards? Will mother be well enough to do with her? I am sure she is in some terrible trouble, though she hasn't told me anything about it, and she has been so ill that she has had to give up all her work."

I was a little puzzled by this outburst of sympathy for a young lady to whom Lucy had never shown herself especially devoted. She was her old schoolfellow, and now a governess in the same school at Warwick. She had spent part of a summer holiday with us three years before, and my wife and I were not particularly fond of her. I demurred rather to the proposed invitation.

"Oh, but it is so wretched for her, father! She says Miss Moulton was just as kind as she could be, but she couldn't possibly stay there when she wasn't able to do any work at all, and now she's in some horrid lodgings in Birmingham, all alone. You know she has no home, and hardly any friends; and I'm sure I don't know what she is living on now."

It was a pitiful appeal, and a letter that was brought out and submitted to me bore it out, and was, moreover, marked with a note of quiet dignity that surprised me, in the writer. This put a new colour on the proposal, and I told Lucy she might, at all events, speak to her mother about it.

I had not much doubt how it would then be decided.

These two women were in perfect accord for any act of kindness, and their kindness was certainly not checked, in the present instance, by a suspicion that they entertained as to the nature of Miss Rayner's trouble. I am afraid I was rather bored by their conjectures—their arguments deduced from dark allusions in her letters—but then, a man does not take the same interest as a woman in the falseness of man. It was settled, in the end, that she should join us. Something or other, however, prevented her coming at once, and we were not to see her until we had been there some ten days.

June came, and its earliest days found us settled in our temporary home on the breezy hills above St. Leonards. We were daily expecting to see our friend from India. Edward Penrose was an old schoolfellow of mine—that is to say, he was a chubby, curly-haired urchin of the second form when I was a lordly prefect, cultivating whiskers, and preparing for my flight to Oxford. I had rescued him out of the hands of an irate farmer, and given him a severe wigging for the depredations that brought him into danger, and this little incident lingered in his memory. Eight years afterwards a rather grave young man, who had been seated in the baronet's pew at Sutton Byland, waited in the porch for me after service, and claimed me affectionately as a friend. It was the little schoolfellow, whom I had quite forgotten. He soon became a great favourite with my wife, and the chief idol of our little Lucy. He was almost without kinsfolk, and from time to time our home was his. We had seen him grow up into a stern, strong soldier, a little hard, perhaps, to most men, but revealing to us by many a touch the tenderness of his heart. He went to India, fought through frontier troubles, chastised marauders, quieted savage tribes, faced the Ghazis at Maiwand, survived a desperate wound, bivouacked on Himalayan snows, rode on delicate messages over central wastes, lived all that wonderful life of the rulers of India which custom renders commonplace to us, and bore himself through all with the same grave sternness and hardness and ability which made him trusted by his superiors, and feared as well as respected by all others.

Short letters came to us frequently, dry and business-like, without a trace of the affection that we knew he felt for us. He had paid one visit to England—not on private business—and spent a few days with us, and then it was that he had spoken to me a few words the remembrance of which made the thought of his next visit a complexity of joy and pain. Lucy, his faithful devotee of bygone years, had grown up into a promise of sweet womanhood.

"Malpas," he said to me, watching her through the open window, "I have all the while been thinking of Lucy as the little girl she was when I saw her last."

"She is only eighteen," I faltered.

"I shall have quite a different picture in my mind when I go back," he continued; "and I say, old man, if I take my furlough in two years' time, I should like to come and see you again."

The conclusion was not very forcible, but I fully understood it. For the next two years there was a curious change in his letters. In the first place, he never wrote to Lucy; and in the second place, he always spoke of her as "Miss Malpas."

In the afternoon of our second day at St. Leonards, Lucy and I met on the Parade a young lady who flung herself effusively upon us.

"I knew you were here," she exclaimed; "my brother saw you at the station. I am so glad he was able to be of some use to you."

"SOPHIE RAYNER LOOKED AFTER HIM WITH CLEAR EYES AND SET FACE" (*p.* 407).

Lucy introduced her friend as Clara Hopwood, a schoolfellow at Warwick.

"It was your brother!" she said. "I knew his face quite well, but I could not remember where I had seen him. It was the gentleman, father, who rescued our luggage from those horrid porters while you were looking for a cab."

I thanked Miss Hopwood for her brother's service, and hoped we should see them again. She seemed to

prefer the present opportunity for improving an acquaintance, and walked on with us to Warrior Square. This was really fortunate, for we met her brother shortly, so that I was able to renew my thanks to him personally. Mr. Hopwood was a frank, open-faced young man of about eight-and-twenty, who looked well in the flannels for which his tennis racket was a sufficient justification. He was old enough to be companionable, and could talk sensibly, so that I found him a pleasant enough acquaintance, and in a very few hours something like an intimacy was set up between the two families.

I found, however, that I did not enjoy much of the society of young Hopwood. He was in high favour with the children; he organised boating parties and expeditions to Fairlight and other places; he taught Lucy and Hal to row, and Hal achieved the stupendous feat of driving a pair of horses for two miles along a level stretch of the Battle road. The days slipped rapidly by. My wife did not like the Hopwoods. "I wish Sophie Rayner could have come with us," she said one day; "I think Lucy would not have been so much taken up with this girl then." I was rather surprised at it myself after the very cool greeting with which she had first received her.

"What time is George coming?" asked Hal one morning at breakfast.

"At half-past ten, I think," replied Lucy; "he said the tide would be just right then."

"And who is the familiar George?" I queried.

"Why, Hopwood, of course," cried the boy; "he told us all to call him so."

I could see that a shade of anxiety passed over my wife's face, and Lucy, I thought, looked a trifle conscious.

"And are you included in this *all?*" I asked her lightly.

"Oh dear, no!" she cried, with a very scarlet face. "How could you think of such a thing, father dear?" And she came round and kissed me laughingly, but her mother still looked anxious. I, for my part, began to wish eagerly for the colonel's arrival.

Oddly enough, we never spoke of him. My wife and I knew perfectly well what he meant to do. What Lucy knew, or thought, or dreamt, I could not guess. We had agreed to leave the decision absolutely to the girl herself, and whichever way she decided we knew there was pain in store for us.

"I say, father," said Hal one day confidentially, "I believe George Hopwood is awfully sweet on Lulu."

I told the boy angrily not to talk nonsense, and strode home with a heavy heart. I could not but tell my wife. We sat hand in hand for a while, grieving in silent concert.

"I cannot understand it," she said at length—"Henry, I have always had the child's confidence; there cannot be anything in it; she would have told me, I am sure."

"I don't know," I gloomily suggested; "it is a new experience to her; she hardly knows what it means, perhaps; she has nothing to say."

Neither of us really doubted that the position was serious.

"What shall we do?" cried my wife. "Will you write and tell Edward not to come—put him off with some excuse?"

I could not do that; it would be like sinking a crazy ship outright.

"Well, Miss Rayner will be coming to-morrow," I sighed.

My wife's face quivered for a moment, and she broke into a laugh.

"Do you know, dear, that is just what I said two days ago?"

Her humour was infectious, and carried me away. It was clear that we agreed to believe that Sophie Rayner's coming would bring relief to our anxieties. Why we thought so I cannot say. When one is in a state of severe tension, any change whatever seems bound to do some good.

One point at least was settled for us an hour or two later. A telegram from Paris brought word that Colonel Penrose would be with us early on the following day. I noted the anxious shadow that passed over Lucy's face when she heard this, but I could not feel sure that I read its meaning. She preferred to speak of the other expected arrival; she was absurdly excited about Sophie's coming. One thing that she said filled us with secret delight.

"I haven't said anything about her to the Hopwoods. Clara and she never liked each other, I know, and I don't know how it will be when they meet." My wife looked at me with a triumphant nod. "But then," continued Lucy pensively, "I didn't like Clara myself at all at school." The triumph faded out of my wife's face.

The colonel arrived. He was sterner, perhaps, than ever. He greeted the children without that little touch of playfulness that had always marked his treatment of them alone. Lucy met him with a sweet shyness, from which I augured good, and I may as well confess, now that I had some doubts about the issue, the pain of that expected parting was swallowed up by the desire that I felt to put my child into the keeping of this true and tender heart.

Lucy, and Penrose, and I were walking after luncheon in the public gardens, when the Hopwoods burst upon us with their usual impetuosity. The colonel listened in grim silence to their chatter, and as we made no movement as if to walk on with them, they were shaken off for once. My heart fairly jumped at their last words.

"We are going over to Eastbourne to-morrow for two or three days, to stay with our aunt there; we shall be dull without you and the children," protested Miss Hopwood.

"It will seem an endless separation," added her brother, with a sentimental flourish. Lucy flushed a little, and her colour heightened still more when we passed on, and she said, with something of an effort—

"I am rather glad they will not be here just at first, when Sophie comes."

To the colonel, of course, this remark did not mean

much. He was pre-occupied with a pebble that he was driving before him with his stick.

We walked on to Warrior Square to meet Miss Rayner. She was a tall, dark girl, with large grey eyes, in which there lay a world of sadness. Penrose took charge of her with an indescribable courtesy. My wife had just mentioned to him the nature of her trouble, and he seemed to take upon himself the duty of making amends for the wrong which an unknown man had done her. All that evening he paid much more attention to her than to any of us. He hardly noticed Lucy, who herself was very shy and silent. I walked down to his hotel with him. He smoked his cigar thoughtfully all the way, and as we parted he said lightly—

"Those Hopwoods are old friends, I suppose?"

I laboriously explained the situation, received a rather stiff "Good night, old boy," and a grip of hand which alone saved me from despair, and walked home feeling very miserable. I guiltily kept this back from my wife, whom I found already fretting over the events of the day.

"I wish that Sophie Rayner hadn't come," she grumbled; but the inconsistency was too much, alike for her gravity and her grief, and a very uneasy laugh brought a little relief to our gloomy thoughts.

I have a very hazy recollection of the two days that followed. Lucy was inscrutable. Her mother watched her keenly, but sadly confessed to me that she could make nothing of her. Penrose was courteously repelling. I felt a longing now and then to break out into some contemptuous remark about young Hopwood, but could not speak. A new fear of my old friend and junior possessed me. He often walked with Lucy, who was timid and shrinking in his presence, but there was no trace of tenderness in his manner with her; he treated her with a lofty courtesy. At times I thought he looked worn and wearied when he had been with her; he might have been bored. To Sophie Rayner he always showed the same air of protection as at the first.

This young lady speedily found her way into all our hearts. My wife soon repented of her peevish remark about her that I have recorded. The colonel's manner was not to be mistaken long. The first movement of jealousy, however, was succeeded by a puzzled doubt. "What can Edward be thinking?" she asked me; "what does he mean?" And I could not find it in my heart to tell her yet about his allusion to the Hopwoods. After all, I argued with myself, they would soon be back, and he would see in a day or two that his fears were unfounded. But then a question thrust itself in—were they really unfounded? In any case, I found myself longing for their return quite as much as I had wished for their departure.

Sophie Rayner never spoke a word when the Hopwoods were mentioned. Her dislike was clearly a living one. I caught her once, as Lucy was speaking of them, looking at her with a strange expression; it might have been pity. I was startled with a vague suspicion, and when she saw me looking at her inquiringly, she coloured deeply, and hastened to change the subject. I wondered if Lucy had given her a confidence that was denied to us, and I was half determined at that moment to have it out with our visitor at the earliest opportunity. She treated me with a pleasant friendliness that made me think it would be not impossible.

This was the third morning after her arrival. She and Lucy went off shortly afterwards for a row. There was a certain taciturn wind- and sun-dried boatman whom they patronised, and with whom we gladly trusted them. Penrose and I spent the morning on the Parade, talking at first exclusively about Indian matters of no earthly interest to us, and lapsing by degrees into the silence that was becoming habitual to us. It is very hard indeed to talk when the one subject that is nearest to your heart may not be spoken of.

We kept an eye upon the boat in which we had made out the two girls, and when at last they turned to the shore, we began to move slowly down to meet them. As they drew near the beach, the boatman himself took the sculls, and Lucy stood up in the bows waving her hand to us, while Sophie was seated in the stern, and bent her head over the side, so that her broad hat nearly covered her face. As the keel grated on the shingle, a young man in flannels, who was lying on the beach, started up, and moved forward as if to give his hand to Lucy. As he advanced, Sophie Rayner chanced to raise her head, and looked him full in the face. He stopped suddenly and turned. I saw it was George Hopwood. Without a word or gesture, he strode rapidly away, passing close by us without recognition. His round fair face was moulded into a mask of sullen fury. Sophie Rayner looked after him with clear eyes and set face, but Lucy stood irresolute in the bows, flushed and downcast, looking at no one. I think we all took in the situation in a single moment. The sun-dried boatman was, of course, unmoved, and he was over the side and gave his hand to the trembling Lucy before we were a step nearer.

We walked home in a silence broken only by a few nervous remarks from myself, and a few calm replies by Miss Rayner. She seemed, indeed, by far the least discomposed of us all. Before luncheon I found time to tell my wife what had passed, but not another word was said by anyone about the scene that we had witnessed. Miss Rayner's quiet dignity put an effectual constraint upon us. The constraint was felt by all; the children, who knew nothing, were fully conscious of it, and were visibly glad to escape into the open air. An oppressive stillness was settling down upon us, when the colonel, with the air of a man who has made a sudden determination, took his leave somewhat abruptly, and the rest of us separated.

The colonel did not come to dine with us, and, to the great relief of some of us, Miss Rayner pleaded a headache, and stayed in the room that she shared with Lucy. Hal and Margery kept up a boisterous chattering all through the meal, and no one repressed it, for indeed we were glad to find shelter behind it. Lucy was wistful and still, and once I thought

her eyes were brimming with tears. There had been some confidences, I thought, in the girls' bedroom, but I was mistaken. The evening wore away, and the children were packed off to bed. Would Penrose come? I wondered; what was he doing?

He came when the June twilight was just passing into darkness. He looked carefully round the room as he entered, and then said in a low voice, "I do not think Miss Rayner will be any more annoyed. Does Mrs. Malpas know?" My wife, with feverish interest, explained that she knew what he meant, but left it clear that she wished to know more. "I have seen that young Hopwood," he continued, "and I have told him that there is a young lady staying here who, I have reason to think, would rather not meet him; and I added"—his voice grew hard and steely—"that if I chanced to meet him on the Parade, I should feel myself at liberty to put him into the sea. You'll excuse my meddling, Malpas, I hope. You see I thought"—he was very grim here—"that a clergyman might find it awkward to take the necessary steps."

"My dear fellow—" I began, but he started at a rustling sound from across the room, and as Lucy came forward through the dusk, "I beg your pardon," he cried; "I thought your father and mother were alone."

"May I tell Sophie," she said eagerly, "and bring her down?" No objection was made, and she flew off to her room; but she returned alone, and her eyes were red.

"I have just come to say good night," said Lucy simply; "I am going to bed." After kissing us she went up to Penrose, and taking both his hands, which somehow found hers at once, she said timidly, "I want to thank you so much, Colonel Penrose, for being so kind to Sophie, and for sending that—that man away." He bowed his head, and was silent for some minutes after she was gone. Then when the candles were brought in he and I went out together, and my wife went up into the girls' chamber, where the three, no doubt, behaved very foolishly together.

My friend and I sauntered down to the sea, where the moon, rising in the pale summer sky, made a broad pathway of glory towards us. We stood leaning on one of the groynes, watching it. At last Penrose broke a long silence by saying—

"I knew what sort of man that was; I met him in the smoking-room at the Victoria the first night I was here, and I had some difficulty in keeping my hands from him then."

"I think you might have told me," I said.

"Well, I felt a delicacy about it; I didn't know how far—I mean I thought I had better wait till he came back from Eastbourne, and then if it seemed necessary, or I could see my way to it, I would warn you of his character. But Miss Rayner saved me the trouble."

"Yes," I said vaguely, "her trouble has done us good service; my wife is thinking of asking her to come and live with us if——"

I stopped short; I had nearly blundered into saying something that I would not for worlds have uttered just then; so I stammered on—

"You see, we feel so very grateful to her; she has done us such a service."

I saw him look at me keenly in the moonlight.

"You don't think—" he began, and then paused as if to choose his words—"that Lucy was drawn towards that fellow?"

What could I say?

"You are an old fool, Malpas," he said, laying his hand on my arm; "and so am I, for that matter. I thought so myself until she said good night to me just now."

A load was lifted off my heart as he spoke.

"And what do you mean to do?" I asked.

"I mean," he said simply, "if you have no objection, to ask Lucy to be my wife."

I could only press his hand.

"But not just yet."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I should feel as if I were taking an advantage of her."

"But why?" I persisted.

"I hardly know," he answered; "but I should feel so. Can't you trust me, Malpas?"

"I can trust you with Lucy's happiness," I replied.

It was only a week, after all, before he spoke his mind. In the twilight of another evening I came into the drawing-room, where Lucy and her mother were sitting hand in hand; and when the child came to me and folded her arms about me, laying her fair head on my breast, I knew perfectly well what she meant. But she had something to say in sweet, low tones.

"Father, I have been telling mother all about it. I know I was very strange. I seemed to know quite well what he was coming for, and I was so afraid. I knew what you would think about—that man, and I thought he would think so too, and that made me more afraid still. And then, too, I did not think I really loved him until he did that for Sophie. And then I knew."

I kissed the fair bowed head, and as I did so the old mingled feeling of pain and joy came back to me with full force.

So after some months our sweet one sailed away to her new home, and Sophie reigned in her stead, for a while, as elder sister.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

VII.—OUR KING.

BUT one year old—yet knows full well
He's of the royal race of man;
And all admiring womanhood
Obeys him since his life began.

Imperiously he rules; but who
His lisped commands could take amiss?
Not when his dimpled majesty
Subdues us with an offered kiss.

"I WANT TO PATENT THIS."

BY A FAMILY LAWYER.

A VERY small proportion of the general public is aware of the vast number of patents which are annually granted for new inventions, some of them destined to bring large fortunes to their owners, and others doomed to failure and obscurity.

When it is considered with what ease, in many cases, inventions are brought to light—sometimes by the merest accident—and how lucrative they often prove, I think that a few practical words on the subject of patents, giving the intending patentee a brief sketch of the routine to be gone through in such cases, cannot fail to be acceptable to a great many of our readers.

The law relating to patents was formerly governed by the "Statute of Monopolies" (21 Jac. I., cap. 3); but it is now regulated by the "Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883," and the "Patents Rules, 1883," and several short supplemental Acts.

The *term* for which a patent is issued is *fourteen years* from the date of the letters patent, or under, and the full term is generally granted. The time runs from the day of the date and includes that day, so that a patent dated Jan. 1, 1891, will expire at midnight on Dec. 31, 1904.

An invention having been developed in the mind of the inventor, and being *new*, and otherwise in accordance with the requirements of the law, the next thing will be to protect it. For this purpose the applicant must make the acquaintance of the "Patent Office," No. 25, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

An applicant for a patent must consider in which way he will protect his invention; for he may either ask in the first place for *provisional* protection, and then within nine months afterwards for *complete* protection, or he may apply for *complete* protection in the first instance. In either case he will have to make his "application" to the office upon a printed form called "FORM A," or, if the invention is communicated

from abroad, he must make it upon "FORM A^1." There is a third form, A^2, referring to International Conventions, under which an application which has been taken out in a foreign country may be dated.

I will assume, in the first place, that the inventor intends to apply for *provisional* protection only. He must obtain (at the places hereafter specified), a Form A, stamped with a £1 stamp; also Form B (the "Provisional Specification") *in duplicate*. This latter form is not stamped, and is to be filled up by the applicant so as to set out the nature of his invention in detail.

The advantages of a provisional protection are that it lasts for nine months from the time of the application, or until *complete* protection is granted, and thus the inventor obtains nine months' time to see whether the invention will prove profitable or not, and to develop his invention in detail. Provisional protection also gives the applicant a priority against persons applying for patents of the same invention at a later date: it is not open to public inspection until the complete specification is accepted; the inventor, again, has, at the time of making his application, only to pay *one-fourth* of the whole amount payable; and he can make use of, sell, or publish his invention without prejudicing his subsequent right to a patent after acceptance.

Should he determine to perfect the patent, he must leave the *complete* specification within the nine months (or ten months, with a fee for the extension of time). The complete specification is contained on Form C, which is stamped with a £3 stamp.

If our applicant, however, desires *complete* protection in the first place, he must obtain Form A (A^1 or A^2), bearing a £1 stamp, and Form C (the *complete* specification), bearing a £3 stamp. (He will not have to pay any further fee until the completion of the fourth year after his application.)

I will now state where the necessary forms can be obtained. The applicant can get Forms A, B, and C at the following places:—Royal Courts of Justice, Strand (Room No. 6); the General Post Office; the following district post offices, viz.:—226, Commercial Road, E.; 9, Blackman Street, Borough, S.E.; Charing Cross, W.C.; Lombard Street, E.C.; 28, Eversholt Street, N.W.; 12, Parliament Street, S.W., and at the chief post offices in the United Kingdom.

The Patent Office does not supply the Forms A, A^1, A^2, B, or C, but they can be obtained through any money order office by prepayment of the stamp.

Let us now resume. The requisite forms being obtained, they must be carefully filled up and left, with the plans or drawings (if any) in duplicate, and one copy of the "Declaration," at the Patent Office, Southampton Buildings, or they may be sent by post, prepaid, addressed to "The Comptroller, Patent Office, 25, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C."

The "Declaration" (Form A, A^1, or A^2) *must* be signed by the applicant himself, but other documents can be signed by his agent duly authorised to do so.

A *complete* specification must be *commenced* on the Form C; but, if there is not space enough, it may be continued on ordinary foolscap paper. This applies equally to the *provisional* specification Form B. The specification must conclude with a distinct and proper statement of what the inventor claims, and he should take care not to include more or less than what he wishes to protect.

The *complete* specification should also be marked with the number and date of the *provisional* specification, and *all* applications must have an address to which communications can be sent from the Patent Office.

The *provisional* specification must set forth the nature of the invention, and be accompanied by drawings, if required; but drawings are seldom required with a *provisional* specification.

The *complete* specification, whether left in the first instance or subsequently, must *particularly* describe the nature of the invention, and be accompanied by drawings if required. Drawings are almost always required with a *complete* specification where mechanical apparatus is involved. Every specification, whether *provisional* or *complete*, must begin with the "title."

Great care should be exercised in framing the *complete* specification, as it is a most important document; and if the applicant does not consider his powers equal to the task of drawing it, he had better employ an agent or some person accustomed to the business to prepare it for him. In the case of a patent for manufacturing "aniline dyes," the inventor mentioned in his specification a "cold process," and also a "hot process." It was demonstrated that the *cold* process was ineffectual, and for this reason the specification was pronounced bad. It therefore behoves the inventor to be most careful in this respect.

The "Patents Rules" provide that the specifications and all other documents (except statutory declarations and affidavits) shall be written or printed in large and legible characters upon strong wide-ruled paper, measuring 13 inches by 8 inches, leaving a margin of 2 inches on the left hand. The writing or printing must be *on one side only;* and the signatures of the applicants or agents must be written in a large and legible hand.

No drawings need be sent in, provided that the invention is sufficiently described without them; but, if sent, they must be in the form prescribed by the rules, as follows:—

The drawings must be delivered either flat, or on rollers, so as to be free from creases or folds. They must be on pure white, hot-pressed, rolled, or calendered drawing-paper, of smooth surface and good quality, and, where possible, without colour or Indian-ink washes. They must be on sheets of one of the two following sizes (the smaller by preference)—viz., 13 inches at the sides by 8 inches at top and bottom, or 13 inches at the sides by 16 inches at top and bottom, *including the margin*, which must be half an inch wide. Section lines and lines for effect, or shading lines, are not to be closely drawn. The reference figures and letters must be bold and distinct,

and not less than one-eighth of an inch in height, and the same figures or letters are to be used in different plans of the same parts. Where the drawings are complicated, the reference letters or numbers should be shown outside the figure and connected with the part referred to by a fine line. If the scale is given on the drawing, it should be denoted by a drawn scale—*not* in words. The drawings must bear the name of the applicant in the *left-hand top corner* (and in the case of drawings left with a *complete* specification after a *provisional* specification, the number and year of the application). The number of sheets of drawings sent, and the number of each sheet, must be stated in the *right-hand top corner*, and the applicant's signature must be in the *right-hand bottom corner*.

A *fac-simile* of the original drawings, but *without* colour or Indian-ink washes, and prepared strictly as prescribed above, must accompany the originals, and be marked "True copy."

Should the applicant desire to adopt the drawings lodged with his *provisional* specification as the drawings for his *complete* specification, he should refer to them as those "left with the *provisional* specification."

Thus much concerning the drawings; and now let us return to our main subject.

The Declaration and other papers having been received at the Patent Office, they are referred to the "Examiner," who scrutinises them carefully and ascertains if they are in the prescribed form or not, and whether the nature of the invention has been fairly set out and the title sufficiently indicates the subject matter of the invention, and he reports to the "Comptroller" accordingly.

Should the papers not be in order, the Comptroller may require them to be amended, and then the applicant must execute the required amendments and lodge the papers again with the Examiner. The applicant, however, has the right to appeal from the decision of the Comptroller to the Attorney-General or Solicitor-General.

If fresh specifications or plans have to be lodged, they must of course be signed by the applicant, as prescribed by the rules, and the specification must be lodged *in duplicate*.

When all the Examiner's objections (if any) are removed, and he is satisfied, the applicant will in due course receive a formal "Notice of Acceptance" from the Comptroller, who is required to send this notice in all cases.

If the applicant has not left a *complete* specification with his application, he may do so at any subsequent time within nine months from the date of his application. Should he, however, require an extension of the time for doing so, the Comptroller has power to enlarge the time by one month. To obtain this extension, the applicant must get a form of "Request" (Form U), stamped with a £2 stamp, and fill it up, stating the reasons for the required extension.

Notice is sent to the applicant of the acceptance of the *complete* specification, and then, a few weeks afterwards, the patent is issued under the seal of the Patent Office. Formerly the Great Seal used to be affixed to all patents, but it is not now used, and the Patent Office seal is to have the same effect as if the Great Seal were affixed.

Unless a *complete* specification be *accepted* within twelve months from the date of the application (except in the case of an appeal having been lodged against the refusal to accept) the application becomes void. But extension not exceeding three months can be obtained by payment of extra fees.

On the acceptance of the *complete* specification, the Comptroller is required to give notice thereof, and to advertise the acceptance in the "Illustrated Official Journal" of the Patent Office; and then the application, specifications, and drawings (if any) become open to public inspection.

The drawing and lodging of a proper specification is all-important, as its object is to secure to the public the benefit of the knowledge of the invention after the term granted shall have expired.

As to *amending* a specification, the Act of 1883 provides that an applicant, or the person for the time being entitled to the benefit of a patent, may from time to time, by "Request" in writing left at the Patent Office, obtain leave to amend his specification, including drawings, by way of disclaimer, correction, or explanation, stating the nature of the amendment and his reasons for the same. This Request (Form F) must be signed by the applicant, and be accompanied by a copy of the original specification and drawings, showing, *in red ink*, the proposed amendments.

This Request, with the nature of the proposed amendments, has to be advertised, and at any time within one month from its first advertisement any person can give notice at the office of opposition to the amendment. The question, whether or not the amendment should be allowed, is decided by the Comptroller, subject to appeal as before mentioned. When the amendment has been effected, it must be advertised in the prescribed manner.

The *granting of licences* is one of the most profitable modes of dealing with a patent, and in letters patent there is usually a clause prohibiting all persons from making use of the invention without the consent or licence of the inventor.

Every licence must be registered in the Registry. No document can be registered, however, until the patent affected has been actually sealed. Every deed sent in for registration must be duly stamped as required by the Stamp Act, 1860, and it must also be accompanied by a copy thereof, written on foolscap paper, *on one side only*, and by the form of Request. This Request is Form M, bearing a 10s. stamp.

With regard to *Scotch and Irish patents*, the Act of 1883 provides that every patent shall have effect throughout the United Kingdom and the Isle of Man. Formerly, it was necessary to obtain separate patents for Scotland or Ireland.

Patents are freely assignable by one person to another, but all *assignments* are required to be registered in the same way as *licences*, and they must be accompanied by a copy of the assignment and a Request (Form L), bearing a 10s. stamp.

A book, called the "Register of Patents," is kept at the Patent Office, in which are entered the names and addresses of grantees of patents, notifications of assignments and of transmissions of patents; of licences, amendments, extensions, and revocations, &c. This Register is quite open to the public, and certified copies of any entry therein can be obtained.

International Patents.—By Section 103 of the Act of 1883, if any arrangement shall be made with the Government of any Foreign State for mutual protection of inventions, then any person who has applied for protection for any invention in any such State shall be entitled to a patent for his invention, under and subject to the conditions of the Act, in priority to all other applicants. The Crown may also, by Order in Council, apply these provisions to any British Possession for the protection of inventions patented in this country. Most of the Foreign and Colonial patent laws can be seen in the Free Library at the Patent Office.

Every patent is granted for fourteen years *from the date of application*, subject to the payment of £50 before the end of the fourth year and £100 before the end of the eighth year (or, in the case of patents dated prior to the 1st January, 1884, before the end of the seventh year), or in lieu thereof to the payment of annual fees.

Payment is made on the stamped Form J, which is required to be sent to the Patent Office for entry in the Register. It is not necessary to produce the letters patent on paying these fees.

Should a patent be lost, the Comptroller may cause a duplicate thereof to be sealed on payment of a fee of £2.

Exhibitions.—A person may exhibit an unpatented invention at any exhibition which is certified by the Board of Trade as industrial or international, without prejudice to his subsequent rights, provided (*a*) that he gives notice (Form O, stamp 10s.) to the Comptroller of his intention so to exhibit it; and (*b*) that he applies for a patent within six months from the date of the opening of the exhibition. By the 49 & 50 Vict. c. 37, s. 3, this provision is extended to exhibitions held *out of the United Kingdom.*

Searches in the Patent Office cannot be undertaken by the officials, but must be made by the person requiring them, or his solicitor or agent. The fees are as follows:—

	s.	d.
Search, or inspection	1	0
For office copies, for every 100 words (but never less than 1s.)	0	4
For certifying office copies, each	1	0
For office copies of drawings, as per agreement.		

Specifications are printed three weeks after the *complete* specification has been accepted, and the patent, if unopposed, is sealed about ten weeks after the acceptance of the *complete* specification.

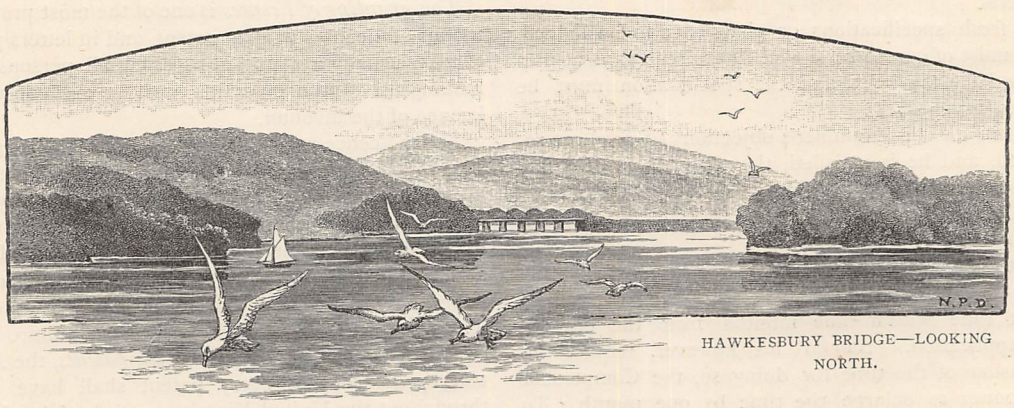
Provisional, or *complete*, specifications are not open to the inspection of the public until after the *complete* specification has been accepted.

With the assistance of the above information, it is hoped that intending patentees will have some idea of what is necessary to obtain legal protection for their inventions; but, of course, in so short a paper it is impossible to include every detail.

Finally, let me advise all who can afford it, to obtain the counsel and assistance of a professional expert in patent procedure, as this course will, in the end, be found to save much time, trouble, and possible disappointment.

H. E. B.

AN AUSTRALIAN JAUNT.



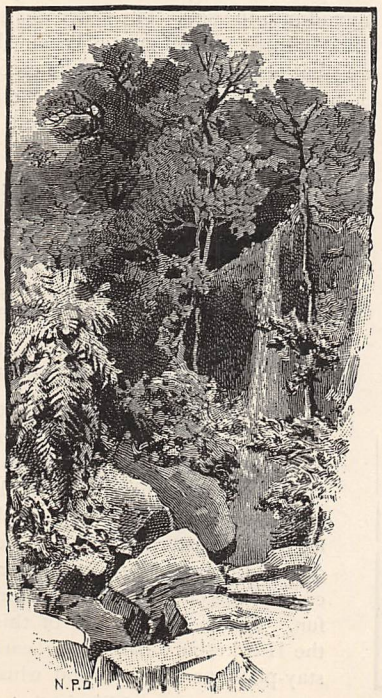
HAWKESBURY BRIDGE—LOOKING NORTH.

TWENTY miles north of Sydney, the beautiful capital of New South Wales, there is a small river which widens into an estuary, fifteen miles in length, spreading north and south into long land-locked reaches. I had often heard of the Hawkesbury—as the river is named—and how Trollope had said that it beat the Rhine for beauty, and I was anxious to see it and experience some of those yachting joys for which both Port Jackson and this river are equally famous. Consequently, I gladly accepted an invitation to join in a camping expedition, intended especially to visit the reaches of the Lower Hawkesbury, where the coast-line, although for the most part precipitous and well wooded,

SUNRISE, HAWKESBURY RIVER, NEAR MELVEY'S STORE.

affords many a sandy bay where safe anchorage and fresh water may be had.

And so it came about that on Christmas Eve, 188—, I found myself on the pier at Double Bay—one of the numerous inlets of Sydney Harbour—in company with Robinson and Jones and a heap of miscellaneous articles required for "camping out." These (together with ourselves) were soon transferred to the *Lurlie*, a 22-foot half-decked centre-board, which we had hired for the occasion, now lying in the bay. Of these Robinson — henceforward to be known as the "skipper"— was a thorough seaman, while Jones was well able to second his efforts. *I* was merely a passenger; able, however, to bear a hand with the halyards or swab down the deck. It was quite dark before we got under weigh and stood down the harbour in company with a friend's boat, the *Olivia*, bound on a similar excursion to Botany Bay; and a sharp look-out was necessary for passing steamships. We were sailing on the port tack, and as I lay forward I several times reported first the red light, then both lights showing, and finally the green light alone. An hour later we reached Watson's Bay, an inlet just within the South Head, where we cast anchor for the night, with the *Olivia* just astern of us.



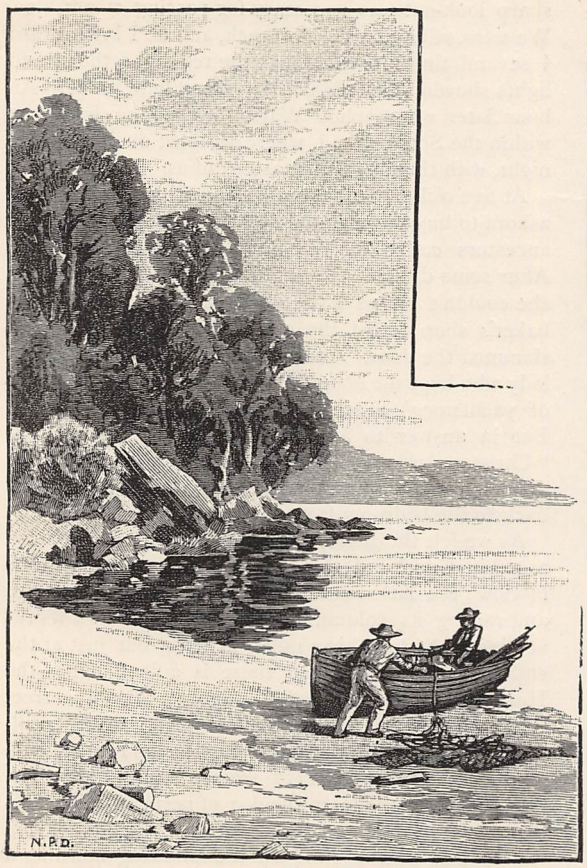
WATERFALL AT THE BASIN.

At five o'clock next morning, the skipper and I went ashore to buy bread in the *Olivia's* "cockboat," as our ancestors called it. We first tried the big hotel. After some difficulty I roused a sleepy maid. "No; she couldn't let us have any bread; but there was a baker's shop round the corner." This she said and slammed the door. In spite of the early hour, the old lady who kept the shop (being accustomed to the ways of yachtsmen) made no trouble about serving us. But in answer to a polite remark, she replied that "Christmas was not for the likes of her!" and in this dismal frame of mind we left her to grope her way back to the bedroom from the dimly lighted shop.

As we left the shore, the dip in the coast-line, known as "The Gap," and the Macquarie Lighthouse came in view; the latter, standing 354 feet above sea-level and raising its column another 70 feet, shows its revolving light for thirty miles at sea; but just at the end of the Southern Head there is a fixed light—the Hornby—erected to enable ships to take a correct bearing for the harbour. This was built after the ill-fated *Dunbar* in the darkness and turmoil of the gale of the 26th of August, 1857, steered straight for "The Gap," meeting the stern repulse of perpendicular cliffs instead of the safe anchorage of Port Jackson. From the summit of the cliffs on the following morning a single human survivor—James Johnson—was seen

clinging to a ledge of rock 100 feet below. This morning, however, the wind was so light that it was two hours before we reached the Heads. The rocks on either side rise over 300 feet, forming a natural entrance; and around either towering wall the waves swirl and break with an ominous roar.

It was midday before we left the ocean, and, passing Barrenjoeh Head, entered Broken Bay. Midway in the channel stands Elliot Island, a rough mass of rock, looking, from a south-eastern aspect, like a lion *couchant*. This we passed, and henceforward sailed in a series of landlocked reaches, surrounded by tree-clad heights, from which it was difficult to guess how an exit could be effected. Another turn and the great railway bridge rose before us, forming in this wild region a striking symbol of the dominion of man. Its length—2,900 feet—is a small part of its claims to be considered. The nature of the river-bed—mud and soft sand—required an artificial foundation. This was secured by sinking caissons filled with concrete (in one case to a depth of 162 feet, the deepest known foundation for a bridge) on which the six piers, which bear the bridge itself, rest. The seven spans of mild steel, of which the main girders are 410 feet in length and 58 feet above the water, were built upon pontoons and then floated down to the piers at high water, and so placed in position.



FLINT AND STEEL BAY—HAWKESBURY RIVER.

Just beyond the bridge on the southern shore, marking the old crossing-place, is Peate's Ferry, where there are an hotel and a cottage or two round the bay. Here we went ashore, and having bought some fresh milk, proceeded to boil our "billy"—the indispensable tin with cover and handle which every bushman carries for making tea—and ate our Christmas dinner. There was a party of men playing cricket on the strip of sandy beach, in spite of the blazing sun, while some women and children looked on. Leaving these Philistines and their terrible corrugated iron dwellings, we cast off from the little pier, and brought up at the mouth of the bay just in front of Long Island, where we raised our canvas tent and fished till evening. Then we got under weigh again and ran up the river. Gradually the air cooled and the bright sunlight fled away, but not before it had coloured the hills with crimson and purple. The heavens grew dark and the stars shone out, not separately, but in tangled masses, as is their wont in the southern hemisphere. By the time we reached Melvey's Store the cliffs of the silent river were hung with blackness. We made fast to the hull of an old river steamer, amid the loudly expressed murmurs of the proprietor, who informed us that he had just had it painted. From another boat just moored to the landing-stage a merry party went on shore. After securing a sufficient length of rope to avoid being stranded on the soft mud, we fell-to and had supper, and then turned in for the night. Next morning I climbed on to the forward deck and sketched the sunrise. The hills were veiled by grey mists, which formed into a bank of clouds upon their crests. From beneath the centre of these clouds the golden light of the newly risen sun poured, while, from behind, rays of orange light spread into the sky. The water was still, and reflected the dominant tone of grey. When the others awoke we went ashore for a bath in the creek and breakfast; then sailed up the river till the cliffs closed in on either side, before they expanded once again into fertile meadows.

> "For lo! from where, at rocky Portland's head,
> Reluctant Hawkesbury quits his sluggish bed,
> Merging in ocean to young Windsor's towers,
> And Richmond's high green hills and native bowers;
> Thence far along Nepean's pebble way
> To those rich pastures where the wild herds stray,
> The crowded farmhouse lines the winding stream
> On either side, and many a plodding team
> With shining ploughshare turns the neighbouring soil,
> Which crown with double crop the labourer's toil." *

In working down we overhauled a fishing boat in which a man—an Italian—was sturdily pulling down against wind and tide, with his wife and family, to say nothing of a load of fish. As the wind was blowing fresh, we took him in tow as far as the eastern side of Peate's Ferry. As we dipped the boat's bow in answer to our straining canvas, the children crowed and laughed at the fun. But in the middle of this run, just above the Hawkesbury Bridge, we carried off our port stay-plate and the shroud whistled and danced

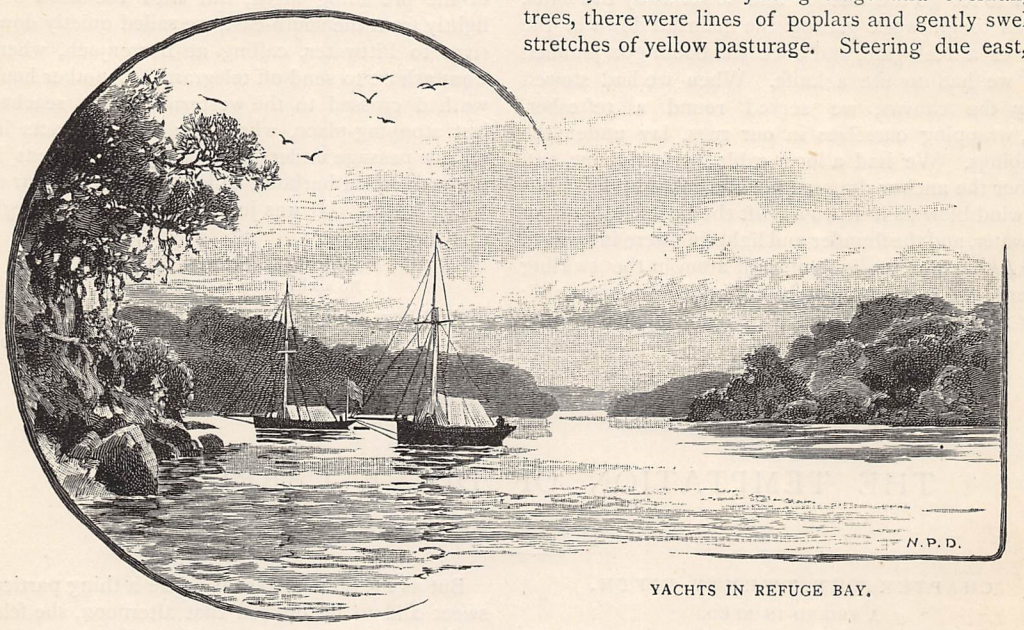
* Wentworth.

in the air. Casting off the boat, we quickly put about, and making Mullet Creek, a bay on the northern abutment of the bridge, came-to for repairs. Having secured a preventive stay fastened to the bulwark, and taken two reefs in the mainsail, we ran over to Cowan Creek and made Refuge Bay—a favourite anchorage of the Sydney Yacht Squadron. Here we found the *Era*, flying the commodore's flag, and the *Vacuna*. The *Lurlie* was now in one of those curved sandy bays in landlocked waters, in which, in the blue Ægean, the Homeric seamen loved to rest. And, like them, we dropped our anchor from the bow and let the stern swing round, then carried out a line, which we fastened to a "hollow stone" ashore. In the very words of Odysseus, "we stationed the well-made ship in the round harbour, near the sweet water, and my companions went out of the ship and skilfully prepared supper."* In Refuge Bay the "sweet water" comes from a waterfall breaking over the side of the cliff and shaded by spreading trees. In the interests of yachtsmen, a large square tank has been placed hard by, and is always kept full of water. Here as elsewhere, we found a delightful *al fresco* bathing-place, where, curtained by ferns and leaves, the spray fell with welcome coolness upon our heated bodies. Then we made our fire, and, having "skilfully prepared our supper," went on board to eat it.

The *Lurlie* at anchor formed a comfortable shelter. The boom was raised three feet, and a V-shaped canvas tent, closed forward, hung from it. As the boat had plenty of beam there was abundance of room for three or four men to eat and sleep in her. After eating with such zest as only a long day in the open gives, we lit our pipes and watched the lights twinkling in the bay. Late in the evening a fresh light showed. We hailed her. It was the *Iscæa*, another S.Y.S. boat.

We were loth to leave this pleasant spot, and it was almost midday before we weighed anchor, with the wind blowing stiff from the north-west. We ran down the river to Elliot Island. Here, finding that our canvas strained the preventive stay, the skipper luffed up and took two reefs in the mainsail and set the storm-jib. Thus eased, the *Lurlie* sped swiftly across the bay to Brisbane Water, where we gave a stranger—a ship's boat with two officers in her—a lead over the dangerous bar. Here we found a totally changed scenery. Instead of jutting crags and overhanging trees, there were lines of poplars and gently swelling stretches of yellow pasturage. Steering due east, the channel led us past half-submerged mangrove-trees, and the quaint village of Kincumber, where the houses lay close enough for us to hail the men as we swept past them. Thus we came to the Broadwater—a name which recalls the Norfolk broards. When we returned to Brisbane Water, we crossed the stream and brought up at Rock Davis's shipbuilding yard. Being holiday time, there was no one working, but, taking a kindly interest in us, some men came down and put on a new stay-plate. For this service they would accept no payment. As we put off, Davis himself gave us a word of counsel. All day the heat had been intense, the great ball of fire sending down merciless shafts upon man and beast, and a storm was plainly imminent. Seeing this, "You might do worse than stay where you are," he said; and he was right. The skipper was of opinion that a periodic squall, known as a "southerly buster," was due, but he thought that an hour's run would take us safely across the bay to our anchorage at the Basin.

We had scarcely crossed the bar when suddenly the wind dropped to a dead calm, and out at sea there appeared a dark line, growing nearer and deeper every minute. It was the south wind tearing up the water.



YACHTS IN REFUGE BAY.

* "Odyssey," xii.

In five minutes the squall struck the boat. It was no honest wind, but it came in angry puffs that seemed to drive the ship down instead of sending her onwards. For some minutes we continued to beat on, all three hanging out by our toes over the weather side, for we sorely needed ballast. Fortunately we had got our shrouds repaired, and we still carried two reefs in the mainsail and the storm-jib. Once the ship took the water over her lee bulwarks, and I saw the iron centre-board. Finding that the tide ran out so fast that with constant "luffing up" we were in danger of losing all steerage way, and having crept up a bit under the lee of Elliot Island, the skipper gave the order to let go the anchor and lower away the sails. It was tough work getting the mainsail down in the face of a fresh gale, and once the boom got jammed and we had to use a knife. When we had stowed away the canvas, we served round a refresher, and, wrapping ourselves in our rugs, lay under the combings. We had a long cable, perfectly new, and neither the anchor dragged nor the cable broke. But the wind blew as if it would lift the boat clean out of the water, and the thunder and lightning were incessant. The *Lurlie* was an insignificant atom in the swirling waters ; we were completely cut off from human aid ; now and then a great blaze of light would show the grim interior of the boat, where we lay drenched, then leave a leaden darkness all around. It is at such times that a man clears away all doubts as to the meaning of right and wrong.

The storm died away as suddenly as it had come. The wind chopped round from south-west to west, blowing very light, although now and again an angry puff came, like the dying struggles of the storm fiend. After beating about for some hours, we stood up the river, and reached a safe anchorage on the opposite shore.

Next morning "Flint and Steel Bay"—as it is quaintly called—looked very peaceful after the turmoil of the preceding night, and with the wind blowing lightly from the south-east, we sailed quietly down the river to Pittwater, calling at Barrenjoeh, where we went ashore to send off telegrams. Another hour and we had crossed to the western side and reached our last stopping-place, where the bay contracts into a narrow passage under high cliffs, then widens into a perfect natural harbour, called, from its circular shape, "The Basin." It was just such a place as Virgil describes :—

> "Here no cable holds the weary ships :
> No anchor binds with curvéd grip."

And here we rested.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

HER uncle had not long left the house before Dulce received a summons to repair at once to her grandmother's room.

She was lying down on her bed, trying to still the throbbing of her brain and head, which, from want of rest and the excitement of the last twenty-four hours, was almost more than she could endure. The noise in the street, each separate barrel-organ tune and rumble of carriage-wheels, seemed to be repeated and intensified a thousand times in her ears.

She rose at once in answer to Parker's knock, and smoothed her tumbled hair and bathed her throbbing brow and face with eau-de-Cologne, trying to bring back a little colour to her pallid cheeks, and endeavouring to control her quivering nerves to pass through the ordeal of the interview with her grandmother as bravely as it was possible for her to do.

That it would be a fiery ordeal she well knew ; for her grandmother's capabilities of wrathful vituperation she had found to be boundless by previous experience.

But as life did not seem to be a thing particularly sweet and to be desired that afternoon, she felt that death itself might be bearable ; and how much more a mere tongue-lashing, that could hurt nothing save the sensitive skin of self-consciousness ?

Having borne so much, she could bear a little more ; but still she longed for her uncle's presence, for in his absence she was so utterly friendless and alone.

Lady Spenhouse was seated alone in her darkened room, with a bundle of materials on a table at her right hand, from which she had evidently been choosing her mourning dresses and mantles.

She laid aside some deeply black-edged paper that she was using as Dulce came in, and carefully wiped her pen and blotted her letter before she looked up.

"How very ill you look, Dulce!" were her first words. "This sort of excitement does not suit you at all, I can see ; and if you are not very careful, I begin to be quite afraid that you will lose your good looks earlier than other girls. It will be a great pity if you do."

Dulce seated herself in a straight-backed, uncompromising chair, and glanced at her grandmother with a feeling of curiosity as to how her husband's death and the conflicting emotions of that terrible time had affected her.

But Lady Spenhouse's face was not one that easily showed the marks of trouble and fatigue. She was as icily cold as ever, and her features were rigid in their handsome outline.

The lines under her eyes were, perhaps, more clearly defined, and her eyes themselves were filled with a strange light that the girl failed to interpret till the end of her interview, when the strange manner and shifty glance—that never fully met hers—explained itself with absolute clearness as concentrated essence of hatred and malevolence.

Perhaps, if she had known this at the time, Dulce would have deferred the telling of her bad news until a more favourable opportunity, but her impetuous nature urged her to speak the truth at once.

"I think you sent for me?" she said quietly. "Was it to tell me that my good looks are fast taking their departure?"

"Partly," said Lady Spenhouse drily, "and also because I wished to ask you if anyone has written to Lord Melvell to inform him of the hour of the funeral. I think that it would only be right to give him the option of being present, as he is shortly to be so closely connected with the family."

"No one has written to Lord Melvell," said the girl, clasping her hands convulsively together on her lap, but with a steady voice and look, "because I am not going to be his wife."

"And pray, why not?" was the quick reply. "Your mourning for your grandfather need not delay your wedding at all, as it can be a very quiet one, with only your near relations present at it."

"I am not going to marry Lord Melvell, because I do not love him, and I told him so before we left Melvell's Court."

"If you don't marry Lord Melvell, you are a fool—a fool, like your father and mother. I suppose it runs in the breed," said Lady Spenhouse, with a coarse sneer.

Dulce's spirit rose at once, and her cheek flushed.

"You will oblige me by keeping my father's and mother's name out of our conversation. I may be a fool, Lady Spenhouse, but I am now, thank God, an honest one, having no longer the stain on my conscience of having deceived an honourable man."

"This is a deliberate plot, I believe," said the angry woman. "You throw over your lover just at the moment when you know your grandfather is dying, and rush down to his bedside to poison his mind against his own children, and to clutch with your greedy hands the lion's share of his money. The whole time that you have been in this house you have been scheming and plotting to compass your end. And you have done it, Dulce Carruthers; but let me tell you that your triumph will be a short one!"

"How can you talk in this manner when my grandfather is lying dead upstairs?" cried Dulce, aghast. "And why do you speak of my triumph? You should rather think of my bitter, bitter shame; for I have destroyed the love and trust of two upright, honourable men. And *you* are as much to blame as I am in the matter."

Lady Spenhouse laughed scornfully.

"Who will get the blame—you or I? Shall I be pointed at as the jilt and the money-maker? Shall I——"

"Lady Spenhouse, be silent!" broke from the girl's trembling lips, as she rose to her feet and faced the furious woman, who in her anger looked so pitiful—so mean. "You destroyed my love for Jack Mordaunt in making me love and think only of myself. You have been very kind to me in some ways, but in others—how cruel!"

"And this is gratitude?" said Lady Spenhouse. "I have spent a small fortune on your clothes and fine feathers on purpose to make you look respectably tidy, so that you might do the family some credit; and of your own free will you became engaged to Lord Melvell—a match that was a surprise to all London, considering that your mother was hardly respectable before her marriage, and that your——"

"If you say another word about my mother, I shall leave the room," cried Dulce, lifting her hand tragically above her head.

"You will not leave the room, miss," panted Lady Spenhouse, springing suddenly to her feet, and grasping the girl by her wrists, "until I have told you my opinion of your behaviour. You are a conceited, impudent jackanapes; and if you throw over Lord Melvell you will be a miserable, dishonourable hussy into the bargain. Now, will you marry Lord Melvell? or refuse, and leave the house this moment?"

"I refuse to marry Lord Melvell," said the girl, lifting her clear eyes to the angry face.

Lady Spenhouse, with her open palm, struck her a violent blow in the face, and pushing her back towards the door, resumed her chair.

"You leave the house this instant!" she said. "Pack up your things at once, or I will fling them after you into the street. I give you twenty minutes from now."

Dulce lifted her head proudly; the red mark of the blow was still staining the deathly white of her cheek.

"After your words to me, Lady Spenhouse, I would not stay under your roof an instant longer than I could help."

"Go at once, and never let me see your face again. You have been a misery and a curse to me from the very beginning."

And Dulce, closing the door firmly and quietly behind her, left Lady Spenhouse's presence for ever. Her words came true, for never in this life did Dulce see her face again.

The girl, when she reached the corridor leading to her own room, rushed blindly, without looking to the right or to the left, into her bedroom, and there stood, with panting throbbing breath, and wild hunted eyes, knowing not where to turn in her hour of need.

But the one idea running through her whirling, confused brain was the thought of escaping from this terrible house, out of reach of that sharp-edged tongue, that had wounded her nearly to death with its bitter words.

Her cheek was still burning, but she had forgotten everything save her desire to hide herself for ever

from Lady Spenhouse's sight. She had forgotten the very existence of her uncle, who might have saved her from this despair. She knew that she had barely enough money to travel home to Trelorn ; but even if she had had her purse full of gold she could not have gone back to them all in her present distress. Her father would be angry with her for jilting so cruelly her wealthy lover ; and her mother would be so tender, and yet so reproachful. Her family would despise her, she felt certain, for she had failed in everything—in love, in beauty, and in social success. She had but one thing left—her voice. And with that thought came the memory of her old friend, Signor Marios ; he would help her—she would go to him at once, and beg him to take her in, and to give her a home until she could earn enough by her voice to provide for herself, and to repay him.

She could never return to Trelorn, at least for many years—for Jack would be there, and she would have to meet him constantly, knowing that he hated and despised her, and that she loved him with her whole heart.

But she said to herself that years after, when she had made a name for herself, she would return to Trelorn—for she thought that the merciful hand of Time might heal the wound of her aching heart, and that she could then bear to see Jack the husband of another woman, loved and happy, and surrounded by all that is in life deemed worthiest and best.

She rang the bell, and told the surprised maid to summon a hansom at once, as she was going away ; then she finished her packing, and fastening her diamonds securely round her neck with a piece of ribbon, went downstairs.

She had only taken with her the clothes which she had brought from Trelorn ; her other dresses and all the relics of her London life she left behind her, hanging in the cupboard.

She looked bitterly at the laces and satins of the gay-coloured gowns, as she thought of the delirium of triumph she had known in them : delirium so short, and succeeded by such bitter moments of misery.

She found that she had grown so thin that her old black dress hung loosely round her figure ; and she smiled, with a hysterical lump in her throat, as she remembered the planning and fashioning of that little simple gown.

"I must have another one as soon as possible," she said aloud ; "for the third phase of my life is beginning, and I must lay the garments of each phase in the grave of the past. Everything is past now, and at present I have no future—save such as I must carve out for myself."

Her box was carried down into the hall, where the faithful Hepburn, with tears running down her face, was waiting for her. News of a domestic disturbance had already got wind in the household, and every member of the establishment knew that Miss Carruthers was leaving on account of her ladyship's awful temper.

"Let me come with you, miss," sobbed the girl. "I will work for you for nothing ; and you look so ill—not fit to travel alone."

"Good-bye, Hepburn ; I am so sorry to leave you, but where I am going I shall not want a maid. When Mr. Carruthers—Lord Spenhouse I mean—returns, tell him that I have been driven away from this house, but that I am safe with kind friends, and that I beseech him not to try and find me, but that before long I will write to him. And tell him that my last request was that he should see that you got another good situation."

Dulce spoke with an effort at cheerfulness that did not deceive Hepburn ; then, getting into her hansom, directed the man to drive to Paddington, and so left Hyde Park Gardens, and was whirled away, a friendless girl, into the maze of the great City.

When they reached Paddington Station she paid and dismissed her driver, then, after waiting for a few moments, hailed a four-wheeler, and told him to drive to Dame Mary Street, Maida Vale, hoping by these manœuvres to throw her uncle off the scent, and to remain safely hidden in obscurity and peacefulness. The streets grew narrower as she approached her destination, and she dimly realised the hardships that a singer struggling to the top of the ladder may have to undergo. This part of London was so different from the house she had just left, with its bright vista of park ; for the streets through which they were passing might have been by their appearance a hundred miles from the green trees and flowery oasis of the garden of London.

The street, at the corner of which "Dame Mary Street" was inscribed, was a particularly dingy one, rather narrow, with grey-fronted houses, and a peculiarly respectable and old-fashioned air.

The cab drew up at No. 80 : a house which had more pretension to new paint and window gardening than any in the row. There were wire blinds across the windows, and brown curtains symmetrically arranged at the same angle in every window that faced the street, which gave it an air of cleanliness at the expense of beauty.

Dulce stepped out on to the pavement and up the worn stone steps with a beating heart, and applied the knocker to the green-painted door with such good effect that it brought a neat, but poorly clad, little maid breathlessly up the kitchen stairs and out into the doorway, like a frightened rabbit.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

"SHE LOVES YOU STILL."

SIGNOR MARIOS and his wife were both seated in their best parlour enjoying a well-earned nap that afternoon, when they were suddenly aroused by the tempestuous entrance of the little maid-of-all-work, who ejaculated faintly, with eyes round with terror—

"Please, 'm—please, sir—there's a young lady dying right away in the front passage !"

To spring to his feet was the work of an instant for the wiry little Italian, but his wife, a placid fat English woman, whom to disturb from slumber was to render

comatose and bewildered for some seconds, took a short time to straighten her cap before she followed her lord and master.

Dulce was very far from dying, but she had collapsed into a chair in a helplessly weak condition, perfectly conscious, and too miserable to faint away completely, but in that hysterical uncontrolled condition which is far harder to cure than a dozen fainting fits.

The little signor was on his knees at her side, chafing her cold hands, and uttering pathetic little ejaculations of sympathy between his patient's sobs and moans.

"Ah, Maria! it is little Miss Dulce Carruthers, my old pupil," he said, as his wife rushed up to him in astonishment. "Some sore misfortune must have happened to her—do you think she will die?"

"Die!" echoed Madame Marios. "Bless the man, no! What can you be thinking of, Baptiste, to go on in that way? What she wants is a good cup of tea and a night's rest. Now, my dear, don't take on so; you are with friends, quite safe. Come into the parlour, and lie down on the sofa."

And the clever little woman so manœuvred, by dint of coaxing and cheerful conversation, that she succeeded in conveying the exhausted girl safely into her drawing-room, where she sank down on the sofa in a helpless heap of misery.

Madame Marios was a clever little woman, and a wise little woman, and she despatched her husband immediately on an indefinite errand, with strict orders not to return till he could bring tea with him, and a new-laid egg to beat up for Dulce.

She knew instinctively that the girl would feel far more inclined to confidence with only herself in the room. She saw that some sorrow of a terrible nature was overwhelming the girl, and that tenderness and motherly care were all that could be done for her at present.

Therefore she fussed a little about the room, arranging her cap at the glass, and pulling the crochet antimacassars straight on the stiff-backed chairs, till she felt that she had given her guest time enough to recover a little and collect her scattered nerves. Then she came and stood over her, and said in a kindly voice—

"You must try and be happier, my dear, for we are so glad to see you; and when you feel inclined to do so you must tell me your trouble; but I do not want to force your confidence, and what you tell me must be of your own free will. But the signor and I know what troubles are, and things always come right in the end."

Dulce sat up impulsively, and pushed back her dishevelled hair from her tear-stained face. Then she said in tones that grew more coherent as she went on—

"My grandmother turned me out of the house because I would not marry Lord Melvell, and I have broken my true love's heart and my own too. But I cannot tell you any more, only that I want you to hide me here for a time, for I am quite friendless."

She fell to crying softly; and Madame Marios, with a loud snort that was first-cousin to a sob, suddenly caught her to her capacious bosom, and rocked her to and fro like a tired child.

"Oh! my dear poor little thing, this house shall be your home now, and we will be your friends, for we have no bright young face to make our home happy. There—there—don't tell me any more. I quite understand it all." Her last sentiment was a pious fib on the part of the good lady, for she could not in the least understand anything save that the girl was in trouble about a lover whom she did not want to marry. But she scented a romance—and romance is dear to the heart of woman—so she at once took the girl to her heart, and was prepared to stand her friend and champion through thick and thin.

At this moment the hurrying step of the signor was heard—beating up an egg with a three-pronged fork as he came, as if his life and future depended upon it.

He bustled into the room, followed by the maid with the tea-tray, and proceeded to draw up a little table to Dulce's side, on which he deposited the foaming beaker of frothing egg with much pride.

"There's no one can beat up an egg to match my husband," said Madame Marios, beaming with hospitable pride as she plied Dulce with strong tea and bread and butter, while the signor, with his hands on his knees, sat at a respectful distance from the sofa, and gazed at Dulce as if she were some strange animal, who might be expected to vanish with an explosion into space unless she were most carefully watched. The tea did Dulce much good, and she was able to give a more connected account of herself and her doings during the last three months, and at the conclusion of her story both her listeners sat silent.

"And your grandfather lies dead in the house, and she turned you out of it. Then by the powers she is a she-villain, and I would horsewhip her if she were a man!" cried the signor, jumping excitedly up from his chair.

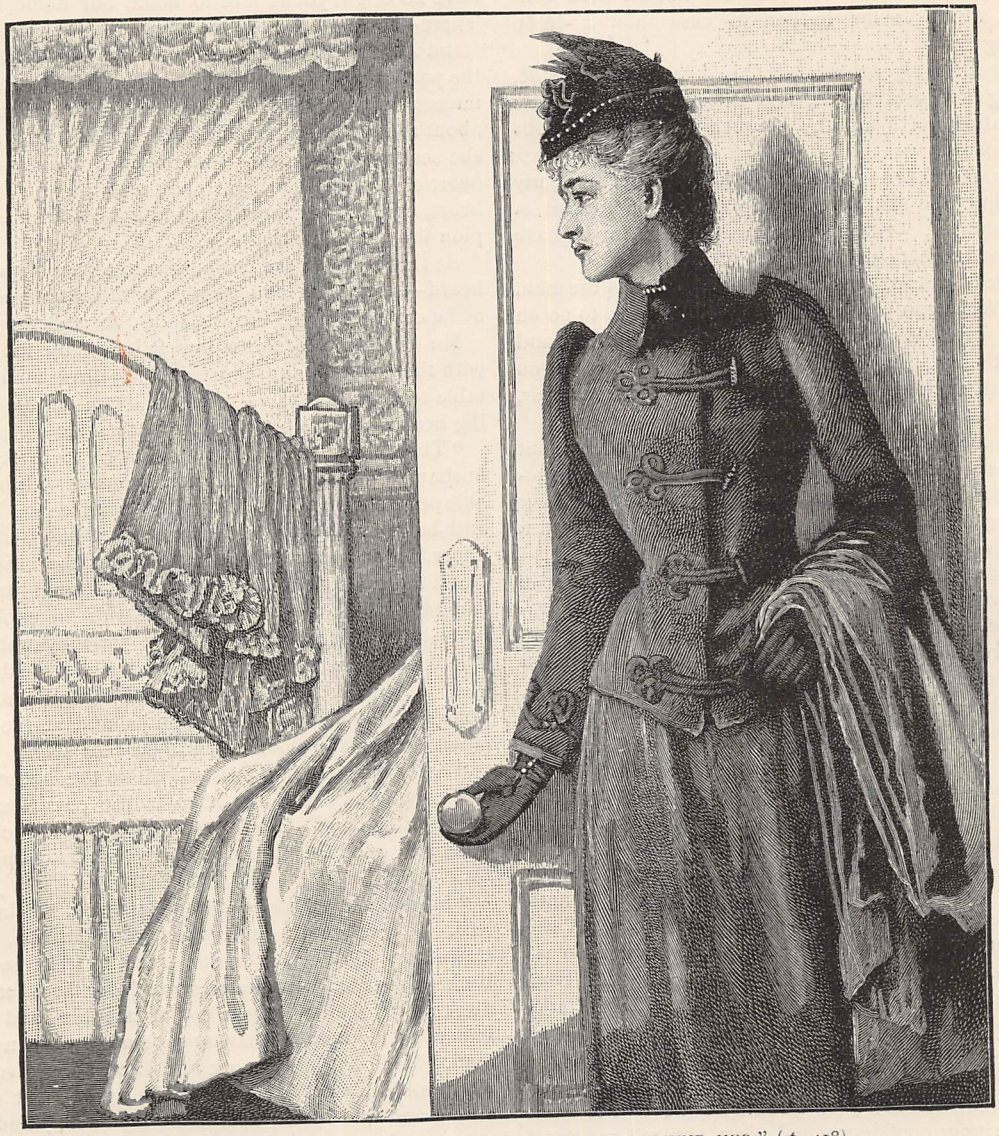
"Sit down, Baptiste, and be quiet," said his better-half. "Now I quite understand your position, Miss Carruthers, my dear. You don't seem to feel able to go back to your old home where your lover lives, for you don't rightly feel as if you could face him and your father and mother after having gone on so with another man. Well, I think you are right, and I will give you my humble advice. Stay here with us, and get quite strong and well again, so that the signor may find you some work to do with your voice, for I have often heard him say that never was there such another soprano heard as little Dulce Carruthers' nightingale voice. Now, Baptiste, you may shake your head all the same at me, but it's true! But, my dear, let me beg of you to do one thing: and that is to write and tell your mother that you are safe, for we can none of us know what it is to have a mother's heart."

There was a pathos about her words which showed the aching void that lay deep in her heart — the longing of a childless woman for the touch of baby fingers at her breast.

Dulce pressed her new friend's hand warmly. "I

shall write to my dear mother at once," she whispered, "only don't think me wrong and ungrateful if I feel such a desire to live away from all my old associations for a little while. My trouble is too great for words, for I am despised by the man I love."

There were not more than three flights in all, but to Dulce they seemed endless, and when she was at last ushered by her panting friend into a small bedroom on the top staircase, she sank with a sigh of thankfulness on to the bed.



"ALL THE RELICS OF HER LONDON LIFE SHE LEFT BEHIND HER" (*p.* 418).

"Nonsense — nonsense!" said Madame Marios briskly. "Can't you leave thinking for a bit? Come right away upstairs, and see the bedroom that Jane has been getting ready for you. It's a good sleep you want now, and you'll wake as spry as a cricket in the morning, and be making your fortune by your voice before you can turn round."

Dulce gave a wan ghost of a smile, and slowly followed her hostess up the narrow steep staircase, that seems always a necessary adjunct to a London house.

"My dear, I would have given you a room lower down if I could," said Madame Marios apologetically; "but the fact is that the signor has two rooms for his singing lessons, and that only leaves our bedroom and Jane's and the box-room; so, you see, it can't be helped."

But checking herself suddenly in her flow of words as she perceived Dulce's helpless condition, she pounced down upon her, undressed her like a baby, and never spoke again until she had laid her between

the lavender-scented sheets, when she kissed her tenderly, and left her to the sleep she so much needed.

But sleep was long in coming to Dulce's tired, overtaxed brain. She lay between sleeping and waking, in a delicious drowsy condition, for some time, listening to the busy street noises outside, faintly heard through a haze of half-consciousness.

In the house somewhere, far off, a sweet voice was singing, "Oh, rest in the Lord." The music came floating up to her as she lay entranced, softened by the distance, until in her half-dreaming state she could compare it to nothing save an angel's song.

Then a door shut in the house and the voice was silent, and little Jane came slowly up the stairs humming a tuneless burden of the anthem—an echo without notes. She again, in her turn, vanished into silence, and Dulce lay with half-closed eyes looking out at the room in which she was, and weaving imaginary romances about the uninteresting chairs and washing-stand.

It was a room with no pretence to beauty, save what was lent it by the rays of the evening sun that glinted in through the Venetian blind, and danced a tarantelle on the green ivy-patterned carpet.

Two chairs stood in front of the window, painted grey, with rush seats, and on either side of the fireplace stood the washing-stand and the dressing-table, both draped in scrupulously clean book muslin, and both rickety as to legs. There were two large brown shells on the mantel-shelf, and a blue glass vase with some everlastings in it.

But, in spite of its meagre surroundings, she loved the little room, for it was a haven of refuge to her, and she felt at peace for the first time for many long weeks.

With these thoughts in her mind, she slipped off into the dreamless sleep of exhaustion, and never opened her eyes until next morning, when Madame Marios stole in, about mid-day, to see if she were still asleep.

In the solitude of their chamber that night the signor and his wife had a long and solemn consultation as to their new and unexpected guest.

They had felt quite touched at the thought that in her trouble she had naturally turned to her old friend and tutor for help, and never once did those generous people think of the additional expense that the extra mouth would mean in their little household.

"I declare to goodness," said Madame Marios, as she energetically tied her nightcap strings under her double chin, "that the child looks deathly ill! There doesn't seem to be a deal of kin-kindness in the upper ten thousand, Baptiste. Now, do you think honestly that she'll do any good with her voice, my dear? Any way, it'll be a bit of amusement for her, and thinking that she is earning her living will take her thoughts off her troubles; and if she only works hard enough, my opinion is that she'll forget the whole stupid pack of men, and think no more of this lover and that one."

"You are wise, as usual, wife," said the signor, with great deliberation and gravity. "I shall do my best to give Miss Carruthers plenty to do. As for her voice, why, it remains to be seen what has become of it. If it still remains to her in unimpaired beauty, there will be a great future for the child—yes, a great future."

Meanwhile, there was a great disturbance in No. 100, Hyde Park Gardens.

When Clifford Carruthers returned from Mere Dale as fast as an express train could bring him, he found the bird flown. Hepburn gave him, word for word, Dulce's messages, and he stood in the hall meditating in angry thought as to the best course to pursue.

He could do nothing until his father's funeral was over except write to Trelorn, so that Norman Carruthers—who had telegraphed his inability to attend the funeral—might have the earliest information as to his daughter's disappearance and take prompt measures for her recovery.

One thing, however, he could do, and that was to express his opinion to Lady Spenhouse as to her extraordinarily heartless behaviour; and his interview with her was so much to the point that when he left her room, after an interview of a few moments only, there was a reflection of satisfaction on his face that could only have been brought there by complete success in his mission.

Her ladyship's maid might have told of hysterics and burnt feathers; but Parker was faithful, and only smiled grimly when questioned in the servants' hall as to the results of the interview.

Carruthers sat down at his writing-table and dashed off a short note to his brother at Trelorn, giving him the whole history in as few words as possible. His concluding words were—

"I think that, on the whole, if you are assured of her well-being, you had better leave Dulce to herself; for I never saw a girl so thoroughly unnerved as she has been by this unfortunate string of affairs.

"She seems to shrink from the very idea of seeing you again, and if you tried to thwart her purpose she might be driven to desperate measures; so that, if you take my advice, you will leave her to herself, until of her own accord she returns to you."

This letter crossed one from Dulce herself; and Mrs. Carruthers, when she had read them, passed them on to Jack Mordaunt, who was sitting beside her in the Trelorn drawing-room.

"DEAREST MOTHER" (so her note ran)—"By this time you will know all that has happened to me, and how I have refused to marry Lord Melvell because I do not love him. I am quite safe now with friends, and I ask you not to try and find me, but to leave me to myself for the present, for I could not bear even to see you just now. I have gone through too much to be able to return to the old home, where I used to live so happily in the days that seem so long ago.

"Your loving Daughter,
"DULCE."

The letter was unaddressed and undated, and Mrs. Carruthers wiped away a few tears as she sat thinking over her little daughter's unhappiness. Her husband had been very angry with Dulce when he had heard that she had thrown over Lord Melvell, but the news of his father's will had softened him, and he had told

his wife that if the child wished to remain away from home in this mysterious manner, she was quite welcome to do so, and it might be better for her in the end.

But Jack Mordaunt, as he reverently took the little tear-stained note and raised it to his lips, said quietly—

"I am going in search of our little Dulce at once, mother, and I will bring her back to you before many weeks have passed."

Mrs. Carruthers lifted her grateful eyes to his face, and a smile hovered for an instant on her lips.

"I am going to tell you something, Jack Mordaunt—Dulce loves you still: I can read her love between the lines of her letter. But you will find it a more difficult work to woo and win her this time, I fear, even though you are not now the unknown poor village doctor of Trelorn. Still, '*Nil desperandum.*'"

"If I win her again, please God, it shall be as the poor nameless village doctor, for I want her to love me for myself," said Dr. Mordaunt gravely.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

DULCE'S FIRST PUPILS.

DULCE awoke next morning with a dazed headache, and a feeling of depression which a glance round her room did not dispel.

It looked mean and bare after the sumptuous chamber in which she had been accustomed to open her eyes for so many weeks; and, after the down pillows and lace-trimmed sheets of Hyde Park Gardens, the little iron bed, with its hard mattress and cotton hangings, looked poverty-stricken and meagre.

Then, too, instead of an open window with a faint breeze wafted in from the park, the small window was propped open about half an inch, and through that crack the street cries and the ubiquitous smuts came meandering in at pleasure.

But to be faint-hearted was not in Dulce's nature, and after a quick plunge in cold water, both headache and depression were subdued, and she was able to notice that although the furniture in the room might be common, still everything was scrupulously clean, and that someone had placed a vase of dog-daisies on the window-sill, which lent a touch of refinement to the bedroom and its accessories.

She dressed hastily, for she saw by her watch that it was already past mid-day, and Madame Marios had told her that breakfast was waiting for her downstairs, and that the signor had given up an afternoon's engagement on purpose to have an hour or two to devote to her service.

Her old dress looked very shabby when she put it on, and she turned her purse inside out to see if she could muster money enough to buy another; but, alas! there were but five shillings remaining to her of all her worldly store, and she could not resist laughing at the thought of what she would have said only a short week ago if some friend had prophesied to her her penniless condition of to-day! How she would have opened her eyes proudly, with an incredulous stare!

It was certainly difficult to remember that she was no longer the beautiful Miss Carruthers, the belle of the season and Lord Melvell's promised wife. From henceforth she had to be, in the eyes of the world, poor little Dulce Carruthers, music teacher or daily governess, as the case might be, about whom queer stories were told as to the mysterious breaking off of her love-affair.

She knew so well what Mrs. Hartop, one of the leaders of Lady Spenhouse's set, would say, with one of her pet shrugs of her bony uncovered shoulders, at her next dinner party: "You know, my dear, that Lady Spenhouse *said* her grand-daughter broke off her engagement herself; but my belief is that there is something unexplained; no, we certainly have not heard the last of it. Fancy anyone throwing over Lord Melvell, with that big property, at the last moment! My dear Mrs. Blank, I believe the girl is mad—perfectly insane!" But Dulce cared nothing for the comments and surmises of the world, for she had thrown off that bondage for ever, and was about to begin, as she thought, a new Bohemian life of delightful independence.

But that morning came the solemn thought of her grandfather's funeral and her enforced absence from it, and when she knelt to pray, she adopted some of the beautiful prayers for the Burial of the Dead, her eyes filling with quiet tears as she thought of the old man who had loved her so well, and whose last thought had been for her and hers.

Yes, for hers; and her heart beat faster as she thought of the comfort and happiness which that ten thousand pounds would bring to the little family at Trelorn. It would mean plenty of good things for her delicate mother, new books for her father, and new dresses for pretty Marjorie; and for the boys—their heart's desire. But a pang went through her as she thought of the boys. Why had she been so impatient to do them good in her own way? Why had she not trusted in God to help them in His own good time? for He *had* helped them, without her aid. And if she had only waited for a few weeks longer before breaking faith with Jack Mordaunt, that codicil to her grandfather's will would have saved many a heartache—many a lonely tear.

But what is done cannot be undone, and no one knew the truth of this solemn maxim better than Dulce. So bracing herself up to begin her new life hopefully and cheerfully, she went downstairs to the parlour, where her breakfast was waiting.

The signor and his wife were evidently a little nervous as to the exalted rank of their new guest, for they fidgeted about the room while Dulce was eating her rasher of ham and delicately crisp toast, trying aimlessly to wait upon her and to forestall her wants.

"Please don't wait upon me like this," the girl broke out at last. "If I am to stay for a time with you, I must be quite one of the family, or I shall have to leave you and find other friends, and, goodness knows, that would be hard enough."

"There now!" said Madame Marios, subsiding suddenly and heavily into a rocking-chair. "Didn't I tell you so, Baptiste?"

The signor gave a little foreign shrug of his shoulders.

"*Per Baccó*, Maria mine, you are always invariably right. But I had thought that Miss Carruthers, having been, since I first knew her, so exalted and high, would feel the need of attendance and luxury; and I, who am always her devoted servant, can at least wait upon her needs."

He bowed low, with a flourish at the end of his sentence, and Dulce, rising, took his hand and pressed it warmly.

"Signor, you are very good," she said, "but you must forget that I am Miss Carruthers, once beautiful and rich, and now only anxious to hide from her friends and to live in peace, earning her own living. I want to be in future Dulcibella Carstairs to all outsiders, as I do not think that I ought to drag my father's name before the public, either as a singer or a teacher."

"Yes, that is a very wise plan," said Madame Marios; "and now, my dear young lady, will you sit down and tell me and the signor as much of your story as you think fit, as we want to understand our position and your position."

So the girl, folding her hands on her lap, told her two listeners the whole story of her life, from the first day of her leaving Trelorn up to the present moment, omitting nothing, and not sparing herself, but laying before them a plain, unvarnished statement of the facts.

When she had ended, the Italian drew a sharp breath, and coming over to her side, took her small hand in his, and solemnly shook it up and down for several moments.

"I am your friend through thick and thin," he said; "and if I could but duck the old person, your grandmother, in the Serpentine, I should die a happy man."

"Now then," said Dulce, "we come to the most important part of the business. I wish to secure pupils at once, either for singing or as a daily governess, for I am quite competent to teach French and English, and I thought that perhaps you might be able to get me engagements to sing at small concerts, so that by these means I might pay you for my board and lodging, as I do not wish to apply to my family for money."

Madame Marios leant across, and said impressively, while a large tear ran down to the end of her nose and flashed in the sunlight—

"Ah! but you have gone through a *deal*, poor child; it is time that someone was kind to you again. Now, don't you bother about paying us for your board. The little that *you* eat we shall never feel the loss of, and now that Baptiste is getting on so well, we are far beyond the reach of poverty, and had been talking of moving to a better house; but we are so attached to this one—where I came as a bride nearly twenty years ago now—that we couldn't fairly make up our minds to flit. But if it will make your mind easier not to be indebted to us, you must do as you like."

"I shall always be indebted to you for your kindness to me as long as I live, Madame Marios," said the girl affectionately. "But I must have plenty of work to do to distract my thoughts from my troubles. And now, signor, if it will be no trouble to you, I should like you to try my voice, to see if I have lost very much by my recent laziness."

She ran through the scales and some brilliant exercises at her master's bidding, and when she had ended she stood waiting with a beating heart for his verdict.

"You have lost much—very much," he said sadly. "It will take you weeks of diligent practice to make it up again. But never despond. I will soon make you so that you will be able to sing at some nice concerts. But we must be patient, and above all, perfect rest and no worries; for before you sing at all you must get strong and well in health."

Dulce, with tears in her eyes, moved away from the piano. The signor's verdict was a blow to her, and yet it was only what she had expected. The voice that could charm a London drawing-room was no longer the practised organ that could satisfy the critical ear of an audience of musicians. She had neglected her regular routine of practice far too often for the result not to tell upon her voice.

"Then I will take up teaching," she said quickly, trying to disguise her disappointment; "and the first thing to be done is to find some little pupils who want a daily governess."

After a little discussion, this was decided upon as being the best course of action, and Madame Marios recollected with triumph that a jeweller's wife of her acquaintance was in need of a daily governess; "though," she added, "it is not quite the position that you ought to occupy."

"And why not?" cried Dulce impatiently. "Didn't we all come from Adam? And besides this, one really cannot expect to find many dukes and duchesses living in Maida Vale, anxious and eager for daily governesses. Besides, I hate the upper ten thousand!"

So Dulce, with new republican opinions hot upon her, went off the next morning to see Mrs. Atkins, with a letter of introduction from Madame Marios, and a heart beating high with happy hopes.

Mrs. Atkins lived in a semi-detached house, painted bright green, with a small garden in front of it, and a parrot in a large brass cage in the front window. It was altogether a far more pretentious dwelling than No. 60, and in a far more fashionable quarter of Maida Vale than that patronised by the signor and his wife.

A smart maid-servant, with a pert face, opened the door to her, and ushered her into a back room redolent of closed windows and musk, and very gay with beaded cross-stitch footstools and bannerets.

There were one or two brightly bound annuals on the table, and a large case of artificial roses standing on a green crochet mat.

As Dulce took in all these details with a critical eye, she seemed instinctively to see the mistress of this gaudy splendour, and when Mrs. Atkins entered the room she started at the realisation of her imagination.

When we say that Mrs. Atkins *entered* the room we certainly err; for far from entering the room of her own free will, she seemed to be irresistibly impelled forward from behind by an invisible power, which she kept apostrophising between her remarks to Dulce—

"How d'ye do? Are you come about the situation? [*Don't*, Alphonso—be quiet!] Madame Marios seems to say that you will suit me in every way. [Maude, if you don't leave off pulling at me I'll send you to bed at once!] I am sure, Miss Carstairs, that if you can keep these bad children of mine in order it will be a perfect miracle."

Here Mrs. Atkins, much exhausted, sat down, and from behind the folds of her voluminous black satin dress two diminutive and impish-looking children crept out, Alphonso immediately making a violent and hideous face at his new governess by way of ingratiating himself with her, and Maude—a precocious child of about eight years old—going straight up to her, and feeling the material of her dress and jacket with critical fingers.

"They aren't satin, like mamma's!" she announced triumphantly. "When I'm grown up I mean to wear white velvet every day, and a crown of diamonds."

"Don't be so silly, Maude," said her mother plaintively.

She was a large fat woman, with a manner that was in turns patronising and appealing, and seemed to be utterly weighed down by the burden of her own figure and of her spoiled children.

She now sat gazing pathetically at Dulce, who felt the absurdity of this extraordinary interview with a sinking of the heart as she surveyed her future charges.

"I am almost afraid you're too nice-looking. The last governess I had ran away with the groom."

Dulce flushed crimson.

"I think you forget that I am a lady," she said haughtily, half rising from her chair.

"Oh, deary me!—no offence meant," said Mrs. Atkins. "I like your looks, do you know; and if you will only keep Alphonso and Maude in order, you can do what you like."

"What salary do you give?" faltered Dulce in rather a shame-faced manner, for this was a part of the business that she did not relish.

"Twenty-five pounds a year, paid quarterly," said Mrs. Atkins solemnly. "Mr. A—— says it is a deal too much, but *he* doesn't know how tiresome the children are."

"Perhaps they will be very good with me," hazarded the girl.

"No, we won't," echoed Alphonso and Maude, "unless you give us sweets every day."

"I shall never give you sweets at all," said Dulce hotly; "and if you don't behave yourselves, you will be punished."

This threat, uttered in such a singularly firm tone, awed the imps into silence, and Mrs. Atkins applauded the sentiment feebly, while she was being propelled back again to the place from whence she came, apologising all the time over her shoulder for not being able to open the front door for Dulce; but really Alphonso and Maude were *too* tiresome!

So it was arranged that Dulce began her drudgery at ten o'clock the next morning; and if she was depressed at the prospect of her disagreeable pupils, no one knew it, for she gave a most cheery account of her interview to Madame Marios on her return.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

DULCE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

PUNCTUALLY at ten o'clock the next morning Dulce repaired to the green-painted house—there to begin her day's drudgery.

Mrs. Atkins was waiting to see her in the little back room—called by courtesy the schoolroom—where Mr. Atkins kept his pipes, tobacco, and slippers. It certainly had a scholastic air about it that morning, for there was a table in the centre covered with a green cloth, on which various primers and spelling-books were laid, and in dangerous proximity to the fireplace a small pianette was jutting out sideways into the room, with two or three "Gems of English Airs" in bright paper covers scattered about on the lid.

Mrs. Atkins, still in the satin gown, had further adorned herself by hanging various lockets and chains about her portly person, and by fastening various portions of her gown, which stood in no need of such assistance, with large gold brooches studded with emeralds and sapphires.

As this was evidently done with an eye to overpowering the humble governess, Dulce felt duly impressed, and wondered vaguely if the jeweller was in the habit of giving his wife samples of *all* his stock in trade.

"Good morning, Miss Carstairs," was Mrs. Atkins' greeting, without any attempt at rising, but with a solemn bend which made her satin gown creak and rustle like a corncrake in a fit. "I hope you are well this morning."

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Dulce, taking off her simple hat and jacket, and smoothing her rebellious hair, which *would* wave in tiny curls round her forehead, although she had spent quite a long time in trying to flatten it with a damp brush before her glass that morning.

She saw that Mrs. Atkins' quick eye took in the whole details of her attire, from the tightly fitting black serge gown, showing off her lovely supple figure, to the magnificent diamond ring on her left hand, which her grandfather had given her, and which she had now resolved to wear every day on her "engaged" finger, so that no one might ever presume to offer to place another one there.

"Good morning, Maude and Alphonso," she said cheerfully, holding out her hand to the children, who came sulkily forward, with their fingers in their mouths.

"I hate lessons!" was the boy's announcement.

"Oh, no, my love, you don't. Little gentlemen

"DULCE PAINFULLY DRAGGED THEM UP THE LADDER OF A COLUMN OF SPELLING."

always love lessons, and they learn Latin and French —don't they, Miss Carstairs?" said his mother.

"I'm not a little gentleman," was Alphonso's reply, the truth of which sentiment Dulce heartily endorsed.

"I should like to hear you give your first lesson to my darlings; I take such an interest in their education," said the mother, folding her fat hands placidly in her lap, and smiling at her two imps. They proved to be imps indeed during that hour's tuition, while Dulce painfully dragged them up the ladder of a column of spelling; and when she had ended her task she felt dazed and sore both morally and mentally, for any two mortals with a more intense aversion for learning never existed in this world than Alphonso and Maude Atkins. She received gracious permission to depart about half-past eleven, and as her pupils expressed keen dislike to any further renewal of lessons that day, she was told that she need not return till next morning at the same time.

"My dear," cried Madame Marios, as she wearily entered the house on her return, "what *have* you been doing to yourself? You look so tired!"

"It is a hard way of earning twenty-five pounds a year," she said bitterly. Then, her mood changing, she laughed, and continued: "Oh dear me! you have no notion what bad little children those two Atkinses are. What *do* you think Maude said to me on my departure—'Did you buy that ring at papa's shop? He is the grandest jeweller in London. I should think that *you* haven't got anyone half so grand for *your* papa. Mamma was wondering yesterday if he was a cab-driver or a music teacher!'"

Madame Marios shook her fist wrathfully at imaginary children, and wished that she had them in her house for one brief half-hour: she rather thought that they would behave better in future.

"I shall just give Mrs. Atkins a hint," she continued, "that you are not to be treated as if you were dirt under her feet. Why, if she knew who you were—and she might guess, to look at you—she'd be ready to lick the dust before you."

Dulce laughingly entreated her friend to say nothing of her parentage, for she was very thankful to be able to get employment of any sort, and it would only bore her to have people licking the dust before her, especially anyone so enormous as Mrs. Atkins!

"Yes, I do believe she is twice as big as I am," said Madame Marios, with a triumphant chuckle, for it was not often that she found any one to equal her in girth and weight, and when she did it was a veritable pleasure.

Dulce spent the rest of the day indoors with her friends, helping Madame Marios in some little preparations for a supper that evening in honour of a bass friend of the signor's, who had just succeeded in securing a good engagement in a touring company, who were just starting for the provinces.

As the signor was singing himself at an afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace, the two women had the house to themselves, and revelled in custard-making and cream-whipping to their hearts' content.

Dulce, with her sleeves tucked up and her white arms covered with flour, as she diligently kneaded away at a cake (the only failure of the evening's entertainment), would have given her grandmother a fit of horror could she but have seen her at that moment. But the girl felt happier and more like her old self than she had done for many a long day; and if it had not been for the stinging remembrance that ever and again smote her of her forsaken lover, and of the long years of unloved loneliness that must of necessity be in store for her, she felt that she could be almost happy in this life of cheerful poverty.

The evening, too, with its merry Bohemian guests, was a most lively one, and although Dulce did not care to join much in the entertainment, in consideration of her deep mourning, yet she stole in and out of the parlour, acting daughter to Madame Marios, and helping her in looking after the comfort of her guests.

She was an object of much interest to the kindly artistes, who had been told something of her romantic story, and treated her with the chivalry due to misfortune. At the signor's request she sang them a simple ballad, which brought tears to the eyes of some of her hearers, and the unexpected discovery of her rich voice made them regard her with the interest of a fellow-labourer. She stole away to bed before the party had broken up, and just when the little Italian, over some solemn preparation of his own, was striking up a quaintly Italianised version of "Auld Lang Syne."

But it was long before her room was left in darkness, for by the light of the little gas bracket she sat reading old letters, and looking at her treasured photographs, till late into the night. One photograph only she left in its closed case, not daring even to glance at its features, not trusting herself to disturb her present calm by wild impossible thoughts of what might have been.

But after the house was quiet she drew aside her blind, and looked out over the City.

There was nothing to see but a gleaming row of gas-lamps, reflected in the wet streets; for the evening had fallen with soft grey rain, and there was no moon. But there was a sense of such sadness to her in the dim outline of innumerable houses, as far as the eye could see, with a black shadow representing the distant trees of Kensington Park, that she closed the window with a shiver, and crept to bed.

London seemed so vast—so pitiless in its depths and heights, that to her, in her moment of weakness, she felt as if it must overpower her, and as if she would go down, drifting with the stream, trampled under foot by the crowd of hurrying workers, each striving to be first in the race for wealth. But she struggled with all her power against these disheartening thoughts, and fighting down her longings for the breezy country of her Cornish home, and for the touch of her mother's lips, she fell asleep, facing out her punishment like a heroine. And though she knew that daylight meant only the irksome drudgery of teaching, when the sunlight woke her with a warm kiss on her flushed cheek she sprang up to welcome the new day.

As time went on the little Atkinses became more amenable to discipline, and even evinced a sort of affection for their governess, which displayed itself in sudden and untimely caresses and pats from sticky fingers—so discomposing that Dulce felt she almost preferred the barbaric condition of her pupils to their present amenities.

But she managed so far to do her duty by them so thoroughly that she satisfied their rather exacting mother, and won golden opinions from her, from the interest that she strove to take in their wardrobes, as well as in their lesson-books.

She went out one day into the Edgware Road to do a little shoping for herself. As a rule, she did not venture so far from Dame Mary Street alone, for she was afraid of meeting some of her former friends and acquaintances; but the day was so lovely that she strolled along, forgetting all her fears in the pleasures of looking in at the shop windows, and debating what sort of hat she should buy with her half-guinea.

She had almost decided on a simple "sailor" with a band of velvet, when she was startled almost out of her senses by hearing a voice at her elbow say, "Good afternoon, Miss Carruthers. And where on earth have you been hiding all this long time?"

And looking up, she met the amused gaze of Captain Lefroy, the handsome Life Guardsman who had been the original means of introducing her to the notice of her grandfather at Lady Menheniot's evening party.

For a moment she could say nothing; she was

absolutely struck dumb with annoyance and surprise, but when her voice came back she said coldly—

"I presume, Captain Lefroy, that my affairs are my own business and no one else's; and I have for the present chosen to adopt a new and private mode of life."

She bowed decidedly, and half turned away, meaning to end the interview and to return home at once, but he had been too frequent a companion at the numerous parties of the past season to be so easily dismissed, besides being a bit of a thick-skinned bully where his curiosity was aroused.

So he ingeniously barred her progress.

"No, but really, you know, Miss Carruthers: the whole world has been talking about your mysterious disappearance. Why did you leave us all in the lurch, and give poor old Melvell the cold shoulder?"

She bit her lip impatiently, hoping that the passers-by would find nothing curious in their *tête-à-tête*, and longing only to fly from this impertinent questioner.

He was provokingly good-looking too, as he smiled down at her from his calm height of six feet. Thorough London dandy as he was, with his well-made clothes and his orchid button-hole, yet still he had the heart to pity this blushing, poorly clad girl, and in his mistaken blundering way to try if he could put matters right between her and the world. So, stroking his long fair moustache, and twirling his silver-knobbed stick, he continued in quite a paternal tone—

"You know it was an awful pity to do that sort of thing. If you had wanted to marry another fellow, why did you not do it all above-board instead of running off with him? I hear that Lady Spenhouse says you never even gave her the chance of allowing you to be married from her house. She is very mysterious about it all, and shakes her head a good deal over you. But, you know, you have so many friends who are——"

"Does Lady Spenhouse say that I ran away from her house to be married?" said the girl slowly.

"Indeed, yes; and we are all wondering who the lucky man is."

"It is a lie!" said Dulce, with sudden passion.

The thought that a wrong construction might be put on her action by her angry grandmother had never struck her as possible. But she saw now that by her flight she had, to a certain degree, put herself into the power of her enemies and defamers.

"Do you know why I left that woman's house? Because I refused to marry Lord Melvell, as I did not love him as he deserved to be loved. And Lady Spenhouse drove me out into the streets! I had no money in my pocket, and if I had not had a dear old friend who I knew would give me a home, goodness knows what would have become of me! Now, please let me pass. I have no wish to continue the conversation any longer, for I must return home."

"No, but really——" began the bewildered Guardsman, making a feeble effort to detain her.

But she swept past him like an empress.

"Don't dare to lay a finger on me," she said, under her breath. "I have done with you and your world for ever. If you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will leave me at once."

He made no attempt to follow her, but stood gazing open-mouthed after her, till an impatient shove from a passer-by roused him to the sense that he was blocking up the pavement, and he moved forward again, retracing his way back to Piccadilly.

Dulce slipped down a side street, and as soon as she knew that she was out of sight, quickened her pace to a run, and never stopped till she gained the friendly shelter of No. 60.

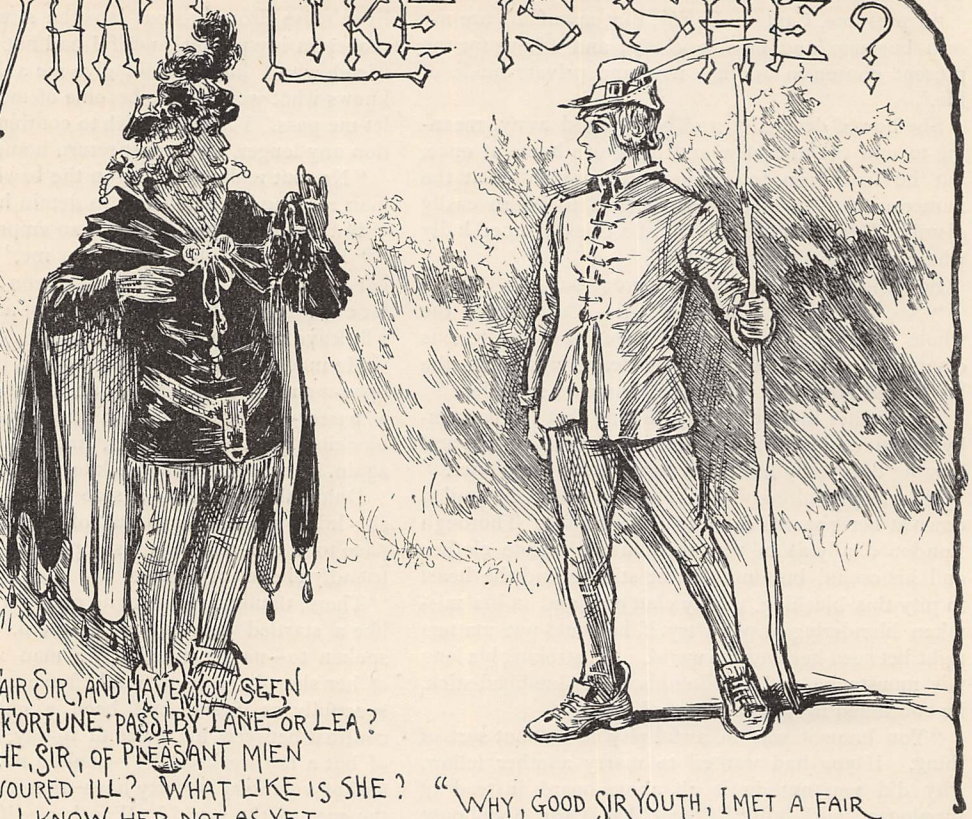
There, thankful to meet no one in the hall, she fled like a startled deer up to her room. She had been spoken to—nay, insulted—by a man who in the days of her short-lived reign would have treated her as respectfully as if she had been a goddess. Oh, the contrast between his voice of to-day, and his manner of but a few weeks ago! Could a month of freedom and of voluntary poverty have altered her so much in the eyes of the world? Was her self-chosen punishment regarded as the self-willed daring of an undisciplined mind?

Oh, how she was misunderstood—nay, slandered—if Captain Lefroy's version of Lady Spenhouse's story could be believed! And if people could really believe these things of her, her self-respect must indeed have suffered in the minds of those who had called themselves her friends.

For the first time she surveyed her flight to Maida Vale in the aspect in which she now knew it to be regarded by the rest of the world. And she lay writhing with shame—her impulsive nature a prey to the keenest anguish, as she tortured herself with the thought of what Jack must think if he knew what was said of her mysterious flight.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

WHAT LIKE IS SHE?



"PRAY YOU, FAIR SIR, AND HAVE YOU SEEN
DAME FORTUNE PASS BY LANE OR LEA?
AND IS SHE, SIR, OF PLEASANT MIEN
OR FAVOURED ILL? WHAT LIKE IS SHE?
FOR, SIR, I KNOW HER NOT AS YET,
BUT HURRY EVER IN HER QUEST;
AND I AM YOUNG AND SQUARELY SET,
AND FAIN WOULD FIND HER ERE I REST."

"WHY, GOOD SIR YOUTH, I MET A FAIR
AND KINDLY MAID WHOSE SMILE WAS SWEET:
AND SHE HAD BOUNTEOUS GOLDEN HAIR,
AND JEWELLED SANDALS ON HER FEET:
SHE SMILED, AND GAVE THIS SILKEN CLOAK,
AND FLASHING RING, AND PURSE OF GOLD:
'I GIVE THEE THESE'— 'TWAS THUS SHE SPOKE—
'WHO ART OF GOOD ADDRESS, AND BOLD.'"

* * *

"PRAY YOU, MY LORD, AND HAS THE MAID
FAIR FORTUNE PASSED THIS WAY OF LATE?"
"WHY, STRIPLING, THE PERSISTENT JADE
IS EVER KNOCKING AT MY GATE.
WITH NEEDLESS GIFTS FROM MORN TILL MORN
SHE, HUMBLY FAWNING, PESTERS ME;
FOR I AM RICH AND NOBLY-BORN;
AND MY OBSEQUIOUS HANDMAID SHE"

* * *

"Pray you, poor neighbour, have you met
Sweet smiling Fortune whom I seek?"
"Good Youth, no smiling face I've set
These eyes upon for many a week.
I met a hag with strident throat
Who shouted 'Thou art old and sad',
And tore these tatters in my coat,
And took the scanty pence I had."

Then cried the Youth "Is Fortune sweet
To look upon, or grim to see?
How may I know her when we meet?"
And wavered in uncertainty.

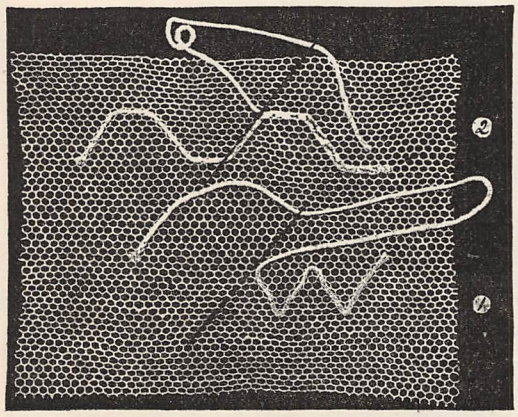
As thus he lingered, ill-advised,
Stood Fortune by him, so they say;
And found herself unrecognised,
And, turning, lightly passed away.

James. F. Sullivan

DARNING UPON NET.

THOSE whose business it is to introduce novelties in fancy needlework must indeed be hard up for originality, if all they can produce is the darning upon net that was so popular amongst patient workers some fifty years ago or more. Certainly few who excelled in the art in those days can execute it now, so it is, no doubt, supposed that it will come before the younger generation with all the savour of true novelty. There are many advantages to be claimed for the work. In the first place, it is easy of execution, and not so trying to the eyesight, after a little practice, as might be expected. In the second place, with average care, the embroidery is very durable, and it may be also recommended as lending itself to much variety in colour and design, the simplest pattern being often quite as effective as the most elaborate.

The materials most commonly used as a foundation for the darning are Brussels net, black or white, which



FIGS. 1 AND 2.—SINGLE AND DOUBLE DARNING.

is very wide, and costs about 1s. 6d. a yard ; silk net, seventy-two inches wide, and from 2s. to 3s. 6d. a yard ; mosquito net, ninety, or a hundred and eight inches wide, and 1s. 3d. and 2s. a yard ; and, lastly, square netting. This fabric, however, brings the work under the head of Guipure d'Art, and so will not be considered at present.

Flax thread of various sizes is used, or coloured silks, such as filo-floss, or filoselle. Upon very coarse-grained net, fine cords or braids are often worked in to mark the main portions of the design. Many people complain that flax threads are very disagreeable to work with, that they fray, draw up, and do not slip through the material so freely as most other kinds. This is the general opinion, the truth being that, as with everything else, there is a right and a wrong way of using them. If, when the worker cuts a skein, she takes one strand and draws it through her finger and thumb, she will find that, when it is passing through in one direction, it feels smooth and silky ; in the other, rough and hairy. She should thread her needle so that, when working, the thread comes through smoothly and, as it were, with the "grain," then there will be no fear that the flax will not keep its gloss to the last. It is easy to mark that end of the cut skein which is to be passed through the eye of the needle when the strands are in use, by tying a piece of cotton round it.

FIG. 3.—BORDER IN DARNED NET.

The designs may vary greatly as to style ; they may be floral, conventional, or geometric, according to the purpose for which the work is intended. The first class of pattern necessarily involves the exercise of far more skill than is likely to be obtained during the early stages of the popularity of the work, so I should advise a learner to confine her attention solely to such as can be best described as geometric. The counting of the meshes involved in working these will be found by no means irksome, as, after this has been done once or twice, it will be seen at a glance how the next few stitches are to be laid. Any cross-stitch pattern can be applied to darning on net, also any of the designs prepared for executing in the canvas embroidery just now so popular.

The basis of all the stitches is ordinary darning, which consists in taking the needle alternately over and under every mesh, just as in other materials. Besides this, running is occasionally used, principally for thickening such outlines as have to be afterwards covered with button-hole or overcast stitches. Running differs from darning inasmuch as in true darning the number of the meshes picked up and left may vary according to the necessities of the pattern. In running, one mesh is taken and one left throughout. Overcast stitch is useful for finishing off edges that have to be cut out, and for working open spots or eyelet-holes from which the centres have to be removed. Satin stitch is occasionally used instead of darning, but is never taken over more than three or four meshes, as it would set too loosely upon the surface of the net.

All simple and geometric designs may be embroidered directly upon the net without a traced pattern of any kind. When, however, the design consists of a floral spray, or something similar, it must be correctly drawn with pen and ink upon a piece of pink or white glazed calico. The lines must be marked so clearly as to be distinctly visible

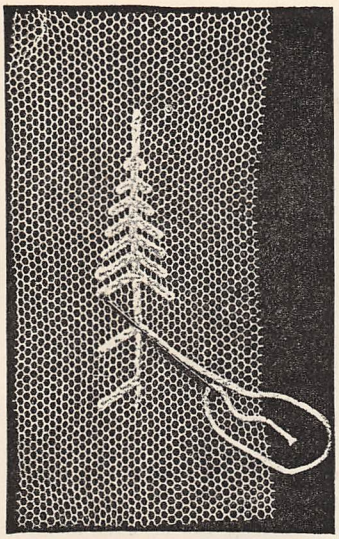


FIG. 4.—SPRAY IN DOUBLE DARNING.

through the meshes of the net when this is tacked into place over the calico. In doing this, the worker must be careful to see that she arranges the net quite straight with the lines of the design, or, when the work is done and the net taken off the pattern, she will be disappointed to find her embroidery all aslant, and indeed useless, for this fault is absolutely irremediable. In Fig. 9 will be seen a simple lace pattern with the net tacked over it. Another important thing to be remembered by a novice is, that the right side of the embroidery is that which lies against the face of the calico, so all loose ends and threads must be left on the side upon which the work is being executed. Also, that no stitch must be taken through the glazed calico upon which the design is drawn. It is often advisable, for this reason, to make the pattern stiff by pasting stout brown or cartridge paper at the back of the calico. The tyro is then less likely to forget that the needle must not pass through the pattern. When the whole of a traced design has been worked, the tacking threads must be removed, and, in the case of a strip, the pattern slipped under the net, and tacked down again where the next part is to be embroidered. It is well, if possible, to allow a small portion of the embroidered net to overlap the pattern in its proper place, so as to insure this being continued exactly in the right position. Nothing is more likely than for a beginner to get her embroidery crooked by not attending to this apparently small detail.

The most convenient needles to use are long-eyed embroidery needles, but many workers prefer a very fine tapestry needle, which has an eye of the desired shape, and a slightly blunt point. When very long lines of darning are to be worked, an ordinary fine darning-needle is useful, as with it a good length of the ground can be covered at once.

The darning may be described as "single" and "double," shown in Figs. 1 and 2 respectively. In the lower part of the illustration, a simple vandyke is in process of working, and the needle has picked up four meshes of the net, one thread being missed between each. After the needle has been drawn through these, it will be turned in an upward direction, and three meshes taken up to complete the point. This is single darning. In double darning, as shown in the upper part of the illustration, a series of scallops is worked first in single darning; when sufficient has been done, the needle is turned and brought back, following the first row exactly, and picking up those meshes that were passed over at first. This, of course, gives a thicker and bolder effect. Sometimes a good result is obtained by combining single and double darning in the same pattern. Thus, suppose that a row of simple zigzags has been worked in the single stitch. If one set of honeycombs is then missed, and a row of double darning worked exactly following the first stitches, the work will be far handsomer. By alternating the rows in this way, the pattern may be made one, two, or three inches wide, and thus is formed a good beginning for a border or stripe similar to that in Fig. 3, which is, however, entirely executed in single darning. This border is a very effective one, and may be used for many purposes—such, for instance, as the ornamentation of the edges of a bridal veil, a border to an antimacassar, or a summer bed-spread. For the latter,

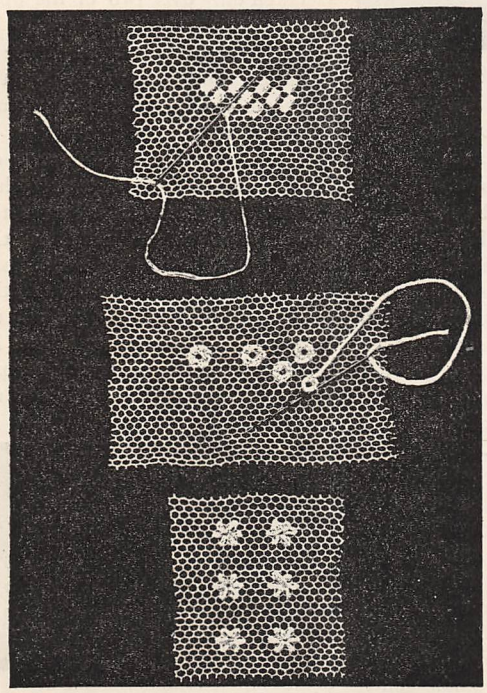


FIG. 5.—THREE WAYS OF WORKING SPOTS.

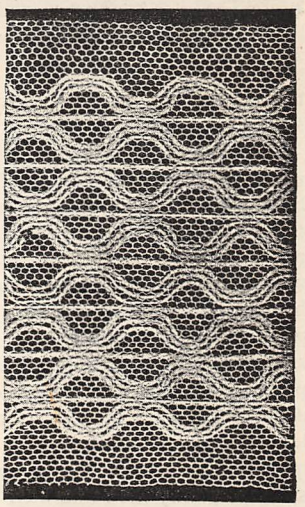


FIG. 6.—ALL-OVER DESIGN FOR BACKGROUND.

FIG. 7.—HANDKERCHIEF TRIMMED WITH DARNED LACE IN TWO COLOURS.

the net requires making up over a lining of coloured silk or sateen.

Fig. 4 shows how a spray may be worked by the use of double darning only. The work is begun at the bottom of the stem, two meshes are picked up, then the needle is turned in a slanting direction across the net and three meshes are taken up, the needle is turned, and the alternate meshes are taken, so as to bring it back to the central stem; three meshes are picked up here, and another leaflet is made in the same way. After the next three stitches have been placed up the stem, one mesh only is taken up between each one, and the side branches gradually decrease in length till the tip of the spray is reached. The work is then repeated on the opposite side of the centre stem in exactly the same way. If it should be necessary to make a number of such sprays all springing from the same base-line, the needle is now run along horizontally until the place is reached for the next spray, which is made to correspond with the first. A good bold pattern is made by combining two rows of these sprays, the sprays in each being opposite, but turning different ways. By working a spray at the beginning and end of the centre lines also, a finished pattern may be made for the end of a chair-back, or some similar article.

It is probably needless to remind the worker that she must not use any sort of a knot at the end of her thread in beginning a fresh needleful. The best way of commencing is to make the first two or three stitches in the reverse direction to that in which the rest are to run, and then to turn the needle and continue. Short ends of the thread may be left hanging till a good start has been made, when they should be cut off. In finishing a needleful the cotton must be run in and out among the stitches already made, so that it is visible only on the wrong side.

It is often necessary in the case of large patterns to have a sort of secondary design that will partially cover the ground-work of the net between the more scattered patterns. In the case of fine work, spots are very frequently used for this purpose, and three ways of making them are given in Fig. 5. At the top, the oblong dots are made in simple darning, the stitches being taken only over two of the open honeycombs of the net. In working these, it is advisable to notice the number of times the needle is passed across and across the meshes, in order that all the spots may be of precisely the same size. It is easy to finish off these dots by slipping the needle through the stitches of the darning and cutting the thread off close to the work. The open, round dots in the middle of the illustration are also worked in darning stitch, one honeycomb of the net being taken as a centre, and the meshes which border it being alternately picked up and passed over. In making these also, care must be taken to get them all exactly the same size and shape. The latter is arranged by drawing the stitches up equally in each one. The third way of making spots calls satin stitch into requisition. Each stitch is carried over one honeycomb and is returned through one single centre hole. Here again

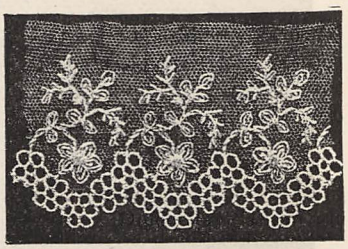


FIG. 8.—DARNED LACE WITH EYELET-HOLE EDGING.

the stitches must be kept regular, and if the hole in the middle has become filled in with the cotton, it must be opened by drawing a large needle through it two or three times after the spot is finished. Fig. 6 shows another way of forming a background for a bold, decided design. The pattern of this is composed alternately of wavy and run lines, and is one which is well adapted to the use of two colours, the wavy lines being put in with a different tint from the straight ones. A good effect may be gained here by using a darker shade for one set of waves than for the other.

In Fig. 9 is given a scallop of lace showing how the net is tacked over the pen and ink pattern, and how the small leaves are filled and stems put in with double darning, the flowers being worked in single stitches. The scallops of a lace edging such as this must be followed first with a run line over which can be worked button-hole stitches. The net left below the scallops is then carefully cut away with a sharp pair of scissors. The scallops given in this particular pattern are rather large, but they are more delicate if two small ones are used in the space occupied here by one large one. Another way of finishing them is by running a line of darning stitches along the outlines, and covering this with overcast stitch. Or, procure some yards of purl edging, such as was once used for point lace making, and run this along below the overcasting, then cut away the net as above described. If the worker is skilful in this sort of fine embroidery, she may finish the scallop with button-holing, and may make the purls herself as she goes along, but I fear few women are sufficiently interested in their work now-a-days to take all this trouble, especially as the purl edging may be bought ready-made for the low sum of 6d. per dozen yards.

Another way of finishing off the edges of lace is shown in Fig. 8. Here a series of eyelet-holes, arranged so as to form a design like a number of small flowers, is worked along the lower edge. These are very easily executed, the shape of each being traced out first with a running, which makes a firm basis for the overcasting. The inside of the eyelet-holes is of course cut away when they are finished. It is better to leave this nearly to the last, or at least only to open them after a number has been done, for it is likely to interfere with the strength of the net, and so to render the remainder of the holes rather troublesome to make.

Enough explanation has now been given to show the intending worker how she may form her pattern, and she should now be able to set to work and try her skill, gradually passing on from the very simple designs to those which combine other and more elaborate stitches.

As regards the uses to be made of the work, it may truly be said that they are as varied as those of any other class of embroidery, and are only limited by the fact that such a transparent fabric as net is not appropriate to all purposes. In Fig. 7 can be seen the effect of the lace when used to trim a handkerchief; and all sorts of bows, fichus, vests, and such fanciful articles of wearing apparel, to say nothing of lamp-shades and the smaller pieces of house-linen, may

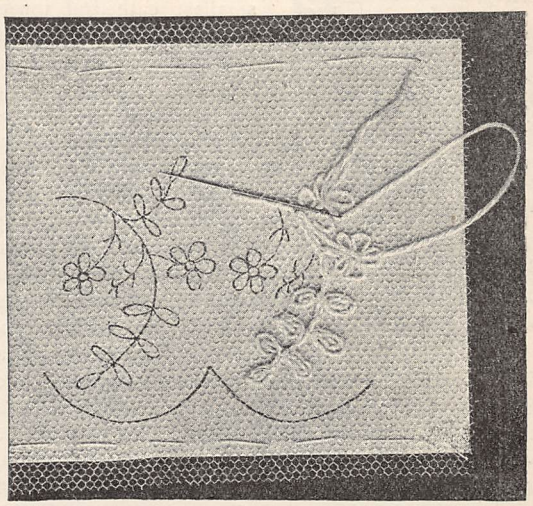


FIG. 9.—LACE IN PROCESS OF WORKING.

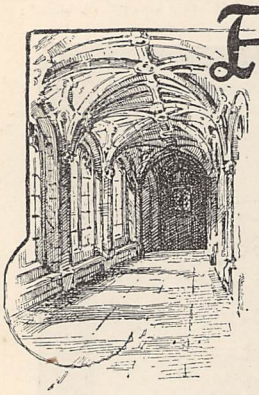
be trimmed with it. Antimacassars now scarcely survive except in the form of a drapery of muslin or lace, so the darning will be the very thing for them, and pretty effects may be gained by using coloured threads instead of white for the embroidery. Now, too, that gold thread is warranted to stand washing, a vast improvement may be made in the work by outlining the pattern with it. Upon black or white net, gold thread alone may be used, and an elegant trimming is thus made for evening dresses. By using silks of well-chosen colours, fronts for dinner-gowns can be inexpensively worked, the colours, of course, matching or harmonising with those of the train or the rest of the skirt. White net embroidered with black silk is by no means to be despised, and indeed, so simple an arrangement is often far more effective than are the more commonplace dresses to be seen in a large assembly.

When finished, the work should be laid on a flat ironing blanket, between two damp (not wet) cloths. A dry sheet should be placed over these, and the work pressed carefully with a moderately hot flat-iron, until the cloths are dry. It is then ready to be made up. When gold thread has been used for the embroidery it is better to use the cloths dry instead of moist, as the steam may spoil the brightness of the gold.

The worker should notice that, in the diagrams given here, the coarsest net and cotton and large needles have been used, in order that additional clearness may be gained; but she should, in the real work, employ something much finer.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

THE ORGANIST OF ABBOTSTOKE.



ABBOTSTOKE is one of the smallest cathedral towns in England ; so small that you can walk over it in half an hour, and see its one street or two, its delightfully quaint little Close, and its curious old clock with figures, which, like its great sister in Strasburg, strikes the quarters, half-hours, and hours. The veriest miniature this of a cathedral, but with many merits to those who love such things. The great old window gives a dim, religious light as you walk round reflecting, while you listen to the verger, who tells his story of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Crusaders. This is *à propos* of the tombs of the Allard family which fill the church, together with the Hollenburys', all past and gone, not a descendant left in Stoke. There is a whole family of little Allards high up on the wall, praying away with their small fat hands uplifted, father and mother at their head ; and there are Hollenburys with broken noses and toes cut off, lying in true conjugal fashion beside their dames, much befrilled and high-nosed. The knight's feet are always on his faithful hound, unless, indeed, he had gone "with heart in hand and good intent" to the Crusade, in which case he had Richard's lion to rest his pointed toes upon.

But one of the great features of the cathedral is its organ, which was built in Haarlem, in the days of William the Dutchman, by the great Silbermann : a rare old instrument, most fantastically ornamented with all manner of strange carvings and decorations. Fat little cherubs, blowing hard at celestial trumpets, sit aloft upon it ; while across the front is a whole array of musical instruments, old-fashioned in their design : fiddles, hautboys, harpsichords, exquisitely executed. There are three rows of keyboard, and quite an army of stops and pedals. The tradition is that Handel played upon it at the first musical festival given at Abbotstoke.

A curious addition to the story of the organ is that ever since it was put up in the cathedral the office of organist has remained in the same family, descending from father to son. When the great Silbermann supplied the instrument, he sent with it a young Dutchman, Jean Wilhelmje, to show off its powers. Wilhelmje had the good luck to please my lady Grandairs, the wife of the lord of Abbotstoke Manor, who signified that he should remain as organist, which he was nothing loth to do. He married her ladyship's waiting-maid or companion, and having a son, brought him up to study the Silbermann and succeed himself when he was too old to handle the organ ; and what happened in the case of the original Wilhelmje had gone on to the present time.

When this story opens, John Wilhelmje, the fifth in succession from Lady Grandairs' *protégé*, occupied the post his great-grandfather had held. He had grown up under the shadow of the Silbermann, knew every turn of its delicate organisation, and loved it in his silent unobtrusive fashion. He was a true artist, this queer-looking, rather shambling man, with a weary face and iron-grey hair. He could have made a fortune, people said, in his younger days, but he had not seemed to care to do so, being of a highly sensitive overstrung nature. The slightest word of censure jarred upon him painfully, and in contact with others of more pushing, robust character, he was likely to be shoved to the wall. These points taken into consideration, he was, no doubt, better out of the jostling crowd. He had enough to live upon, having, in addition to the cathedral stipend, which was not large, teaching in Abbotstoke and the neighbourhood round about.

His quiet, inoffensive life passed peacefully enough, his only moments of excitement being when the great festivals were held at Abbotstoke. Then he would be in his element, being of the "old school," and thoroughly master of the gigas of Corelli, the fugues of Bach, and the masterpieces of Handel and Haydn. He would put Silbermann on his metal, he would send forth tones like thunder rolling through the church, again changing to the most melodious tenderness, then rising once more to a perfect storm, with strange whistlings and cries as of souls in pain. It was wonderful at these moments to see how he rode, so to speak, this musical Pegasus. His eyes would kindle, his fingers take a fierce grip of the keys, his feet make a wild clatter amongst the pedals, his hands fly from one keyboard to another.

"The man is a genius," said the best musical authority, who had come down to the last festival. "He is lost in this dead-alive hole." And it was then that the offer had been made which would have led John to fortune, away from Abbotstoke and his much-loved Silbermann. But this was a matter of many years ago. John's hair was brown and thick in those days, now it was sparse and grey. Since then, too, the triennial festival had fallen into abeyance. For this there had been several causes at work ; for one thing a want of zeal on the part of the Dean in residence, who was aged and cared little for the arts. Just now, however, there was a talk of revival. A new Dean had lately come, bringing with him a wife, whom he had taken from the arms of her illustrious father, the Duke of Tumbletowers. The ducal quiver was adorned with nine well-grown and not too well-favoured daughters, and the ducal exchequer was decidedly exhausted by previous extravagance and grand vices. Hence the Lady Augusta had stooped to Dean Verinder, who, in addition to his holy calling (her ladyship had gone in for church work and decoration), was a wealthy man, and likely to attain high clerical

dignity; indeed, was sure of such preferment, his ducal father-in-law having interest sufficient to push him into the shovel-hat, which dignity his wife much coveted for him.

Lady Augusta longed to see her husband a Bishop. She felt that she had somewhat descended from her position in being only a Dean's wife, in an obscure place like Abbotstoke. She kept perpetually driving this needle of preferment into the Dean's flesh, urging him to exert himself — not to be so timorous.

"You should force papa to put your claims forward," she would say. "He owes us something for all we do for the girls."

This was true. There was always a girl at the Deanery, and since Lady Augusta's marriage two of the Ladies St. Omer had been well provided for, Lady Augusta taking care that the Deanery should always be a home to marriageable young men of fortune. At present she had Lady Lucy St. Omer with her—a tall, colourless young lady with no distinct proclivities, unless we can count the determination to get an establishment suitable to her wants and position, the provider of these good things being at hand in the person of the Dean's nephew, Frank Verinder, a good-looking young fellow, the owner of Verinder Hall in the neighbourhood.

Frank was musical, so were Lady Augusta and Lady Lucy; they sang and played in the average manner of English young ladies of society, but they affected—and especially Lady Augusta—to be most artistic. She got up concerts, and she got down her master Torriani to help her; for from the very beginning she and John Wilhelmje had not hit it off, as the saying is. They had come to grief very shortly after her ladyship's introduction into the Deanery.

She came up to the organ-loft with her many draperies flying, in company with a little dark Italian, Signor Torriani, and began talking in her high-toned voice to the organist as to her wish to have a change in the music.

"It is so terribly old-fashioned, Mr. Wilhelmje," she said, jingling her gold bangles, "so cold and Methodistical. We have come out of that dark era into the light, haven't we, signor?"

"*Mais* but certeenly, meladi."

"And we want more passion and feeling," continued Lady Augusta, throwing up her eyes. "The soul needs help, much help, and Handel and Haydn, excellent in themselves, don't give it. Now here is Signor Torriani: he writes beautiful things, so devotional and sweet. I should like some of his music, and also Gounod's—dear Gounod's! Such a Benedictus! You should hear Signor Torriani play the Benedictus! But that must be for another time. I have only brought him to introduce two kindred souls to one another; fraternity in art is so delightful. Now, signor, if you are ready. There is the music, Mr. Wilhelmje; you will get it done next Sunday, and we will have a truce from the old masters—excellent, no doubt, as instructors, but obsolete, dear Mr. Wilhelmje—quite obsolete."

And with another smile and another jingle of chatelaine and bracelets, she left, followed by Torriani.

She was quite satisfied the matter was settled: she had been accustomed to be surrounded by musical sycophants, to whom the word of a Duke's daughter was law. She never expected Wilhelmje to oppose her wishes, which he did.

"What! give up his Bach, his Corelli? Ask the Silbermann to interpret the stuff of an ape like Torriani at the order of a lady of fashion!"

The organist smiled grimly at the bare idea. He was not a man to stand interference in his rookery, and he made this clear to her ladyship in a short note, returning Signor Torriani's music.

"He would prefer," he said, "to resign his post to that 'distinguished artist' than not be master of his own instrument."

"And he shall resign it before I have done with him, insolent old man!" thought Lady Augusta, who in common with all domineering characters could not brook opposition to her will.

The dislike engendered by this first quarrel did not diminish as time went on. The organist and the Dean's wife were for ever coming in contact.

On the other hand, Torriani was rapidly making his way under the favour of his exalted patroness, who had persuaded him to come down two days in the week to give some lessons to her dear young friends. Emily and Virginia Grangeby, the daughters of one of the Canons, who naturally sought favour at the hands of the Dean's wife. The example of the Grangebys was followed by the Merewethers, and the Gunsbys imitated the Merewethers. By-and-by the county families fell in. Could they, indeed, be expected to turn coldly from a man who had trained the Duke's daughters, and whose fingers had touched royal pianos?

And so it came to pass that Torriani had it all his own way. Poor John Wilhelmje and his scholarly musicianship were voted "obsolete"—Lady Augusta's word. He was quite gone by, and had to content himself with the second order and the schools. But even these tried to secure the signor, if that were possible, which soon became difficult. The overworked Italian would search his little book for a spare half-hour, exclaiming distractedly—

"Imposseeble! I have not one quarter—non—not one, unless——" Here he would hold the book, apparently about to rub out an appointment, then look at the pupil. "Yees, Saturday, if you will. I can upset Lady Nicholson and give you one half-hour."

This cool manner of upsetting one of the county magnates had its effect, and generally clinched the matter.

Poor John submitted to his fate with a sore heart. He would not have minded so much the pecuniary loss, for he had ever been a prudent man, and had his little nest-egg laid by. But his sensitive nature had received a severe wound, and, moreover, he was haunted with a dread foreboding.

"They will not stop here," he said to his daughter. "They will take the Silbermann from me next."

"'HERE IS SIGNOR TORRIANI'" (*p.* 435).

"No, no, father," cried the young girl; "they could not—they dare not! All Abbotstoke would cry shame on them."

Wilhelmje smiled bitterly. He had gauged the fidelity of his friends in Abbotstoke. He had no confidence left.

"I should not care were it not for you, my darling; but I should not like to leave you amongst them. I shall write to your Aunt Maria to-night. I feel old and broken, and if Silbermann——"

He didn't finish his sentence, but took his hat and went sadly forth.

Daisy, standing at the window, watched him going slowly along the street. He was broken!

Never a strong man, he had altered grievously since this shameful persecution had begun. If it could only be stopped!

Just as this thought crossed her mind, she saw Frank Verinder coming along the street, and without pausing to think, she caught up her hat and ran out to speak to him.

These two had known one another from children; but perhaps it never struck the young man how very pretty his playmate had grown until to-day, when in this, her first trouble, she appealed to him for help.

"Father has in some way offended Lady Augusta," she said tearfully. "Oh, Captain Verinder, if you could make it right!"

"I shall do nothing for you," he answered, smiling

at her, "if you call me anything but the old name. Long ago you were Daisy and I was Frank."

She blushed prettily.

"Ah, but it is different now!"

"Not different in my eyes," said the captain, taking her hand in his and bending down to look into her face, which was cast down.

Neither of them saw a pony-carriage pass by with two ladies, who looked out curiously. It was Lady Augusta and her sister, Lady Lucy.

That little scene sealed John Wilhelmje's doom.

His clever enemy had a whip in her hand which she knew how to use. She had found it hitherto hard to persuade the Dean that there was any need of dismissing the organist. He had a thousand reasons against it. Even now, when the danger of his nephew—the head of the house—being drawn into a low connection was placed before him, he was reluctant to proceed to extremities.

"I can speak to Wilhelmje," he said; "he can send the girl away."

But Lady Augusta jeered at this simplicity on his part.

"You are quite a Colin," she said, with a laugh that brought the colour to the Dean's face. "I think, my dear shepherd, you had best leave this matter in my hands."

And this the Dean, who was heartily sick of the affair, agreed to do.

Lady Augusta was too diplomatic to show her hand to her enemy. She wanted to drive him clean out of Abbotstoke, and she took a refined method of doing so.

The festival had been agreed upon, and in all propriety the first to be informed of so important a matter should have been the organist of the cathedral. But Lady Augusta thought differently. She prevailed upon the committee to entrust the conduct of the music to Signor Torriani; and the first information Wilhelmje received was by seeing the posters on the walls, with his rival's name in a conspicuous position.

The insult was too much. Even his love for Silbermann could not allow him, with any respect for his own dignity as a man, to pass it over.

With many struggles, and heaviness of heart indescribable, he tendered his resignation to the Dean. It was accepted under Lady Augusta's orders.

So it was settled. There was no more room for doubt—out he should go and with all possible haste, his successor having been appointed with indecent hurry, and his house in the Close being wanted for the new organist, who was no other than the signor.

"It is very good of him to take it," said Lady Augusta, "and I may say he does it to oblige me. He has such a following at Marylebone. He plays the most exquisite voluntaries. I have seen Her Royal Highness with tears in her eyes."

With such a testimony, who could hesitate to think the right man had been got? Nevertheless, public opinion *was* turning towards the departing organist. A sudden wave of remorse for their treatment of an old friend had seized upon the Grangebys, the Merewethers, and others. It was only the awe inspired by the Dean's lady that prevented a public testimonial being offered to Wilhelmje.

The last Sunday he played in the cathedral was remembered for years. Such a rich, tumultuous sweep of sound!—such sweet, full harmonies!—such stirring ascensions!—such sobbings and wailings! The Dean began to feel a queer lump in his throat; Lady Augusta fidgeted and grew pale. Still it went on. Now it was a magnificent fugue of his beloved Bach, then a bit of Handel; again a voluntary of Haydn. It was grand—magnificent!

So he played them out for the last time, and brought it to the finish with a grand, swelling chord; and as he ended and shut Silbermann, which was now to be closed to him for ever, it seemed to the sensitive musician as if his very heart-strings cracked. Poor Daisy, who was weeping silently in the corner, put her arms round him and led him sadly away.

They left Abbotstoke that night, nobody knowing whither they had gone.

Lady Augusta, riding now triumphant over all obstacles, installed her signor with much pomp and ceremony. She had some uncomfortable moments, nevertheless, especially when Frank Verinder spoke his mind to his elegant aunt, which he did in no measured terms, for his honest young heart was filled with just indignation.

"What had they done to you that you should hunt them out like this? An old man and a girl; it was cruel, and all for the sake of a low Italian fellow." And when he said this, Lady Augusta lost her self-command.

"How dare you speak to me so? You are insolent, Captain Verinder; moreover, it was to save you from a low intriguing girl that I sent Wilhelmje away. This is my thanks!"

Frank looked his aunt steadily in the face.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Augusta, if I have been rude," he said slowly, "and I do thank you. I see it all now." And he went away without another word.

The day before the festival had come, the town was full of strangers, to-morrow it would be fuller. Every room was engaged—all the houses crowded with guests. And now for the rehearsal with Torriani at the organ. It was his first trial, for since his new appointment he had been up in town, arranging matters. To say the truth, he was somewhat nervous. This greatness had been thrust upon him; his heart was going pit-a-pat as the grand Hallelujah Chorus came on, in which he was to break ground. Silbermann seemed to look at him with an unfriendly eye; so too did the cherubs. Now to it, my man! What is this? Wretched quavering, no courageous attack, no thunder rolling. The pedals all in confusion, the stops all wrong. The conductor's bâton is raised; chorus pauses.

"I am afraid, Signor Torriani, we must trouble you again." But the second time the fiasco is more marked. The conductor, well known, and at the top of the tree in his profession, looks round sternly at the

unfortunate organist, who recommences a third time, going from bad to worse.

The rehearsal breaks up abruptly; the principal artistes refuse to sing—everything is in confusion, in the midst of which comes a letter from Torriani, pleading illness as an excuse for not appearing on the morrow. Terrible consternation ensues at the Deanery, which is increased by the observation of the well-known conductor—

"Where is the man, one Wilhelmje, I think, who played at the festival of 1885? That was a genius. I remember telling him he was lost here. But he was a true artist and would not leave his organ, a rare instrument in his hands. He is dead, I suppose, for if living, he would be at his Silbermann!"

"Dead! not a bit of it," says Captain Verinder, "and if you wish I'll have him here in an hour. But only on certain conditions," and he looked at the Dean and Lady Augusta. "He must be reinstated in his post at an increased salary, and her ladyship must write and ask him."

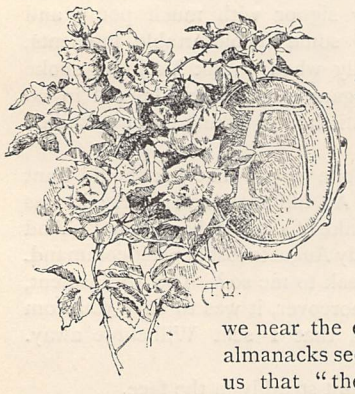
Which she did. To say the truth, she was a little ashamed, and, moreover, she had the Dean's appointment to the Bishopric of Exford in her pocket, so the affairs of Abbotstoke no longer affected her; and as for Lucy, she too would have other hunting-grounds.

The Wilhelmjes came back in Captain Verinder's carriage, making quite a triumphal entry. The festival was an immense success, and John Wilhelmje sat once more in his rookery, where he has sat ever since.

Daisy married comfortably in her own station, and Captain Verinder in his. There had been nothing between them but kindly feeling. The rest was the creation of Lady Augusta's brain.

FRANCES A. GERARD.

THE GARDEN IN JUNE.



AFTER all, it is perhaps in a luxuriantly green June that lovers of and labourers in the garden most enjoy themselves: the days are at their very longest, and as we near the end of the month the almanacks seem to delight in telling us that "there is no real night." Indeed we have but to wander round the garden in the twilight and hushed quiet of a summer evening to see for ourselves that at all events at this time of the year it really does not know how to get dark, and that the glow in the western sky seems to be giving chase to that in the east, with the result that sunset and sunrise are caught kissing. Our garden, then, may be said to "attain its majority" in June, and on the twenty-first of the month becomes "twenty-one." It should be at its best and fairest, and the very purity and perfection of its early summer bloom may not inaptly be regarded as typical and suggestive.

And our attention is naturally, and first of all, turned this month to our flower-beds; for as yet, in early June, our currants are green and our gooseberries are as hard as marbles. Nevertheless, of these also we must say a few words later on. Now, as we have so often advocated the claims, not to say the beauties, of our bright and gay annuals, and suggested the expediency of interspersing them plentifully amongst our more ordinary, more formal, and less variegated bedding-out plants, why should we not this year try the experiment of one or two flower-beds devoted entirely to a good assortment and tasty arrangement of some gay annuals, all by themselves, without even a single scarlet geranium upon them? for of the latter we have, of course, plenty in other beds and parts of the garden. Let us then make our selection for a bed of this class, saying a few words, where necessary, about each flower that goes to make it up. Let us then suppose, first of all, that we have to fill a bed standing somewhat upon a slope, and on the border of our whole flower-garden. Very often, where this is the case, there stand along the top of this bed some evergreens, which serve as a screen to what lies behind, perhaps in the kitchen or fruit garden. If, however, there be no such screen of evergreens, it is all the more important that we should at once arrange to have a flower-screen; and it is hardly necessary to say here that in the case we are supposing the highest-growing flowers should be at the top or ridge of our bed. Now, although Honeysuckle (*Caprifolium*) cannot certainly be classed as an annual, we might do well to train some to serve as a screen or division between our flower and kitchen gardens. In its absence, however, we should do well to have an old friend in the shape of Convolvulus Major (*Ipomœa purpurea*) for our background. This well-loved purple flower grows from six to eight feet high, and we raise it by seed in a hot-bed; the more showy Convolvulus Tricolor (*C. minor*) grows to something less than two feet in height, and is good-natured enough to bloom from June to September: its habit is to spread, and its rich flowers of blue, white, and yellow are sufficiently popular; but for floral decoration of the table the convolvulus is nearly useless, as anyone must have noticed that its petals close immediately on being gathered: yet sometimes they will open again, if in warm shade, when placed in water. Ordinary garden soil is good enough for the culture of the convolvulus.

Another popular favourite to sow as a background for our bed of annuals is the Sweet-pea (*Lathyrus odoratus*). This grows to a less height than Convolvulus Major; still, a flower-hedge of such exquisite colour, scent, and beauty, and some three or four feet high, will be very effective. Unless forced on, however, it will hardly blow before July; its flower, again, if exposed to the full blaze of the sun, is somewhat short-lived; let it then have plenty of water, and the flowers will come none the less plentifully for the picking of some of them occasionally for home decoration.

Then we might try some of the showy Larkspur, (*Delphinium consolida*); this is, again, somewhat of a tall habit, as it may attain the height of some two feet. Other annuals we may arrange on our bed—having, of course, in all cases due regard to the colouring of each flower—are, for example, the white Candytuft, (*Iberis coronaria*), the Gilia Tricolor, and the very showy rich orange-coloured *Escholtzia crocea*. This last flower, which takes its name from a famous botanist, is liable to spread itself over your bed, and will certainly require keeping in check. To these we may add the Spotted Nemophila, which only grows some nine inches high, and whose blue flowers with a white centre are very graceful and attractive; the *Phlox Drummondii*, another universal favourite, and justly so, on account of its various-coloured flowers, rose, white, purple, &c. But where shall we stop if we go on to enumerate all these well-remembered and old-fashioned friends of our youth, such as the Canterbury-bell and the Ten-week Stock? This last-named, however, is a little partial to a richer soil than some of the others we have selected, and its purple, white, and scarlet flowers are sufficiently gay. Now, who will venture to say that a single well-kept bed of some such annuals and perennials as those we have named will not, if kept properly in check, look more beautiful and striking than perhaps the bed made up solely of scarlet geraniums that stands next to it? May not the preference which the latter has obtained in more recent times be owing to the fact that the geraniums once bedded out give infinitely less trouble than our bed of gay and variegated annuals? The annuals may, of course, as the summer wears along, require replacing or trimming, but for fragrance and brilliancy there can be no doubt which of the two beds will carry off the prize. Then, again, if we have two or three good frames or a pit, we are independent of the greater luxury and expense of a greenhouse, and a frame is all that we require for most gardening purposes.

MIDSUMMER WORK.

We must not, however, pass by the other departments in the garden, and in a month like June. Only just now we alluded to the currants and gooseberries; these may require thinning where there is the promise of a heavy crop. The gooseberries we can bottle or use at once for tarts, but see that they are gathered uniformly from *all* your trees, and on no account allow one tree to be nearly stripped and the others deserted, through idleness or indifference to their fate; nothing in the garden should be allowed to take care of itself. And as for the currants, perhaps they should not be allowed to make too much wood. Sometimes the removal of a few leaves will admit alike more sun and air. Then, again, on the strawberry-beds the runners must be kept vigorously in check, and taken carefully off, if you wish for fine fruit. The grass from the mowing-machine will do admirably to place among your strawberries instead of either straw or tan, and this last is not always readily attainable. It has, too, a neater appearance than the straw, and is always at hand. Another useful application of the grass from your lawn-mowing box is to bank up your frames with. If you plunge your hand into a heap of short grass, you will be astonished to find what a heat it has quickly acquired. Indeed, we cannot afford to throw anything away in the garden; and sooner than destroy some of our so-called garden lumber, we should find a corner for it somewhere—unless, perhaps, we except our thorny hedge cuttings, which at midsummer we generally burn.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JUNE.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE pretty blue corn-flower is the special flower of the year, and this fact has brought the colour of its petals much to the fore. The toque in the vignette is a black straw, with a double brim surrounded by a double row of the corn-flowers. A bow of the same coloured ribbon on the top of the crown is blended with osprey. It is a most becoming shape, which, by the addition of narrow velvet strings, could be quickly transformed to a bonnet that would suit most women, showing the fringe well in front.

Many of the new bonnets have no strings, and, in consequence, the collar-bands of the gowns become, if possible, higher, and are nearly always braided or embroidered, as they are so clearly visible. The ornamentations in fashion now become more and more elaborate as the months roll on. The trimmings are not only jewelled but adorned with *cabochons*—viz., quaint pieces of glass and metal, often like shells, which can be bought by the dozen, and sewn on. With a small piece as a pattern, very elaborate and effective trimmings can be made at home at about a quarter their shop price. The high Medicis collars are likely to remain in fashion, and among the novelties are double ruches of gold lace wired and closely pleated to encircle the throat. The sleeves are cut much lower, and the trimmings which serve as epaulettes are considerably flatter and squarer.

Fawn tints are likely to be quite the most fashionable of the year. The pretty dress and cape in our first illustration (p. 441) is made in a very thin, fine cloth—of so light a tint as to be almost the shade of lace washed in tea, and the trimming is of a deep, dark Alexandra blue velvet and silk embroidery. The skirt has much to commend it. You will note that it is very narrow, as such skirts still are, but also there is no ungraceful clinging by reason of the other skirt, or shall we say the apparent over-skirt? for there is simply a wide side-breadth inserted beneath the right arm, and over this the front is draped diagonally, some four or five pleats giving a graceful droop at the side, while the back falls straight like a train. The under-skirt has a band of ribbon velvet above the hem, and a row of conventional flowers above. The bodice ends at the waist, having a rounded point in front. It opens invisibly at the side, and you note that a V-shaped piece of dark blue velvet is inserted in front, the band round the neck being also of the colour. The sleeves are close-fitting, and though much wider at the top than at the wrist, there is no exuberant fulness. There is a band of blue velvet and embroidery at the wrist—no lace, no tuckers, collars, or cuffs of any kind are now considered necessary. It is thought sufficient, and more becoming, that the material itself should rest against the skin. The cape is not only very smart, but really likely to suit most women. The collar is ostrich feathers, matching exactly the dress in colours. Then there is a full embroidered frill of the material, to which is attached a long pendant fringe. It looks well, thrown carelessly open as in the picture, but when more protection is needed it can be closed at the neck. Note the hat. It is quite curious to see how, in the hands of a skilful milliner, these plateaux can be twisted into almost any form. In the present instance the brim is caught up on the left side, and a bow of ribbon velvet to match the dress stands up, the ends erect in front, a torsade of the same surrounding the crown, while at the back ostrich feathers curl on the brim. There is no blue, the whole is the uniform faint fawn tint. The colour is, however, emphasised in the deep blue en-tout-cas, which has a perfectly plain handle, and a bow of ribbon half-way down.

The friend who accompanies the pretty wearer of the cloth gown in her walk has a toilette of quite a different cast, suitable for full-dress morning wear as well as quiet evenings. It is a turquoise-blue self-toned silk brocade, with the large iris design so fashionable this year. The under-skirt and the bodice-trimming and cuffs are plain beige silk braided over in a close Renaissance design. It is a very simple but graceful make. The folds on the bodice are so deftly managed that it appears to be cut in one with the skirt. This is not so, but the bodice is put on first and the skirt afterwards, the band arranged in folds which fasten upon the bodice, and blend in with those upon it. It fastens at the side where the V-shaped trimming is inserted, and this is attached to an upright collar turned down in front by means of a wire at the edge. This admits of a ribbon or jewelled band being visible in front. Both collar and vest are richly braided, so are the gauntlet cuffs, into which the high full sleeves are sewn. So also is the upper portion of the side panel, met by a full flounce with a heading, so arranged that it makes a cascade ruche. The full flounce is tucked at the hem—six narrow tucks, each half an inch in depth. The skirt touches the ground, but is not superabundantly full; indeed, none of them are. The colouring in this gown is good, and so is the form.

With it a bonnet is worn, and a fashionable one too. It does not, you see, take much to make a bonnet. This is a mere flat circle of the braided silk, wrought with gold, large enough to cover the top of the head. It is surrounded by a torsade of the blue

silk raised in the immediate front; and at the back there is a cluster of yellow-tinted blooms and osprey; the front bouquet is far higher than the back one, for the trimmings are placed either immediately in front above the brow, or at the back. Yellow and heliotrope is a new and favourite combination in millinery. Blowaways in gold, as well as the feathery white ones, are very popular. Crayfish are seen to be crawling up the back of some of the fashionable headgears, and serpents in a great variety of forms adorn (?) hats and bonnets. I put a query advisedly. Surely nothing can be more incongruous on a woman's hat or gown than a serpent, which in reality she would avoid with rigorous care.

A novelty in veil nets is the spider-web, of quite a new and realistic kind, the entire fabric composed of webs imitated closely. They prove becoming to their wearers.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

In the leafy month of June, the problems of dress for the summer season are pretty well decided.

Parisian children are, as a rule, always suitably dressed, though I do not see any great effort made to clothe them hygienically—for a French mother, as a rule, does not sacrifice appearance to health theories. She understands the subtle art of so clothing the fair young limbs that they are not unduly confined. The little girl with her mother in the picture (p. 442) has a dress inspired by some of the picturesque Swiss costumes, occasionally but rarely seen outside Switzerland, and not in this instance very slavishly followed. The material is a soft terra-cotta vicuna, trimmed with velvet to match. The skirt and bodice are sewn together, and the whole frock is put on at once, the junction hidden by a band of velvet. A wider band borders the hem. The bodice is cut square, and shows a white muslin embroidered chemisette—a style which finds little favour in England, and yet in a warm summer has much to commend it. The square is outlined with velvet, and between it and the centre of the waist in front there is a broad velvet trimming, matching the arrangement round the armhole, which is very prominent beneath the arm. There is a deep cuff of velvet to the sleeve, which forms a good background to one of lace. It is a neat trim little dress, worn with black shoes and stockings and terra-cotta rosettes. The hat is black straw, with a full band of black velvet, and a large cluster of black ostrich feathers in front, relieved by one or two terra-cotta ostrich tips, with a smaller cluster at the back. The crown is low, but the brim is very wide and important-looking—calculated to shade the complexion more than the hats we have had of late. Gold and steel ornaments play a rather important part in French millinery, and the feathers at the back appear to be kept in place by a comb of these combined metals, while at the waist there is a double buckle of the same.

"WHAT A TIME THEY ARE!"

Gowns that are slipped on at once, and are cut all in one, are much the fashion, and are to be strongly recommended for slender figures, but they are unsuitable for stout persons, or those who have large and prominent hips.

The second dress here sketched is made of a soft heliotrope woollen material, with large *motifs* in black astrachan weaving, set in twos and twos, the stems crossing. It is trimmed with the new silk ruching like feather bands, but really composed of a series of silk loops. This borders the vest of plain material in front, and the overlapping portion, which fastens on the left hip. All the rest is in one piece, and in lieu of placket-hole there is an opening at the side beneath four buttons. A plain piece of material, pyramid-shaped, appears at the foot, and is edged with this same ruche, which finishes the wrist of the close sleeves, slightly puffed, but not unduly, on the shoulders. The toque is of black lisse and ribbon, standing up high above the forehead in prominent bows.

THE MONTH OF FLOWERS.

Skirts are severely simple when plain materials are used, but paniers are much in vogue, and all kinds of trimmings from the waist, which frequently take the form of a Swiss belt, or shaped girdle, to which is attached a graduated fringe. Jet is worn thus, and, indeed, in almost any form; braces and diagonal bands, pointed V-pieces, for the backs and fronts of bodices, are sold in sets ready for mantles and dresses, and hundreds of graduated discs, which are intended to be sewn on to skirts and cloaks, so that the smaller appear towards the hem, the larger above.

It would seem to be one of the most difficult tasks of the dressmakers to keep skirts narrow and plain, and yet render them graceful. Large lozenge-shaped *appliqués* of velvet surround the hems of skirts, and brocaded waistcoats of all kinds give a finish to the bodices.

Pipings are introduced in bodices and sleeve seams, and quite a novel idea is to ruffle the material on the cord and thus produce a frilled cording, which, if the cording is in contrast, has a most ornamental appearance at small cost.

Brides are abjuring satin and brocade and in many instances coming back to plain peau de soie, or even muslin and chiffon; but there has always been a tendency in Paris, on the one hand to more magnificence, on the other to more simplicity, than in England. The *juste milieu* is avoided. French brides do not affect the Court trains 3½ yards long which English girls who are never likely to cross the threshold of Buckingham Palace foolishly patronise. They denote too much stately preparation, and once out of church they require skill and knowledge to carry out. They should be folded in a sort of box-pleat the entire length, the side folds meeting in the centre. They are then put over the left arm so that the end hangs outside.

The Empire ties are a novelty for bridesmaids. They are made of the entire width of chiffon. You place the centre in front of the throat and then allow the cords to cross at the back and come to the front, where they are tied in a large bow with cords. Another pretty new idea which is worth a thought when the question of bridesmaids has to be considered, is that each couple should appear in dresses made in the same fashion, but of different colours, two primrose, two pink, two blue, two heliotrope, and so on, the bouquets matching the costumes in tone. White cloth trimmed with silver and made with triple capes are stylish costumes, especially when accompanied by the large tri-corn hats placed on the head with the point at the side and richly trimmed with white ostrich plumes. White corduroy is another favourite material trimmed with white velvet.

Bengaline in silk is in great demand; it drapes well and falls in soft folds.

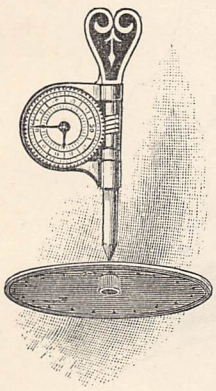
Very wonderful millinery is to be seen in Paris. Among the bonnets there is a cornucopia formed of facets of jet on a wired foundation, the twisted end constituting the point of the crown. This is trimmed with lace and is most becoming when worn; off the head it recalls a fool's cap. It suits women of all ages. Peacocks' feathers appear in the brocades and in millinery, so superstition has to be forsworn. Wall-flowers are in vogue, and nasturtiums, and all the wonderful reds and browns which appear in these flowers. They blend admirably with mimosa. Tuscan straw has come to the fore again, and many a pretty face is seen beneath a broad Tuscan brimmed hat, the outside almost hidden by a wealth of orchids of the most wonderful colouring.

A make of jackets has come in vogue, which is likely to be most becoming to figures which are not over-slim. The basque is cut on the cross and sewn on at the waist. Selvedges are left on many materials and serve for trimmings. The old-fashioned barèges are now re-introduced, and sometimes display a shaded brocade in distinct *motifs* far apart.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.



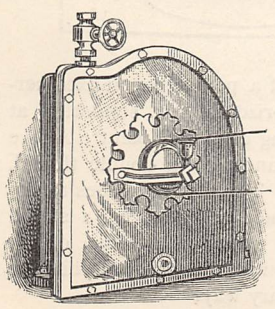
A Handy Measurer.

This neat little device for measuring distances will be useful to engineers and others as a substitute for the clumsier measuring tape. It consists of a thin disc or wheel eight inches in circumference, which is mounted on an axle that revolves, and by means of a screw works a counter. When the edge of the wheel is run along the distance to be measured, the number of revolutions it makes is registered upon the dial, and two-thirds of that number is the length in feet.

A Game for Small Lawns.

We have before us the rules of "Poko"—a new lawn game which was, we believe, first played during last season, though it was patented some two years ago. The game is intended, primarily, to meet the wants of those who have available for use a lawn which is not large enough for lawn tennis. For Poko the lawn need not be more than thirty-nine feet by seventeen feet for two players, or thirty-nine feet by twenty-six feet for three or four players. A net is used as in lawn tennis, and the chief difference in the marking of the ground for the two games is, that in the new one it is the outer court which is always divided by the half-court line instead of the inner court. The game is played with rackets and tennis-balls, and the ball must always be struck *on to the ground* before it bounds over the net. "Volleying" a ball in play is allowable; but the "volleying" must be on to the ground on the striker's side of the net, the object of this, and every other stroke in the game, being to make the ball bound over the net after leaving the ground. The game is worth trying where tennis is not possible.

A Domestic Water-Motor.



A small water-engine for domestic and general purposes is illustrated herewith. In the home it will be useful for driving washing machines, churns, sewing machines, coffee mills, and so on. It is portable, and will work wherever a small supply of water under pressure is obtainable. Inside the outer case there is a drum mounted on a spindle, and having several cams round its rim. The water entering by the supply pipe strikes the cams and turns the drum, escaping by an exhaust pipe. The working parts are of hard steel, gun-metal, and brass, and can be readily renewed. The motor will drive light machinery from an elevated cistern, but a pressure of twenty pounds is recommended. It is made in various sizes, from a half to three-man power.

A New Life-Belt.

The life-belt which we illustrate is a jacket or vest of duck or canvas fastened by straps in the manner

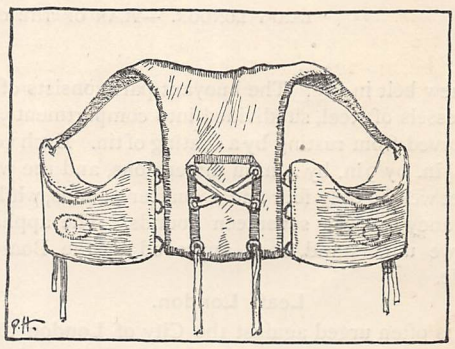
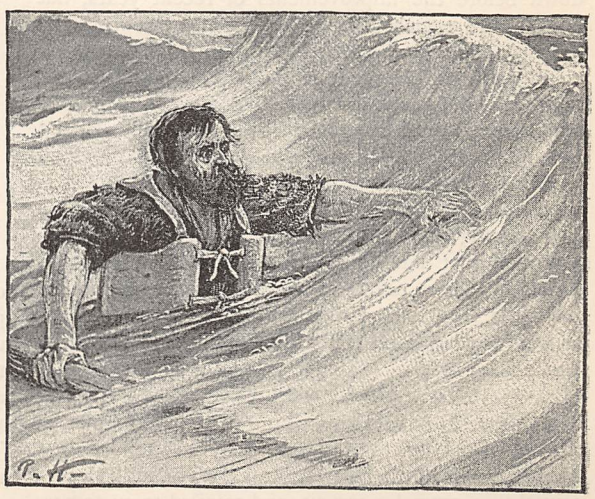
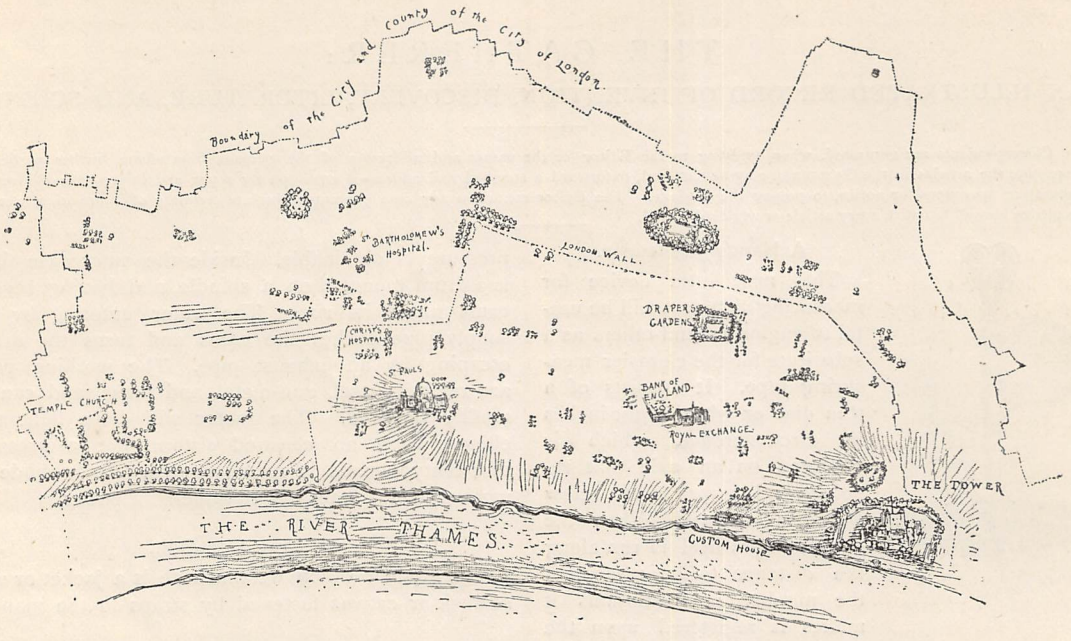


FIG. 1.

shown in Fig. 1, which is a back view, and from which the construction will be understood. Fig. 2 shows



A NEW LIFE-BELT.—FIG. 2.



"LEAFY LONDON."—PLAN OF THE CITY AREA, SHOWING ONLY THE GROWING TREES.

the new belt in use. The buoyant part consists of two air-vessels of steel, subdivided into compartments, and preserved from rusting by a coating of tin. Each vessel is 10½ in. by 9 in. by 4 in. in dimensions, and the whole jacket weighs only four and a quarter pounds, while its buoyancy exceeds seventeen pounds. The appliance has, we understand, been approved by the Board of Trade.

Leafy London.

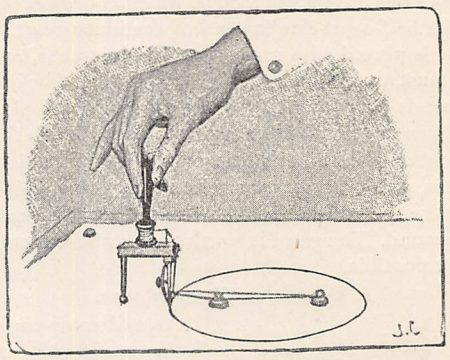
It is often urged against the City of London that it is without trees, as compared with Paris and other Continental cities. But Leigh Hunt used to say that one could not take a street in the City of London from which it was not possible to see at least one tree. Some of the trees of his day have gone down before the improvements of recent years, but many more remain than most people know. They are lost in the maze of streets and buildings, but if we could imagine the site of the City cleared of all houses, as our artist has depicted it, the comparatively small area would be considered fairly well wooded by the trees which are standing and flourishing to-day. When London is compared with Paris it is probable that the broad Boulevards are taken as representing the French capital, and it must never be forgotten that Paris has far less suburban life than London. There are treeless districts of Paris, on the one hand; and, on the other, suburban London is quite as well wooded, taking it all in all, as the residential portion of Paris.

Milk by Pipes.

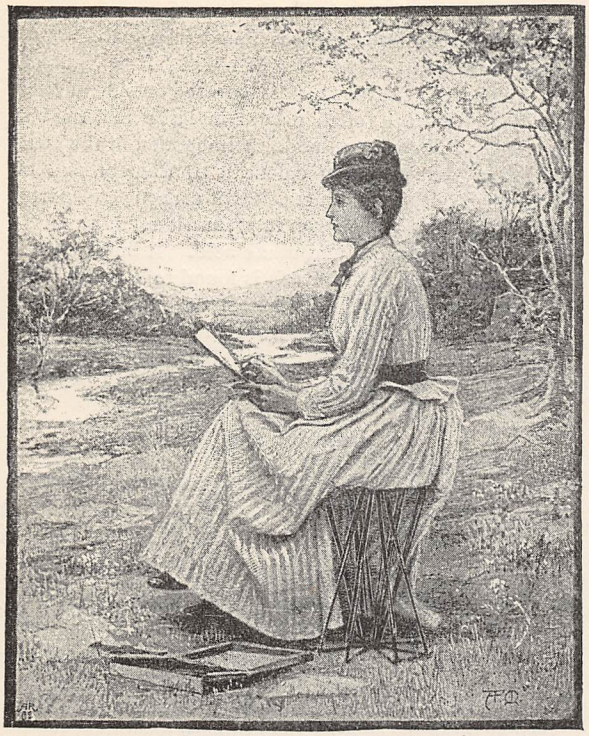
An American company is now supplying milk to different local dairies in New York by a system of pipes like that used in distributing water. The milk is contained in a central reservoir, and retailed to customers at the dairies from the tap. While upon this subject, we may mention that the Academy of Sciences, Paris, has recommended that all milk used in a liquid state should previously be boiled in order to destroy any germs of disease there might be in it. Recent investigations have shown the sanitary importance of this measure.

A Simple Elliptograph.

The elliptograph for drawing ellipses, which is shown in the engraving, is based on the method requiring a pencil and a thread whose ends are fixed at the two foci



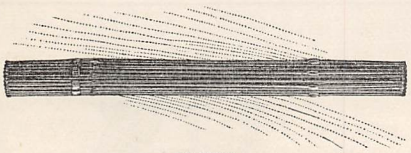
of the figure. It consists of a pen or pencil fixed perpendicularly to a small horizontal bar, supported at the other end by a leg rolling on a ball-point. Above the bar is a small reel, wound with a double thread, and over that is a handle. The thread passes to the point of the pen and is held in place by a screw. Two pins are fixed in the paper at the foci of the ellipse, the thread is carried round their heads, and the curve is drawn in the ordinary way.



A NEW PORTABLE SEAT.—OPEN.

A New Portable Seat.

Even the most enthusiastic devotee of the gentle craft may be pardoned if he prefers a comfortable seat, which he can carry with him, to the dangerously damp bank of the stream. Our illustrations show a new seat which has been invented and patented by Mr. George Gathercote, himself an experienced angler. It is constructed of jointed metal ribs, like those of an umbrella, and when folded can be easily carried with



CLOSED.

the rod, as its weight is less than two pounds. When the desired spot is reached, all that it is necessary to do is to put the bottom of the stool on the ground, and press steadily downwards, when the frame opens automatically in the manner shown, and furnishes a firm seat, 13 in. in height and 12 in. in diameter. A folded newspaper provides all that is necessary as a cushion; and when the seat is done with it may be closed, as readily as it was opened, by pulling a ring at each end of the frame. Of course this seat is equally available for use by artists, and in other out-door sports than angling, such as on cricket and lawn-tennis grounds.

A Bathing Butterfly.

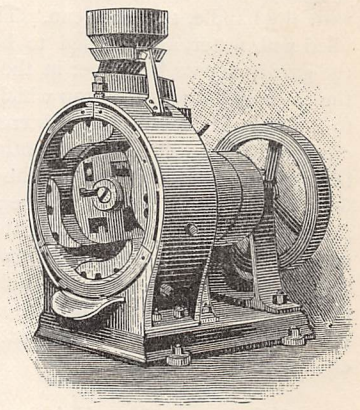
Mr. G. Lyell, junior, of South Melbourne, reports a curious habit of the Victorian butterfly (*Papilio Macleayanus*). In the hot season it is observed to fly down from its usual haunts on the hillsides to the margins of the brooks, where, taking firm hold of the ground with its forelegs, it immerses the rest of its body in the water for half a minute or so, then flies back to the hills, apparently refreshed.

A Load-Adjusting Cart.

An ingenious arrangement for enabling a draught-horse to adjust the load on its cart to suit the gradient of the road, and also to actuate the brake, has been introduced by Mr. Hollingworth. By his plan the weight is taken off the back of the horse in going downhill, put on when going uphill, and evenly balanced when the cart is at rest. To effect this, the harness hooks are fastened to sliding rods on the shafts of the vehicle, and these rods are secured to levers working on brackets beneath the shafts. The levers are connected to the axle, which works in slides and is governed by the brakes, so that when the horse ascends a hill it pulls the levers, and thrusts back the axle under the centre of the cart. The reverse action takes place in descending a hill, with the addition that the wheels come against the brake with a pressure according to the steepness of the hill. The device is intended to spare the horse as much as possible.

A Small Grinding-Mill.

A small grinding-mill intended for crushing quartz, cement, coal, ochre, or metallic ores, and any non-fibrous mineral, whether wet or dry, is illustrated herewith. It consists of a hopper, seen above, for the reception of the crude mineral, and a chamber, seen underneath, where the revolving grinder of hard steel brays the mineral to powder, which falls through a sieve and is delivered at the bottom. The mill is light, does not require a special foundation, and is complete in itself. It will grind from 10 to 30 cwt. of ore per hour, with an expenditure of 4 horse-power. Its weight is 22 cwt., and it only occupies a space of 2 ft. 6 in by 3 ft. 3 in.



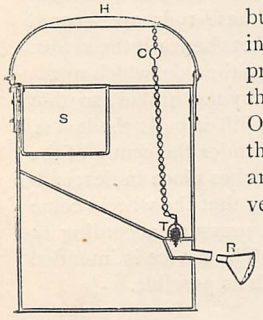
An Electric Test for Iron.

The hardness of iron is tested by Mr. C. A. Caspersson, who is interested in Swedish ironworks, by means of that general factotum, the electric current. It is well known that an electric current of sufficient strength will fuse a piece of metal in passing through it, and it is this principle which Mr. Caspersson has applied.

A test piece of the iron or steel is taken and connected in the circuit of the current, which is graduated in strength until the piece melts under the heating action of the electricity. The strength of the current which produces this effect is noted and compared with that required to fuse a standard piece of the metal having a known degree of hardness. The harder the metal, the more it will resist the fusing current, and by trying different pieces in this way, Mr. Caspersson has worked out a scale of hardness in terms of the current required, in amperes. With this table, it becomes an easy matter to test other pieces of unknown hardness.

A Self-Emptying Watering-Can.

No inconsiderable part of the labour in watering a garden comes from having to hold the can at an angle to secure the flow of water; but a new can which has been invented by Mr. Bracher, and provisionally protected, reduces this labour to a large extent. Our illustration shows a section through one of the new cans, and will serve to explain its not very complicated manner of working. The great feature about the invention is that it enables a gardener to do his watering while keeping the can perpendicular throughout. It will be seen in our diagram that the rose, R, is near the bottom of the can, and that it is fed through a valve or trap, T, that is lightly connected by means of a chain and ring, C, with the handle, H, of the can. The can having been filled with water, and the bed to be watered reached, the gardener puts his finger in the ring, C, and so lifts the chain and opens the trap which admits the water to the rose. If he only just tightens the chain, the flow will be very gentle; if he lifts it to its greatest height, the flow will be full; and if he releases the ring, the trap will fall by its own weight and so cut off the flow altogether. A strainer, S, is supplied with the can for holding manure, &c. &c., which may thus be made to impregnate the water without choking the rose of the can.



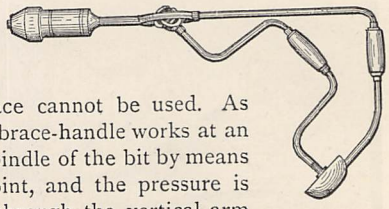
A Reference Map-Holder.

The map-holder shown herewith is designed for ready reference to maps, and admits of more than one part of the world being displayed at once. It consists of a wooden pillar with a number of horizontal arms suspended by iron rods. The arms are from 2½ feet to 6 feet long, and easily adjusted without screws. The number of maps contained in one case may vary from two to sixteen, and the case is made either to fasten to a wall, or stand, like that illustrated, on the floor.

Amberite.

Amberite, or fossil gum, is found in a coal-seam of the Hawakawa Colliery, Bay of Islands, New Zealand. It is a peculiar substance, undiscovered outside of New Zealand, where it often occurs in large masses, but generally in layers and nodules imbedded in the coal. It has a yellowish-grey colour, is translucent, and of specific gravity 1·034. It consists of carbon 76·88 parts, hydrogen 10·54, and oxygen 12·77, and is soluble in alcohol, ether, turpentine, and dilute acid. It burns with a yellowish flame, and the ash is found to contain iron, lime, and soda. Amberite is in fact the fossilised gum of the Kakauri tree. The coal in which it is found burns well and has very little ash, but deposits a cinder on the bars of the grate.

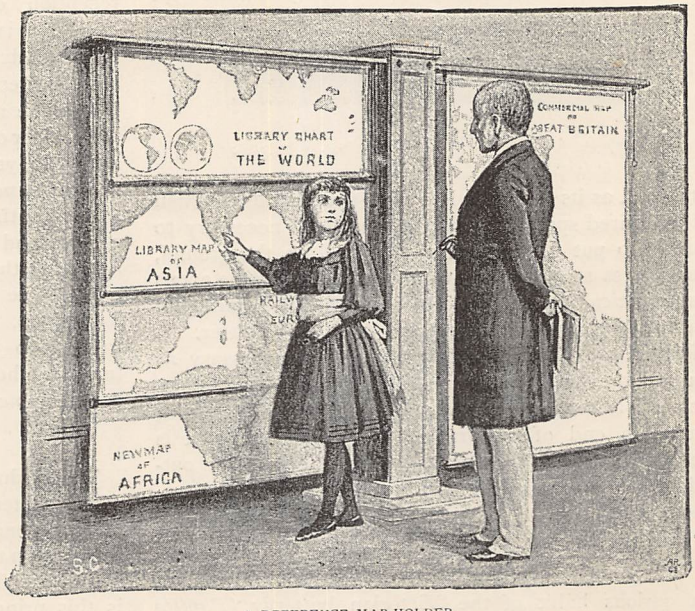
A Brace for Corners.



Our woodcut shows a brace for boring holes in corners, where the ordinary brace cannot be used. As will be seen, the brace-handle works at an angle with the spindle of the bit by means of a Hooke's joint, and the pressure is applied directly through the vertical arm instead of through the handle. The brace is equally well adapted for work in the ordinary positions.

The Dental Vibrator.

A new method of extracting teeth in a painless way has been introduced of late. It consists in distracting the attention of the patient by sending through him an intermittent electric current from an induction coil of sufficient strength to be bearable, and to produce the well-known sensation of "pins and needles." The poles of the induction coil are grasped in the hands of



A REFERENCE MAP-HOLDER.

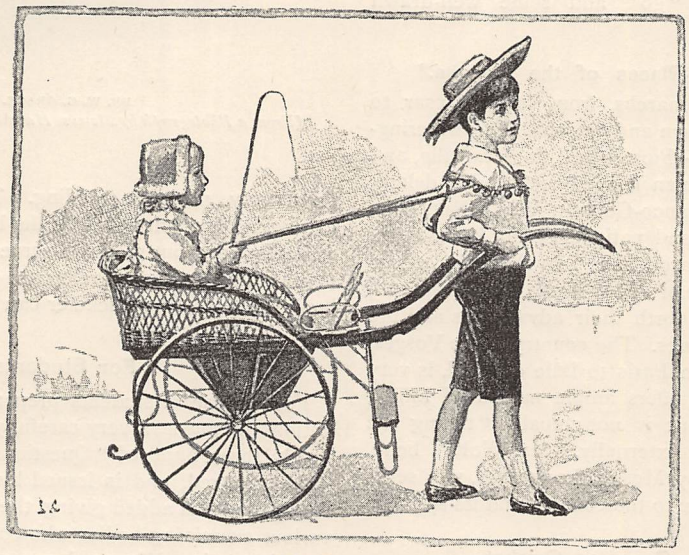
the patient, and the forceps of the operator are also connected to one pole of the coil. The current from the forceps may help in deadening the nerve of the tooth, which is removed without pain.

A Handy Go-Cart.

The child's cart which we illustrate has several good features, and can be used either as a perambulator for babies or a go-cart for older children. As will be seen, it cannot tip back or forward, and besides the seat in the body or well, there is a front seat with a movable back, enabling the sitter to put his feet in the cart, or, reversing his position, on the step suspended below the shafts.

Gas in Brussels.

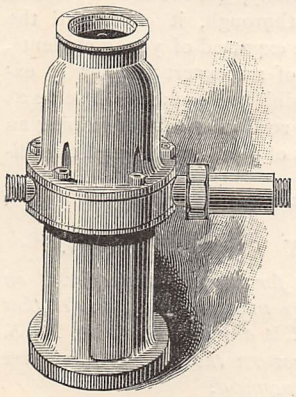
M. Aerts, director of the lighting department of the city of Brussels, has introduced the plan of hiring out gas-stoves to the inhabitants for heating and cooking purposes. The annual rent of a stove is about 10 per cent. of its value. Gas is becoming largely used for heating purposes in Brussels, and many excellent stoves have been invented. The Belgian Gas-fitters' Association have instituted lessons and lectures in cookery by gas, and opened an exhibition of their appliances.



A HANDY GO-CART.

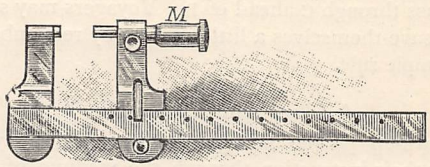
A New Water-Meter.

The water-meter which we illustrate is made of aluminium, and weighs only twenty-eight pounds. It will register the flow when it is a mere dribble, and is very prompt in its action. It consists of a measuring cylinder with three ports. The water is admitted from an upper chamber into the cylinder, and works a piston, which, by its reciprocating action, drives the counter, indicating the number of cubic feet or litres of water. The indicator is at the top of the meter, while the inlet and outlet pipes are at the side.



A Micrometer Calliper.

Our figure illustrates a pair of callipers fitted with a micrometer for measuring very accurately. It consists



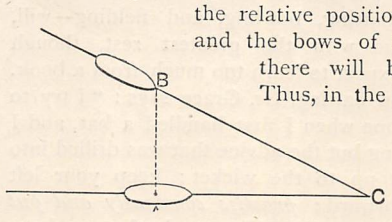
of a beam with two jaws, one fixed, the other sliding and capable of being clamped at any point of the beam. Small pins are placed every half-inch along the beam to aid in fixing the movable jaw. The micrometer, which is covered in, is fitted on the movable jaw as shown at M. These callipers are made in two sizes, for measuring up to 4 in. and 6 in.

A Solvent for Cellulose.

Mr. C. F. Cross and Mr. E. J. Bevan, two English chemists, have found a good acid solvent for cellulose, which does not attack it. The solution consists of hydrochloric acid with half its weight of zinc chloride dissolved in it. All who have occasion to examine vegetable fibres, either chemically or microscopically, will, according to these chemists, find it useful.

Foreseeing a Collision.

The following easy method of finding out whether or not another ship will collide with that on which you are travelling may be new to our readers. Stand in the middle of your ship, and observe whether the bows of the other vessel appear to gain or lose way with respect to yours. If there is no change in the relative positions of your eye and the bows of the other ship there will be a collision. Thus, in the figure let A be the spectator amidships, and B the bows of the other craft. If



A is advancing along the line, A C, and B along the line, B C, at speeds which cause the line of sight, A B, to keep the same angle to the line, A C, the two ships will collide at C. If, however, the ship, B, gains on A, and

the angle, C A B, becomes more acute, B will pass the point, C, ahead of A; and on the other hand, if A gains on B, and the angle, C A B, becomes more obtuse, A will pass through C ahead of B. Voyagers may sometimes save themselves a little anxiety by remembering this simple rule.

A Story with a Purpose.

Grown-up people are getting used nowadays to taking their instruction through the medium of their fiction—a course that thirty or forty years ago was reserved for stories addressed to juvenile readers. All sorts of "isms" and "ologies" have been propagated and attacked by turns in stories, so we are not surprised that the teaching of the Spiritualists and Theosophists should be shown up in this manner by Mr. E. F. Knight. This is the purpose of his story, "Save me from my Friends" (Longmans). As a story, his work has plenty of "go" and some well-drawn characters.

"The Watering-Places of the Vosges."

A succession of monarchs, from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon III., has known and patronised the watering-places of the Vosges—Plombières, Contrexéville, and the rest—and Frenchmen have taken special delight in them since the Franco-German War. But, as a rule, English doctors and patients do not know them, although they are so accessible. In the little volume before us, and the title of which heads this paragraph, Mr. H. W. Wolff sets forth their advantages and the properties of their springs. The country of the Vosges, as every traveller from Paris to Bâle can tell, is very varied, and certainly offers ample means of killing time when the patient is not actually "taking the waters," internally or externally. Mr. Wolff's book, which is published by Messrs. Longmans, will serve equally well as a guide to the country and its springs.

Dr. W. G. Grace on Cricket.

Of all men who have associated themselves with our national game, it is a truism to say that no one has succeeded in so thoroughly identifying himself with it as "the Doctor," so we turn with special interest to his work on "Cricket," published by Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith. The work is more than a mere history of the game, though the historical portion of the volume is not the least interesting portion of it. The chapters of practical hints on the three divisions of the game—batting, bowling, and fielding—will, perhaps, be read with the greatest zest, though tyros must not expect to learn too much from a book. In his chapter on batting, Dr. Grace says: "I try to remember the time when I first handled a bat, and I can recall nothing but the advice that was drilled into me—Stand well up to the wicket; keep your left shoulder well forward; *practise constantly and put your whole heart into it.*" The words that we have italicised are an epitome of the champion's practical hints. The chapters on "Cricketers I have Met" are illustrated by a number of portraits of heroes of the cricket-field, and are full of anecdotes that make

DR. W. G. GRACE.
(From a Photograph by Messrs. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

them very pleasant reading. The "Records and Curiosities" which conclude the book will appeal only to enthusiasts, but they will serve to give it a permanent value as a work of reference on the subject. The book is one that no cricketer can afford to be without.

For Students.

For the use of students preparing for local examinations in music, a very carefully drawn-out series of nearly three hundred "Questions and Exercises" has been prepared, and is issued by Messrs. Longmans. An appendix is added giving the requirements of the various examining bodies who conduct local examinations in music. We need say no more of this little work than that its authors, Messrs. F. Davenport and J. Percy Baker, are both connected with the Royal Academy of Music, the former as Professor of Harmony and Composition, and the latter as Associate. Another work for the use of students, issued by Messrs. Longmans, is Miss Edith Aitken's "Elementary Text-Book of Botany," for the use of schools. At once practical and thorough, it covers all the ground which can well be expected of young students. Evidently the guidance of an expert teacher is expected, but we should think the book would serve as sole instructor to anyone really desirous of gaining an insight into the mysteries of plant-growth and classification.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

Intending competitors for the Prizes offered on page 192 *of our February number are reminded that July* 1*st*, 1891, *is the latest day for receiving MSS. The regulations which govern the Competition were published with the announcement.*

THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

MARJORIE'S LOVER.

ED CARRUTHERS had, as was proper and fitting for a future Lord Spenhouse to do, attended his grandfather's funeral. He had been much impressed by his sudden acquisition of importance, as well as by his natural boyish awe of death—for this was the first time he had been brought, as it were, face to face with the natural outcome of existence, the end of life. He walked about in his crape hat-band with an air of solemnity which sat comically on his young shoulders, and after the funeral, went round the estate with his uncle, examining in a mechanical way hurdles and fences, and scanning critically the outhouses and stables.

"You see, my boy," said Clifford, sighing deeply, "it is just as well that you should begin to know something of your future responsibilities; for I shall never marry now, and before many years are gone you may be reigning here in my stead."

"Oh, no, sir; I hope not," said Ted, with an attempt at cheerfulness, for the responsibility of position and wealth, now that he came to view it in the light of persistent lawyers, and deeds to be signed, did not strike him as so very desirable, after all.

Clifford patted his shoulder affectionately, and they continued their tour in silence.

Among the guests at the funeral had been, as chief mourners, Alan and Rosalind, who had hurried back to town as soon as everything was over and the will was read. They were highly incensed at the turn that affairs had taken, and treated their brother as if he were a fiend incarnate. Their nephew they regarded as beneath all notice, save that of scorn.

They could think of nothing save that £10,000 had been ruthlessly snatched from their grasp, and, as in hundreds of other cases, money widened the breach in a not too united family. Clifford felt the action of his half brother and sister, and although they had never been great friends, he seemed to cling to the idea of family affection, and turned at once to the thought of his nearly forgotten brother at Trelorn.

The house in Hyde Park Gardens had been left for life to Lady Spenhouse, and as neither she nor her son and daughter could forgive or forget the fact that Clifford had had a large share in bringing about the undesired reconciliation between father and son, the present Lord Spenhouse felt that to return to London was at present out of the question for him: it would be too painful for both parties to quarrel over the open grave.

Lady Spenhouse did not appear at the funeral. She said frigidly that it was not the custom for the ladies of her family to mourn in public, like women in a show. And Frank Stewart was the only friend out of the immediate family circle who displayed anything like a little regret for the memory of the old man who had gone.

He had come down to this unusually painful funeral, where everyone seemed to look upon mourning as an unpleasant duty, to be got through as soon as possible, at the request of Clifford, whom he silently adored. And this bright young fellow cheered both uncle and nephew, and cemented a threefold friendship at the brink of the grave. The trio were one in their anxiety for Dulce, and many were the grave talks they held on the subject of her disappearance.

Stewart, who mourned in secret for her, and who had been more severely bitten than anyone had any idea of, had no ideas on the subject at all, save that she had gone, and life from henceforth must be a dreary desert for him.

Ted, on the contrary, took a far more cheerful view of the whole matter. He had made up his mind that she was somewhere with the old signor and his wife, and would have gone in search of her, had not the *mater* strongly forbidden him. But of course everything would go well now that Jack Mordaunt had announced his intention of finding her, and bringing her home to Trelorn. He wondered why Stewart flinched and turned so pale as he enthusiastically sang Jack's praises, but no doubt it was true, as he said, that he was liable to fits of the ague, which had a great effect on the circulation.

Lord Spenhouse did not at all like the idea of leaving his niece unsought for, and lost in the mazes of London life. But he had estimated pretty well the nature and impulses that governed Dulce's character, and knew that wild horses would not drag her back from what she believed her duty or her fate. Her impulsive nature would lead her to hide herself still further from the eyes of her friends if, against her will, she were sought out and brought home. And he too was growing to have great faith in the powers and wisdom of the unknown person called Jack, in whom his nephew so firmly believed.

The subject of the Melvell episode was never referred to between them. It was a painful one to all parties, and, as Ted confessed in a shamefaced manner to his uncle one day, "You know we are all ashamed of ourselves in a way, as Dulce made herself unhappy in a great measure because of us. I know she promised to marry that rich fellow, that we might take up the professions we liked best."

"That may have been partly the reason," was his uncle's quiet reply. "But little Dulce was getting spoiled, and perhaps this discipline is just what she needs to perfect her character, poor child! If young Mordaunt does not discover her whereabouts before

long I shall go in search of her myself; any operatic manager will tell me Marios' private address."

Lord Spenhouse the very next day paid a private visit to London, and ascertained the whereabouts of Signor Marios from his manager. He then wrote a letter to the little Italian, begging him to keep the communication secret, even from his wife, and asking if Miss Carruthers was in reality safe under his roof.

The signor answered, conjuring Lord Spenhouse, by all he held sacred, to divulge the facts to no one, but that Dulce was safe with him and his wife, and would continue to be so until she re-joined her family. But, he added, if the girl knew that her relations were searching for her, and had actually discovered the clue of her hiding-place, he was certain that she would run away again rather than be forced to return to them against her will.

Clifford's answer to his communication was a cheque, so generous that the signor's eyes opened wide with astonishment, and he had to rush off with his treasure to the bank, for fear that his better half should scent the good news from his excited manner and behaviour.

Having privately satisfied himself as to the well-being of his troublesome niece, Lord Spenhouse went down to Trelorn, at his brother's earnest request, taking with him Frank Stewart, who was anxious to resume his friendship with Ted, and also sentimentally desirous of visiting the house of his lost goddess, and of, so to speak, burying the ashes of his dead love.

Clifford, who was slightly impatient, and tired of this settled state of melancholy which seemed to have become the usual state of mind of his young friend, had originated the happy idea of taking him to Trelorn, remembering that he had another unknown niece, who might catch his heart on the rebound, and make him once more an agreeable member of society and a cheerful companion.

Ted, in a newly acquired dog-cart, met them at the station, very beaming, in a new suit of clothes, and with a prosperous air that spoke of improved fortunes at home.

The station-master, most obsequious in his bows and attentions, followed them with their portmanteaus, with a respectful porter attendant in the rear. He, with the rest of the village and neighbourhood, had been much astonished to hear of the good fortune of the Carruthers, and of the fact that Master Ted would be "my lord" some day. They had always respected the family in their poverty, and now in their mended fortunes and sudden access of dignity they rejoiced with them most truly, like the kind friends that they were.

Lord Spenhouse leaned back in his seat, delighting in the exquisite scenery of the four miles drive from the station. His thoughts were very full of the impending meeting with his brother, whom he had not seen for more than twenty years; and he was trying to realise him surrounded by his fast-growing family, and wondering if he would be altered beyond recognition by those years of absence.

The gate of the old house stood open, and behind it stood Duke—a solemn figure in a blue suit, with a round inquiring face turned up to scan the three figures in the dog-cart above him.

"What a nice little fellow! is he one of you?" said Lord Spenhouse, leaning forward eagerly.

"Yes; he is Duke—the youngest," said Ted, flicking at the little figure with his whip as it pattered after the dog-cart up the drive to the front door. Mr. Carruthers stood waiting to receive his brother, with his wife beside him, composed, but very pale.

"Welcome to Trelorn," he said cheerily, as Lord Spenhouse climbed out of the dog-cart and stood beside him on the doorstep. Then, as if by a sudden unity of feeling, they grasped each other's hands with a speechless sense of happiness.

"Norman, old fellow, how glad I am to see you!"

"Clifford—dear old Clifford—thank God for this day!"

They stood silent for the moment, looking into each other's faces with the eager satisfaction that comes of long partings. And the elder brother's heart smote him as he saw the frail delicate look on Norman's face.

But all painful thoughts were pushed aside in the affectionate greeting from Mrs. Carruthers and Marjorie, who seemed determined that everyone should be as much at ease as possible, and that bygones should be forgotten in the happiness of the present; and the happiness was greater now that Clifford had managed to whisper to his sister-in-law—"Dulce is quite safe and well;" for the blank made by the girl's absence and unhappiness had left a deep shadow on the mother's heart.

Stewart came in for his hearty welcome, and Marjorie looked at him with her soft dark eyes, remembering tenderly that he had been a friend of her sister's. The girl, just developing into womanhood, was looking very pretty and bright that afternoon, in her dark dress with creamy roses fastened in her belt; and Lord Spenhouse looked to see how her quaint beauty affected the young fellow. With some amusement he noticed that Marjorie was leading him away, a willing captive, into the garden, and that he was looking as unlike a heart-broken lover as any healthy young Englishman could well do.

"Happy youth!" said Lord Spenhouse to himself, with a short laugh, and then followed his brother into the drawing-room, there to talk over business matters and Dulce's unfortunate love affairs. He found himself able to mitigate her father's anger against her for her idle trifling and indecision by explaining the real facts of the case, and her grandmother's unfitness to have charge of any young girl.

Meanwhile, out in the garden, Stewart and Marjorie had strolled away from Ted's watchful eyes, and were standing under the dovecote, feeding the pigeons.

"What awfully jolly birds they are, after all!" said Stewart, watching Marjorie's graceful little figure as she threw out the grain with one white hand, and with the other caressed the downy white bird that was making itself at home on her shoulder.

"Oh, yes; and don't you always wonder how men

can be so wicked and so cruel as to go and shoot them for fun—just for the sake of winning a little money?" she cried impetuously.

"Ye-es—oh dear, yes! I don't know how they can do such a thing!" said Frank, in hypocritical confusion, remembering his bygone triumphs at Hurlingham.

Wicked Marjorie marked his bewilderment.

"I could never," she said emphatically, "think anyone worthy of respect who slaughtered poor, dear little pigeons. Could you, Mr. Stewart?"

"Well, really, Miss Carruthers, after having seen you do this sort of thing, and—and—well, I must confess: I used to shoot pigeons, but I promise you that, as you do not like it, I will never do it again," he stammered.

Marjorie started away from him, and the birds flew up around her in a white cloud, whirling over her head like flakes of snow.

Their next movement was in the direction of the hen-yard, and Frank found himself making the wildest and most impossible conjectures as to speckled Hamburghs and Wyandottes, which even politely frigid Marjorie could not hear without derision. When he had greeted a long-legged lanky cock with a green tail, of no particular breed, as a "delightful bantam," Marjorie gave him up as a hopeless specimen of humanity, and being of the opinion that neglect is good for the sterner sex, left him to the tender mercies of Duke, and went off to the house. She, however, cast one sly glance backwards from the drawing-room window to see how he flourished under her neglect, and seeing him disconsolately staring at a peacefully grazing donkey, went indoors, smiling inscrutably.

Marmaduke was much pleased with his new uncle—the first relation outside his family circle with whom he had made acquaintance; and when he found that Lord Spenhouse liked nothing better than trotting down the village street with him, to lay out sixpences on unwholesome-looking sweets at the little shop which did duty for post-office and grocer's, his happiness knew no bounds.

"Have you got any little boys like me, Uncle Cliff?" he said one day, as they were coming back from one of these secret walks.

Lord Spenhouse squeezed the little hot, sticky hand in his own.

"No, my boy," he said, with a sigh that the child's mind could not comprehend; "I have got to satisfy myself with my nephews and nieces."

"Well, you did without us for a long time," was the boy's unconscious reproof; "but it is a pity, all the same, because, you know, you are so jolly, and you make such a nice uncle. But still, you know, as you haven't any little boys, you've got far more sixpences to spend on me. Won't you have a bull's-eye, Uncle Cliff?"

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

A PRETTY COQUETTE.

"COME into the garden, Maud," sang Frank Stewart, on the lawn of Trelorn House, one fresh September morning.

He had a good, clear voice, and was as reasonably proud of the fact that he could sing in tune as he was of being the best goer in the hunting-field, and the best runner, and the best tennis-player in the county of Blankshire. But though he might be privately endowed with a good opinion of his own bodily capabilities, he was exceedingly diffident as to his personal attractions.

This diffidence had been increased by the indifference with which Dulce had regarded his passionate admiration for her; and now that Marjorie Carruthers was proving to be a very rose among thorns—coy, disdainful, and coquettish—when he tried vainly to tell her of his love for her, and of how she was the one being in the world whom he desired to be his wife, his self-confidence sank to zero.

As for being wooed and won, little Marjorie Carruthers had begun to find out her power in these early autumn days, and had discovered that tyranny was far nicer than subjection, and that having bound her victim to her chariot with fetters of gold, it was far nicer to torture him with a little indecision.

For her part, she liked him very much, and in the solitude of her own room had even acknowledged that her feeling for him was more than simple liking. It was developing into something stronger and more powerful, that made her blush when she thought of him in the stillness of the evening light, and dreamed over his words and the last pressure of his hand.

But did it follow that she should wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at? Did it follow that she should at once let him and the world know that she had hauled down her flag, and was prepared to admit conquering, all-powerful love into the fortress of her heart? Not at all! And Miss Marjorie tossed her little head triumphantly, and trampled her victim under her dainty feet until he cried for mercy.

The onlookers saw a good deal of the game on both sides, and it caused more amusement than anxiety to Mrs. Carruthers; for Stewart would be a very desirable son-in-law, and although her daughter was very young, still Marjorie at seventeen knew far more of the world than Dulce had done when she left home at the maturer age of twenty.

Marjorie was dressing in her ivy-bowered room when she heard the tentative strain of music below her window, and she hastily tucked the last coil of hair into its place and threw open the lattice.

"Oh, please, Mr. Stewart," she said, in a tone of anguish, "do you mind trying to sing a *little* more in tune? 'Auld Robin Gray' ought to be taken a *wee* bit slower, too, or it spoils the idea of the pathetic music!"

Stewart looked up at the saucy face framed in the rose sprays and clusters of ivy that clung round the lattice. She had a pucker of solemnity on her forehead; but although she was too far removed above him for him to see it clearly, she had a light of mischief shining in her dark eyes that betokened a dark day for him.

He was never quite sure when she was in jest or sober earnest, and now his face fell.

"It—it wasn't 'Auld Robin Gray!'" he said diffidently.

"Oh, really!" came from above in a cheerfully polite tone. "Well, would you mind telling me what the tune was intended to be? I thought at first that it was an inebriated starling trying to imitate a blackbird, till I looked out, and saw that it was you."

"It was—ah—hem——"

"Yes?" said Marjorie sweetly, with her head on one side, like an impertinent robin.

"'Come into the garden, Maud,'" he blurted out, with a feeble endeavour at a laugh.

"Dear me! it didn't sound a bit like it. But, now I come to think of it, I *was* meaning to have a solitary ramble this morning before breakfast, and by your perverseness in getting up at such an *unusually* early hour you have quite destroyed my little plan."

"Oh! Miss Carruthers, *do* come down," he entreated. "You have no idea how lovely it is down here; and even you could not be so unkind as to want to deprive me of this lovely garden just now."

This was diplomacy on his part, for the one subject on which Marjorie was extremely sensitive was the beauty of her home, and she gave him a beaming smile as she vanished from the window—which gracious piece of condescension had to cheer the unfortunate youth through several hours of tyranny.

When Marjorie appeared in the garden in her white dress and sailor hat, with its black ribbon, she sauntered down a side path, in full view of her disconsolate lover, apparently deeply occupied in examining a bed of geraniums sparkling with dew in the sunlight.

She was humming a careless snatch of air as he approached her anxiously, without seeing the hurried little glance that she turned in his direction from under the broad brim of her hat.

"Shall I bother you by walking with you?" he said humbly.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Stewart; what a pleasant day, isn't it? Bother me? Oh dear, no! thanks; the path is quite wide enough for two;" and so saying, she turned her back upon him, and began diligently pulling up a stray weed or two with a very preoccupied air.

Stewart stood watching her for a few moments in silence; then he said—

"May I help you, Miss Carruthers?"

"Oh dear, no! thank you. Your help would be very well meant, no doubt; but I rather think that the last time you did anything in the weeding line you rooted up a whole bed of chrysanthemums, under the impression that they were chickweed."

Frank withered under this cutting retort, and, with a sigh, finding that anything like tender conversation was out of the question that morning, slowly wended his way down a by-path, and disappeared. Marjorie waited, with her eyes diligently fixed on the bed that she was weeding, until he was out of sight, when, with a gay little laugh, she ran into the house, and was busy pouring out the coffee for her mother, when he entered at the sound of the breakfast bell.

She was a very demure little maiden indeed under her mother's eye, and gave him a shy little hand, as if they had never met before.

That morning was a red-letter day for the whole party, for Mrs. Carruthers had had a letter from Dulce, saying that she was well and happy, and might soon return to them—for a time, at least.

Part of the letter was read aloud, and Stewart wondered vaguely why his heart did not beat more rapidly at the very sound of Dulce's name, and the look of the handwriting which but a few weeks ago would have sent him into a very delirium of hope and rapture.

We are certainly creatures of a day—creatures of impulse; and he had proved no exception to the general rule.

When the little buzz of excitement attendant on the arrival and reading of Dulce's letter had subsided, Mr. Carruthers asked what they were going to do with their guests that day in the way of amusement.

"Yes," said Duke, in a rueful tone of voice: "it's Uncle Cliff's and Frank's last day, and I *do* think that the shop will feel very deserted when they are gone."

Stewart stole a look at Marjorie to see how she bore the idea of his departure, but, like Werther's Charlotte, she "went on cutting bread and butter" with a face that was perfectly devoid of any expression of regret.

Lord Spenhouse, with a smile at Duke, suggested that sometimes small boys went to village shops without uncles, with the proceeds of treasure-trove discovered by their bedsides—placed there, no doubt, overnight by some person resembling Santa Claus. This was a new idea for Duke, and, in haste to discover the hidden meaning of this oracular sentiment, he choked over his mug of milk, and was removed by Marjorie to the distant recesses of the schoolroom.

"Well, but you haven't answered my question yet," said Mrs. Carruthers, when order was restored again.

"I know," said Ted quickly: "let us all go to Mitchell's Farm and have tea in the wood by the stream."

"Spoken like a halfpenny book with the leaves cut out, Ted, my boy!" said Frank. "Mitchell's Farm and picnic by all means!"

"Oh! but there is a bull in the field by the wood, and you have to cross it to get home again," said Marjorie plaintively, whose one fear in life was a bull.

"Nonsense, my dear! Mitchell removed that animal months ago," said her father, while Frank whispered that "he would take care of her; and could not she trust herself to him?"

"Thanks," said the little coquette, in her most frigid tones: "*men* have been known in times of danger to prove broken reeds, and I *think* I should trust in my powers of flight far sooner than in your powers of defence!"

Which remark she felt to be so rude that she had to soften it down by a look from under her lashes, which set the young man's heart beating.

They started early in the afternoon for their picnic: Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, Lord Spenhouse, Ted, and Duke, with Marjorie and Frank lagging in the rear,

and a hamper of eatables, divided between the men of the party, who all carried it by turns in short stages.

Lord Spenhouse paired off with his sister-in-law, telling her—what she was never tired of hearing—of

"THEY STOOD SILENT FOR THE MOMENT" (*p.* 450).

Dulce's brilliant season, and of her beauty and popularity. But he had gravely to confess that the London world had soon rubbed the bloom off the country peach, and that she must never expect to see the same little girl again, unless, he said, the uses of adversity should bring back the childlike heart that had so charmed all her admirers. "It is a great comfort to me," he concluded, "that she is with such wise, safe friends, for I feel that perhaps I might have averted the storm that fell with such sudden force upon her. And you may be sure, my dear Mary, that her friends will not suffer from their kindness to her."

Mrs. Carruthers smiled up into his face, with tears in her gentle eyes.

"My poor little Dulce has always been a strange child to manage, for, gentle and sweet though she is, her impulsive nature leads her constantly into difficulties and terrors that are almost imaginary to every eye but her own. But I do hope and think that happy days are in store for her in the very near future. And perhaps this discipline is just the one thing that she needed to make her fit for the battle of life. You know, Clifford, that Trelorn, dear though it is, is far too solitary a place in which to bring up a family of girls and boys."

"It has made them very charming members of society," said Lord Spenhouse courteously; "and I think that Frank Stewart has begun to find that out for himself. He is a very good young fellow in every way, and I only hope that the liking may be mutual."

"And I also," said Mrs. Carruthers, with a sigh that turned into a smile; for, although it was painful for her to think of losing her bright little Marjorie, still she had so much to be thankful for, so many blessings after years of struggling and secret sadness, that, in comparison, every little sorrow seemed tinged with light.

The wood proved a delightful spot for a picnic, and they sat among the bracken and fern that marked the course of the stream, talking and singing catches and rounds, until the light grew uncertain and the shadows began to lengthen.

It had been one of those wonderful autumnal summer days which, although the fronds of the bracken are beginning to be touched with a golden-brown tint, speak to us in quiet tones of the fierce heat of midsummer, and are more enjoyable than August days, because they are a cool reflection of them.

They were all wandering home across the fields, enjoying "the quiet coloured end of evening:" the elders silent from sheer delight, and Ted and Duke laughing and straggling along the road, far in front, their merry voices ringing back, softened into harmony by the tempered resonance of the twilight.

Marjorie had dropped behind to show Frank the mystery of King Charles in the oak, and as it was difficult to find a suitable bracken stalk, they woke to the consciousness that they were a quarter of a mile behind the rest of their party with a start of surprise, and began to walk briskly across the field.

"It is all your fault," said Marjorie crossly; "you ought to have been quicker in finding a bracken stalk; it is getting quite dark, and I hate the dark, and—oh, good gracious! there is the bull."

Frank looked round, and saw a beast detach itself from a little group of cows feeding at the other end of the field, and advance towards them at a smart hand-gallop, lashing its tail as it came.

"Yes, Marjorie," he said, in a tragic tone, "we must run for our lives. I will not leave you, but I certainly do not think that we can reach the opposite stile in time."

He seized Marjorie's hand, and dragged her along at a steady trot. The girl's heart was beating so fiercely that she could scarcely hear herself speak, and when she had nearly reached the stile, and had but a few yards to go, her legs refused to move, and she would have sunk to the ground had not Frank seized her in his arms.

"Darling," he said, "I will save you on one condition: and that is, that you promise to marry me; if not, we will both stay here to be gored to death by the bull, for life without you would be a misery."

Marjorie burst into a flood of tears, and flung her arms wildly round his neck.

"Oh, save me, save me!" she sobbed. "I have been so horrid to you, but do forgive me!"

She clung to him while he half supported, half dragged her over the stile, and when they stood in the road safely on the other side, and the fearful beast, with a low moo of derision, had vanished into the twilight, Frank said, with a solemn face—

"Do you know, Marjorie, that I believe that was only a cow, after all!"

"Oh, Frank—Mr. Stewart, I mean," she said, starting away from him, "I believe you knew it all the time!"

"Well, you know, *you* told me it was the bull, and surely it cannot be right to doubt a lady's word," was his evasive answer. "But, sweetest, it was so delicious to have your arms clinging round me for protection. Can't you see another bull, Marjorie?"

And Marjorie, who felt that she had gone too far, and admitted too much to retract her words, was soon coaxed into forgiving the audacious culprit, and was so timidly fascinating all the way home, that Frank arrived at Trelorn in the seventh heaven of delight, and insisted on at once having an interview with Mr. Carruthers, from which he emerged with the air of a conquering hero. Mr. Carruthers afterwards privately confided to his wife that he did not know what the young fellow could find in dark-eyed Marjorie, who was as absolute a little monkey as ever breathed, to be so ecstatic about.

"I don't see much of her clinging tenderness, my dear. She is a dear little thing, with a merry light heart, but how in the world every lover who comes for my girls finds more virtues and charms in them in an hour than I have been able to discover in ten years, beats me."

"My dear Norman," said Mrs. Carruthers tenderly, "love is a golden key that unlocks many hidden treasures. Didn't you find that out when we were engaged?"

"But, my dearest Mary, you were always perfect; and your girls—nice pretty girls as they are—are not fit to be compared with you in any way. Look at Marjorie; look at poor Dulce. However, I am sure I am very glad that in the eyes of some people my geese are golden-feathered swans!" But here Mrs. Carruthers closed his mouth with a kiss.

"You are doing your best to make me conceited, Norman; but your partiality is very sweet to me, my dear husband—dearer to me after twenty-one years of married life than you were on our wedding-day. And if our children are only *half* as happy as we have been, they may count themselves as some of the most blessed couples in the world!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

DR. MORDAUNT ON THE TRACK.

LORD SPENHOUSE had been rigidly faithful in adhering to his promise to Signor Marios not to reveal Dulce's whereabouts; and when Mrs. Carruthers had put out a tentative suggestion as to her being in Maida Vale, he had said gravely that his sister-in-law had much better leave the matter in his hands, and not irritate Dulce by ill-timed researches into her hiding-place, so

that she had kept her idea entirely to herself, and had not breathed a word of it to Dr. Mordaunt.

Jack was in London, searching high and low for his lost love. He did it all in a very quiet way, not breathing a word of his search to any of his friends, for fear that the news of his presence in town should by some means reach Dulce's ears, and frighten her from her hiding-place into one less secure, and more impossible to discover.

His plan was to approach her suddenly—to take her unawares—so that she might have no time to prepare the defence and denial that he knew so well would come at once to her lips. He strolled into his club one afternoon, after he had been making inquiries the whole day in various directions, and had been utterly frustrated in his attempts to make the mystery of her flight any clearer.

He took up the *Times*, and began to scan the agony column, speculating as to the "A. B's" and the "C. D's" who were implored to communicate with their sorrowing friends. Were these thieves' signals—as they were said to be? or were they in reality the last imploring cry of hearts that have tried every other chance of re-union and so let the world know of their griefs?

Then he began to wonder dreamily if he could thus communicate with Dulce, and from that impossible thought his mind wandered off in a haze of delicious thought to his re-union with his darling. How could she have thought that his love for her would ever cease as long as his life should last?

His was one of those natures of quiet, steadfast love of whom it has been said—

> "Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close;
> As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
> The same look which she turned when he rose."

He was convinced in his own mind that her engagement to Lord Melvell had been brought about by the exertion of very strong pressure on the part of her grandmother and other relations. He had met Lady Menheniot the other day, and she had told him all she knew of the affair, and of the character that Lady Spenhouse bore for unscrupulous match-making in the eyes of the not over-scrupulous London world.

"But," Lady Menheniot concluded, "I do not think that Lord Melvell's heart can have been very seriously touched, for I hear that he has been seen walking about with his old flame, the Marchesa di Santiago. I believe that his heart has been caught again by his first love; and if it is so, I shall take to believing only in the existence of one *grande passion* in a lifetime," and the little lady had nodded her pretty little head at him in a cheering fashion, and had gone on her way, to bring comfort perhaps to some other desponding soul—for Lady Menheniot was much sought after as a consoler of all ills. She knew just what to say and do, where to lay the finger of sympathy, and what sore subject to avoid touching on; and in her fashion played the Lady Bountiful to all who crossed her path in life.

As Jack sat there by the open window, outside of which the roar and traffic of Piccadilly were going on as if there were no time for anyone to think or to be sad, no time for anything but business, he became conscious that something was said close beside him that was gradually attracting his attention with a sort of mesmeric influence.

A young man, with a long moustache and a rather good-looking face, had just come in, and was the centre of a little group of listeners.

He was talking in rather a drawling voice, but what he was saying was apparently matter of great interest both to himself and to those around him, for his words were clear and deliberate.

"Yes, I declare upon my honour it was Miss Carruthers—*la belle* Dulce—positively shopping alone in the Edgware Road, looking in at some poky little window, and dressed in the shabbiest gown."

As Jack awoke to keen attention, and sat upright in his chair, dizzy with expectation, he heard the little buzz of answering voices.

"No; but, I say, Lefroy, what on earth was she doing there?—how was she looking?—what did she say?"

"Doing there? Well, I tell you she was shopping. How was she looking, Mansfield? Upon my word, I hardly knew her again, she was so white and unhappy-looking—kind of all eyes, you know. And what did she say? Well, nothing, but tell me to go away and not ask her questions. But I found out two things: first, that there was Dame Something or other Street, Maida Vale, written on a parcel she was carrying in her hand; and secondly, that she did not run off and marry her drawing-master, as old——"

But Jack Mordaunt had sprung to his feet. He could stand no more. To sit there and hear the girl he loved discussed so freely in a public place was what his honest heart could not endure.

What profanation there was in the thought that her sad little white face and pathetic eyes—so sacred to him—should be subjects for speculation among a set of London dandies, who had nothing better to do than discuss her appearance—nay, her very character!

He advanced in the most dignified manner towards the little knot of men, who turned at his approach.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a cold, polite voice as he faced them, looking every inch the honest, straightforward English gentleman that he was, "Miss Carruthers—the young lady whom you are good enough to discuss—is my affianced wife; and therefore I must beg of you, as a personal favour, to withhold your opinions as to her appearance and character until we are able to answer them together in the eyes of the world."

He bowed gravely to them, and then left the room, leaving his hearers so struck with amazement that silence reigned supreme for about the space of two minutes.

"Well, of all——" said Lefroy emphatically. "Who *is* that fellow?"

"Oh, he is a man called Mordaunt, who has just come in rather unexpectedly for a good thing. Very romantic story, Lady Menheniot says," said one of the bystanders.

"'I SHOULD BE HAPPY ANYWHERE WITH YOU'" (*p.* 459).

"Well, I call it confounded impertinence on his part to interfere in that manner," continued Lefroy angrily; "and if I meet him again I'll tell him so."

But somehow he never did fulfil his threat, although they met at the club whenever Jack was in town, and Dulce Carruthers ceased to be a public topic of speculation at the "Leviathan."

Mordaunt walked along hurriedly when he got into the streets, trying to get rid of the disagreeable impression left on him by the words to which he had just been an unwilling listener.

But there was one thing that stuck in his mind, and which he kept repeating over and over again, and that was the address which Lefroy had seen on the parcel —Dame Something Street, Maida Vale. He hurried along as fast as he could go in the direction of the Paddington district, and entering the first post-office which he passed, he asked for a London Directory, and began to search eagerly through its closely printed pages.

He had tracked her down to Maida Vale, a sufficiently limited area; now it remained to him to find the very street which held her. Dame Mary Street next struck him as the most probable place, and looking carefully down the list of householders in that street, he came across the name of Signor Giovanni Battisto (or, as his wife called him, Baptiste) Marios, teacher of music, and with a sudden flash of inspiration he remembered Dulce's old singing-master and kind friend, the famous singer, who, like "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," had come down to being styled "teacher of music." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Of course she had gone to her old friends, who had known her and been kind to her in her childhood ; and what more likely than that she should be there still, training her voice to take up public singing as a means of livelihood ?

But he must be very careful not to be seen by her just at first. He must reconnoitre to see how the land lay before he dared to address her.

He must be quite sure of his bird before he snared her, for fear she should fly away, and leave behind her only the empty trap.

So he determined to wait until the evening, when the streets were getting dusk, before entering Dame Mary Street, and took up his place in a restaurant as near the place as it was possible to venture, where he had a stale bun and an indifferent cup of coffee by way of dinner.

At seven o'clock he fancied that it was dark enough for his purpose, and stole cautiously out, as if he had been a thief about to commit a robbery, up one street and down another, and so into Dame Mary Street, where he stood for an instant looking hurriedly from right to left, half hoping, half fearing, to see the slim figure he knew so well coming towards him.

But there was no one in sight save a ragged boy selling matches, a costermonger's cart, and a rag and bone man—unlovely sights in the dim haze of the twilight which was beginning to envelop the London streets.

He crept up, keeping as far as possible in the shadow of the houses, counting the doors as he went along, until he came to No. 60, where he took up his position under the gas-lamp on the opposite side of the street, where he would be quite invisible to anyone from inside the house, but where, on his part, he might catch a glimpse by chance of its inmates.

And he was fortunate, for before he had been in his position more than five minutes, someone lighted the gas in the lower room of No. 60. He saw revealed by a sudden flash the sordid surroundings of horsehair-covered furniture and glass-covered wax flowers, the oleographs on the walls, and the hideous dado with which Madame Marios had adorned her dining-room ; and then, like an angel hovering through the commonplace every-day air of that small room, Dulce glided into sight.

She came forward to the window to draw down the blinds, and stood there as if impelled to do so by some irresistible force, motionless, looking out into the street.

The eager watcher under the gas-lamp could see every fold of her dress, every throb of her bosom, as she stood there in bold outline against the brilliantly lighted room. She was dressed in a black, clinging dress, a little open at the throat, and a small bunch of flowers was pinned carelessly at her belt. But the face on which Jack's longing eyes were fixed had altered in those weeks of absence almost beyond belief.

She had lost the childish expression and the flower-like loveliness of the young girl, and her cheeks were pale, with heavy lines under the large pathetic eyes, brought there by much weeping.

But she was more beautiful than she had been when she left Trelorn. Her form was more womanly and her every movement more perfectly graceful, and as she lifted one white arm with an old familiar gesture to push back the stray curls that had wandered away from their restraining pins, Jack sprang forward as if he would have clasped her in his arms.

But at that moment she turned to speak to someone in the room ; the spell was broken, and she drew down the blind, and shut him out into the night and the street.

But he had seen enough: he knew what roof sheltered her he loved more than his life : and before he went away back to his own rooms, he blessed it in his heart. He paced up and down the street with an unwearying tread till one by one the lights in No. 60 were put out, and the house fronted him—a dark lifeless mass of brickwork. Then with one last look for the window that he felt was hers, he whistled up a hansom, and returned to his quarters with a light heart.

Dulce, little thinking of the near presence of her lover, had gone to bed rather more happy than usual that night.

She had ventured with Madame Marios into the precincts of the Park during the late afternoon, with a half-curious desire to see some of her old friends. Disguised with a thick black veil and a long cloak, she had stood watching the carriages in the Row for a few moments, but at this empty time of the year she had seen no one that she knew even by sight ; until, just as they were turning to depart, a well-known landau came round the corner, with the Melvell crest on the bright trappings of the horses, and the Melvell liveries on the box.

She caught Madame Marios' arm in sudden bewilderment, and in the flash of their passing she caught sight of Lord Melvell himself, seated by a lady with a handsome foreign face, dressed in black, and to her imagination she seemed to be the same woman who had been standing by the little inn at Melvell that day she had passed with Horatia, and paused to wonder as to her identity. It was the same face, and Lord Melvell was bending eagerly forward as he listened to her words, with an expression in his eyes that even that brief glimpse showed clearly to be—nothing else than—love.

And therefore Dulce had gone far more happily back to Dame Mary Street, thinking that if she could but hear that Rupert Melvell had made a happy marriage, her conscience would be eased at least of one heavy burden. She would not have his ruined life laid at her door.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

FINALE.

"A MARRIAGE is announced, and will take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, September 15th, between Mr. Vernon, of Highfield Park, in the county of Yorkshire, and Miss Horatia Bird, daughter of the late Thomas Bird, Esq., of Manton, Warwickshire."

Dulce read this notice in the paper, among numerous other announcements of the same description, one morning when she was sipping her coffee.

She determined to go to the wedding, for she had been in a manner interested in Horatia's matter-of-fact love-affair, and could not resist the idea of seeing her married from a corner of the church where she would be safe from observation.

Madame Marios was equally anxious to accompany her, and see a real fashionable wedding, for once in her life; so on the day appointed they started very early, on purpose to secure well-hidden seats before the rest of the party, who might recognise Dulce, should arrive.

The interest that most members of the fair sex take in the marriage ceremony is little short of marvellous, and they will rush from one end of the world to another merely to see a couple of total strangers take one another for better or worse; and, what is more, they have a copious supply of tears ready to hand on every such occasion. And Madame Marios was no exception to the general rule; for though both Horatia and Mr. Vernon were total strangers to her, she was as anxious to see them married as though they had been friends of a lifetime.

She was much disappointed in the appearance of the bridegroom, and expressed her disapprobation in an audible whisper to Dulce. But the girl was not looking at the fat little man in the wonderful blue coat, with a buttonhole as big as a warming-pan, whose gloves were apparently a source of the deepest anxiety, for he was gazing at their spotless whiteness, and then fingering his snuff-box with such a palpable desire for a pinch, that was only restrained by nervousness at the important part he was about to play in the ceremony.

No; *her* eyes were fixed on his "best man," who was no other than Lord Melvell himself, looking handsome and dignified by the side of his fussy little friend. She felt for the moment that if she had known he was to have been there, nothing would have brought her to the church, for he brought back with intense vividness to her mind those dark days of unhappiness and thoughtless frivolity which she would so gladly forget.

But the church was fast filling with fashionable guests, and two ladies, whom Dulce knew well by sight, had taken the seat immediately in front of her, and were beginning to chatter in that audible voice which people, for some extraordinary reason, think quite permissible at a wedding.

"Oh dear! yes," one was saying, "that is Lord Melvell—looking so well, too. You know he *was* engaged to that little Miss Carruthers who was so much admired last season; but she vanished mysteriously. The fact is that everyone knows he was tired to death of her, for she was a silly little childish thing, although people did rave about her pretty face! He can't have cared for her at all any way, for I saw his engagement announced this morning to his 'old flame,' the Marchesa di Santiago—that splendid woman over there in the blue velvet and swansdown."

"Dear me, how romantic!" said her friend, little thinking that the deeply veiled girl in mourning behind them was no other than the Miss Carruthers whom they were discussing so freely.

"Yes, I can assure you," continued the other, "that his heart had never really swerved from its old allegiance; and the Marchesa herself, poor thing, had been forced to marry that old Italian nobleman against her will. How thankful he must be, my dear Mrs. Cox, that matters have turned out so well, and that he was not obliged to marry that little girl! Really, Lady Spenhouse's scheming was something too fearful; but hush! here comes the bride."

Interested as Dulce could not help being in the intelligence conveyed to her in this unexpected manner, she could not help these unconsciously cruel words wounding her to the very heart. She quivered further back into the shadow, crimson with shame at hearing her own conduct so lightly spoken of. Was she such a "silly little childish thing"? She felt sure that she had been in those days that seemed so long ago, and was ashamed even to think of herself as she must have then appeared to her friends and acquaintances—the willing victim of her grandmother's ambitious schemes; and deep down in her heart lay a little stab of jealousy that Lord Melvell, who had professed to love her so deeply, should so soon be comforted for her loss. It was all very well to acknowledge to herself that she was delighted at the idea of his speedy marriage; but it only showed her more plainly that she was indispensable to no one—that no one wanted her; and that if Lord Melvell had so soon forgotten her, what must Jack Mordaunt have done, whom she had treated even more disgracefully than her second *fiancé?* No doubt by this time he had married a far more attractive girl than she had ever been; and so, burying all her happiness in the grave of her melancholy thoughts, Dulce wept silently under her veil.

The tears splashed down on to her prayer-book, making a wet obliterating mark over the marriage vows, and she did not recover herself until Horatia, in clear distinct tones, had taken William Vernon as her wedded husband, and was returning from the signing of the register, looking radiantly handsome in her white satin dress. She had attained her ambition in life, and was determined to be a good wife to the man she had married, and a loving mother to the child who was to learn from her the first tenderness of a mother's affection; and so she passed out of the church, and out of Dulce's life, to pursue the even tenor of her way in her distant new home—happy in her own undemonstrative fashion, and growing in time to be a more gentle woman, now that younger and lovelier rivals could no longer arouse her jealousy.

Dulce and Madame Marios waited until the church was once more deserted, and then wended their way back to Dame Mary Street.

The house looked very bare and desolate to Dulce when she entered the door. The sight of the brilliant scene that afternoon had awakened in her heart a strange longing for the beauty of life again—a longing which she struggled bravely to repress.

She sat down in front of her dressing-table to reason

with herself and to think out her thoughts, with her hands pressed against her aching forehead.

Was life to be always for her this dreary round of teaching tiresome pupils? Was there no more love, no more sweet duty for her in the world? She felt that she could not bear it any longer. She *must* own herself beaten; she *must* return to Trelorn to find comfort in her mother's arms. She would go and weep out her sorrows in that haven of refuge, like a tired child. She would bear the reproaches of her family—the sense of failure which, above all things, would be upon her. And she would even bear, as a just punishment, Jack's averted cold looks.

And, without waiting for second thoughts, she sat down and dashed off a letter to her mother, entreating to be allowed to return—asking that the past four months might be forgotten, and that she might take up her place in the household once more, if it were possible to do so.

Slipping on her hat, she went downstairs to post her precious letter herself, without allowing herself the time to waver in her decision.

The street was empty, but she walked fast, with her eyes bent on the ground to hide the tear-stains that had left her eyelids so red and swollen; and, filled with her own penitent thoughts, she did not hear a quick footstep on the pavement behind her, which caught her up as, the letter safely posted, she once more gained the door of her poor home.

"Dulce," said a low voice behind her; and she turned sharply round, and found herself face to face with Jack. Without a word he drew her into the house and shut the door. Then opening at random the first door that he came to—which proved to be, very fortunately, the empty parlour—still silent, he folded her in his arms in a passionate embrace.

"My darling—my own Dulce—always mine!" he said. "Why did you try and run away from me? Didn't you know that I should search the wide world through to find you?"

She removed her hat, and tried to struggle away from him, her white face rigid in its determination, while her little hands strove to push him away, beating helplessly against his broad strong chest.

"No, no, Jack," she panted, "I am not worthy—not fit to be your wife. I broke my promise to you. I—"

"Dulce," said Jack solemnly, making prisoners of her feeble little hands, "do you love me now?"

She trembled, and her cheeks flushed into crimson.

"Yes, yes," she said faintly.

"Then if I ever hear any more nonsense from you again of unfitness and unworthiness, or any other rubbish of that sort, I'll—I declare I will kiss you till you say you are sorry," said Jack Mordaunt, with an awful frown, proceeding to carry out his threat in the coolest manner.

And so Dulce gave way, and when she sat sobbing with joy on the sofa, with her head buried on his shoulder, he began to talk seriously to her.

"Darling, do you think that you can ever be happy and contented as the wife of a poor country doctor, buried in obscure Trelorn?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cried, looking up at him through her tears, "I should be happy *anywhere* with you; and all the time that I was rich I was miserable and wicked. Oh, take me away back to Trelorn, and let me never—never leave it again. I can only be good and happy when I am poor."

"I am sorry to hear that announcement, my sweetest," said Jack solemnly, "for I am grieved to tell you I am no longer the poor country doctor of Trelorn; and I am afraid that I cannot go back to my old position, even to please you."

"What do you mean?" gasped Dulce.

"I mean," said Jack Mordaunt, clasping her still closer in his arms, while his voice took a grave, sad tone, "that Mary Davies in her will left me Flavell and all her property. And I will tell you, dear one, how she worded the bequest:—'I leave all my worldly possessions to Dr. Mordaunt, of Trelorn, for the sole reason that—although he never knew it—he was the only man I ever loved.' God knows, Dulce," he continued earnestly, "that I had never done anything to deserve the love of that beautiful nature, of which I was utterly unworthy."

He was silent, and the two lovers spared a moment from the eternity of their happiness to the thought of the dead woman who, in her death, had shed more happiness over the man she loved than in all her life she would have been able to do, had she lived to be a second Methuselah.

"I am sorry for something," said Dulce softly: "that you are no longer a poor man; for I feel now that I can never, never show you how much I love you."

"There is one thing that you have not done yet, which is very necessary," was her lover's answer.

"And what is that?"

"You have not asked me for your ring. Do you remember that I said you should not have it until you asked me for it—the night we parted?"

"Jack, will you give me the ring?" said Dulce, with intense earnestness in her face and voice; "and I will wear it now to my life's end, and will pray to God every day to keep me faithful to you, and worthy of your love?"

And so, with a kiss, he slipped the little forget-me-not hoop on her finger.

There were two weddings in Trelorn Church before the year was over; for the two sisters wanted to be married together, and both wished for a quiet wedding. So Frank Stewart and Marjorie, Jack Mordaunt and Dulce, were made man and wife in the presence of only their old Trelorn friends, who mustered in full force.

Miss Thomasina Vassell, with tears rolling down her face—for no earthly reason at all, as she afterwards said—declared to her sister that Dulce might not be so lovely now as she had been before she went to London, but to her mind her face was ten times more attractive in its matured beauty; and all she could say was that Jack was a very fortunate young fellow.

Signor Marios and his wife had been asked to the

wedding, but had been too busy to accept the invitation, although they sent most warm and loving messages to their little friend.

Duke was very much to the front on the happy day, with a large white favour pinned on his sailor suit. But he was left under a cloud of tears on the doorstep when the actual moment of parting came, smarting at the same time under a sense of injury at not being allowed to drive to the station with Dulce and Jack.

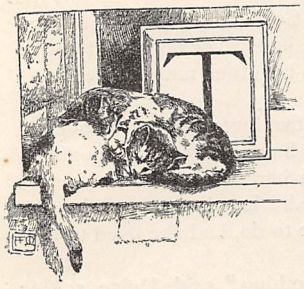
When Dr. and Mrs. Mordaunt had lost sight of the old home in the trees, and had waved their last farewells to their friends, Jack leaned forward to kiss away his wife's tears.

"Don't cry, my darling," he said tenderly. "Our new life is going to be so bright and full of happiness, please God—

> 'My wife, my life, oh! we will walk this world,
> Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
> And then thro' those dark gates across the wild
> That no man knows. . . . . .
> Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me!'

THE END.

MY SUMMER IN A LONDON GARDEN.



O begin with, my country friends say it is not a garden at all. But this is only the proverbial dulness of the rural mind. Certainly, my garden has none of your wide expanses of lazy lawns, stretching out to meet the horizon, or great spaces of flower-beds leading their "gay orgies," as Mr. Browning has it, of "yellows and whites and reds"—like so many patches of colour on a Turkey carpet. It is much more select and unique than that. It is very much shut in and confined—between walls and leads; but is it any the worse for that, when even Solomon's mystical bride was "a garden enclosed"? It is in the very Londoniest part of London. It is damp. It is dirty. It is overshadowed by neighbouring trees. It measures, perhaps, ten feet by twenty. To walk about it is indeed, so to speak, a *voyage autour de ma chambre*. The soot and smoke increase around it year by year, but Nature is no respecter of places, and still, year by year, the leaves come out fresh and green, without any necessity (strange as this should seem to London housewives) for spring cleaning. Houses are painted and re-painted with endless care and pains, but for the "pavilions of tender green" in Hyde Park or Russell Square no re-touching is necessary. The "daughters of the year" pass through my garden one by one, as they do in any sunny country parsonage—perhaps they may not care to extend their stay quite so long, but we do not as a rule make such long visits in London as in the country. In February the snowdrops and crocuses begin to show their green spears; later on, the "naiad-like lily of vale" pushes up her slender spires through the dank mould. Then, there are the primroses. Of course, the London sparrows nibble at most of the flowers, but, at any rate, they do not butcher them wholesale, root and all, to "make a primrose holiday." Roses—well, my garden is not strong in roses. But then "the year of the rose is so brief." I am a great admirer of "staying" power in plants, and my London garden is great in ivies, Virginian creepers, many hardy ferns, the plant vulgarly called "creeping Jenny," whose pretty yellow blossom welcomes you from nearly every house in Seven Dials, scarlet

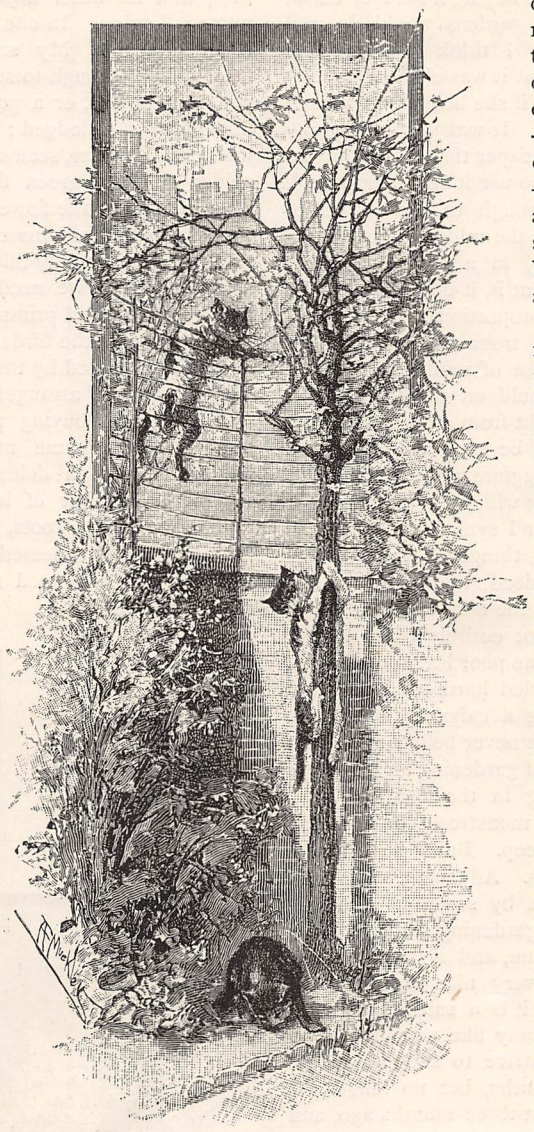
THE GIANT HEMLOCK AND THE "DEATH-TRAP."

runners, wall-flowers, pyrethrum, or golden feather, angelica, and more especially the giant hemlock, which, in the darkest spot, grows to a wonderful height and breadth.

But it must not be supposed that my garden grows only plants. It grows all sorts of things besides—in fact, there seems hardly anything that it does *not* grow. I might label it "Aux 1,000 Articles," as the Swiss do their mountain bazaars. Let me enumerate some of my rarer products : sardine-tins (many and various), old pipes, knives, old tea-kettles, jaw-bones, shells, old jugs of the Etruscan type (said to be so numerously manufactured at the tombs near Orvieto), and latterly even a printing press, have all been grown in my garden. "London mysteries" I once heard an old servant call these flowers of my rearing ; and mysteries they are indeed. I often puzzle my brain as to who was once the fortunate possessor of the printing press. What little boy did it once make happy on Christmas Day, in the long-vanished years ? and how did he manage surreptitiously to bury it in my garden ? Where is he now, and where, too, are the quondam possessors of the buck-handled knives, rusty with age, which I still occasionally disinter ?—

"Gone, like the snows of yesteryear."

Gardening, I find, is productive of such melancholy reflections as the foregoing. It is like digging in the tombs of the past. But, in spite of retrospection, and the excitement entailed by every fresh discovery, I bear these prehistoric small boys some grudge for making my garden into a rubbish-heap. But what does the average boy care about plants ? He only wants a place big enough to shoot a catapult in. Catapults, I feel, if directed at cats, are pardonable. But, in any other capacity, they should on no account be tolerated. Cats are the bane of London gardens. It is impossible, by any cleverly contrived system of wire-netting, or barricading, to keep them out. I have sometimes spent half the day in devising some impregnable defence, and the next time a cat walks along, he takes it as easily as if it were a promenade arranged entirely for his edification. Really, there should be a London cat-tax. This, and this alone, would prevent the incursions of howling hordes of hungry animals, making day as well as night hideous by their cries. The London cat cannot be happy. It is not in the nature of things that he should be so. It is often a kindness to put him out of his misery. He has —I am speaking now of the common or garden-wall cat —a hunted, slinking look, and his poor mangy coat shows, alas ! traces of the brutality of London street arabs.



NOT ENCOURAGING.

But I have again wandered from my garden. (The fact is, it is so very small that it is next to impossible not to transgress its borders.) To begin, however, at the beginning. What I find the greatest difficulty in obtaining is *mould*. Earth in London is a most expensive commodity; it is almost worth its weight in gold, or, to say the least of it, in copper. On occasions when I have been hard put to it, I have often, like Wolsey, gone about asking people to "grant me a little earth for charity." Of course, what we ought to have is clean country mould, undefiled by London soot. When mould has been stationary for some years—say for three —in a London back garden, it requires renewing if you would have your plants flourish. It has become three parts soot to one part earth. My little country maid persisted in calling it "dirt" instead of mould, and, indeed, it hardly deserves a better name. Mr. Ruskin may talk about the "artistic value of dirt," but there is the greatest difference in the world between the value of London dirt and the dirt of country turf, which was well described by a little Board-school girl who had never been out of London as "grass and clean dirt stuck together by God."

At first I used to buy mould out of "the square." The square gardener is a person of strict morality. He at first signified that it was as much as his place was worth to let me have a basket of earth from the

sacred enclosure ; but on payment of 1s. per basket (a very small basket) it became quite a simple affair. There is a silver key to most ethical problems. But soon I discovered that the square mould was almost as prone to soot as that of my own garden. So I ordered a load from the country. There is a remarkable fact connected with buying a load of earth, which the owners of London gardens would do well to take into consideration. I think it was Alice in Wonderland who found that it was cheaper to buy two eggs than one—only that if she bought them, she would have to eat them both. It was just so with my mould. A whole load was cheaper than half—only as I bought it all, I was obliged to use it all. And it took me quite a year to get through that cart-load of mould. I had it deposited in the middle of my back-yard (which it nearly filled) in a vast heap, and though I dug diligently away at it, it never seemed to grow any less in its gigantic proportions. If it rained, everything became splashed from the mould-heap, and the garden became a sea of mud. But it *did* vanish in time. All the mould on the Isola Bella, they say, was originally brought from a distance ; and, though my garden can hardly be said to emulate the "fairy grottoes" on Lago Maggiore, yet my plants too showed such renewed energy with new earth, that I did not grudge the trouble, for I sympathise with the poor, anæmic, sun-debarred things, as though they were my own children. Indeed, they are just like badly fed slum children. All the care and the tonics that I bestow on them will not entirely make up for want of sun and pure air. One poor little polyanthus, I am sure, did its best ; it tried hard to flower, but only succeeded in producing a calyx crowned with five tiny green leaves. I have never before seen anything so pathetic in the way of gardening as this poor little polyanthus, persevering in the face of difficulties, and producing such a monstrosity of a flower. It was enough to make one weep. But I have had a sadder instance even than this. Adjoining my garden is a little conservatory, built by someone who evidently had no knowledge of gardening. It is placed so as to command no ray of sun, and is besides in a thorough draught. It is a very nice conservatory, with this one drawback—that it is a sure and certain death-trap for any plant you may like to put into it. The hardiest can perhaps contrive to support nature there for the space of six months, but no longer. I bought a nice little hardy plant three months ago, and placed it in this catacomb of a conservatory. It made no complaint, but like Keble's trees in autumn, it "unmurmuring parted" with its leaves one by one. They dropped off, beginning at the bottom, at the rate of about two per week, till now it presents a ludicrous spectacle—an immensely tall stalk with a baby leaf on its very apex. I am afraid that it is past praying for, even if I should now remove it from its sepulchre. My country visitors laugh at this poor little plant. But, indeed, they are rather contemptuous, as I have said, about my garden generally—and one of them even goes so far as to call it "a misery." But country visitors are always so unpleasantly outspoken. I only wish one of them would try gardening under *my* difficulties.

But, after all, the difficulties make the charm of many things. In proportion to the difficulty of growing plants, is the ease and rapidity with which one grows beetles, bugs, centipedes, wood-lice, green flies, and all other objectionable parasites. Their name is Legion. In one day they increase to a formidable army. My small back-yard alone would furnish forth enough to stock a Zoological Garden. If you move a box, or a pot, an army of centipedes is immediately dislodged ; and even my conservatory, which kills all else, seems to be a health resort to the spider and the green fly. Although the birds do occasionally eat the flowers, yet I am thankful to say that they eat these insect-plagues too ; and, indeed, the birds are the only thieves I tolerate, for they sing so sweetly that we need hardly grudge them a few meals of musk and primroses. The garden owes half its sweetness to the birds, and the birds, on the other hand, are attracted by the plants, so that it is a sort of "give and take" arrangement.

Then, as to buying plants. Unless one always buys from the same man, buying plants from a barrow is often a delusion and a snare. I once bought a number of lovely chrysanthemums, and found they had no roots, but were simply flowers, with their long stalks squeezed tightly into the pot. On that occasion only I blamed the death-trap unjustly when they died within a week. But still, and in spite of sundry failings of his—sweeter to me than the voice of the lark to the dwellers in the country, is the

F. Barnard "'HOW MUCH!'"

voice of the man crying, "Flowers all a-blow—ing and a-grow—ing." He is a dreadful humbug, that man. I know it all the while, and all the while I can't help being taken in by him. He so constantly assures me that he doesn't make a penny by selling to me, that I wonder why he should be so anxious for my custom. I suppose he would go on the principle of the apple-woman, who told the schoolboy that she sold each apple under cost price, and when he asked how then she made it pay, replied, "By selling a many of them." But whatever his arithmetic may be, my hawker is terribly seductive. I go to the door steeling my heart, and determining not to buy a single plant, and he cajoles me into spending all my ready-money —all the money laid aside to pay the butcher's bill. I sometimes think that no class understands human nature so well as London flower-sellers. They have made a study of it for years. When they find your desire to buy flagging, they stimulate it by asking "if you have any old clothes." I don't know what connection there should be between old clothes and flowers—but so it is. I once had a friend, who was a novice at London gardening, and the flower-man was an Old Costermongering Hand. Incautiously she gave him a pair of her husband's boots in exchange for two sickly specimens of the fern tribe. Her husband complained when he came home that they were "the only boots he could wear;" but what was that to the flower-seller? He had got the boots, and possession is nine points of the law. But there is, at any rate, one comfort in dealing with the barrow-men. They are not like doctors who fix their fees according to the house-rents of their patients, or Italian shop-keepers who have an esoteric and an exoteric tariff. The London plant-seller tries at all times to get out of everyone as much as he can. He haggles with his own class as remorselessly as with any other. I once saw a cabman pull up his empty cab before a barrow of plants in a slum, and, pointing to a seedy white geranium, say—

"How much?"

"Four-and-a-half," replied the barrow-woman laconically.

The man demurred; he wanted it for his missus, he said, but he would not pay so much. The woman would only abate one halfpenny.

"Four d's the price of it; you may take it or you may leave it," she answered sturdily.

And with that he could resist no longer: the white geranium was handed up to him, and he drove away, its proud possessor.

But, indeed, the fact is that London gardening is more popular with the poor than with the comparatively well-to-do. In Seven Dials on a hot July day, you will hardly find a window that does not boast of a pot or two. It may be only (as Hood has it) "a weakly monthly rose that don't blow, or a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green;" but to its owners it is more than Mr. Chamberlain's choicest orchid. And why should it not be so? We poor Londoners live, after all, imprisoned in brick. Is it strange that, like the Italian captive in the pretty story of "Picciola," we should grow our prison flower?

E. C. C.

DISHES IN WAITING.

"IT does sound odd, but it exactly expresses my meaning. Don't tell me to exert myself, and exercise my inventive faculties. I have none, I fear; at any rate, originality is not my strong point."

The speaker was Mrs. Leebank, the wife of a young country surgeon, and she found it difficult to serve their modest little dinners with the nicety she desired, partly owing to previous inexperience, and partly to her husband's necessarily irregular appearance at dinner, as to be home within half an hour of the time fixed was the most he could manage.

Mrs. Crutchlow, her friend, expressed her usual willingness to help her out of her difficulty, for she had been a friend in every sense of the word, from the day of the home-coming of their popular doctor and his bride.

"First, my dear, you are at a disadvantage in common with your fellow-residents, so far as good catering is concerned, our nearest town being far away; you must think out your meals well beforehand; our choice of joints is but limited, as you know, and as for fish, we are thankful for anything we are fortunate enough to get. Some day we will have a chat about an 'emergency cupboard'; mine is one of my greatest boons, and without it I should often get stranded, with

our large family and so many 'droppers in,' as we call them. Has your husband any special preference or prejudice?"

"Only one; he will not eat warmed-up meats at dinner: to use his own words, he 'will not burden his digestion with them.' Chops and steaks I do not introduce now; they spoil so if kept waiting, do they not?"

"Yes, indeed; they must be banished from your dinner *menu*. I am a firm believer in the truth of the maxim that a chop ought literally to burn your mouth. I am, of course, referring to the ordinary grilled chop; there are other ways of preparing chops, cutlets, or steaks, which would be available for dishes in waiting. What you must do, in my opinion, is to depend for the most part upon made dishes of a dainty and delicate kind, such as will not spoil by a little extra cooking, and which can be kept hot without injury. In the *bain marie* and braising-pan I foresee two of your best friends."

"Why, we possess neither, and we can't afford them, I am sure; our old doctor's wife, you know, is a Frenchwoman, and she has told me that they cost ever so much, and she understands all about kitchen furniture, and everything else, I think."

"I, too, have neither," returned Mrs. Crutchlow, "but I regularly use improvised substitutes, which anyone else may do who will take the trouble to consider their principles for a moment. What is the *bain marie* but a water-bath on a large scale, by which a number of things can be kept hot? Now, on a small scale, for one or two saucepans, a stew-pan or baking-tin answers equally well for the reception of the hot water, in which, on a corner of your range, your sauce or gravy, or what not, will keep hot without fear of spoiling or burning if you take care to replenish the water from time to time.

Before I say anything about more solid viands, let me give you a fish dainty which can be very quickly cooked. I tried it yesterday—it is a superior form of steamed fish; whitings, soles, and the like are the best for it. Fillet the fish, and lay it in a shallow baking-tin with a few drops of white vinegar, a little salt and pepper, and a morsel of butter; put a sheet of buttered paper over—I forgot to say butter your tin—then set it in another tin containing hot water, and cook it in the oven; ten to fifteen minutes will do it. Stew the bones for sauce (here let little and good be your motto), and add to it the liquor from the tin just before serving. If it has to stand, put in the last minute a spoonful of cream, or a morsel more butter."

"I shall be glad to try that," said Mrs. Leebank, "I am sure it will be nice. Gus likes fish, but it always happens when we have any boiled that he is unusually late, and if I leave it in the water it is spoiled, and if I take it out it is——"

"Confusion worse confounded!" said Mrs. Crutchlow, "I know; it is either semi-cold, or spoiled in colour, or perhaps overdone and looks sodden. But you might try steaming—you have a potato-steamer—there is much less chance of mishap, and you are certain to retain more flavour."

"Thanks, too, for that wrinkle. One minute now—about my potatoes—even your *bain marie* will not enable me to send a decent-looking one to table, I fear," was the rejoinder.

"You boil them in an iron pan, probably? That in itself does not matter, but perhaps they are left in it?" queried Mrs. Crutchlow.

"I really don't know; I never asked Charlotte. Does it matter?"

"Yes, for if put back in an iron pan with the *lid on* they always change colour, more or less; try this mode:—When done, strain instantly, shake your pan well, and turn the potatoes into your vegetable-dish; yours are round ones fortunately; set it in, or rather on, a saucepan containing hot water, so that it just rests inside the rim, about an inch above the surface of the water, and put a soft cloth over your potatoes."

"Then the lid of the dish, I presume?"

"No; no lid; potatoes and rice are two things that should never be covered by a lid, or they will become watery. I am quoting the highest authorities in telling you this; even in their transit from kitchen to dining-table nothing more than a clean serviette should be put over."

"But what would people think?" was the natural question of the young housekeeper.

"Ah! that is the point; we are such slaves to custom, it stands in the way of most of our food reform; we should be accused of having broken all our lids, which we could not or would not replace, were we to attempt the innovation. But to return to potatoes, do remember my hint to bake them in their skins, they are so much more nutritious; and ring the changes on as many varieties of vegetables as possible. You like haricots, I know. I have just been trying the green ones called flageolets; they are excellent and have such nice thin skins, and although they are soft enough to dish in a couple of hours, or rather more, three hours won't hurt them, but don't let them become mashed after boiling."

"The very thing for us, then, are they not?"

"Yes; you shall have a sample of mine; any left over from boiling, you can turn to good account in a salad, preferably with beetroot and celery, or Spanish onion. I tasted recently a delightful combination of this sort; the dressing was a novel one, as it contained curry paste, and Indian pickles, very finely minced, were added to the vegetables; it was as good to look at as to eat, and that is high praise."

"Another item for my notebook," said the young wife gratefully; "it is becoming quite voluminous, but we must not run on until we forget my braised meats altogether."

"Well, I propose to give you a few recipes which you can vary according to circumstances; I want you to feel that you have a basis to work upon; you can manage with that nice steel stew-pan of yours. Braising, remember, is to cook slowly but continuously—that is, keeping the temperature uniform—in a little liquid, with a good bed of vegetables and herbs under

the meat, which, if of a dry nature, ought to be larded, but a sheet of buttered paper is a substitute by no means to be despised, or you can use thin slices of bacon."

"When you say liquid, you mean stock?"

"Certainly, and you know now that it need cost next to nothing by managing the stock-pot wisely and well."

In reply to the question whether the meat for braising should be browned, Mrs. Crutchlow said that it should, either before or after, while the gravy was being skimmed, seasoned, and reduced by quick boiling if too thin; she also pointed out that the lid must be kept on the pan by means of a weight, not removed oftener than necessary, and if on an open fire, very carefully, for fear of smoking.

"But," she concluded, "so many people stir too often; a shake might frequently be substituted; and use a wooden spoon always; iron spoons spoil delicate dishes. I say always: there is an exception, that is curry, for that spoils a wooden spoon—for any other purpose, that is; if you will keep it *for* curry, all well and good. Now will you take notes of a dish from chicken and tomatoes? I see you are eager."

"I am indeed; as you know, poultry is often the most accessible solid commodity, and I am rather tired of the few ways I know of cooking it."

For the next few minutes the speaker's pencil was busy, and to be sure that no error had been made, she read aloud as follows: "Truss a chicken as for roasting, put it in a stew-pan with a bunch of herbs, two or three shallots, half a dozen peppercorns, a couple of cloves, and a gill and a half of stock; cover with a sheet of buttered paper, and cook it gently for an hour to an hour and a half, according to size; add salt to taste, just before serving."

"Should the stock be warm or cold when it is put in?" was the next question.

"Warm, hot in fact, for a chicken; it closes the pores and retains the goodness and flavour; but for an older bird it should be cold, or nearly; and now I think you have it right, save that I omitted to say pass the liver through a sieve, and serve it in the gravy. The latter, by the way, is to be poured over the bird, and some chip potatoes or peas should be arranged round it.

"The tomato purée, for which I will now give you the recipe, you send to table in a separate tureen. Take it down carefully, for it is one of the best I ever came across. I am purposely giving it to you separately, for I want you to understand that it is no special addendum to the chicken, but good with all sorts of meats, and really delicious with boiled lamb or mutton, and—need I add?—with veal also. Break up a pound of ripe tomatoes, put them in a stew-pan with a salt-spoonful each of salt and sugar, a morsel of onion, a tiny sprig of thyme and parsley, a table-spoonful of minced bacon, and a couple of ounces of butter; cook them, giving an occasional shake, until they can be passed through a hair sieve—a coarse one will do; take care to press well to get all the pulp through, and scrape it from the under-portion of the sieve; reheat it, and add a few drops of carmine colouring, and a little cayenne to season pleasantly—cayenne because of the colour."

"That sounds good," was Mrs. Leebank's remark, "but is there no liquid? I have never yet had tomato sauce without water or gravy."

"None; that is just the point in its favour; you get moisture from the bacon, and of course the butter liquefies immediately."

"I will certainly try it, but it is more trouble than some recipes I have tested, I fancy," was the somewhat hesitative remark.

"No doubt, but it is worth it; don't fall into the common habit of shirking all the little niceties of refined cookery, always more formidable on paper than in actual practice, remember; and I am quite sure that, compared with the basting of a plain joint, with its attendant heat and discomfort, to say nothing of the cost, the balance is in favour of such dishes as we are now discussing.

"Now for my second little 'braise.' I will give it just as I make it, but half the quantities will suffice for you. You require a pound of beef steak, a couple of ounces of bread-crumbs and fat bacon, salt, pepper, herbs, an egg, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a tablespoonful or two of gravy with a morsel of glaze dissolved in it—failing glaze use a little gelatine. You mince the meat finely and mix the rest with it, excepting the white of the egg; shape the mass into a roll, coat it with the white of the egg, then cover it with more crumbs, shaking off all the loose ones; you then turn it about in a little hot clarified fat until it is golden brown; drain away any fat and put in sufficient stock to half cover your roll; cook it gently for an hour and a half, or longer will not hurt it; turn it over during the cooking, and, just before serving, add a little red-currant jelly to your gravy; it should also be thickened with brown roux, but if you have none by you, use browned flour, and put in a drop or two of liquid browning, or a morsel of a colouring pastille."

"It sounds tempting, and ought to taste rather gamey, I should think."

"Well guessed! it does; it is called *Boulette à la Game*. I will just mention another variety called *Indian Boulette*, for which veal or any other meat can be used; you omit the anchovy, adding some curry paste, and the roll is cooked in curry sauce. With that you would serve boiled rice, which, as you know, takes a long time to dry, therefore it is the very thing for awaiting guests; another dish ready to your hand, you see."

"I hope to try both ways," said Mrs. Leebank, "my meat, I suppose, I can pass through a mincer; I told you I had one, did I not?"

"Yes, I am glad; you will find it a profitable investment. I should next like to tell you of a very tasty snack—it is economical and excellent. I have heard you say that you sometimes get in a knuckle of mutton; on the next occasion cut from it a couple of slices half an inch thick, from the thick end; make a little veal forcemeat, but instead of dry crumbs, use a bit of bread soaked in gravy, and butter instead of suet; drain and beat the soaked bread, season nicely, and don't spare the herbs. Next, mince finely a mutton

kidney, removing, of course, the core ; the finer it is, the better, but don't chop it, or you will lose so much gravy. Lay half the forcemeat on each piece of mutton and place them together with the kidney between, making a sort of sandwich in five layers. I only tasted these away from home, and have not yet tried them, so cannot now give you details for the gravy in which to stew them, but I feel sure you will evolve one, and am not sorry to give you an opportunity of doing so. I wonder if this has suggested any similar dish to you?"

"Yes, indeed! already I am thinking how good a portion of veal would be—kidney end of course."

"Excellent, but be sure and omit the fat, or your gravy will be too greasy for anything. Now I must hurry off ; you will let me know if you are in a fix?"

"Thank you, but I don't anticipate failure. I shall return your call before I have exhausted your list of good things, and feel sure that I shall have only success to chronicle. I told you that Mrs. Grove, the doctor's wife of whom I spoke just now, is coming to see us in the autumn, did I not?"

"You did, and I am anxious to meet her, for I am hoping that she will give you much useful culinary information, which you in turn will bestow upon me. You say she is clever."

"She has already promised to help me. She is a most excellent cook, and so economical. I often regret that, in the days when I might have learned from her much that would be invaluable now, I was too little interested in matters domestic to do so. I am quite coming round to your way of thinking, that well-cooked meals form one of the strongest home-ties."

JACK AND HIS MASTER: A SEA-SIDE ROMANCE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

JUST seven years since auntie and I spent those few weeks in Cornwall! There is no doubt of the fact ; but it scarcely seems possible. I was twenty years old that summer, rejoicing in the glorious weather, in my splendid health, and supremely thankful for the many blessings I enjoyed.

I am an orphan. At the time to which I am referring, I was residing at Reignton, in Devon, with uncle and aunt, who had no children. Auntie and I went down to Cornwall that autumn while uncle was abroad ; and during our visit a series of most unexpected adventures turned the current of my life. These incidents I will proceed to explain without further preface.

It was in September. We were located at Lowcliffe, a quiet little place where all the desirable features of sea-side existence are to be found to this day. Pure air, fine scenery, beautiful walks, extensive sands, caves, caverns, rolling seas, and picturesque bits of scenery, which I assiduously sketched ; an infinite variety of scenery and colour, where as yet tourists were not in droves, and excursions were almost unknown. There were some visitors at the hotel on the cliff, and we often met them. One gentleman we frequently encountered. He was a tall, handsome young man, generally accompanied by a collie dog. There was nothing remarkable about him but his dog ; but he appeared to know auntie and me by sight. One Sunday we almost ran against him in the church porch as we were coming out. Auntie noticed his glances.

"Do you know that gentleman, Hilda?" she asked.

"No, aunt ; I have only seen him here."

"I fancied that he recognised us," she continued. "His features are not altogether strange to me ; he may have been in our part of the country, but I suppose he is staying at the Cliff Hotel?"

"Yes ; I have seen him standing on the steps with a collie dog," was my reply, given unwillingly, for this horrible man seemed destined to be a factor in my life at Lowcliffe!

"I wonder who he is," remarked my aunt. But as I made no reply, and, later on, changed the conversation, she said no more about him.

Next day I did not go out sketching, and had the intense gratification to observe from my window, the gentleman and his dog walking on the sands, and gazing into crannies and caves. He had already seen me several times, but, of course, we had never exchanged a word—hardly a look ; yet he *had* very expressive eyes! But that very afternoon, when I was sitting on the rocks with auntie, the dog ran up after a swim, and shook the water from his rough coat over my book—Tennyson's poems, the "Idylls of the King."

His master came upon the scene at once, and raising his hat in a most polite, deferential manner, apologised very courteously for his favourite's *gaucherie*. He spoke in a rather low, soft voice, and his bright brown eyes looked boldly at auntie and me. There was a twinkle of fun in them too, and I had some difficulty to restrain a smile.

"I am awfully sorry," he said; "I trust 'Jack' has done no damage! Permit me," he continued, taking the volume from me ; "dear me! I am afraid the

cover is stained. Tennyson, I see! How can I excuse my dog and make amends?"

"There is not much harm done," replied auntie, for I kept my lips tightly closed and my eyes on the horizon over his shoulder. "We are assured it is not your fault."

"You are extremely kind, madam," he said. "Come here, Jack, and beg this lady's pardon! Lie down, sir, and apologise!"

Whether Jack was accustomed to penitence, I could not say, but he lay down with outstretched paws, and put his head down upon them, with a mournful cry, in front of auntie.

"Now the other lady, sir; you have injured her favourite book" (how did he know that?). "Apologise!"

Jack at once repeated the performance, ending with a howl this time, which attested the sincerity of his sorrow and repentance. Then, rising suddenly, he barked joyfully, and stood with his mouth open and his tongue out, looking as pleased as possible.

"He expects to be forgiven, ladies," said his master. "Would you mind saying 'Good dog!'"

We both said it. I couldn't help it; and then the two friends disappeared behind the boulders with a salute after their kind—a bow and a bark respectively.

"A pleasant young man, I dare say," remarked auntie, "but just a trifle pushing!"

"I prefer *Jack* to his master," was my reply as I returned to the "Idylls." "I wonder who he is?"

"It cannot matter much; I dare say we shall not see him very often. We must not be rude, though," mused kind-hearted Aunt Jane.

"We can easily find out his name, if that be all; it will be in the *Intelligencer* to-morrow," I said. "But we need not trouble our heads about him."

Jack and his master disappeared in the direction of the railway station, which was just opposite our sitting-room, at a little distance. But we could see all those who went to or from the trains, and we noticed the engine being turned on the table, which was close to the road-side. That same afternoon, as we were watching the people, I perceived our new acquaintance leave the platform, and, with his dog, advance straight towards our gate.

"Auntie," I exclaimed, "Jack and his master are coming to call!"

"Nonsense, my dear; surely he cannot be so intrusive!" she replied, rising and approaching the window. But in another minute the gate slammed behind the visitors, and the friends disappeared up the road. Just then, Harriet, our maid, entered with a small parcel for me.

There was something written on the thin paper which enwrapped it; a strange feeling took possession of me when I read that one line—

"From Jack, with his compliments and regret for bad behaviour."

With hasty fingers I tore open the paper and disclosed a neatly bound, elegant, illustrated edition of the "Idylls of the King."

"Look, auntie, isn't it pretty? but of course I cannot accept it. I wish I knew his name; I would return it at once."

We had to wait, however; meantime I looked at the pictures, and had to confess to myself that the book was as perfect as possible. "Jack" certainly had good taste.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

WE had another week to remain in Lowcliffe, and in those seven days all the mischief, all the trouble, happened. Who could have imagined that weeks of misery would have arisen from the accident of a dog swimming near us in the sea? and it seems such a ridiculously small beginning for a perfectly overwhelming good fortune, yet such is the fact.

Next time we met "Jack" and his master, we were strolling on the beach amongst the rocks, picking up the tiny coloured sea-snails which abound at Lowcliffe. Some of these shells are extremely pretty, and my little cousins were already then expecting a second consignment from "Cousin Hilda." Occupied in this harmless manner, auntie and I were surprised by the dog, which evidently recognised us, for he barked in a subdued tone, and came up to us directly; then stood looking at us alternately, wagging his tail, and obviously wishing to be "friends."

I stooped and patted him, and had just one ear in my hand when his master came up.

"Good morning, ladies," he said cheerfully, as he raised his round felt hat. "Splendid day, is it not?"

"Beautiful indeed!" replied auntie. "But, sir," she continued, with a touch of old-fashioned, somewhat distant courtesy, "there was no need for you to send my niece a book."

"I assure you it was all Jack's doing," he replied with a smile, glancing at me with such a very provoking look that I could have shaken him. He seemed so confident, too! "It was Jack's fault. He was so restless and uneasy that I could not help giving way. I trust your niece is not offended?"

Again he bestowed on me one of his fearless looks: it was by no means impudent, nor bold, only it said a good deal; and, what was still more annoying, I *understood* it to indicate admiration and regard. I felt constrained to reply, however—

"No, indeed; I should never think of being offended or angry with a poor dog," I said.

"Then I am certain Jack will be delighted, and as he cannot answer for himself, you must permit me to thank you in his name for your good-nature and kindness." This sentence was addressed to my aunt.

Could he mean to imply that *I* had been ill-natured and unkind? I blushed a little, I think, as he raised his hat in farewell and turned away, with Jack gambolling, as usual, around him.

"Now, Hilda, shall we pick some more shells, or have you sufficient?" said Aunt Jane after a pause.

"I think we have enough, aunt. After all, it is rather a waste of time, and I am not sure that it is not cruel to pick the things."

"What a pity you didn't think so sooner, Hilda!

Well, my dear, let us replace the poor things where the tide will refresh them. It is coming in fast."

As the tide at Lowcliffe has a playful habit of coming round boulders in almost unexpected places, we deemed it prudent to return, or, at any rate, to get round the point which separated us from our own particular stretch of sand. There are numerous little headlands and gracefully curving bays on each side of our residence. Beyond the second headland is a splendid cavern, called "The Mermaid's Cave." It is perfectly accessible at low water, though rather difficult to enter in consequence of the boulders at its entrance, and many lie scattered in the pools within. Of this anon: there are several other caves and caverns.

Auntie and I saw but did not speak to "Jack" and his master again that afternoon. But after tea—we had tea at seven—I persuaded auntie to come out and look at the moon; a beautiful full moon with the "man's face" as plain as possible.

Auntie consented, and we set forth. I was determined that we would not go down to the beach. So I led auntie along a foot-path on the cliff, whence we could watch the rolling sea bathed in the moonlight, and see the waves dashing over the low rocks far below us.

We stood in silent contemplation for some minutes. The scene was positively charming. Overhead a deep blue sky flecked with cirrus cloud—a study in blue and silver unsurpassed for beauty; to our right the lighthouse blinking regularly; in front, the apparently limitless ocean, on "the edge" of which, as auntie said, a white-sailed ship was visible progressing on the very rim of the sea. A steamer emitting some black smoke was coming round a point. The lights in the hotel and village shone steadily, and some were even reflected in the swelling sea to the left of us.

"Hilda, Hilda; don't stand so near the edge!" cried my aunt in alarm. "How *can* you be so rash?"

"Oh, auntie, what nonsense! Why, the cliff is as dry and hard as possible! Look here; you may stamp for an hour, it won't give way."

Suiting the action to the word I stamped vigorously. My aunt turned away nervously. I had no fear. My head was strong and steady. I was brave, and reckless at times.

Suddenly, without the least warning, the cracked surface gave way, and let me down, standing upright as I was, some few feet.

I screamed loudly: auntie had seen me go but was paralysed with fear. She could do nothing—not even cry out. But I made amends for her.

My position was a sufficiently alarming one. Fortunately the lump of cliff which had sunk down did not absolutely fall. It slipped bodily down, and, after slowly sinking nearly four feet, was checked by a solid piece of rock which most fortunately projected flatly from the cliff. When I felt my feet going I had turned, and attempted to grasp the grass; so just then, as the flat piece of grassy clay, or marl, was checked by the big rock, I was standing face inwards, my hands clutching the treacherous margin of the cliff.

I could see auntie was nearly fainting with horror; my head and shoulders were above the margin, but I did not dare to move. I felt that if the grass which I was nervously clutching were to give way I must be precipitated to the beach, more than a hundred feet beneath. From the sands I could hear the barking of a dog. Oh, if only Jack and his master would come and help me! I would forgive him for his persistency, and for his having sent the book of poems.

"Auntie," I gasped, "I am all right here. Don't faint, or do anything so silly. Go down to the hotel and tell them to come with a rope and pull me up. I can hold on here for a while, but *please* make haste, or it will be too late! Run, auntie!"

Alas, to run was impossible! Aunt Jane could never run. She proceeded along the path as quickly as possible, while I remained half standing, half clinging to the cliff, alone! Alone, in imminent danger of falling! If I looked down, I felt my head very uncomfortable, and a nervous tingling in my limbs.

"I can't hold on much longer," I remember thinking. It was a terrible experience! I had fancied that my nerves were pretty strong, but the situation was too much for them. I could see the path for some distance along the cliff, but no figures were approaching. My arms were getting stiff, but I did not dare to move for fear of slipping or of displacing the block of marl on which I was standing. Ten minutes, which appeared to my excited brain an hour, elapsed and no rescue!

I was actually contemplating death when I heard a panting noise close by, and in a second "Jack," the collie, came rushing up. He barked loudly, and rushed off to the left, not in the direction of the hotel, returning at full speed and checking his course only on the brink of the precipice. He tried to lick my face, but I could not have put up with that expression of regard. I believe I should have let go if he had attempted it many times.

To my intense delight I saw Jack's master running up, and in a minute he was kneeling before me—almost out of breath.

"Thank goodness you are still safe!" he gasped. "Now let me assist you. Are your feet firm?"

"Yes," I replied boldly—I was not nervous now; "that is, pretty firm," I added.

"Can you spring up a little?"

"I think so."

"Then give me one hand. Try to rest the other on the bank and spring up. I will pull you at the same moment, and I think you will then get safely up again on your knees."

"But the cliff won't stand all that," I replied, very much inclined to cry. "If you had a rope, now! Auntie has gone for one to the hotel."

"You will suffer me to remain, at any rate?" he said.

Suffer, indeed! Fancy using such a term under the circumstances! I made no reply.

"Give me your hand, miss—I beg your pardon, what is your name?" he asked.

"Franklyn," I replied, in a shaking voice.

"Well, Miss Franklyn, give me your right hand;

there, that will rest you a bit. Do you know I think I could pull you up if you would trust me."

"Oh, of course I trust you," I cried. "I am only afraid of the cliff. I do believe the clay underneath is slipping! Oh, I am sure it is! Quick!"

"WITH A SIMULTANEOUS MOVEMENT I ROSE AND HE PULLED STEADILY."

"Jump when I say 'Go.' It is kill or cure. Now: Go!"

I rested my left arm on the cliff, which felt firm. My right wrist was firmly grasped by Jack's master. With a simultaneous movement I rose and he pulled steadily. One knee was already up. Jack rushed in and seized my serge dress, pulling also. I gained the summit on both knees, then Jack's master grasped my left hand, and hauled me lengthwise away from the edge, from which some stones and earth fell down, but the bank did not give way much.

I was saved! Then I fainted directly. But I heard Jack's master whisper something—only three words—and resented them in my heart even then. How dared he say them?

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

MR. LANCASTER is in the sitting-room, Hilda," said auntie on the Saturday about noon. "Won't you come down?"

"Who is Mr. Lancaster, aunt?" I asked as carelessly as I could. "Jack's master?"

"Yes; Mr. Reginald Lancaster, the paper calls him. He came yesterday to inquire for you, and has come in this time to see us."

"I will be down directly, aunt," I replied dutifully. Aunt Jane hurried away to entertain the visitor, as I rose languidly from the sofa on which I had been reclining luxuriously and reading. As I tidied my hair I kept debating with myself in what manner I should receive him. I had overheard certain words which I still resented. What right had he to mutter those three words? He should not have so presumed; yet I felt and perceived that he was truly a gentleman.

My eyes flashed at my reflection in the mirror of the wardrobe in front of which I was standing. An oval face, shaded by dark hair; dark blue eyes with lashes matching the hair; eyebrows arched and separated over a somewhat straight nose, and not very small mouth, the full lips resting closely together in a bow form; a rounded chin, inclining to squareness rather than fulness; a full figure encased in dark blue, braid-trimmed serge, which fitted without a crease.

This was I, Hilda Franklyn, with browned cheeks and wavy hair, a wide low forehead, and—if I must confess all—"a rather disdainful manner," auntie used to say; a haughty carriage, perhaps because I was poor and proud, and walked with a firm step.

I went downstairs, my heart thumping a little, and entered our sitting-room. Mr. Lancaster rose when I came in, and we shook hands like old acquaintances, for the first time in our lives. He seemed to be a little nervous, a circumstance which tended to put me at my ease; but I could not forgive him his unforgotten words.

After some commonplace remarks on his part, while I sat, stupidly, anxious to thank him, he said, "Your aunt tells me that you intend to leave here on Monday, Miss Franklyn. I hope you may be persuaded to remain longer. It is charming here in October."

"I am afraid we must go," I replied; "but, oh, Mr. Lancaster, how can I ever thank you sufficiently for your courage and kindness that terrible evening? But for you I should have been killed. Indeed, I thank you with all my heart!"

He smiled gently at my enthusiasm, and replied—

"Please say no more: I have been already overwhelmed with thanks and congratulations on my good fortune in having been of assistance to Miss Franklyn. To what part of the country are you bound?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Home," I replied absently.

"My dear Hilda!" exclaimed my aunt, laughing. "We are returning to Devonshire," she added, in reply to her guest's inquiry.

"What part, may I ask? My people are in Devon sometimes."

"To Reignton; do you know it?"

"No: I can't say I do. I have not been in the county very lately; my people live more in the south."

Before we parted, Mr. Lancaster told us how he had appeared on the cliff to my rescue at such an opportune moment. It was all Jack's doing, he explained. The collie had seen me, and directed his attention to us. He had only followed Jack up the gully.

"'Jack's as good as his master,'" I said thoughtlessly. "I mean, he is a fine fellow—No, Mr. Lancaster; you understand!—I mean a most useful animal!"

From bad to worse! Aunt Jane laughed, but our visitor spared me by abruptly taking his leave ere I had recovered from my silly confusion. I stood by the window as he went out; Jack was waiting for him in the front, and frisked about when his master appeared. I hurried from the room.

"Where are you going, Hilda?" asked auntie.

"Upstairs," I replied. "I shall go out and finish my sketch of the Mermaid's Cavern. It is my last day."

"Well, be careful, dear; the sea is rough. Be sure you return in good time, before dusk. I don't like your wandering about alone."

"Oh! I can take of myself, auntie," I replied as I went out of the room.

I could finish my sketch, and put in the tints on Monday morning. So immediately after luncheon I hurried away, notwithstanding the stormy appearance of the sky and sea, and reached the cavern in safety. I had to scramble over the fallen rocks and boulders; but at length I gained the shelving, pebbly beach at the upper end of the spacious cave, and seated myself on a massive piece of rock which lay on the edge of a pool of sea-water left by the last tide.

The scene was charming, if somewhat wild. Overhead the grand natural arches of the cavern, fern-grown, slimy, and shining; at my feet the shimmering pool, clear as crystal; and, beyond, a confused mass of boulders overhung the rugged, indented framework of the rocks; outside the dark shadows and glassy pool, green with reflected vegetation, a strip of yellow sand, the roaring, tumbling breakers beyond it, and over them the misty, leaden sky, mingling with the water ere it touched the horizon line. A charming scene in its wildness and repose.

I sat and painted, not unmindful of the time and tide, till my studies were interrupted by the appearance of a man at the entrance of the cavern. There was no mistaking him. The intruder was Mr. Lancaster, alone, without "Jack." He must have known that I was there, for he seemed in no way confused or astonished at my appearance. As soon as he came leaping over the boulders I rose, so when he reached a rock opposite to me, I was standing up, almost ready to go home. He stood watching me for a moment.

"I hoped to find you here, Miss Franklyn," he said. "May I—— ?"

"You have only just caught me in time; I am going home," I interrupted.

"May not I escort you? The tide is rising fast. Let me come across and assist you."

"No, thank you, I can manage very well," I began, but he made ready to leap the space as I moved. Whether my action checked him, I could not say; he tried to stop himself, but did not succeed; he jumped short, slipped back, staggered against a stone, and then fell backwards heavily, striking his head on a pebble with great force! He rolled into the pool and lay motionless—insensible.

I screamed loudly, though it was of no use, and, jumping down, managed to drag his head from the water in time, but I could only then let him rest as he was. His head was cut, and one arm was doubled under him. He was quite insensible. I could do nothing until assistance came, so leaving sketch-book, palette and brushes, I hurried off to give the alarm.

But the beach was deserted; the wind was blowing hard, great crested waves dashed menacingly over the smooth sands, and came hissing in foaming fringes

almost to my feet, leaving lace patterns on the heaving sea. There was no time to lose if Mr. Lancaster was to be rescued. So I hurried on towards the hotel, which, perched upon the cliff, looked a very long distance away.

I found that it would be impossible to get round the next point without a wetting, but the foam did not deter me. After waiting a moment or two, I escaped a big wave, and then, not trusting to the sands any more, struck up the cliff path to the track along the downs which joined the high road near the hotel. It was a considerable distance, and nearly half an hour must have elapsed ere I reached the inn.

My story was quickly told to the astonished proprietress, Mrs. Annan, who expressed some not unnatural surprise at the occurrence. I felt very nervous when questions poured in, so quitting the hotel as soon as I could, I returned to our lodgings, and managed to gain my bed-room without seeing auntie.

I determined that I would not mention my adventure to her, but instructed Harriet, our maid, that if any message was brought from the hotel she was to deliver it to me, alone. I was extremely anxious to hear some news of Mr. Lancaster, especially as we were about to quit Lowcliffe, and I pictured him lying insensible and drowning in the depths of the cavern.

No sleep came to me till long after midnight. The wind and waves roared, and dashed the spray high on the cliffs. There was a spring-tide and a fearful sea on the coast next morning, about seven o'clock, when I looked out.

I shuddered when I recalled the cavern and the rolling, raging sea which covered the yellow sands and scattered boulders, and waited impatiently for the time when I could properly make inquiries for Mr. Lancaster. It was Sunday morning, and few people were astir early. At eight o'clock I was dressed, and as I was going out I encountered the "boots," whom I at once recognised as foremost amongst my hearers the day before. He touched his cap and asked respectfully, "Any news, miss?"

"Haven't *you* heard anything?" I gasped. "Has Mr. Lancaster not returned?"

"No, miss. As soon as we could we went into the cave, miss; but if Mr. Lancaster hadn't got out, he'd been washed out, because he wasn't there; and no traces of him either. But he'll surely come for his luggage, miss."

"Oh, yes; thank you," I replied mechanically, as I walked on, whither I knew not. I might have walked over the cliff in that semi-trance had I been on the high ground. I was stunned for the time, and filled with apprehension when I returned to breakfast pale and nervous.

"You must not go out so early without some food," said Aunt Jane firmly. "You are looking ill, Hilda."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

ALL that Sunday passed without any news of Mr. Lancaster, and I felt that, if some intelligence did not arrive before we quitted Lowcliffe next morning, I should betray myself and my anxiety to auntie. But though I sent Harriet to inquire, she brought no news. People were more interested in the damage done by the storm to the fishing-boats and nets, and in the loss of relatives, than in the sudden disappearance of a tourist. Besides, few people knew of Mr. Lancaster's absence. They discussed the probable fate of smacks and yachts, or even ships, if caught in the sudden gale unprepared; but for the young man's fate no one expressed much anxiety.

Monday morning! No news, and we quitted Lowcliffe. I was miserable, intensely wretched, and inclined to cry. Why I should have felt the parting so deeply, my aunt, fortunately, did not inquire directly. She rallied me on my appearance, and wondered where "Jack and his master" were; how it was that we had not seen them, and so on, stabbing me unconsciously several times by speculating on whether he would be in town in the winter, if we went up. I was reading the *Morning News*, and tried not to think of Mr. Lancaster at all. In this latter task I could not succeed, but I kept my gaze on the paper. Suddenly my heart stood still: I read the following paragraph:—

"The body of a gentleman, unknown, was picked up by the coast-guard off Verrose Head last evening. The unfortunate man is supposed to have fallen from the cliff into the sea. The body is much bruised, and the features hardly recognisable. No particulars are given; there is at present no clue to his identity save a signet ring with a crest of a griffin "rampant," and a handkerchief with the initial 'L.'"

My head swam; my senses reeled; for a moment or two it was as much as I could do to prevent myself from fainting. The crest I remembered well—it was on "Jack's" collar. The initial confirmed my worst fears. Jack's Master had been washed out to sea, and drowned before he had recovered consciousness.

* * * * * *

"I do not think that Hilda is much the better for her change," were the first words I remember after the shock. This was my uncle's opinion, and I suspect he was right. I must have looked, as I felt, thoroughly upset and miserable. I searched the papers, but heard no more of Mr. Lancaster's fate. I was at one time tempted to write to Lowcliffe Hotel and inquire, but dismissed the idea almost as soon as conceived. Many casualties were recorded; and one specially unfortunate result of that sudden gale was the wreck of the *Amaranth* yacht, and the drowning of the owner, Lord Downelip, the heir to the Eyremouth title. But even this, sad as it was, did not touch me as the terrible death of "Jack's" poor master.

The winter and its country gaieties passed; we skated, when we could, took long walks, and decorated the church. Spring came again, and then warm May weather and excursions. We Devon-bred folk are always ready for an excursion, and on this occasion we had made up a party to visit Berry-Highton, an old manor-house belonging to the Eyremouth family. It was a fine old mansion, with a picture-gallery, and a noble hall full of armour. There were hiding-places, and secret panels, and tapestry; and some said, a family ghost of most respectable age

"HE STOOD WATCHING ME FOR A MOMENT" (*p.* 470).

and demeanour. There was also a tradition as to the heir, which had been unfortunately fulfilled.

We were eager to go, and went. It was a lovely day, and as we advanced up the avenue, already green with new-born leaves and laurels, we speculated on which was the haunted wing and which the picture-gallery. We were admitted, and introduced into the show-rooms by the housekeeper, who dilated on the pictures, furniture, china, and tapestry. We scattered a little, and I was left alone in a small apartment, which opened from the drawing-room, and gave evidence of having been lately occupied.

It struck me that I had no business there, and I was about to retire, when a sketch caught my eye—a water-colour sketch of the view from the Cornish cavern! I was so utterly astonished that I stood rooted to the spot for a moment; then, advancing to the wall, I examined the drawing carefully. It was so exactly like my own work that, had it not been lost in the cave, I should have declared that it was mine. One test remained, a few initials on the margin. The sketch was framed, but, if the initials and date were visible, the sketch would be authenticated. But then the mystery would remain. How did it get into this house? All was quiet; I advanced and stood on a chair to peer between the frame and the sketch as it hung on the wall. I had—as I fancied—just succeeded in deciphering the initials "H. F.," when a loud barking alarmed me, and in another instant a fierce dog rushed in through the unfastened French window. I jumped off my perch very quickly; but, to my astonishment, the collie whined with pleasure, and wagged a friendly welcome. *It was Jack!*

Jack! yes, indeed, my old acquaintance of Lowcliffe. Dear old Jack! Ah, how at that moment I regretted his master, who had met with such an untimely death—perhaps for my sake!

"Good Jack!" I cried as I patted him; "where's your master, Jack?"

Jack barked loudly in reply, and wagged his tail more rapidly than ever, as he looked so wistfully in my face—so earnestly!

"You remember him too, good dog. Yes, Jack, I shall never forget your kind master, old fellow!"

"Old fellow, Miss Franklyn? Scarcely *that*," said someone in a bantering tone. I looked up—there stood Jack's master at the window, watching us. He had heard my confession, as I had heard his that evening on the cliff.

"Mr. Lancaster!" I gasped. "Is it possible? Oh, is it true? You did not drown that terrible night. But you are in mourning—what does it all mean?"

"It means first, Miss Franklyn, that I am alive and well, and delighted to see you again. Your picture, you see, has been taken care of; but I cannot consent to part with it. How curious it is that you should come to my house!"

"Your house, Mr. Lancaster?" I exclaimed.

"Well, my father's then, if you must be so particular, Miss Franklyn. I live here now."

"*You*, Mr. Lancaster!" I exclaimed in a silly monotone, wondering in what capacity he occupied it—agent, or friend, or tenant.

"Why not? didn't you know?—but I suppose you could not. My poor brother perished last autumn—he was washed overboard in that gale: the cutter was wrecked on the Devon coast."

"The *Amaranth?*" I whispered, a curious joy filling my heart—a contentment to which it had long been a stranger.

"Yes, the same. Poor Downelip was drowned—poor, dear Leonard, as fine a fellow as ever lived; and so I, unfortunately, succeeded to the title, but I prefer to use the family name still."

I was dumbfounded. Mr. Lancaster not only alive but a viscount! the heir to the peerage of Eyremouth! It was too surprising. I could only murmur, "Yes, I understand something of it all; but how did you escape, Mr.—I mean, Lord Downelip?"

"You must not call me Lord Downelip," he replied gravely. "To you I am unchanged. Oh," he continued lightly, "I climbed up, fell, was found half-dead by a farmer, taken to his place, nursed for a week, and then hurried home to learn of poor Leonard's death. You perhaps did not associate his fate and mine?"

"Yes, I did; I was dreadfully sorry—quite ill," I said unreflectingly.

"But you did not know him," he replied archly. "Is it possible that you fancied that *I* was dead?"

I was silent. My silence was sufficient.

"And were sorry?" he continued tenderly as he clasped my hand. "Were you *really* sorry, Hilda?"

I looked up; our eyes met for one second—that was enough. He put his arm round me and whispered—

"My darling, I love you. Is it possible that you care for me?" Jack's joyful barking drowned my reply. The other visitors were returning in search of me. Lord Downelip and I sprang apart.

But not for long. He accompanied us over all the house, and gave us tea. We returned to Reignton full of his praises; and that night I told auntie that Lord Downelip intended to call on her and uncle, and to propose to marry me. Her astonishment may be guessed when she encountered in my aristocratic suitor—Jack's master!

Yes, Jack's master, and my dearly loved husband—as he has been for nearly six happy years. He has just succeeded to the title. Dear old Jack is still alive, and as faithful as ever to Reginald and me.

ABOUT LONDON CABS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

"HANSOM, SIR?"

"ANSOM, sir? hansom?"

"No, thanks."

"'Ave your own kerridge, sir, and be a toff!"

You laugh at the ruddy-faced, merry-eyed Jehu, and strike up a cheery chat with him. You find he pays about fourteen shillings a day for the hire of his vehicle and horses, and makes rarely more than about two pounds a week profit, working thirteen days out of fourteen—that is, taking rest every alternate Sunday.

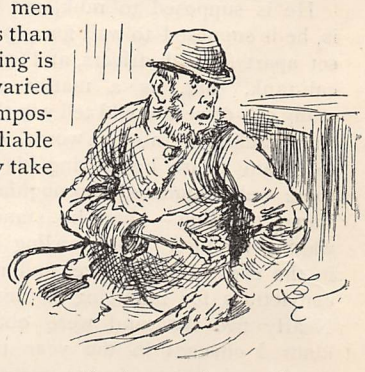
He seems a jolly sort of fellow. His philosophy of life is pretty sound. "If you ain't got capital and can't make a thousand a year, why, you must be content with a hundred."

Yes, that is just the point. It is of no use for cabmen or kings to be always crying for the moon. The thousand a year is supposed by the driver to be made by the cab proprietor, from whom he hires. That proprietor is the happy owner of sixty cabs, each having presumably two horses to work it in turns during a long day of about fifteen or sixteen hours. Now if he make but a shilling a day clear profit on each cab and horses, that is in round numbers twenty pounds a week, or over a thousand pounds a year!

So runs cabby's supposition. But to own sixty cabs, costing from eighty to a hundred pounds apiece, or even more, with one hundred and twenty horses, costing—what? twenty pounds apiece?—means the outlay of a good deal of money, and money from which its possessor is surely entitled to expect a return.

The two pounds a week is, we take it, a rough approximate average of a fortunate London hansom cabman's earnings. Drivers of four-wheelers make somewhat less. Again, some men are more industrious than others; but the calling is so precarious and varied that it is almost impossible to give a reliable estimate. A man may take a couple of pounds one week, thirty-five shillings or only a guinea the next.

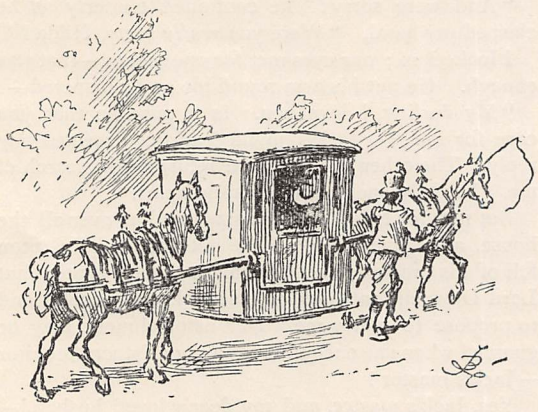
He drives gaily out of the yard at eight, nine, or ten in the morning, and



"HI! WHAT'S THIS?"

does not know whether he will take a sovereign or a shilling during the day. Yet all the same he has to pay his fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen shillings for his day's hire and give coppers to the yardmen.

Night cabmen, that is, men who take out cabs at about eight or ten at night and work but one horse, pay six or seven shillings only for the use of their



THE EARLIEST HACKNEY COACH.

vehicle and its fiery quadruped, and this circumstance may perhaps throw some light on the mysterious reason why certain individuals choose this curious and apparently unattractive method of keeping the proverbial wolf from the door.

They get their cabs cheap and yet have a chance of picking up some good fares. At ten o'clock the places of amusement are not closed, the tide of London has by no means ebbed, while even at one or two in the morning prowlers about Fleet Street, for instance, may find some weary journalist desirous of being conveyed to his distant home.

But the long-day men are not off the street at ten or twelve. Far from it; they begin when they like, say at eight or nine in the morning, and, working two horses, they make about fifteen to sixteen hours. It is a long day. But they are their own masters. That, in our opinion, is to cabby one of the great charms of a cabman's life. When he has paid his proprietor in the morning he sallies forth at the beck and call of no master. He can go where he will to pick up fares.

He is supposed to rank, and not to crawl. That is, he is supposed to wait for a passenger on a place set apart for cab-drivers, and called a cab-stand or cab-rank. But, as a matter of fact, we imagine many cab-drivers would tell you that crawling is better than ranking. In other words, cabby is more likely to obtain a fare by walking his horse leisurely along some well-frequented thoroughfare — *i.e.*, in London slang, crawling — than by standing on a cab-rank waiting for hire. But crawling is a heinous offence in the eyes of the police, and many have been the convictions for indulging in this attractive practice. Nearly five thousand were obtained for this and kindred offences in the year 1889 alone; and the numbers show a marked increase on the previous year.

Certainly the presence of loitering cabs in crowded thoroughfares not only impedes traffic but adds to the dangers of crossing streets—already sufficiently dangerous; yet crawling goes on merrily. It pays, and, in fact, it is a convenience to certain of the public also. A man wanting a cab in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane is almost certain to see one pass soon without troubling to walk to the nearest rank—if, indeed, half the persons who throng such thoroughfares know where that delectable spot is to be found.

It is quite conceivable that cabby might find a ready excuse for his crawling: he is walking his tired horse home; he is returning from a heavy job, &c.; but if a smart young barrister wanted him to catch the "Flying Dutchman" or the North Express, and offered him an extra half-crown for doing so, that horse would no doubt have to discover latent energy somehow.

Well, well, we must not be too hard on cabby; his is a hard life: out in all weathers, if he be as industrious as he should be, and perhaps he has to wait long for fares. Ranking, if it rest the horse and permit the driver to visit his shelter or dine at his ease, is not only apt to be unprofitable for many, but some ranks are placed in dull and comparatively little-used streets. Further, so delightful is the inconsistency of some of our rules and regulations that there is not room on the ranks for anything approaching to the number of cabs licenced.

Of course, full provision is not required. In so large a city as London, and with so many holders of a cabman's licence, many may be at a given time off duty or engaged in driving fares. An improvement in the position of some of the ranks, and an increase in their number, appear desirable. On the other hand, some men persistently rank—and stick to the same place for years—and there they may remain for hours at a time and not "turn a wheel."

Cabs are, of course, the most aristocratic means of public conveyance. Even an archbishop would not despise the gondola of London. There was a capital story told by Archdeacon Smith at the Mayor's banquet at Canterbury last November. Two archbishops—we do not say they were the present occupants of those distinguished posts—entered a cab on returning on one occasion from Convocation. Said one prelate to the other—

"Either archbishops have become a great deal bigger or cabs have become a great deal smaller."

"What is size?" returned the other. "Can we not be comely as well as great?"

"But are we?" was the rejoinder. "Anyone seeing us would say, 'There are two prelates, but there's only one hansom.'"

Hansom is, of course, the name given to the familiar two-wheeled vehicle so common in the streets of London, and so called from the first maker or inventor of the style. He was the architect of the Town Hall of Birmingham, and the patent for the Hansom Patent Safety cab was obtained in 1834. Originally the vehicle had a sort of square body with two wheels the same height as the carriage, some seven feet

and a half in diameter. This was soon improved, but it may be said to have inaugurated quite a new development in such conveyances—which may lead us to the natural history of cabs. First of all, they seem to have appeared in England about the year 1605. As we can imagine to have very likely been the case, these were principally disused carriages of wealthy persons, and a considerable number of years elapsed before they were much improved.

Hackney coach or carriage seems to have been their first name, and a name which still abides—officially, at all events. As to the whence and wherefore of that name, it is something like the "buth" of Thackeray's immortal Jeames Yellowplush—"wropped up in a mistry." It may have come from the old French *hacquenée;* and that learned authority in things philological, Professor Skeat, is of opinion that it came ultimately from two words hailing from Holland, and meaning "a jolting nag." That sounds very likely, and reminds us that the delightful Mrs. Brown roundly characterises the "keb" in which she went with Mrs. Simmons to the throat doctor as "the joltingest thing as ever I got into," which shows that there may not be much difference in that respect between the "kebs" of the past and the present; though with the india-rubber-tired wheels, of which some boast, and asphalted or wood-paved roadways, we ought now to be making some progress.

Once more, however, before we part with the name. Some hold its derivation to be the very simple one, that the first coaches for hire were wont to proceed from the old suburb of Hackney—an explanation that seems very feasible.

As to the term "cabs," that is, of course, the popular short-clipping of the French words *cabriolet de place.* The famous Lord Tom Noddy, in the immortal Ingoldsby Legend, ordered his "cabriolet." But who now would think of calling a "cabriolet" from the cabstand? The short and simple first syllable does admirably.

Now these cabriolets originated with our ingenious neighbours across the Channel. A certain Nicholas Sauvage introduced them about the year 1650, and because he lived at the Hôtel St. Fiacre the cabs of the gay city of Paris are called fiacres to this day. These vehicles of Sauvage appear to have been two-wheeled affairs, something like the hansom of our time, and were taken to Florence, where they quickly increased in numbers, and to England, where we know they have also "caught on," as our American kinsmen might say. They do not seem to have appeared here, however, until 1805, when Messrs. Rotch & Bradshaw had licences for eight of them. Our old friends the vested interests did not like the new cabs, and their numbers were at first very much limited, only a dozen being allowed. Imagine only a dozen hansoms in London to-day! How many are there? Well, according to the latest Police Report, there were in 1889 no fewer than 7,409 hansoms licensed, and 3,966 four-wheelers, or "growlers," technically known as Clarences. The latter, by-the-bye, hardly seem to be decreasing, as in 1887 no fewer than 4,027 were licensed.

But the French "cabriolets" were, it is said, the originals of the Neapolitan *calesso*, the Norwegian *carriole*, and even the *volante* of Cuba. The name of Nicholas Sauvage evidently ought to go down to posterity as the ultimate originator of the useful cab.

What is the great requisite for a cabman? Why, that he shall be able to drive, of course. Yes; but that is not enough. Cabmen have to pass an examination in knowledge of London streets before they can obtain a licence, and this is far more necessary than might be supposed, for 691 men in the year 1889 failed in the examination, and not a severe one at that, while 1,211 were passed.

Then when our candidate has obtained his licence, he must get his cab. Some men have their own vehicles, but the majority have to hire. It is the old story again of capital and labour. Cabs cost money—about a hundred pounds each and more, and the commoner vehicles something less. It is obvious that many an aspiring cabman could not put this money down to buy a cab and a couple of horses—for to work each cab properly, say twelve to sixteen hours a day, a change of steeds is necessary—therefore cabbies, as we have seen, hire from a cab proprietor at rates varying from thirteen to fifteen and sixteen shillings a day for hansoms and ten shillings for "growlers." These prices include the horses and the nosebag containing the animals' luncheon; but in addition the men have to pay halfpence to yard-men. A cabby has to make up his hire money, even if he sell some of the bits of things at home to pay it; though if the times are bad and the owner generous, he may reduce his prices by a

A MODERN MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

THE "LONDON GONDOLA."

Fare: "HI, STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO? YOU'RE ALL WRONG! THIS IS NEVEE THE WAY TO THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM!"
Cabby: "KEEP YOUR SEAT, SIR; IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU JES' LEAVE IT TO ME!"

shilling or so. But charges may vary with the time of year. Prices go up as the London season commences. They begin to rise, say, at early spring and culminate on the Derby Day, when, we have been told, as much as twenty-five shillings has been charged. This question of cab-hire, then, seems much like other similar questions: better vehicles command better prices, as also does the increased demand. A capital improvement introduces a folding hood at the top, so that the cab can be used open or closed.

The number of articles left in cabs is astonishing. During 1889 no fewer than 25,179 articles were taken to Scotland Yard as being left in public carriages. There is a Lost Property Office there, and thither cabby or conductor is supposed to take any article he finds in his vehicle. Of this enormous number, 13,791 were given back to their owners. The rewards to men have been prescribed by Act of Parliament. For gold or jewellery under £10, three shillings in the pound goes to the lucky cabman, and for less valuable goods two-and-sixpence in the pound. For over £10 the Commissioner assesses the reward. And strange things indeed are left in cabs.

Cabmen have themselves largely to blame for the reluctance of some persons to engage them and for altercations about fares. For instance, paterfamilias wishes to convey his family to the seaside. He has not such an amount of luggage as suggested by Mr. Corney Grain when he sings of the children taking their pets—the parrot that squawks, the dog that barks, the beastly little sparrow, and the smelling little mice—but the head of the house has a sufficient cab-load. Like a wise man he bargains with the Jehu to take it to the terminus for, say, four-and-sixpence or five shillings. But on returning, lo and behold! the cabby he thinks of hiring turns up his nose very high at the fare paid before, and loudly demands six or seven shillings! Why? That is a conundrum not easy of answer; yet two explanations may be mentioned: first, that in driving from a suburb to a large railway terminus cabby has a chance of a fare back, while in journeying from a crowded station to a quiet street the reverse is the case. Or it may be that in driving to almost any of the northern suburbs the way lies over rising ground. We do not say these are the reasons, but they suggest an explanation. Also, some cabbies may be able to hold out for higher prices just like other men in different walks of life; but, whatever the reasons, the fact remains that cabmen do vary notably in their charges, or, to put it in another way, in the amounts that will satisfy them.

The legal charges, of course, depend upon whether

the cab is a hansom or four-wheeled, and whether it is hired or discharged inside or outside the "four-mile radius," but a shilling is the minimum fare. There are also certain extras for luggage, &c.; but, as a matter of fact, the exact legal charges rarely satisfy the London Jehus.

In this matter of paying cabbies, as in some other things, the so-called weakness of ladies is often their strength, and, altercation or no altercation, they have the reputation as a sex of paying remarkably low fares.

An incident occurred the other day in a well-known suburb illustrating this. A lady seated herself in a cab on a rank and demanded to be driven to a certain place for a shilling. Cabby refused. She persisted. Cabby was obdurate. The end was that a couple of policemen had to—conduct her, we will say, out of the cab, and she took her seat in another vehicle, the driver of which accepted her shilling. No doubt the lady felt she had vindicated the "rights" of her sex to have their own way. But how shall we explain the reason of the difference in the cabbies' charges. If a shilling would pay one man sufficiently well, why not another? The lady would probably say her offer was thus proved the right fare. But it was suggested that the man who refused was at the head of the rank, and the man who accepted was at the end. Therefore, in all probability, he would have to wait a much longer time than his colleague for a fare. A shilling in the cab was, he thought, better than two in the dim future.

The "bilker" is the cabman's horror, and a mean rascal he or she is. A bilker enters a cab, tells the Jehu to drive to such-and-such a place, and then calmly refuses to pay. At present cabby's only remedy is to sue for a debt: a roundabout and tedious remedy. But often the bilker disappears in a large shop with two entrances, or an arcade, and vanishes from view. Cabby waits. The person who ought to pay is pursuing his mean way elsewhere. Then it dawns on cabby that he has been bilked! No wonder he is tempted to strong language; and sometimes, no doubt, he yields to that temptation!

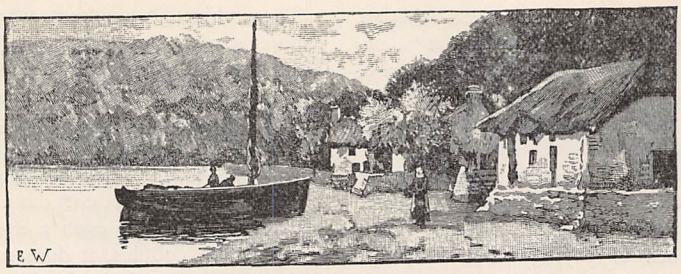
To obtain a quicker way of dealing with bilkers is one of the objects of the new Cabmen's Union. For, following the fashion of other folk, the cabdrivers have lately been forming a union. The Metropolitan Cabdrivers' Trade Union it is called, and the primary object, as might be supposed, is to secure a reduction in the hire of cabs to drivers. But there are other grievances to be redressed: as the unlimited issue of drivers' licences by the Scotland Yard authorities, the granting of such licences to raw and inexperienced youths, the competition with omnibuses, the privileged cab system at the railway termini, the ease with which bilkers may cheat cabmen of their fares, and the placing of cab-stands where they are least wanted.

These objects, we take it, very well summarise the cabmen's wishes and position at the present time. Take them altogether they are not a bad set of men. There are, no doubt, black sheep among them, as there are, unhappily, in pretty well every walk of life. But we should not fall into the habit—so prevalent, we fear, to-day—of generalising too much from few and insufficient data. Because one meets with one or two, or even a score, of bad, bullying, blaspheming cabbies, it does not follow that all the fifteen to sixteen thousand licensed hackney drivers of London are the same. Yet they have their little tricks, some of them: one is the long distance which perhaps a stranger may find the road to any given place, and the consequent high charge!

A curious legal decision was given in a cab case last December. Drivers, it appears, may sleep while waiting for their hirers in the streets. A cabby drove a certain gentleman to a bank, who told him to wait until he appeared. Time went on, and at two o'clock of those "wee sma' hours ayont th' twal'," Chaplin concluded he had waited a longish time. He rang the bell and discovered that his fare had gone two hours before. A summons followed, and the fare's defence was that cabby was sound asleep and would not wake. Nevertheless, the magistrate decided that cabby should have been made to wake, and the fare lost the case, which, we are bound to say, seems to us to be only in accordance with justice. Cabby had certainly earned a fare.

The Cabmen's Shelters, which were established in 1875, have been of great benefit to the men. Some of these shelters are picturesque little châlets, and answer the purpose almost of little clubs for the men while on the ranks or stands. Here the drivers can sit and read and have their food while waiting for fares. The shelters are great counter-attractions to the public-houses, and have been largely instrumental in promoting sober habits. There are about forty of these shelters studding the streets of the great metropolis.

Cab-driving is a Bohemian sort of existence. Cabby marches off to his yard in the morning, finds his cab ready, pays down his money, and is off for the rest of the day to get what he can. He has, doubtless, some strange experiences; sometimes you will find him gaily tooling a fare along a pleasant suburban road on a bright afternoon, sometimes he may have a sad accident case for a hospital. Paterfamilias conveys his happy family to the railway station in the dull "growler"; the smart journalist rushes in the flying hansom to the terrible catastrophe or pleasing event he is to describe for to-morrow's issue; the aspiring artist, anxious to be "hung," commits his treasures to the sombre four-wheeler; the gay evening dress often travels in the same way. All, all in turn use the familiar cab, which is such a characteristic feature of London street life.



A Sailor's Bride.

Words by J. T. Burton Wollaston. *Music by* Gerard F. Cobb.

Moderato (♩=96).

Piano. *mf*

mf *Semplice, ma con espressione.*

1. "Till Jack comes home a - gain from sea, I'll keep my heart for him;..... The lamp of love that
2. maid was fair, and lov - ers came And sought to win her hand,..... And call'd her ev - 'ry

mf *cres.* *f* *mf*

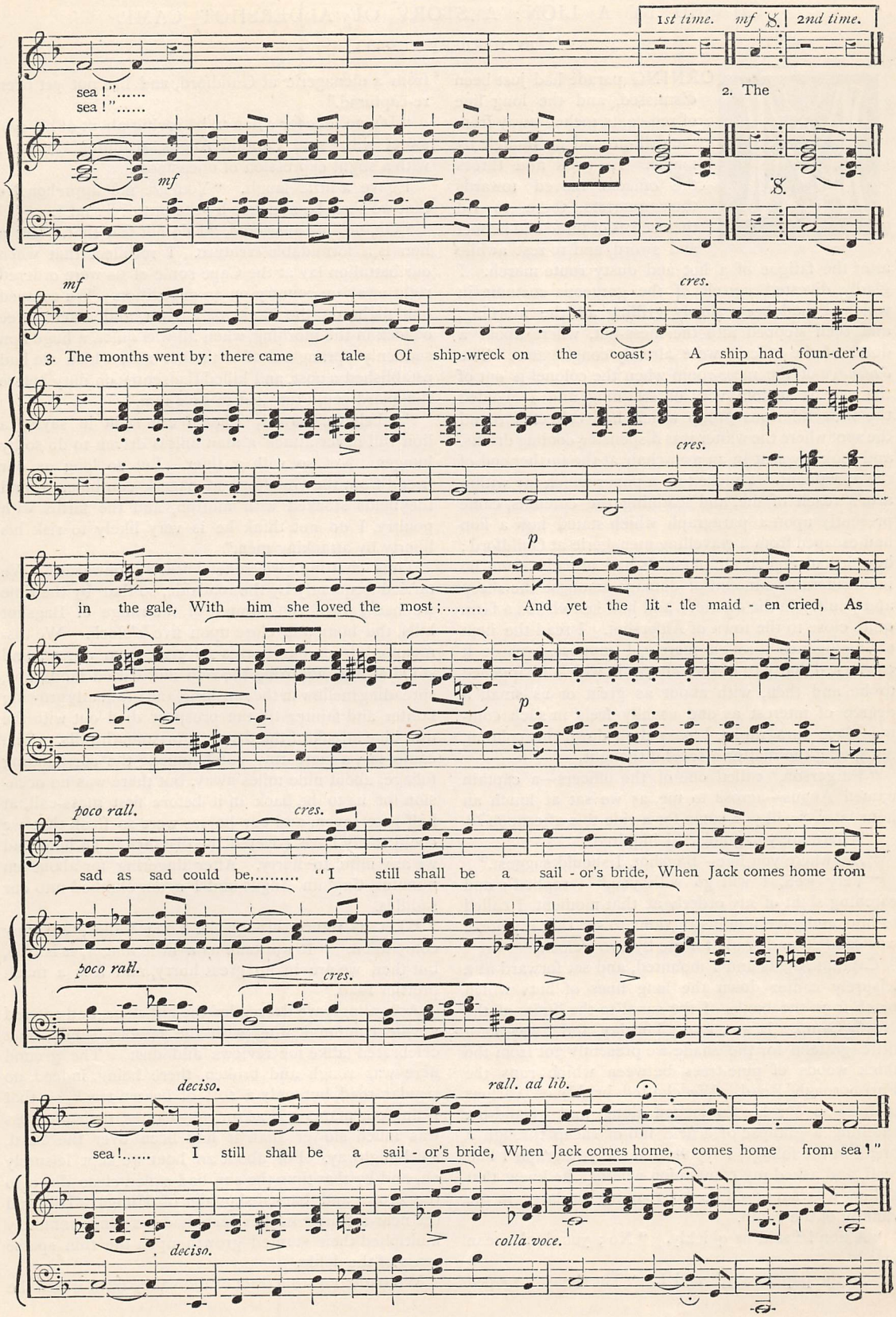
burns for me Shall nev - er more grow dim."..... Thus sigh'd a lit - tle maid one eve, As
ten - der name There is at Love's com - mand..... But un - to all who came she cried, "Your

p *p*

poco rall. *cres.* *rall - en - tan - do.*

sad as sad could be,..... "For oh! my heart will sore - ly grieve Till Jack comes home from
love is nought to me,..... For nev - er shall I be a bride Till Jack comes home from

poco rall. *cres.* *colla voce.*


1st time.
mf
2nd time.
sea!"..... 2. The
sea!".....
mf
mf
cres.
3. The months went by: there came a tale Of ship-wreck on the coast; A ship had foun-der'd
cres.
p
in the gale, With him she loved the most;..... And yet the lit - tle maid - en cried, As
p
poco rall.
cres.
sad as sad could be,..... "I still shall be a sail - or's bride, When Jack comes home from
poco rall.
cres.
deciso.
rall. ad lib.
sea!..... I still shall be a sail - or's bride, When Jack comes home, comes home from sea!"
deciso.
colla voce.

CHASED BY A LION: A STORY OF ALDERSHOT CAMP.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.

MORNING parade had just been dismissed, and the long line of red-coats melted away from the drill-ground as though by magic. In twos and threes the officers moved towards their quarters, there to rid themselves of tunic and helmet and sword, and to rest awhile after the fatigue of a hot and dusty route march. I gladly divested myself of the gorgeous costume in which I had been slowly grilling all the morning, and then stepped into the mess-hut, where about a dozen of the officers were already congregated. The *badinage* of the mess-room when the colonel is out of the way is seldom very entertaining, and I avoided the little hilarious group which had collected round the spot where the waiter was dispensing cooling drinks, and took my seat in an arm-chair at the further end of the apartment. I picked up a paper which lay within arm's reach of me, and scanning the columns, came presently upon a paragraph which stated how a lion had escaped from a travelling menagerie at Guildford: how it had eluded all pursuit: had already done no inconsiderable amount of damage amongst the sheep and poultry in the district: and had last visited a farm quite close to the town of Aldershot. I read the item of intelligence through merely, I suppose, because it concerned that part of the country in which I happened to be, and then, with about as great or as small a degree of interest as one usually feels in such commonplace paragraphs, I passed on down the column, not giving the matter a second thought.

"Furgerson," called one of the officers—a captain named Angus—across to me, as we sat at lunch an hour later, "will you come for a ride this afternoon?"

"Where are you going?" I inquired.

"Anywhere you like—Bagshot, I should suggest."

"Very well, I will go with you," I replied; and catching sight of my orderly at that moment, I called to him, and gave him instructions to see that my horse was saddled and ready for me by two o'clock.

Captain Angus and I mounted, and set forward at a leisurely canter down the long lines of huts which reach from the banks of the canal to the limits of the North Camp. It was a very hot day, and I was not a little grateful for the shade we presently got from the thick woods of pine-trees between which runs the Farnborough Road. We chatted briskly on various matters as our horses jogged along, and by-and-by, catching a glimpse of a field full of sheep through a break in the foliage, I recollected the paragraph I had read, and asked my companion whether he knew that a lion was supposed to be roaming at large in the vicinity of the camp.

"A lion!" said he quickly. "No; you don't mean that?"

"So the papers say," said I. "The beast escaped from a menagerie at Guildford, and has not yet been re-captured."

"It's no joke for a lion to be roving about at his own sweet will," said Captain Angus, scanning the trees with a slight expression of uneasiness.

I gave a little laugh. "You are not apprehensive that we shall be attacked by the brute?" said I.

"Oh, no," he answered, "I do not fear that. But a lion is a formidable creature. I recollect that when our battalion lay at the Cape some of us were ordered right away up country on an expedition. We camped one night on the banks of a river, and about three o'clock in the morning, when all was quiet, a huge lion suddenly sprang out of a thicket near which we had established a post, and killed the sentry on duty before the guard could turn out to save him."

"I believe," said I, "that I am right in saying a lion will never attack a man unless driven to do so by hunger. Not so with a tiger. But so long as our friend from the Guildford menagerie continues to find the fields stocked with mutton, and the farms with poultry, I do not think he is very likely to risk his liberty by attacking men."

Thus chatting, we rode leisurely onwards. We tarried frequently by the roadside, so that by the time we had gained the summit of the range of Bagshot hills, the hour was close upon five o'clock. We dismounted from our horses to give them a rest, and stood awhile admiring the rich and varied landscape, spreading mellow in the sunshine, and gradually growing fainter and fainter till the prospect died out with the dim blue streak of the distant Portsmouth hills. The camp lay, a mere tiny patch among the surrounding foliage, about nine miles away, but there was no occasion for us to be back in it before first mess-call, at half-past seven, and our horses were so fresh that we could easily have covered the distance in an hour had we any mind to hurry. After lingering for about ten minutes, Captain Angus and I again climbed into our saddles.

"Let us return through the Long Valley," said my companion. "It will take us a little longer, it is true, but then we are in no great hurry, and it is a much prettier road."

Accordingly we descended the hill-slope, and entered a vale communicating with the famous sandy tract celebrated alike for reviews and dust. The ground here was rough and broken, there being, indeed, no regular road, but only a sort of beaten track, so that riding our mares still at an easy canter, their progress was much slower than it had been over the hard, level highway. For about an hour we kept leisurely on, and by that time the sun had sailed close down to the brown and barren shoulder of Hungary Hill, and the near-set furze bushes cast shadows which infinitely multiplied their stunted growth upon the thin sparse grass of the defile.

We had come to a tract of the valley from which the

lofty banks rose precipitately on either hand, within a quarter-mile of one another. The camp was then about two miles away. There was a sort of foreign wildness in the aspect of the little pass into which we were entering. The soil was of fine yellow sand: not smooth or level, but broken up into a succession of billowy ridges, with here and there an abrupt hillock rising tall enough to impede the view. We were riding with our horses neck to neck. I had just lighted a cigar, and was following with some interest an account which Captain Angus was giving me of an exploit in the hunting-field, which the reader perhaps would scarcely thank me to recount. Suddenly he stopped dead, and at the same moment reined his horse in with such vehemence that the creature reared right up on to its hind legs with a loud and long-drawn neigh. Wondering at the reason of this abrupt arrest, I checked my own mare, and came to a standstill beside my companion.

"What is the matter, Angus?" I inquired.

For answer he did not speak a word, but slowly raising his arm, and extending it from his shoulder, with the forefinger pointing nearly straight ahead of us, he brought his eyes to my face, and remained in that posture watching my countenance as I perceived the object he was indicating. And what was it that I saw? Following the direction of his raised arm, I discovered upon the summit of one of the little hillocks about two hundred yards away, standing motionless as a statue, its form blending with the yellow colour of the sand, the figure of a great shaggy lion! The creature stood stock-still, its tail alone whisking slowly from side to side, intently surveying us. For our part, we sat equally motionless in our saddles, Angus with his arm extended and his eyes fixed upon my face, as though he had become transfixed in that posture, and I in the posture of astonished regard into which I had fallen on first perceiving the lion.

Suddenly my horse grew restive; it fretted and neighed, and commenced to curvet and paw the ground as though alarmed. My friend's horse likewise

"IN A FLASH THE LION WAS UPON THE CREATURE" (*p.* 483).

evinced the same signs of apprehension. I kept my eyes as steadily upon the lion as Angus did his upon me. The creature, with stealthy cat-like bounds, commenced advancing very slowly towards us, pausing at about every three steps it made to rear its head and stand staring at us, then continuing its sneaking advance along the ridge of the hillock upon which we had first discovered it.

I withdrew my fixed stare to turn in my saddle and look around me. My movement seemed to break the kind of spell under which Angus sat; his arm sank slowly to his side, and his eyes rolled from my face to the figure of the lion. To right and left the sides of the valley shut in the view. In front stood the lion; behind the defile in which we now were broadened out until it became little more than a mere undulation in the broad wild plain through which it ran. As I slowly swept the sandy tract in our rear, I suddenly observed a man on horseback emerge into the open, moving leisurely along at about the distance of a mile or so away, and, gazing intently, I made him out to be a cavalry soldier: probably a mounted orderly who had been sent from the camp on dispatch business.

"We must bolt," said Captain Angus at my elbow; "that lion means mischief by the manner in which it is advancing towards us; and mark you how restive the horses are! Their instinct is keener than ours; they can scent danger in the air. The instant we move to fly, depend upon it the lion will start in chase, and our only chance will lie in out-running him, for unarmed as we are, what could we do to defend ourselves against such a brute?"

"Look you, Angus: yonder is a mounted orderly riding across country. You have good eyes; see what you make of him."

Captain Angus shaded his sight with his hand, and stared towards the retreating figure.

"It is a Lancer trooper," said he presently. "I can see the plumes in his head-dress, and I can also see the pennon fluttering from his lance."

"He is armed, then?"

"He is carrying his lance," replied the captain.

"Good!" I cried. "Now, if we can reach that soldier before the lion catches us, we shall be all right. It will not take him long to touch the heart of the brute with the keen steel head of his spear. Fortunately we have not been working our horses hard, but they must go now if ever they did for their very lives. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said he, drawing his hat on firmly, and planting himself square upon the saddle. "Come now!"

We turned our horses about, and with shouts and slaps gave them rein. The intelligent creatures, as though conscious of their danger, started off like frightened deer along the sandy valley. I let the newly-lighted cigar drop from my mouth, and setting my knees firm against the sleek sides of the mare, grasped the reins with a grip of steel. A low sullen roar reached my ears, and turning for an instant to glance over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of the lion flying after us in pursuit, its lithe form bounding like a flash of light from ridge to ridge, and its whole shape a mere fleeting vision of flowing mane, flashing eyes, and distended jaws.

"Hey-on! Hey-up!" It was like a dead heat with the order of the hunt reversed. The horses' hoofs thundered over the sand, raising a smoke-like column of dust, as they swept with the velocity of the wind towards the figure of the soldier, every instant growing more defined. My cap flew off; I tried to catch it, but it whirled away astern like a bit of chaff. Our speed was prodigious. I felt my horse tremble beneath me, and the steam rose from her reeking hide in a warm mist. I lay forward to whisper in her ear, although, breathless as I was, I rather hissed than spoke the syllables of encouragement which came from my lips. My companion and I kept our stations abreast of each other with wonderful precision. We occasionally exchanged a few hurried words, but it was no time for talking; the whirl and tumult, and above all, the sense of danger, were too great for coherence and almost for articulation.

Five minutes passed, although so much of *sensation* was packed into them that the time might well have been an hour. Once I turned again to see whether we still maintained our station ahead of the lion, and perceived that the creature was slowly but visibly gaining upon us. Yet the speed of our horses was prodigious. I could feel the heart of my mare beating with a violence that sent a thrill through her whole frame to each throb of it, but she kept bravely on, with no signs of flagging. Whether the soldier had perceived us or not as yet, it was impossible to say; but even had he done so, there would be nothing in the sight of two officers galloping through the Long Valley to excite his curiosity. Such a spectacle would be as common to him as the sight of his own blue tunic. I could now clearly make him out, even to the glitter of his accoutrements. He was heading transversely away from us, his horse going at a moderate trot. Several times we united our voices in a shout, but he was apparently still too distant for our confused hallos to reach him, for he kept steadily on.

Presently, however, I saw him turn his head in our direction. I raised my arm and flourished it wildly, hoarsely calling to Angus to do the same. He snatched off his hat, which still adhered to his head, and waved it violently. The soldier continued looking our way, growing plainer to the view even as he did so; then apparently noticing our gestures and interpreting them into signals, he drew rein, and brought his horse to a standstill. Now that he had stopped, we swept down upon him like a whirlwind. As we approached we alternately shouted and pointed behind us, but he apparently made nothing of these signs—as indeed, what suspicion should he have of the real motive of our headlong flight towards him? Suddenly, however, he rose nearly erect in his saddle, and I saw him hastily release his lance from the sling which confined it to his arm, and lower the long glittering weapon down to the trail. I then knew that he had caught sight of the lion, and remember amidst all the hurry and tumult of my thoughts at that moment admiring the prompt

presence of mind of the fellow, staggered as he must have been by the unexpected apparition of our wild and fierce pursuer.

Then what followed took place, as it seemed to me, all in a breath. Ourselves, panting like a hare in its final spurt, and our horses reeking and spent, we darted past the figure of the soldier, crouching with his spear pointed low, and came to a standstill, wheeling round to see what would now happen. The trooper's horse reared up on to its hind legs till it seemed as though the man must slide from off the saddle. In a flash the lion was upon the creature, leaping upwards at its throat at the very moment that the soldier, like St. George slaying the dragon, plunged his lance with all his might into the quivering yellow body of the beast. The creature gave a loud deep roar, and a moment after the trio of man, horse, and lion rolled over into the dust with a dull dead thud. Captain Angus vaulted clean out of his saddle, and in an instant gained the side of the struggling group. The lion was doubtless badly wounded, but it was tearing the shoulders of the horse cruelly with its claws, and the soldier, who lay pinned to the ground by the weight of the animal's carcase, was in danger of being mutilated by the ferocious brute. The pole of the lance stuck out from its side, buried high as its pennon in the flesh. With the rapidity of thought my companion seized this, and withdrew it, the lion giving a prodigious howl of pain as he did so. Then stepping back a few paces, and gripping the spear with both hands, the captain poised it for an instant, and rushed full tilt at the prostrate creature, plunging the gore-stained head of the lance into the body with such force that I looked to see the barbed point appear on the other side. The lion sprang into the air, doubling itself nearly up in the rigor that ran through its frame, then fell with a flop upon the sand, tumbling over on its side with the lance sticking straight up into the air, as though it pinned it to the earth. A few silent struggles convulsed its form, and then it stiffened out, with its jaws distended, its eyes lolling out, its tail rigid as a spike—dead as a nail!

I dismounted, and hastened to assist Angus in raising the fallen soldier. Badly lacerated as the horse was by the terrible claws of the lion, it yet made shift to stagger to its feet when we laid hold of its bridle and encouraged it to rise. The man was confused and stunned by his fall, and made no effort to move when we accosted him. However, after a few moments he sat up, supporting himself on his elbows and looking with a bewildered air at the dead lion. Then when, by our aid, he got upon his feet, he found that he could stand, though his knees trembled like those of a man in a fit. His helmet had been crushed and his tunic split, whilst his nose seemed to be bleeding a little, but beyond the contusion of his fall he had sustained no other apparent injury.

"How do you feel?" asked my companion. "Any bones broken?"

The man in a dazed manner said he didn't know.

"Here, sit down for a little upon this mound. You will feel better directly. It is your horse which has suffered most."

The soldier seated himself upon a little sand-bank, whilst Angus and I proceeded to view the dead lion. It was a huge, massive creature, and could scarcely have measured less than eight feet from the tip of its snout to the beginning of its tail. Its distended jaws disclosed a double row of great gleaming grinders, whilst its claws, thrust out between its velvety feet, were as keen, and nearly as long, as the blade of a dagger.

"A formidable beast," said I, meditatively walking slowly round it.

"Ay," replied my friend, "we have need to feel grateful to the Lancer. But for him we should have been run to earth by the brute. Yet it must have been very badly put to it to chase a couple of men on horseback. I should never have believed it."

In a little while the soldier rose to his feet again, and then told us that he felt sufficiently recovered to return to the camp, which, by a short cut across the valley, was about a mile and a half away. His horse, however, was in no fit condition to carry him, but seeing that he now stood tolerably firm on his feet, we made no doubt that he was capable of walking the distance. He withdrew his lance from the body of the lion, and fitting it into the heel-socket upon his boot, slipped the sling of it over his arm; then taking the bridle of the horse in his hand, in this manner he and the animal moved slowly off.

We lingered a while watching him, till perfectly satisfied that he would do very well, we again mounted our horses, and set forward at a brisk trot. The drums and fifes were just shrilling and rattling out the "retreat" tattoo as we entered the camp, so that by the time we had gained our quarters and shifted our attire, the mess bugle was ringing its sonorous notes upon the quiet air. And when Captain Angus and I took our seats at table that night, we had such a yarn to tell as robbed every other topic of its interest, and made our narrow escape the one absorbing subject of conversation.

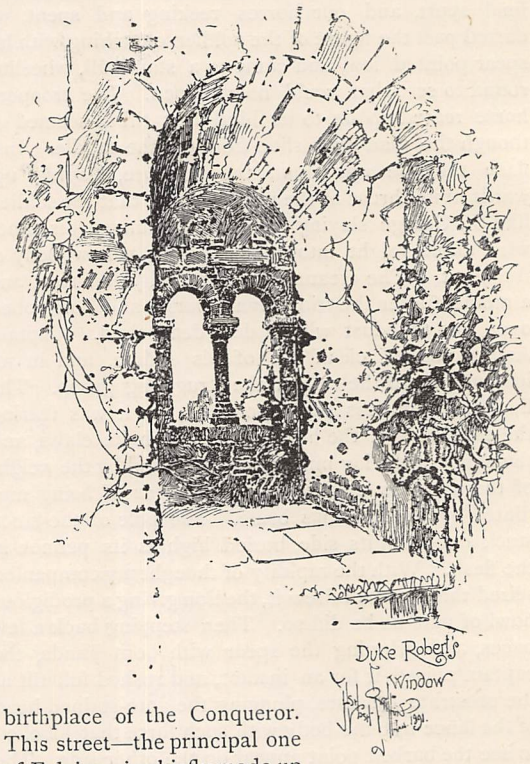
The lion was stuffed, and is still among the most conspicuous objects of furniture in the mess-room of the —— Regiment. A week later the Divisional Orders contained the announcement that Lance-Corporal Watson of the —— Lancers, would be promoted to the rank of Corporal "for his gallantry in assisting two officers who were pursued by a lion!"

THE HOME OF THE CONQUEROR.

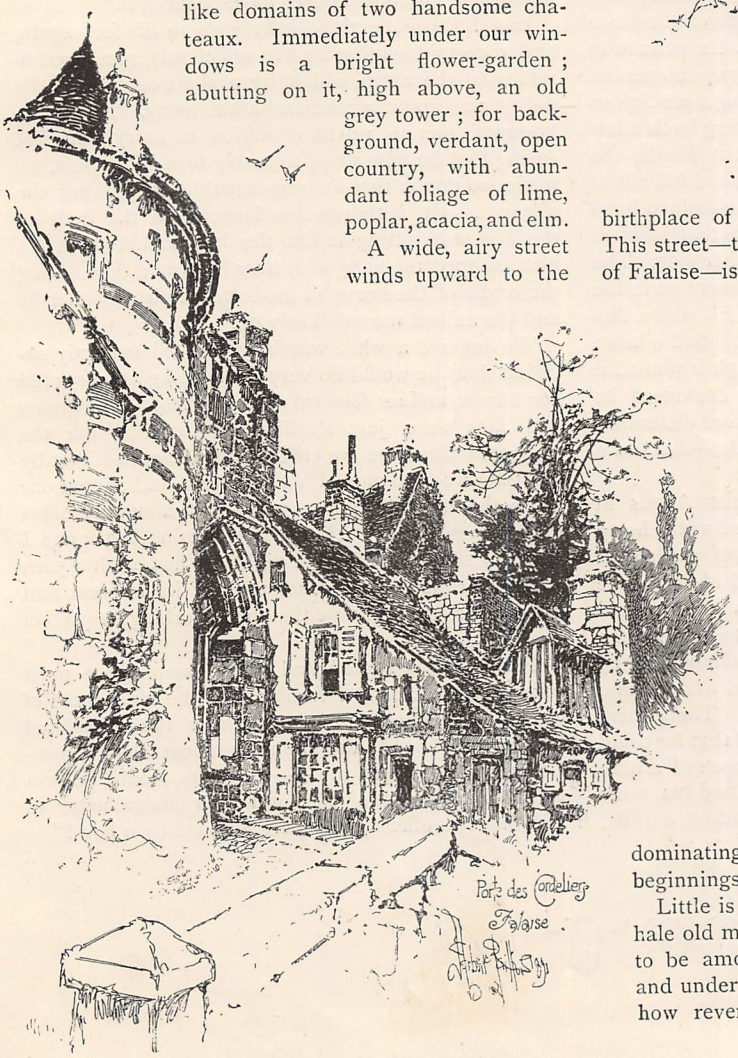
BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE traveller approaching Falaise from Caen will be reminded of England. We see large, well-cultivated, hedged-in corn-fields and apple orchards, spacious farm buildings—everywhere signs of farming on a large scale. The birthplace of the great Duke of Normandy is a most picturesque, characteristic, and taking little place, with ancient walls and terraced gardens, the grey stone and greenery in beautiful contrast—far and wide wooded slopes, amid which peep country houses and cottages. Not a beggar met our gaze here.

From the back windows of the old-fashioned and homely, but clean and comfortable little Hôtel du Grand Cerf we get a wide, charming prospect, line upon line of low grey wall tapestried with green; deep down, built on different ledges, little grey cottages, each with its clinging vine and hanging garden. In view also are the park-like domains of two handsome chateaux. Immediately under our windows is a bright flower-garden; abutting on it, high above, an old grey tower; for background, verdant, open country, with abundant foliage of lime, poplar, acacia, and elm.



A wide, airy street winds upward to the birthplace of the Conqueror. This street—the principal one of Falaise—is chiefly made up of fine houses with massive iron gates; here and there one stands open, and we catch sight of the front garden, kept up in thoroughly French style, with numerous rows of handsome flowers in pots. This flower-pot gardening is peculiar to France, and is very effective. A yard bare as a prison wall may thus be turned into a blooming parterre.



Here and there, too, we discern relics of the ancient Falaise; carven outer stone staircases; stone or wooden balconies, always full of flowers; old-world interiors. We then reach the fine bronze equestrian statue of the Conqueror standing in front of the Hôtel de Ville, an artistic work creditable alike to modern art and public spirit. Then we come to the entrance of the noble ruin so closely dominating the town so keenly associated with the beginnings of our history.

Little is seen of the chateau from this point. A hale old man with quite an English face—we seem to be among kinsfolk here—brings out his keys, and under his escort we are admitted. As we see how reverently and scrupulously these precincts

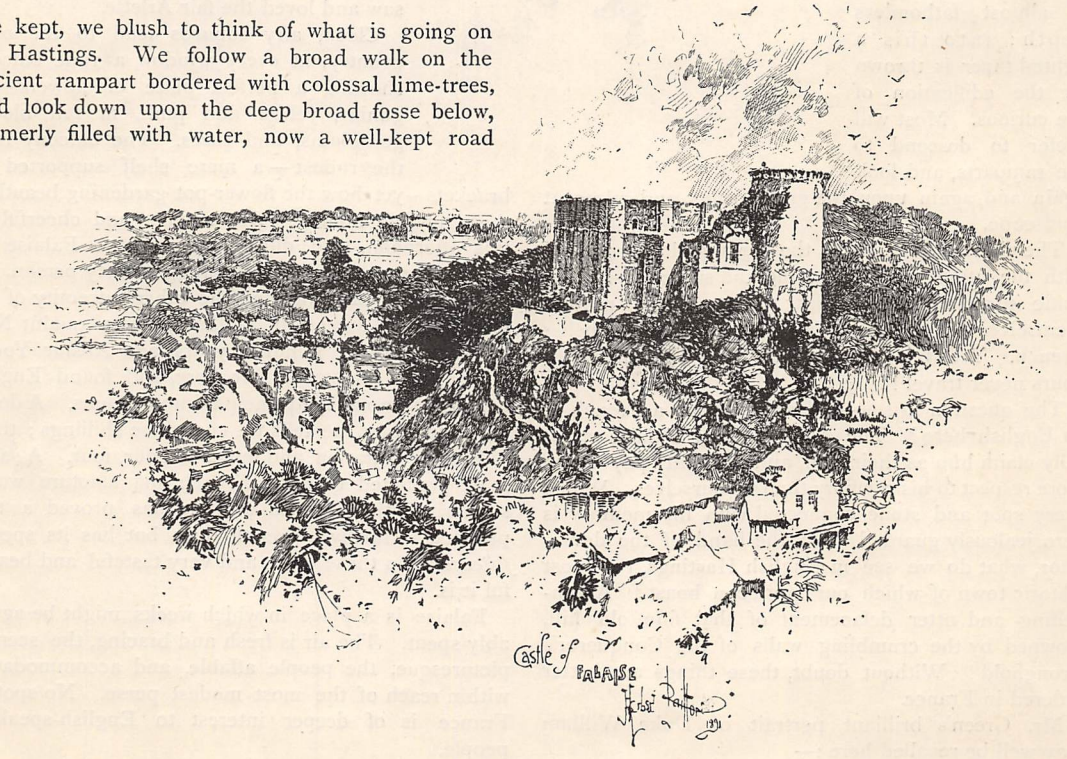
are kept, we blush to think of what is going on at Hastings. We follow a broad walk on the ancient rampart bordered with colossal lime-trees, and look down upon the deep broad fosse below, formerly filled with water, now a well-kept road between meadows. We next come in sight of the fine keep, dating from William's time, of course restored and re-restored; then to Talbot's tower—a later addition, or rather excrescence. Beyond the vast *enceinte* of the castle rises the lofty cliff or *falaise* from whence the town has its name, its grey sides clothed with verdure, on either side a wide well-wooded landscape. Looking back, we see the town at our feet, and beyond it the suburb of Guibray, still famous for its fair instituted by the Conqueror, and which Arthur Young visited. Next we are led to a point whence we can best see the famous breach made by Henry Quatre when storming the town. The walls are here 15 feet thick.

Whilst the form has been everywhere retained, the immense pile before us must in great part be regarded as the work of conscientious and necessary restoration. The foundations have come down to us intact.

In reaching the entrance to what was formerly the inhabited part of the chateau, we pass an *oubliette*, or rather its lid. A circular stone is lifted up by a ring, showing a deep hole in the ground, unlighted, unventilated — much, I should suppose, like the horrible Roman dungeon into which Jugurtha was cast to die of starvation.

The chamber in which Duke William is said to have first seen the light is a tiny room with one narrow opening in the wall for window—rude stone floor and alcove for a bed. There was a fireplace, tradition says.

The towers may be ascended, and a well is shown



of almost fathomless depth; into this a lighted taper is thrown for the edification of the curious. Most will prefer to descend to the ramparts, and look again and again upon the grand ruins and pleasant landscape.

The chateau belongs to the town, and is preserved with the utmost care. During the summer—so our guide informed us—from fifty to sixty visitors present themselves a-day, more than nine-tenths of them being French. Yet it is supposed that our French neighbours never travel!

The question arises—Is Duke William a French or an English hero? The good folks of Falaise naturally claim him as their own, and certainly pay much more respect to his memory than we ourselves. Whilst every spot and stone connected with his memory is here jealously guarded from the hand of the devastator, what do we see in English Hastings, the most historic town of which our land can boast? A tunnelling and utter defacement of that fine old hill, crowned by the crumbling walls of the Conqueror's stronghold! Without doubt, these things are better ordered in France.

Mr. Green's brilliant portrait of Duke William may well be recalled here :—

"The full grandeur of his indomitable will, his large and patient statesmanship, the loftiness of aim which lifts him out of the petty incidents of his age, had still to be disclosed (1047). But there was never a moment from his boyhood when he was not among the greatest of men. His life was a long mastery of difficulty after difficulty. In the young duke's character the old world mingled strangely with the new; the pirate jostled roughly with the statesman. The very spirit of the sea-wolves who had so long lived on the pillage of the world seemed embodied in his gigantic form, his enormous strength, his savage countenance, his desperate bravery, the fury of his wrath, the ruthlessness of his revenge. He rose to the greatest heights in moments when other men despaired. 'Stern man he was, and great awe men had of him,' was the comment of his subjects after his death. He found society only when he passed from his palace to the loneliness of the woods. Death itself took colour from the savage solitude of his life. Priests and nobles fled as the last breath left him, and the Conqueror's body lay naked and lonely on the floor."

A fine view of the chateau is obtained from the fosse, noble plane and lime trees forming an avenue. Deep down below the ruins winds a stream, with tanneries clustered on its banks. Here Duke Robert saw and loved the fair Arlette.

Clean, airy suburbs lead to the open country, at every window a rude balcony showing a perfect blaze of flowers—begonias, yellow and pink, in full bloom, geraniums, and roses. The balcony is of the rudest—a mere shelf supported on brackets—yet how the flower-pot gardening beautifies these humble homes! All is quiet and cheerful on this afternoon, and during our stay at Falaise we failed to discover a beggar or ragged dirty person.

Within an easy walk, at the other extremity of the town, lies the suburb of Guibray, with a quaint Norman church. A hundred years ago Arthur Young visited the celebrated fair here, and found English hardware among the principal importations. A dozen common plates, he tells us, cost three shillings; those of French imitation, and much inferior, four. A salesman predicted that the French manufacture would soon rival the English, and he has proved a true prophet. Hardly a French town but has its special *faïencerie* in these days, and very tasteful and beautiful it is.

Falaise is a place in which weeks might be agreeably spent. The air is fresh and bracing, the scenery picturesque, the people affable, and accommodation within reach of the most modest purse. No spot in France is of deeper interest to English-speaking people.

A QUAKER GIRL.

By GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"AUNT MELMERBY" announces the next morning at breakfast that she has come to stay. When Mrs. Geddes and Jonathan assure her they are glad to hear it, she tells them that their pleasure will soon vanish, although she herself has no intention of doing so. It appears that Miss Melmerby's finances are all wrong, and that she has come to Geddesden to retrench. "You needn't imagine I am absolutely penniless," she informs Jonathan, "because I am not. I shall pay you a small sum just barely sufficient to cover expenses, and I shall make myself as comfortable as I can. Of course, now that I have lost my money, I don't expect to be treated with much consideration, but I should like to see anyone dare to try to impose upon me."

"I am going to impose upon you," says Dorothy, coming round to Miss Melmerby, and putting her arm about her neck. "I am going to let you be as tyrannical as you wish, in order to make up for the money you have lost."

"You cannot go back if you wanted to," suggests Mrs. Geddes. "There is only one flyman in the place, and he said—but I will not repeat what he said he would rather be than take you back again."

"I heard what he said," returns Miss Melmerby. "He said, 'He'd see the old cat spifflicated before he'd have anything more to do with the likes of she.' 'Spifflicated' was the word. I have heard far worse language than that from people of his class."

"That settles it," says Jonathan, cheerfully. "Make yourself as comfortable as you can, Maria" (it appears that Miss Melmerby's Christian name is "Maria") "and stay with us as long as you like."

"I don't want any nonsense," declares the matter-of-fact old lady. "Tell them to send me up the *Times* when you get to the railway station. It is the one remaining luxury which I can afford myself. I only want it for the Money article. Now, it is no use your saying anything about my love of money. I believe in money, and am going to get mine back again by dint of judicious speculations."

This irate old lady looks so extremely formidable, and crunches her toast so loudly, that Dorothy fears to make her more irascible. "Aunt Melmerby" revels in a most complicated pair of earrings consisting of two little buckets balanced on a bar. These little buckets are continually bobbing up and down, and have a very depressing effect on the spectator when he sits opposite Miss Melmerby. They are never still or evenly balanced, for Miss Melmerby has a trick of putting her head on one side like an inquisitive hawk, which continually sets them in motion.

This morning the buckets are very much in evidence. The sunlight plays on them every moment. When Holcroft first notices them, he has a vague idea that they are intended for a pet bullfinch in order that the bird may haul them up to the top of Miss Melmerby's head, and quench his thirst. But Miss Melmerby hasn't a bullfinch on her head, and so the buckets are presumably empty.

"Each Saturday evening," declares Miss Melmerby, notwithstanding the fact that the door is open, and Sylvia can hear every word she says—"each Saturday evening I shall put my week's money wrapped up in a piece of brown paper in that jar on the mantelpiece, and shall expect to have a receipt for it on the following Saturday. If I don't find things suit me, I shall alter them. In short, you know me well enough to be aware that I like having my own way, and mean to do so."

Presently, Miss Melmerby thinks of a fresh grievance. "You surely don't expect me to sleep in that room?" she asks. "I want the room facing the south, so that I can have the little sitting-room next to it."

"That is occupied," says Dorothy, quietly. "When Mr. Holcroft leaves us, I have no doubt mamma will be pleased to let you have it."

"Holcroft," says Miss Melmerby. "And pray who is Mr. Holcroft?"

"He is a gentleman who is staying with us for a little while," says Mrs. Geddes.

"Not that long man with his leg in a sling?" asks Miss Melmerby. "Don't say it is the long-legged man with the dark eyes?"

"But it is," declares Dorothy, laughing merrily. "Moreover, Aunt Maria, he is very pleasant and nice. I am sure you will be great friends."

"Friends!" declares Miss Melmerby, with conviction. "I know I shall hate him."

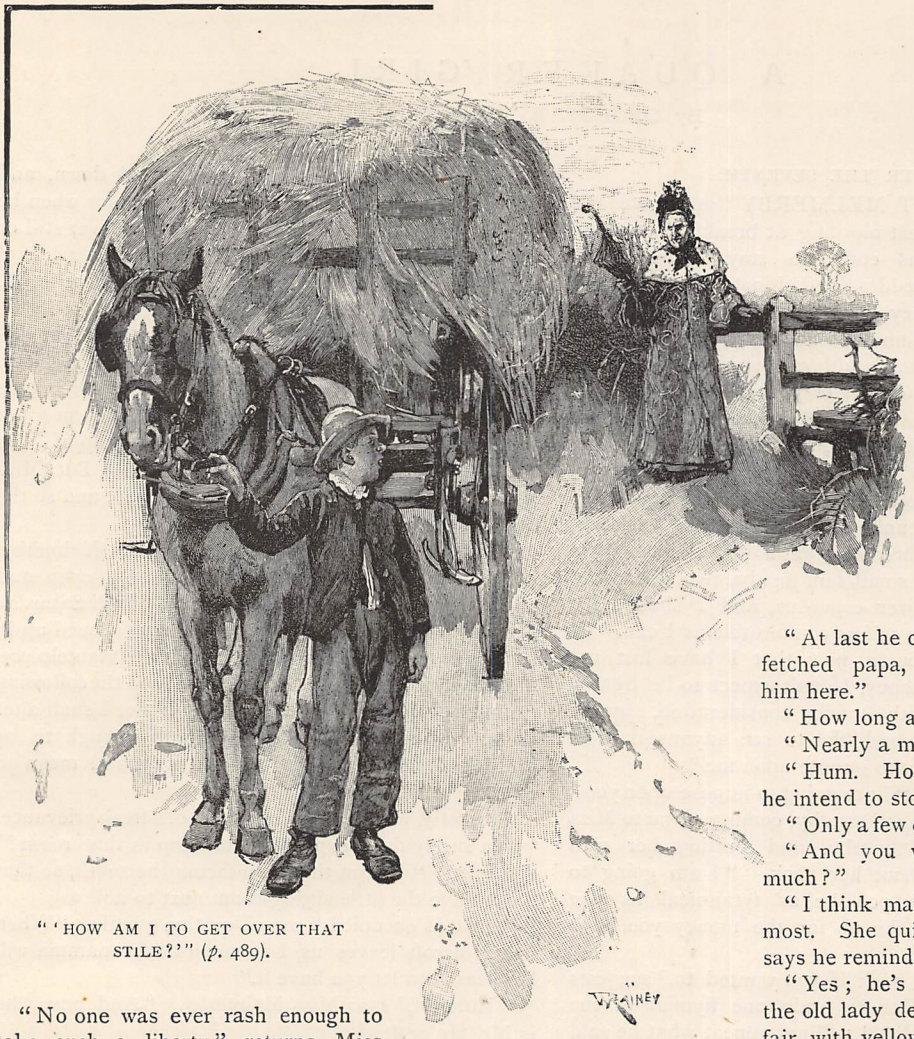
"Not when I tell you he saved my life," says Dorothy, gravely.

"Humph! What did he want to sneak off to bed for without being introduced?" demands Miss Melmerby, still unsatisfied. "I am sure I sha'n't like the man."

"Wait and see," declares Dorothy, "I like him very much indeed."

Miss Melmerby looks at her in rather a startled manner, and gives the buckets a convulsive jerk. "Oh, you like him very much indeed?"

"Of course, I do, auntie. Wouldn't you like a man if he saved your life?"



"'HOW AM I TO GET OVER THAT STILE?'" (*p.* 489).

"No one was ever rash enough to take such a liberty," returns Miss Melmerby. "Is the boy never coming with that *Times?* How did he do it?"

Mrs. Geddes has left the room. Dorothy falls on her knees beside the old lady's chair. "I don't quite like to talk about it, aunt," she says with a shiver.

Almost involuntarily the old lady's hand strays to Dorothy's soft, dark hair. How pleasant it is to the touch! What a lovely colour the child has! and how her great soft eyes shine as she looks up! She is well worth the saving.

"I was coming back across the fields late in the afternoon," says Dorothy. "You know the kind of rapt feeling which grows upon one these sweet spring afternoons."

Miss Melmerby doesn't know anything of the sort, but fails to contradict Dorothy for once. "Come to the point, child?" she says, testily, "and don't spin it out like a three volume novel."

"I stood by the hedge just before I got over the stile, and then suddenly a huge horse rose in the air, and was coming crashing down upon me. In another second all would have been over."

"What business had the man to go rampaging about like that?" indignantly demands Miss Melmerby. "He ought to be prosecuted."

"The man on the horse saw me, and, whilst in mid-air, pulled the animal's head round, so they both fell clear of me. The horse got up, but the man didn't."

"Tried to look picturesque, did he?" demands Miss Melmerby.

"He didn't try to do anything. I thought he was dead. And then—"

"What then?"

"At last he came to, and Jiffkins fetched papa, and they brought him here."

"How long ago was that?"

"Nearly a month."

"Hum. How much longer does he intend to stop here?"

"Only a few days," says Dorothy.

"And you will miss him very much?"

"I think mamma will miss him most. She quite loves him. She says he reminds her of Gideon."

"Yes; he's very like Gideon," the old lady declares. "Gideon is fair, with yellow hair, and this man is dark. Oh yes, there is a striking resemblance!"

"It is more in their manner than appearance," says Dorothy. "They both have the same little impatient ways."

"What right has he to have little impatient ways after nearly crushing the life out of you, I should like to know?" Miss Melmerby asks. "I think he may congratulate himself on having got off so cheaply. Most men would have prosecuted him. He may thank his stars that he has fallen in with Quakers instead of sensible people."

"One wouldn't think you had once been a Friend," says Dorothy, somewhat saucily.

"I came to my senses."

"But you didn't lose your money until after you left us." And with this Parthian shaft, Dorothy runs away to the kitchen.

Holcroft comes hobbling down presently, and finds Miss Melmerby sitting there reading the *Times*. She doesn't take any notice of him.

Holcroft also has a paper. He reads a little, and then watches the agitated vibrations of the little buckets. What is the old lady shaking her head

about? Doesn't she approve of him? She is evidently a relative of the family, although she doesn't look as peaceful as the others. Still, after the manner in which she treated the cabman last night, he is not going to run any risks. So he sits and reads, and Miss Melmerby stonily continues to peruse the money column of the *Times*.

Dorothy cries out from the kitchen, "Auntie, I want to submit a complicated question to you."

"What is it?" asks Miss Melmerby, still affecting to be unconscious of Holcroft's presence.

Dorothy comes to the door, her pretty little hands covered with flour. She doesn't see Holcroft. "It is very complicated," she says, "and sounds rather like a sum. If I make some dumplings for dinner, and they turn out what Gideon used to call 'cannon-balls' would it be right for Friends to eat them?"

"You had better ask this gentleman here," says Miss Melmerby, stonily. "Or else introduce us, so that we may discuss the question."

Dorothy comes in full of horror. Have they quarrelled already? If they begin like this, how can she keep them apart whilst they are in the same house? And she did want them to like each other. Now, they had been sitting glaring at their respective papers for the last half-hour.

"Aunt Melmerby, permit me to have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Holcroft to you," she says, shyly.

Miss Melmerby's manner implies that she only permits it as a conventionality, and that as a matter of taste she would rather have nothing whatever to do with Holcroft. She looks upon him as a blundering ruffian who has nearly killed Dorothy. Why does that exasperating woman, Mrs. Geddes, want to make such a fuss over the man! However, it is none of her business.

"I think," says Holcroft, suavely, "Borneos are up to-day."

Miss Melmerby falls into the trap, and the buckets gradually regain their equilibrium. Dorothy leaves them flitting from "Borneos" to "Brighton A's," and goes back to her "cannon balls." "I wonder," she says, crooning a little song, "why aunt had made up her mind to dislike him." And all the while Holcroft talks to Miss Melmerby, he is listening to Dorothy's song.

When willow buds are yellow,
And the full brooks loudly sing,
And thrush-notes wild and mellow
Through the budded thickets ring,

Then leaps my heart within me,
As a lark that soars to the blue,
And the sounds of Springtime win me
To look the seasons through.

I glance into the May-time,
Seeing hope, too young to thwart,
Make night and day his playtime,
And maids and men his sport.

I gaze into the June-tide
Where a figure seems to stand
Steeped in the blaze of noon-tide,
And lifts a beckoning hand.

Who is thy guest, O Summer?
The sunlight makes me blind,
But if Hope's the earliest comer,
Will Love be far behind?*

"Will love be far behind?" muses Holcroft. "Who can tell?"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"I AM very glad that man broke his leg," Miss Melmerby declares a few days later. "It is the most sensible thing he could do. He has learnt more from me about investments during the last week than he ever knew before."

"Dorothy, Dorothy," she calls.

"Yes, aunt, what is it?"

"Where did Mr. Holcroft say he was going to?"

Dorothy puts her head out of the door. "He said that he was going down the road towards Bettenham, and would return by the brickfield. He started half an hour ago, and hopped off at a great rate."

"Shall I meet him if I go across the brickfield?" asks Miss Melmerby. "I want to consult him about the Paramatta Mine."

"You cannot miss him," returns Dorothy, cheerfully flitting about. "Let me put your bonnet on, aunt. It is all crooked."

Dorothy arranges the somewhat youthful bonnet on Miss Melmerby's mass of grizzled hair, and puts her to rights generally, without receiving a word of thanks from that ungracious old dame.

Miss Melmerby clasps a voluminous umbrella in her hand and starts off. At the bottom of the road she meets Jiffkins passing with a load of hay. Jiffkins tolerates her for Dorothy's sake. Personally, he dislikes Miss Melmerby. In some mysterious way, she has heard of the legend on his trousers, and taunts him with it. Jiffkins does not like being addressed as "the oilcake boy." He aspires to higher things, and would fain let the dead past bury its dead. So he is coldly courteous to Miss Melmerby.

"How am I to get over that stile?" she demands.

"Bain't you a goin' under?" asks Jiffkins.

"Of course I am," snaps Miss Melmerby, vexed that she hasn't thought of so simple a way out of the difficulty. "I am not afraid of showing my ankles."

"But I do be afeard of seeing 'em," retorts Jiffkins.

Jiffkins says "Comee waay" to his horse, and then stops and meditatively scratches his red poll. "You ain't a goin' across, surelie?" he asks. Loyalty to Dorothy struggles with a desire to see Miss Melmerby in difficulties.

"Of course I am," replies that irate old lady, shaking her umbrella at him in a menacing manner. "Have you any objection, oilcake boy?"

"No," says Jiffkins, touching up the old roan, "I ain't no objection; there ain't a path right across, that's all," and he goes off.

Miss Melmerby plods doggedly on until she comes to the next field. The damp earth clings to her thin shoes, and she feels as if she carried a ton of it on each foot. The rain has made the path very slippery. She wishes she hadn't come, and doesn't believe Holcroft can possibly manage to get along if he returns this way. She

* Written for this story by F. Wyville Home.

crosses the stile into the next field, and discovers what Jiffkins meant.

A sort of "dear-mother-if-I'd-minded-you-I-should-not-thus-have-died" expression crosses her features. The next field is the brickfield itself. Immediately in front of her is a long pit with two or three feet of water in it. The pit is about twenty feet long by twenty broad. A narrow plank is placed across it. To get into the brickfield, she must either cross over this plank or go back to the house and make a *détour* of at least half a mile.

"I don't care if I do tumble in," declares the undaunted old lady. "I won't go back."

As no one contradicts her, she has time to cool down. The song of a lark changes to derisive melody. "That settles it," the old lady declares. "I am not going to be jeered at by a miserable bird. Take off his feathers, and there would only be a voice left."

"I have heard," soliloquises this undaunted adventuress, "that it is never safe to look down at water when crossing it. Now, if I once get on the plank and fix my eyes on the other side, I shall walk across without any trouble. How astonished Dorothy will be when I tell her about it. It ought to be put in *The Geddesden Gazette*."

Miss Melmerby has heard of Alnaschar and his basket of glass in the remote period of her youth. If she were more intent on how to get across than busy thinking of her triumph when she lands on the other side, she would probably reach the end of her pilgrimage in safety. She advances cautiously step by step, but as she does so the board seems to become narrower. A nasty green slime has settled on the water; the sun blinds her when she looks up. She dare not look down. Suddenly her foot treads on a frog, and—down she goes into the yawning gulf.

She clings to the edge of the plank for some seconds, and then reluctantly relinquishes her hold. Down, down, down she goes into the cold water. There is about a foot and a half of soft sifted clay at the bottom of the pit, evidently put there to soak for some mysterious reason connected with the manufacture of bricks. This clay is as tenacious as cobbler's wax. She can only lift one foot a few inches, and then down it goes again as if an octopus had enfolded it in his arms. What a disgusting position for an elderly lady to be in! She can't even blame anyone but herself. And the song of that wretched lark has changed to a perfect pæan of delight at her discomfiture. She feels very much inclined to echo Mr. Weller's remark when he demands of Mr. Pickwick, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for all this?"

Hush! Hark! What is that in the distance? Only a man's voice singing in a cheerful, disconnected sort of way, but it is gradually coming nearer. It leaves off for a moment, and her heart gives a convulsive beat. The music of the spheres could not be sweeter than this masculine voice.

"Then slowly, slowly she came by, And slowly she came by him," sounds the voice. The air changes—

"Where are you going to, Heneree, my son?
Where are you going to, my lovely one?"

The voice ceases abruptly. "This is a nasty place to get across. I think I will sit on the plank and work myself over."

"Oh, I am a p'rate bold. And I roam the wide, wide sea!"

"Gently. That is it. What is that snort in the water? There can't be any wild hippopotami about here. Gracious goodness! a female—an elderly female—in distress!"

"When you have quite done calling me an elderly female, Mr. Holcroft," says Miss Melmerby, with considerable asperity, "perhaps you will have the goodness to help me out."

"Certainly," says Holcroft, in a bewildered way "But what induced you to get in there?"

"I wasn't induced, I fell," returns Miss Melmerby. "Have you such a thing as a pocket flask about you?"

Holcroft produces it. "Jinks recommended me to carry one," he says, "in case I felt faint. Now, if I lean over a little, can you reach it? Empty it. This cannot hurt anyone."

Miss Melmerby gulps it down with alacrity. "Do please get me out," she urges, with tears in her voice. "I am almost dead."

There are tears in her eyes also. Holcroft sees that he must act promptly or her strength will give way. "My dear Miss Melmerby," he says, "you are a heroine; I will either have you out, or come in myself."

"I would rather you got me out," snaps Miss Melmerby, grimly.

"Look here," says Holcroft. "Something must be done at once. Now, if I let this crutch down and hold it against the plank, try and get your foot into the arm-rest."

"I can't lift my foot," says Miss Melmerby, despairingly.

"Oh yes you can. When I say 'go,' just lift your foot and rise to the occasion. Try to get it into the crutch. Give me your hand—so! 'Go.'"

There is a convulsive wriggle and a struggle. At one moment Holcroft nearly loses his balance, but he holds on with firm fingers. Miss Melmerby gets her foot, minus the shoe, into the crutch and claws frantically at Holcroft's injured leg. It makes him wince with pain, but he hauls away until she is landed breathless and dripping on the plank beside him—the side nearest to Jonathan's house.

Holcroft strips off his coat, and wraps it round her.

"Now, Miss Melmerby, get back to the house as fast as you can, and have something hot—something very hot—to drive the cold out."

He sits there patiently waiting for about twenty minutes. Then there is a rumbling of cart-wheels in the distance. Jiffkins has unloaded his hay, and is returning in state. He sees Holcroft waving his handkerchief, and comes across the field to know what is the matter.

"Jiffkins, O gifted one," says Holcroft, "help me up, and you shall have another ride on the bay some day."

Jiffkins begins to blubber. He is fond of Holcroft, who has taken a good deal of notice of him lately.

"Be you hurt again, Muster Holcroft?" he asks anxiously. "Shall I run and fetch Miss Dorothy?"

"I be hurt, Jiffkins," returns Holcroft. "You have summed up the situation in your own terse way. If you will help me to get up, I shall borrow your shoulder and try to return to the house."

Jiffkins very carefully helps Holcroft up, and they get on capitally. Jiffkins at once demolishes the stile with his bill-hook, with a sublime disregard for the rights of property.

Dorothy comes to meet Holcroft. "Aunt has told me all about it," she says. "I do hope you are not hurt again, Mr. Holcroft. We are always getting you into misfortunes."

Dorothy's voice is very troubled. Holcroft assures her that he is only tired. Jiffkins is left at the door, with a broad grin on his face, and a real golden half-sovereign in his hand. His grin fades away. "I doan't want it," he cries, running after Holcroft, and the next moment he shambles off towards his horse.

Dorothy calls him back, for Holcroft insists on Jiffkins taking the glittering coin. "Jiffkins, I am proud of you," says Dorothy. Of a verity, Jiffkins is progressing rapidly.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MISS MELMERBY is very ill.

"It is a pity if the worst should happen," she says cheerfully to Dorothy, who is holding her shrivelled old hand. "Just as Paramattas were going up too. If I had been well they would have dropped every day until they could not drop any more. I wonder if that idiotic broker of mine will sell at the proper time. Pull up the blind and let in the sunlight," says Miss Melmerby, raising herself on her elbow. "That is right. Now prop me up a little so that I can see out of the window. Anyone would be foolish to die in this weather. I feel ever so much better to-day," Miss Melmerby declares. "I never for one instant imagined that I shouldn't get better. I want you to do something for me. Give me my keys."

Dorothy fetches the keys from the dressing-table.

"Now open that despatch-box, please, and underneath the blotter you will find a big blue envelope."

Dorothy opens the despatch-box, and brings a blue envelope to Miss Melmerby.

"That is right," the old lady declares. "Now this is rather an important matter; don't let there be any mistake about it."

Dorothy listens attentively.

"I want you to promise to take down this envelope and put it in the kitchen fire immediately. Don't leave the kitchen until it is all burnt up."

When Dorothy returns, Miss Melmerby is looking very much better.

"It always refreshes me to burn my wills," she declares, cheerfully. "That is the eleventh. I never trusted anyone to do it for me before, except yourself."

"But why shouldn't I do it?" asks Dorothy, innocently.

The old lady looks at her sharply.

"Supposing I were to tell you that I had left you the remains of my property, what would you say?"

"I should say it was very kind of you," answers Dorothy; "but I would much rather you didn't do anything of the sort. It is far pleasanter to have you with me than to own the wretched money which has cost you so much sorrow already."

"You speak like a foolish child," declares Miss Melmerby, testily. "Most people would have been very grateful."

"I know the value of money better than you think, aunt," says Dorothy, "and I know your value too. Give the money to someone else and let me have you."

"But you can't have me for long," says Miss Melmerby, in a somewhat softened tone.

"Then I will have you as long as I can," declares Dorothy. Somehow, Miss Melmerby's tenacious hold on life reassures her. It is difficult to believe this strong-minded old lady can die when she declares that she will not do anything of the sort. She is so very positive about it that Dorothy catches fresh courage and hope from the fact.

"People only die when they can't make an effort," declares Miss Melmerby. "Do I look like Mrs. Dombey?"

Anyone more unlike Mrs. Dombey it would be difficult to conceive. Miss Melmerby is addicted to the use of frilled night-caps. The one she has on gives her the appearance of an eagle with its feathers rubbed the wrong way.

Miss Melmerby is so pleased with having posed Dorothy that she gives a satisfied chuckle.

"Nonsense, my dear," she says, reassuringly, "I am not going to die. Now, just bring that little table up to the bedside, and I will dictate a new will to you."

"I, Maria Melmerby, Spinster (it's all my own fault, but you needn't put that in), of Geddesden Hall, Geddesden, in the county of Middlesex, being of sound mind, do declare this to be my last will and testament (these are not exactly the words, my dear, but they will do), and hereby revoke all former wills which I have made from time to time (that settles the other eleven, even if they hadn't been burnt). I give, devise, and bequeath; direct, limit, and appoint; all my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever the same may be or consist of at the time of my death, unto and to the use of——"

"Unto and to the use of," laboriously repeats Dorothy, without a shadow of curiosity.

The old lady looks at her fixedly.

"Don't you want to know to whom I am going to give it?" she asks.

"No, auntie. I wish you would wait until you are really better, and then get someone else to do it for you."

"I don't trust any of these local people," says the old lady. "Something always leaks out when we least expect it. And I don't want anything of that kind to happen with my will."

"Oh, very well, auntie. 'Unto and to the use of?'"

"Horace Holcroft, Esquire, gentleman, of Milton Road, Geddesden, in the aforesaid county of Middlesex. What do you think of that, Dorothy?"

"It is a very good choice," says Dorothy, soberly, tickling her chin with the top of her quill. "Besides, he certainly saved your life, and it would please him to think you remembered it in that way."

"Saved my life! I should think he did. I should have died if he hadn't come and hauled me out of that pit. I had no idea what Joseph went through

"SYLVIA COMES VERY UNWILLINGLY."

in the old days; but there wasn't any water in his pit. I hear Mr. Holcroft nearly broke his leg again."

"I don't suppose Mr. Holcroft would have minded if he had broken his leg in such a cause," says Dorothy. "He is wonderfully kind-hearted, and yet he cannot see how wrong it is to continue making weapons like he does."

"Most of them are very harmless," says Miss Melmerby, with a grim sarcasm. "Let us go on with the will, child, or we shall never get it finished."

"'Geddesden, in the aforesaid county of Middlesex.'"

"And I appoint Jonathan Geddes, of the aforesaid Geddesden Hall (it is always better to throw in as many 'aforesaids' as possible: it makes it sound more imposing when it's read out afterwards)," declares Miss Melmerby "trustee of this my will. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ———. You must put some wafers on it for myself and the two witnesses. A will must always have two witnesses, so that they can contradict one another if there is any trouble when the testatrix herself is not in a position to give evidence."

"Now put the attestation clause at the side," said the old lady, "'Signed, sealed, and delivered by the said testatrix as and for her last will and testament in the presence of us, who, in her presence, and in the joint presence of each other, have hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-sixth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.'"

"But it isn't signed," says Dorothy. "I thought a will had always to be signed."

"So it has, child," declares Miss Melmerby. "Go and get Sylvia. She will do for the other witness."

Sylvia is brought up from the kitchen. She comes very unwillingly and with an air of conscious rectitude. She doesn't like Miss Melmerby, but she is a good girl, and thinks it her duty to humour people who are very ill.

Miss Melmerby signs first, and is very angry with Sylvia for wanting to wait outside at the critical moment. Sylvia seems to think it a kind of indelicacy to remain in the room whilst Miss Melmerby signs the sheet of foolscap. At length she is made to

understand that the will must be signed in her presence. Then Dorothy signs, and Sylvia, apologising for the liberty she is taking, appends her quaint little signature. She is very proud of it, when she has achieved this feat, but is disturbed from contemplating her handiwork by a loud knock at the front door.

"Run down and see who it is, please," says Dorothy.

Sylvia, delighted to escape from Miss Melmerby's nawk-like eye, hastens down to the door. Here another shock awaits her. It is a telegraph boy. A bold, bad telegraph boy!

"What do you want?" gasps the ordinarily polite little maid.

"I don't want nothing," returns the telegraph boy. He is accustomed to create an impression; it is a kind of tribute to his uniform.

"Then why don't you come to the back-door?" demands the dove-like Sylvia. "You shouldn't frighten everyone like this."

The telegraph boy is inclined to be rude, but Sylvia is so very pretty that he restrains his inclination, for which he is rewarded by an invitation to have some bread and cheese in her spotless kitchen. Sylvia has been well taught the duty of hospitality—even to telegraph boys.

Sylvia brings up the telegram to Miss Melmerby. "If you please, ma'am, it is for you," she says, handing the salver to Miss Melmerby.

"Open it for me, Dorothy, and read it out," says Miss Melmerby, who is feeling rather tired after the excitement of making her will.

Dorothy does so.

"What is it all about?" asks Miss Melmerby. She has made her will, and wants to go to sleep.

Dorothy reads it out.

> "Stock Exchange, London,"
> To Miss Melmerby, Care Jonathan Geddes, Geddesden.
> Sold out Paramattas at 45. Sending cheque by post.
> Flutterbye and Kight."

Miss Melmerby sits bolt upright in her excitement. Her eyes almost start from her head. "What is that?" she gasps. "Read it again! Read it again!"

Dorothy complies, wondering at her aunt's sudden excitement. "What does it all mean?" she asks.

Miss Melmerby's secretive nature asserts itself again. "Oh, nothing," she mutters, almost collapsing. "It is only that stockbroker wiring about some shares. He ought to know better than to frighten me in such a way. I think if you leave me now, Dorothy, I can get a little sleep."

Dorothy goes out wondering at her aunt's excitement. That worthy old lady has been guilty of an untruth in the excitement of the moment. The telegram means that the thousand shares which she held in the "Paramatta Mine Development Company" have gone up like a rocket, owing to some mysterious manipulation or craze of the British public, and that her wily stockbrokers have sold out before they commence to go down again. It also means that she has made forty-five thousand pounds out of the once worthless stock given to her by an old Company promoter whom she had once helped, and which stock she had refused to part with because she could not get anything for it.

Miss Melmerby once more sits up in bed. "And now that I have got my money back," she soliloquises, "I'll invest it in real estate or something safe, and have nothing to do with speculation in any shape or form. That will can stand for the present. If things are as I suspect, it will not require very much modification some day. What was that absurd book Mr. Holcroft read to me the other day about Brere Rabbit and how he 'lay low?' I will 'lie low.'"

When Dorothy returns an hour later she finds Miss Melmerby peacefully sleeping. The telegram is still clasped in her skinny hand. Her breathing is easy and regular. She seems to be having pleasant dreams. In fact, there is a decidedly pleased expression on her withered countenance. Of a verity, Aunt Melmerby is cashing that cheque, and feels life is not all dust and ashes. She wakes to find Dorothy bending over her.

"I think I could take a little chicken-broth or something of that kind," she says, and Dorothy knows that Miss Melmerby has no intention of dying just yet. "Let in the light again, child," says Miss Melmerby. "If Jinks comes again tell him that it is quite unnecessary, as I only want rest, and not physic. He seems to think I'm an animated water-bottle."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

IT IS VERY HEALING.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HEALING! Aim—yea, longing—of suffering humanity since the beginning of time! One of the first necessities born of the knowledge of good and evil! Unwearying and unceasing has been the search for a heal-all. Endless are the substances, from cobwebs to carbolic acid, in which hope and yearning have found it—only to lay each aside in favour of a new talisman, in its turn to be tried and found wanting. Still the quack and the nostrum vendor continue to flourish, a rank growth in the inexhaustible soil of human credulity and weakness, watered by the tears of countless generations, manured by promises the most false and extravagant, by lies the most pitiless and shameless. What is healing? Yea, reader, what is the philosopher's stone? Where is the royal road to learning, or to wealth? Nothing is healing. No

substance yet known, nor to be known in the fulness of time or of knowledge, possesses any such property. It does not exist. It is a false fiend born of our woes, nourished by our fears, kept alive by vain delusion. Happily for us, we have a weapon whereby we can cast out this demon from us, with all his hired brood of lies and heal-alls. This weapon is none other than the patient and faithful study of the natural process of repair.

But, says the reader, healing has actually been effected by proper applications, such as cold water, poultices, zinc ointment, sticking-plaister. Has it been effected by them? Only when they have fulfilled certain conditions. The reflective and experienced reader will recall many instances in which the progress of some wounds, treated in exactly the same way, has been disastrous. What, then, was the healing fairy doing on these occasions? Perhaps she was asleep or indisposed—not at home—maybe writing unsolicited testimonials. Still, business must be attended to; meanwhile it has come to be noised abroad that many wounds have healed themselves, by mere natural processes. Worst of all, a new and opposition firm has arisen which says: "You cannot add to your stature, nor can you make your flesh heal. Nature does that. You can only study the obstacles in her way and remove them." Their proposals are worth considering. They cost nothing; no nasty shilling boxes—they cure you for fun. The name of this firm is Observation, Experiment, and Reason, with Sir Joseph Lister as managing director.

Wounds will be considered, for the purposes of this paper, as being of two kinds—the raw surface and the clean cut: these illustrate the two great methods by which wounds heal. The raw surface (as on the foot when the boot galls) heals by filling up from the bottom, and then skinning over from the edge. It may, at first, bleed: this stops as soon as the blood clots in the vessels. There has been an injury; therefore there must be an inflammation. [See paper, "It Turned to Inflammation."] This will, as usual, be proportional to the severity and duration of the original injury, and to any maltreatment subsequent to the original injury. If the original injury has been from a cause of short duration, and the subsequent treatment has been proper, after the bleeding has stopped, the first thing we notice is an evidence of inflammation—the redness about the wound from dilatation of the injured vessels; while from the surface of the wound oozes a thin liquor derived from these injured vessels, glazing the surface by its strong tendency to jelly and set. The next day, perhaps, this discharge will be replaced by a thin pinkish fluid, more copious, because it has been collecting under the wound, steadily flowing from the injured vessels, and can no longer be retained. This discharge is soon replaced by a yellowish one, containing matter. Meanwhile the floor of the raw surface has become studded with little pink cones. Wherever these occur there must be matter, even in the most healthy wound; they are inevitable in a raw surface, but should never occur in the clean cut. How are these pink cones formed? Loops of blood-vessels grow out of the original blood-vessels. Around each loop white blood-cells collect, so that the whole mass (loops and cells) form a pyramid. These pyramids, being attached by the base to the original blood-vessel, and free at the apex, float out in the direction of the stream almost like water-weed, except that their shape, as well as their direction, is determined by the direction of the current, which is towards the raw surface, the direction of least resistance. Thus is formed a series of pyramids, side by side, the tops of which are the red cones we see. As these pyramids grow, they fill up the wound from the bottom (those of their cells which are nearest the surface floating away as the matter discharges), till the floor of the raw surface is level with the skin. Lastly, the natural skin at the edge of the wound spreads over the raw surface, a scar is formed, the healing is complete. This method of healing takes place in all wounds where two raw surfaces cannot be kept in contact, where there is a hole instead of a slit in the flesh. It is slow, and if the wound is large, as in a big burn, the constant discharge of matter terribly exhausts the patient. In treating any such wound, we can only put the application on the surface. The real active changes are beneath the surface, and cannot be reached directly, as there is a strong current from the active living repairing tissue towards the application, constantly tending to wash it away.

So much for your healer. His chief business, then, is with cells doomed to death as matter. If he is to touch the birthplace and laboratory of repair, he can only get at it directly by destroying the very growth—the formed healing material—which he ignorantly professes to have created.

The clean cut heals by its two sides being joined together; this union takes place over the whole face of the side at the same time, so that the depth of the cut does not delay it, unlike the last method, in which the depth of the hole makes the difference. When the cut is fresh, it gapes from the elasticity of the skin. It bleeds till exposure to the air clots the blood in cut vessels, and plugs them. Inflammation shows itself by redness and swelling about the wound. The bleeding having stopped, a thin clot of blood fills the space between the two sides of the cut, if these are close enough together. If all goes well the inflammation is slight and transient, and soon gives place to the healing process. New blood-vessels, formed from the old ones, push their way into the clot, which soon becomes filled with white blood-cells, emigrants from the damaged vessels; by means of these is soon formed the firm, white, fibrous scar, and healing is complete, without the formation of matter. If, on the other hand, the sides of the wound are subject to tension, gaping unduly, and the wound is irritated by germs or otherwise, the clot breaks down, the emigrant white blood-cells come away as matter, and the process of healing is changed to the tedious mode of the raw surface.

Now, it must at once strike the reader that in the perfect method of healing of cuts, especially if deep, most of the work is done, as it were, underground.

How does the healer reach it? Plainly he cannot. His work, for good, has terminated when he has sold you his pitiful shilling box; but, unhappily, not so his work for evil, if he causes you to interfere with the natural process.

The healing of wounds, then, resolves itself into allowing the natural process to start with the least possible delay, by limiting the inflammation (the inevitable result of injury) to that amount which is necessarily involved in the original injury; by cutting short the time during which that injury acts (in injuries which are prolonged in their action, such as a mustard plaister which has been left on too long); by preventing fresh sources of irritation, such as irritating ointments, dirt, germs, retained discharges.

The treatment of wounds, then, chiefly consists in avoiding maltreatment of them. First, stop the bleeding. Exposure to the air will clot the blood, and plug most of the cut vessels. If any remain unplugged and the bleeding continues, press firmly but gently on the wound or vessels—if a large one, for a few minutes—examining cautiously from time to time to see if it has stopped. The reason this method sometimes fails is that, instead of firm, patient pressure, a series of fussy, nervous, hurried digs, pokes, and dabs displace the clots as soon as formed.

Secondly, remove any dirt, gravel, glass, thorns, &c.

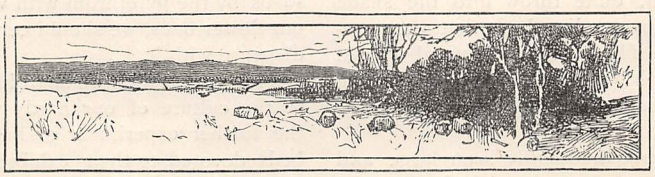
Thirdly, destroy any germs, fungi, bacteria, by washing the wound, and the parts around for some distance, with some lotion which will kill them, and which any chemist will supply. The person who dresses a wound should always, before touching it, wash his own hands thoroughly in one of these lotions; if, in the course of dressing the injury, he has occasion to touch anything—his own clothes, the bed, any part of the patient's body, or anything else whatever which has not been so purified—he should purify his hands again. It is obviously useless for the dresser to purify the wound if, after having done so, he touches some unpurified body, which must be swarming with germs, collects them on his fingers, and sows a crop of them in the wound, for one germ may soon make a million. For the same reason, when the wound is being purified, purify it (the wound) first, then the parts adjacent, washing round and round in a series of circles, each larger than the last, and never go back from the edge of the purified area to the wound. This holds good of all dressings after the first; and many a wound, which has started pure (aseptic) and healthy, has been converted into a putrid sore by the neglect of this apparently trivial precaution. The surgeon, of course, purifies all his instruments before using them.

Fourthly, avoid tension and secure drainage. All discharge from a wound, in excess of that quantity which can be carried away easily by the circulation, should come away in the dressings. If it is allowed to collect in the wound, it forms a stagnant pool most favourable to the growth of germs. Any chance germs finding such a nest would grow and multiply, instead of being carried away by the circulation or being killed by the healthy flesh, and antiseptic applications. Further, any such collections under, or deep in the wound, if unable to get out, give rise to tension, great pain, and swelling, setting up further irritation, leading to the formation of matter, burrowing in the flesh and destroying it. Therefore, if a wound after a few days shows signs of becoming inflamed, the cause is very likely inefficient drainage, and a surgeon should be consulted. Inefficient drainage is the danger so often hidden under sticking-plaister. The common remedy is a poultice, which, though soothing, introduces more germs, and does not attack the cause directly. All the advantages of a poultice can be obtained in a hot antiseptic fomentation.

Fifthly, see that the sides of the cut are in contact with one another—that there is no gaping. Sixthly, put on a dressing. This, of course, should be free from germs. The most generally convenient is old but clean linen rag, which has been boiled for a quarter of an hour and dipped in boracic lotion. If the wound is a raw surface, dress it with boracic ointment spread on a boiled rag, as a protective. The chief objection to antiseptics for domestic use lies in the fact that, the germs being extremely tenacious of life, the substances which will kill them will also kill human beings if left carelessly about to be drunk by children. Now, boracic acid lotion is not nearly so poisonous, but for that very reason will not effectually purify a wound, but will keep a wound pure which is already pure. Still it would be an immense advance on our present methods, and would save a great many human lives, if those who are timid of the stronger antiseptics would carry out the above principles from beginning to end, even with boracic lotion alone. This is made by dissolving one part of boracic acid with thirty-one of water. Care should be taken to keep all such solutions out of the way of children or careless people.

Seventhly, keep the wound at rest.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to express the hope that this article, together with "It Turned to Inflammation," may have given the reader a clear idea of injuries and their consequences.



HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

VIII.—Our Queen.

THIS many a year since love first laid
The household sceptre in her hands;
Yet Queen of Hearts she is, as e'en
The youngest grandchild understands.

And from her couch apart, her smile
Falls like a blessing on our care;
Long may the crown of reverend age
Lie lightly on her silver hair!

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

WHEN quite recently we were discussing the arrangement of our flower beds for the summer, we came to the resolution to devote at least one bed to a gay assortment of bright annuals, and this resulted in a conviction that one or two well kept beds of this class would, for variety and brilliancy of colour, quite throw into the shade the surrounding beds that were probably filled with the usual formal scarlet geranium, side by side with another devoted, perhaps, to one uniform and dazzling display of yellow calceolaria.

Who, indeed, has not frequently seen large and expensively kept gardens whose flower beds, from the middle of May to the middle of September, are only supplied with the ordinary and formal bedding out plants of alternate red, yellow, and blue, without any variety of colour to please or relieve the eye? Perhaps the chief recommendation attaching to the rigid bedding out system is that it saves trouble. But this surely is not at all events the primary object of a flower garden. What charms us most is a tasty combination of colouring, neatness without formality, and an almost overpowering fragrance. And as to this last item, what fragrance do we get from the geranium or the calceolaria? while as to the fragrance accorded to us by the pyrethrum with which many of us border our flower beds, we should certainly all of us prefer to dispense with it.

This month then we shall have something to say as to the culture of our hardy perennials, and shall try the further experiment of having one or two of our beds devoted to their exhibition, almost to the exclusion, it may be, and for the second time, of our ordinary bedding out plants.

Now, of course, in speaking of our perennials, we are not intending to give more than a passing notice to those of the shrubby class. These, as we know, maintain, it may be said, the same appearance all the year round; and very useful they are along our carriage drive, or as a division between our flower and kitchen garden. It will be then our herbaceous perennials that will occupy us just now; and these, again, we may subdivide into bulbous, and tuberous, and fibrous. And of the first of these we know full well the little routine concerning them; how that every year we take them up when their bloom has quite passed to make room for the summer flowers which follow in their wake. These first then comprise for example, the crocus, lily, hyacinth, narcissus, &c.; and, of course, if we desire them to spread over a greater area than that they already cover, we simply leave them in the ground instead of taking them up in April and May. But in the event of our letting them remain where they are when their bloom has passed, we must be cautious not to cut into their bulbs with the hoe or fork at any future time. And the next is a large class—such, by way of illustration, being the aconite and anemone, the ranunculus and iris, &c., while the phlox and the lupine must serve as examples of the third division.

Naturally then, when we are intending to make up a bed exclusively of our herbaceous perennials the first thing to remember will be the height to which many of them grow, while the next consideration will be the combination of colour. Nor need we hardly here repeat what we said when speaking of our bed of annuals, that the plants in the back row must be the tallest. To go at the back of all, then, we should have our dahlias or our hollyhocks: these of course are gay, but, as we know, they will not come well into bloom until the summer has advanced. This, perhaps, does not so much matter, as any plant in a healthy state before it attains its period of bloom is generally vigorous and green, and this for a background will do very well. And next to these we might have some tall phloxes and hardy asters, and specimens of the solidago or golden rod. In front of these we might again have salvias, gladioli, penstæmens, lupine, and once again in front of these might come such as the pæony, varieties of the iris, and some of the shorter specimens of the phlox. And the front of all we might vary according to our taste, and as it will give us the least trouble to manipulate because of its position on our bed, we can the more readily vary it. Early in the spring, of course, the different coloured crocus will find its place in this row, and as these are done with, and the bulbs are taken up and stored away for another season, we can readily plunge, if we like, a few annuals, nor later on would there be any objection to a few scarlet geraniums, and it must not be thought that by our frequent advocacy of the claims of our gay annuals and of our hardy perennials that we intend to do away entirely with our somewhat snubbed pelargoniums.

Some persons, again, prefer to grow bulbs in a border by themselves, and do not disturb them; but the objection to this is that a large class of our bulbous flowers have finished their bloom by May, and it is simply unsightly to have in the best summer months a row or two of half-decayed plants. This may be all very well, perhaps, in a nursery ground, or when gardening is carried on in a very extensive, not to say expensive, way; but we ordinary gardeners cannot afford to sacrifice our space for any length of time. One thing only need, perhaps, be added here, that when we remove our bulbous plants after their bloom has passed we must not damage their foliage, least of all, cut it down, as if this be done we shall simply kill our bulb outright.

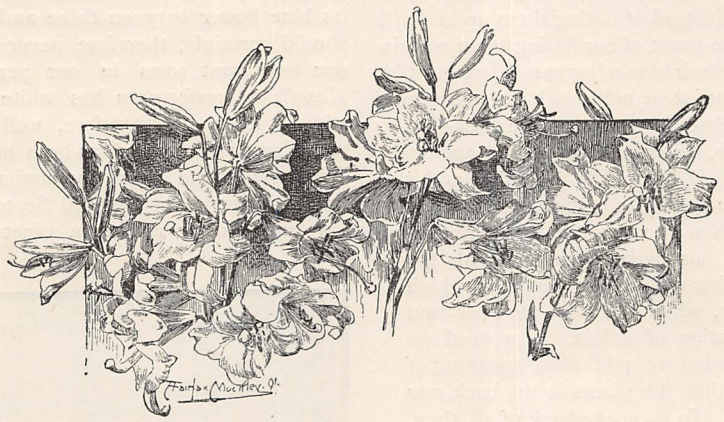
And now, perhaps, we might name a small selection of hardy perennials, giving the colouring, and noticing any peculiarities and properties of each.

The *Aconitum Napellus*, or the common monkshood, very much resembles the larkspur, it bears its blue flower between three and four feet high; we should certainly, therefore, never have it in either of our two front rows in our perennial bed. The *Aconitum variegatum* has white flowers with blue edges; it might, therefore, well alternate with its predecessor just named, as both of them flower about July. As to the asters, the majority of them, as we know, flower in August and September. The "New England" aster attains a great height and bears

A PRETTY CORNER.

large purple flowers. To a very different class belongs the *Caltha palustris*, or marsh-marigold, which flowers in April and May, while once more the pretty blue varieties of the genus campanula should find a place on our bed. The varieties of the dianthus, or Sweet William, will give us plenty of roseate coloured flowers. Growing at about a foot and a half high we have the scarlet coloured geum (*Geum coccineum*), which flowers in July. But where are we to end if we are to name even the hundredth part of the lovely old-fashioned but ever loved and ever new herbaceous plants with which it would be easily possible to cram any number of gardens.

And now we must not let this lovely month of July pass without a word as to a few other important duties in the garden. Our summer fruit harvest of course is occupying us largely. The strawberries, if for preserving, must be gathered when dry, or otherwise, some would say you might as well throw them away. Indeed, the same will hold true with regard to the gathering of all fruit. In the rose garden we are busy of course, budding, choosing here on the contrary, some warm but showery weather, rather than a dry season for the operation; and in the kitchen garden the rapidly growing weeds, if nothing else, will keep us busy: they must be kept down and not allowed to flourish and seed themselves all over the garden. Lettuces, too, must be planted out, and the fortnightly sowing of peas persevered in if we would have consecutive crops, rather than several gallons in one week, and no more for the rest of the summer.



WHAT CAME OF A CLERGYMAN'S FORTNIGHT.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

"YOU are overdoing it, Waller," said the Vicar of St. Everard's to his curate, "and we can't afford to let you break down again. You must take a holiday. I'm afraid I can't spare you more than one Sunday; but you will be able to get a clergyman's fortnight with that, you know. Take the first train on Monday morning, and don't let me see you again until this day fortnight."

The Vicar strode away, mindful of a Bible-class and a long round of visits which had to be got through; and the curate, hurrying off to a church workers' meeting, groaned within himself, and muttered—

"I suppose I must do it. Another break-down would be awkward, as the Vicar says. But where can I go? It's so dull wandering about all by oneself. I know. I'll go to Mainspring and look up old Jameson. Doesn't sound very lively, to potter about a cathedral city for two weeks with one's old college tutor, and breakfast, dine, and sup on antiquities, but it's the best a poor lonely fellow like me can do. Let me see; where's the old man's letter? I fancied he said something about a lecture of his he would like me to hear. Ah, here it is! Monday, at half-past eleven, I see. Well, I shall just be able to get there in time. I ought to brush up my classics a little, but there's no time for that. I'll write and tell him to expect me. What a good thing it is that he invited me just now!"

Accordingly, on Monday morning, Mr. Waller left dusty, grimy, bustling St. Everard's behind him, and betook himself to the calm retirement and hoary antiquity of the old city of Mainspring, which boasts of one of the finest cathedrals in England.

* * * * *

"Mamma," said Madge Britton to her mother on that same Saturday morning, as they sat in the dining-room at Hagger Rectory, "I have had a letter from Canon Jameson."

"Indeed, dear? What does he say?"

"He wants me to go to Mainspring on Monday morning to hear a lecture he is going to deliver, and to stay to luncheon. Do you think I might go?"

"What is the lecture upon?" Mrs. Britton asked, prudently, recalling to mind certain lectures on "Mediæval Morals" which the Canon had delivered once upon a time, and which had not commended themselves to her maternal judgment.

"'The Ecclesiastical History of the Third and

Fourth Centuries, as Illustrated by Coins and Gems,'" said Madge, referring to the letter.

"Well, I don't think there can be anything very improper in that," said Mrs. Britton, doubtfully. "Would you like to go, Madge?"

"Of course I should, mamma—above all things. It's a tremendous advantage to have a dear old Professor to improve your mind in all sorts of archæological matters, and he always tells me so much. Besides, a day in Mainspring is so delightful!"

"Very well, then, dear, you may go, unless your father thinks it better not."

And Madge retired, but returned just as she was shutting the door.

"What shall I wear, mamma? My tailor-made?"

"Oh yes—certainly, dear," returned Mrs. Britton, absently, for she was engrossed in balancing the mothers' meeting accounts.

And Madge departed, to sound her father upon the subject of her day's outing.

As it happened, Mr. Britton had no objection to his daughter's attending Canon Jameson's lecture, and thus it came to pass that on Monday morning the Rectory pony-trap took Madge down to the train, and she started, after promising faithfully to be home before it was dark. The journey was not a long one, and the gorgeously-coloured cliffs of Hagger were soon left behind, and the flat East Angleshire marshlands reached, which with their square fields, straight ditches, symmetrical rows of carefully-clipped trees, and bright toy-like houses, lie around Mainspring. Then the two massive towers and solitary spire of the cathedral came in sight, and then the train entered the station, and Madge saw Canon Jameson's face beaming welcome on the platform.

The old town-hall of Mainspring could not be said to be crowded at the time announced for the delivery of the famous lecture; but the lecturer was rather pleased than otherwise with this testimony to the abstruseness of his subject, and seemed quite satisfied with the presence of the select few who had turned their backs on the beauties outside for the sake of listening to him. The Dean himself was present, and having slept placidly through the greater part of the lecture, stepped up to the Canon at the close and thanked him warmly for the pleasure he had given the audience. Then he and his daughter, and one or two other dignitaries who were to lunch with the Canon, trooped down the time-worn steps with him, past the captured Russian gun in the Market Square, and along the quaint old street, until they reached the Cathedral Green, and thence the Close.

Among those who followed in Canon Jameson's triumphal procession was Mr. Waller, who found himself seized upon by a boisterous, middle-aged priest-vicar, who had known the Vicar of St. Everard's at college, and wanted to hear about him. By the time this gentleman's curiosity was satisfied Canon Jameson's house was reached, where his elderly sister, who took no interest in ecclesiastical history, and bore resignedly with her brother's peculiar tastes, was waiting to receive the guests. Mr. Waller now became separated from his companion, and found himself somehow thrust aside into the embrasure of a window, whence he could watch all that went on. Canon Jameson was exhibiting to his guests his cabinets of coins, many of them rare and almost priceless gems. He spent his whole time in collecting them. It was said that he carried them up-stairs every night, and slept with them under his bed for safety; and it was known that they travelled about with him wherever he went. They were to him what wife and children were to other men; he fingered them lovingly, caressed them, exhibited them with bated breath. His one grief was that there were so few at Mainspring who could appreciate his treasures, and he did his best to dispel the ignorance which existed on the subject. Beside the portly Dean in his irreproachable garb, his little shrunken figure in its shabby garments—which had once been black, but were now anything between brown, green, and grey—looked almost ridiculous; but no one could fail to remark the splendidly-shaped head and the keenness of the eyes which flashed under the massive projecting brows. A group of minor clergy surrounded him, listening with awe and interest to his words; and the Dean's pretty daughter, Rose Hilyard, stood looking over his shoulder as he spoke.

But Mr. Waller's eyes did not rest on Miss Hilyard. Beside her stood another girl in a grey tailor-made dress, with a pink carnation or two and a spike of their blue-green leaves in the front. An ordinary English girl, moderately pretty, with sunny brown hair fluffing and curling under a grey hat, careless, merry, heart-free—which, alas! Mr. Waller was no longer. The first sight of this girl captivated him, although he had never heard her speak, had no idea of her character, tastes, or capacity (excepting that he was sure, from her appearance, that these were all that could be wished), and he was not generally considered an impulsive young man.

Truth compels me to state that Mr. Waller and his friend the Vicar, in their bachelor dwelling at St. Everard's, had more than once agreed that tailor-made gowns were unfeminine, preposterous, immodest. Girls who wore them aped men, and no sensible man would look at them. But now—tell it not in St. Everard's!—now, and for ever after, Mr. Waller was of opinion that a tailor-made gown was in every way the most modest, sensible, and becoming raiment a woman could wear; only—and this is an important reservation—it must be made of a soft grey stuff, with tiny threads of red visible here and there, and it must be crowned by a picturesque hat with grey ostrich plumes. That was the secret!

"Why, Waller!" cried Canon Jameson a few minutes afterwards, finding his young friend still in the window, gazing intently at something or some one, "what are you doing here?"

"Who is she?" asked Mr. Waller, grasping the old gentleman's arm convulsively.

"Who? Not Miss Hilyard? You are flying at high game, young man. Oh, I see; my little friend Madge Britton. What, Waller, are you touched already?"

"I'll give you a thousand pounds down for the

square foot of carpet she is standing on," returned Waller, a mixture of jest and earnest in his tone.

"Done!" cried the Canon, holding out his hand. "I'll buy a new carpet, and make a slight profit on the transaction as well. In fact, I don't mind letting you have the whole piece at the same rate. Better work than buying coins, though not than selling them—ha! ha! What? you can't pay up? Shameful! shameful! making bargains and not keeping them—just like the young men of the day! By-the-bye, that reminds me that I had another crow to pick with you. Madge, come here;" and the old man seized Madge by the arm as she passed. "This is my friend Hubert Waller, and I am very angry with you both. What did you mean by addressing your letter to the Rev. Canon Jameson, Madge? *Rev.* indeed! *Reverend* is my title, and I mean to have it. The want of proper respect in the present day is perfectly frightful. And you, Waller; I didn't quite understand the allusion at the end of your letter. What do you mean by 'Yrs. truly'? Commercial phraseology, I suppose. But I am not engaged in commerce, and I don't want it here. When you have not time to write a proper letter, young people, you will be kind enough to leave me unwritten to. No time for proper politeness, indeed! You are both as bad as one another. I've no patience with you;" and off he rushed, just as the luncheon-bell rang.

"We seem to be very much in the same boat," said Waller to Madge, with outward calmness, but much inward trepidation; "don't you think we had better keep together, as we are both in disgrace?"

Madge assented smilingly, and the unprincipled curate piloted her into the dining-room, and established himself in a chair next to her, conveniently beyond the range of the Canon's eye-glasses. The next half-hour was to Mr. Waller a brief period of unalloyed bliss. He had not the faintest idea what he was eating—indeed, he took salt with his tart, and calmly assured the horrified Madge that he preferred it. He was quite content not to talk, although he was aware that he must appear extremely stupid; he merely gazed at Madge, listened to her, and was happy. By the end of the meal he was firmly convinced that there never had been such a girl, one so pre-eminent in every good quality, so well suited to be a clergyman's wife; and he was, above all things, sure that he could never be happy without her. And Madge chattered gaily away to the shy, silent young man beside her, pitied him a little, and thought him a little "queer" once or twice, when he forgot the restraints of prudence, and turned to her with his whole soul in his eyes. Even Madge's practical and unromantic heart, as she considered it, beat somewhat unsteadily at these moments; and she had to take herself severely to task, and demand indignantly whether it was possible for a man to fall in love with a girl when seeing her for the first time, before she could still it. She persisted in this calming process after lunch, when Mr. Waller hung about her chair and tried to induce her to talk, whereas she wanted to listen to Canon Jameson; and she did at last succeed in assuring herself that there was no such thing as love at first sight, and therefore, of course, it was impossible that Mr. Waller could be experiencing it.

"Four o'clock, Madge," said the Canon at last; "nearly time for your train. Twenty-four minutes to five, I believe you said?"

"Yes, 4.36," returned Madge absently, forgetting the old gentleman's horror of abbreviations.

"Twenty-four minutes to five," severely. "Well, Madge, I am not so young as I was once; so perhaps Mr. Waller will take the old man's place, and see you to the train?"

"With the greatest pleasure!" cried Waller, jumping up.

"Well, sir, if you *are* delighted to bid farewell to Miss Britton, you need not wound her feelings by proclaiming it so openly," cried the Canon; and in the chorus of laughter which followed, he hustled the pair out of the house, gave Madge his blessing, and bade them depart. Standing on the steps a minute to watch them walking down the Close, he sighed slightly, then turned back into the hall, and went for consolation to his coins.

It so happens that the railway station at Mainspring lies at some distance from the cathedral. Whether its designers thought that a nearer approach would savour of sacrilege, or whether the Dean and Chapter sternly opposed all inroads on their domain, is unknown, but, whatever the reason, Mr. Waller blessed it in his heart that day. Paradise itself could scarcely have been more delightful to him than the narrow, irregular streets, with ugly square houses on either side, through which he passed with Madge. St. Creed's Church was for ever glorified in his eyes by the mere fact that Madge expressed admiration of it as they approached it. He did not talk—he was so busy enjoying his happiness—and Madge found it impossible to keep up a conversation for both. At last the silence became oppressive, and with a tremendous effort Mr. Waller broke it by solemnly demanding, as they passed a confectioner's shop, "Do you like sweets, Miss Britton?"

"Very much," responded Madge, as solemnly.

"Then perhaps," he said, a bright idea coming into his mind, "you would not mind helping me to choose some for—a present? You have plenty of time still."

Madge complied, and devoted all her energies to the important task. When they quitted the shop, Mr. Waller was carrying his purchases in a large paper bag, the sight of which made Madge's mouth water. Then they went on to the station as silently as before. When they reached it, it was still several minutes to the time when the train would arrive, and the curate tried in vain to think of some topic of conversation.

"Perhaps you would like something to read on the journey?" he suggested at last. "Please let me get you a book or paper of some kind."

Before she could stop him, he was off to the bookstall, forgetting that he had not the faintest idea as to the style of reading young ladies cared for. Yellow-backed novels he turned from instinctively, but the other books perplexed him sorely, and it was some-

time before he finally decided on one with an attractive picture of an officer and a young lady on the cover, and on a certain magazine, which he knew must be intended for girls, for the title said so.

"Oh, how very kind of you!" said Madge, when he brought them to her. "I have been wanting so much to read this book, and that paper is always interesting. But I don't think it is fair for you to take so much trouble about me."

"I wish you would do something for me in return," he said impulsively. "If you would only give me your photograph!"

"You can't mean that, really?" and Madge laughed uncomfortably, not feeling sure whether he meant it or not. His new-born courage failed him.

"That would be an extraordinary request, wouldn't it?"

"Very," said Madge briefly. "Here is the train, Mr. Waller."

He helped her in, and, struck by a sudden thought, rushed off to the bookstall once more. He returned with an illustrated paper, which he threw into her lap, just as the train moved out of the station. Madge, lifting it after smiling her thanks to him, found beneath it the bag of sweets.

"That wretched man!" she cried in high dudgeon, all the dignity reflected on her by her nineteen years and her tailor-made dress up in arms; "he must think I am a baby. How dare he give me sweets? And he asked for my photograph, too! He must be mad.

"'DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER KEEP TOGETHER AS WE ARE BOTH IN DISGRACE?'" (*p.* 500).

Well, I suppose I may as well eat the sweets, as he has given them to me."

Which she did, enjoying them exceedingly, and on reaching home thought little more about the donor, whereas poor Mr. Waller wandered about Mainspring for the rest of the day in a hopelessly absent state of mind. He explored all the back streets, without paying any heed to the moral or social condition of their inhabitants; visited the cathedral, and never noticed any of its architectural details; and was finally found by Canon Jameson gazing meditatively into the Precincts Moat when he ought to have come home to dinner. The two or three days which followed were of a like character. Miss Jameson complained to her brother that that poor, dear young man never ate anything, that he was getting thinner and thinner—in fact, that he was evidently on the way to becoming melancholy mad. Canon Jameson scoffed at her words, and determined to interest his young friend in his own labours, and so to distract his mind, but this only made matters worse. Waller moped so persistently indoors that the Canon grew first uneasy, and then impatient, and would soon have expressed his views on the subject if matters had not come to a climax of their own accord.

Waller sat in the Canon's study one morning, with two or three coins before him, whose inscriptions he was to decipher. Before him was also a large sheet of paper, which he was gradually covering with writing. The nature of the contents, however, verged on monotony, since all that was visible was "Madge, Margaret, M. Britton, Madge Britton," and so on, scrawled carelessly, with endless variations of form and order. The writer's eyes were fixed on vacancy, his head was supported by one hand, while the other still scribbled idly on the paper.

"Ah! Waller," cried Canon Jameson, bustling in, "got those inscriptions done, eh? Most important; those three coins bear on a very interesting point indeed. What have you made out on the obverse of the silver one?"

"Madge Britton," said Mr. Waller languidly.

"Madge fiddlesticks!" cried the Canon. "Is this intended for a joke, Waller? Because, if so, I consider it singularly out of place. You must know that I depend almost entirely on these coins to prove that Tarm is the Thermæ of the Romans, and you tell me that this one has Madge Britton's name on it!"

"I am very sorry, I'm sure," said Waller.

"And look here, besides," cried the Canon, working himself into a fury, "what right have you to go taking liberties with Miss Britton's name, eh? What do you mean by it, I should like to know?"

"I am very sorry," stammered Waller again.

"The fact is, sir," said the Canon, with great solemnity, pausing in the middle of a frenzied walk across the room, with his rusty coat-tails tucked under either arm, "you are in love with Miss Britton. Come now, don't deny it. Speak out like a man."

"I don't want to deny it," said Waller. "It is quite true."

"And pray, sir, what right have you to conduct yourself in my house as you have been doing? It's perfectly scandalous. I should advise you as soon as possible to seek removal to a locality more favourable to your suit."

"Do you advise me to write to Mr. Britton, sir?" Waller could scarcely believe his ears.

"Well, better get it over than go on as you have been doing. Here are pens, ink, and paper; set to work."

* * * * * *

"Madge! Madge!" cried Mrs. Britton, coming into the rectory dining-room with an open letter in her hand, "your father—oh dear! such an extraordinary letter—so very strange—but be calm, my dear—you will need all your coolness—I never saw anything so altogether extraordinary. Tell me, Madge, did you meet a Mr. Waller at Mainspring?"

"Why, yes, mamma; you know, I told you about the funny man who gave me sweets and asked me for my photograph. He was very queer."

"And—and do you care for him, Madge?"

"Care for *him*, how? Why, mamma, you don't really mean—he hasn't——?"

"My dear, he has written to your father, and a very nice sensible letter, too, if it wasn't so strange altogether. He says he only saw you for two or three hours, but he is convinced you are the only woman he could ever love—very nicely put, indeed. And Canon Jameson has written such a kind letter with it, saying what an excellent young man he is, and that he is sure to get a living soon. What do you think, Madge? shall we ask him to come here? That is what he begs for, that you may get to know him better."

"But, mamma, with all the boys at home, and visitors coming! The house will be full."

"Well, dear, I thought we might ask him just from Monday to Thursday, so that we could see what he is like. But do you care for him?"

"Oh, mamma! how could I? I don't know anything about him. He seemed nice—and he was very kind—but so queer."

"Well, dear, shall we ask him, or not?"

"Oh, I suppose if he only wants just to stay here for a few days, he can. He will be a nice companion for the boys. But as for anything of *that* sort—why, mamma, it's perfectly ridiculous; so you mustn't let him expect it. I don't know him in the least, the absurd man!"

And Madge returned to her drawing with somewhat heightened colour, while Mrs. Britton went to inform her husband that Mr. Waller might be invited from Monday to Thursday, on the distinct understanding that while all reasonable facilities for prosecuting his suit should be afforded him, no hope of ultimate success could be given. This was inserted at Madge's earnest desire, as she insisted that it would not be fair to let him come on any other condition.

The first train from Mainspring on Monday morning brought Mr. Waller, and during the four stipulated days of his stay Mr. and Mrs. Britton carried out most honourably their share of the agreement. What with tennis and croquet, long country walks, haymaking, and occasional drives, Mr. Waller could not

complain that he had not abundant opportunities of seeing Madge. Yet it was with a despairing face that he came to his hostess on the Thursday morning.

"This is the last day that we shall have the pleasure of your company, Mr. Waller," she remarked with kind cruelty.

"Oh, Mrs. Britton," he cried, "I can't go! Don't send me away, please. I really must stay."

"But, Mr. Waller," said Mrs. Britton, in much perplexity, "we have not a bed for you. My brother is coming to-day, and must have your room. We really cannot take you in any longer."

"Give me any hole or corner you like!" he cried. "Put me in any room, and I'll sleep on the hearth-rug; only don't send me away just yet."

Mrs. Britton's motherly heart was touched.

"I think," she said at last, "that we might manage to put you up until Saturday, if you don't mind sharing Willie's room. But if you want to speak to Madge, Mr. Waller, why are you so long?"

"I can't help it," he said desperately; "she won't let me. Whenever I try to do it, she runs away from me."

"And is she shy at other times?"

"Oh no; she talks delightfully. Mrs. Britton, you can't imagine how happy I am, and yet how miserable."

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Britton, kindly; "you have two days more to try in now. There is Madge in the garden at this moment. Suppose you go to her."

"How are matters going? Does the child care for him?" asked the rector, coming in.

"If you asked Mr. Waller, my dear, he would tell you he was afraid she did not; but if you ask me, I think she does," said Mrs. Britton.

But all the same it was a great surprise to her when, as she was nodding slightly over the parish magazine lists on the Friday afternoon, she found herself suddenly seized and kissed heartily by Mr. Waller.

"You are my mother now," he cried; "I am so glad—so thankful! And Madge says she thinks she must have cared for me a little even that first day."

"And really, my dear," said Mrs. Britton to her husband afterwards, "I felt so strange that I didn't know what to say; but it is all very nice."

"Madge is engaged to your young friend Mr. Waller," wrote Mr. Britton to Canon Jameson the next day: "I cannot make it out, for I always expected you to be the man."

"I would not commit such sacrilege," the Canon wrote back, "as to bind a beautiful young girl to an ugly old fellow like myself. But if I have in any way been instrumental in getting Madge a good husband, I am heartily glad of it. Tell Waller that my wedding present to him shall be a certain piece of carpet for which he once expressed a wish."

THE LONGEST DAY.

THE Summer's story
Has reached its glory,
Fulfilling all the sweet dreams of May;
The daylight lingers,
With rosy fingers
Defying night on the longest day.

Yet I remember
No dark December
When sunbeams seemed to elude delay,
Like those which measure
The hours of pleasure
I spend with you on the longest day

With you beside me
To cheer and guide me,
I feel—whatever the sages say—
That evening shadows
Across the meadows
Come all too soon on the longest day.

If we together
Face sunny weather,
And love each other when skies are grey—
Life's span shall be, Dear,
To you and me, Dear,
As short and sweet as the longest day.

And, Dearest, after
The tears and laughter
Are all forgotten and passed away,
We two for ever,
Where night falls never,
Will spend together the longest day.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JULY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE Parisians have adopted paniers with great avidity, and for slender figures they are certainly most becoming; stout people must, as a matter of course, abjure them. Their name, no doubt, originated in the paniers of a horse, and, nowadays, even in South America, you see the mules and horses with these panier baskets, which are filled with merchandise, or whatever may be required to be carried. The vignette at the head of this chapter shows a very tasteful application of paniers to gowns. The material of which the model was made was black grenadine over silk, portions of it being plain, and some covered with a feather pattern in light pink. The back of the skirt touched the ground, but some twelve inches above the hem it was split up at intervals, and a box pleat inserted, giving a flow to the skirt. The hem in front had one of the fashionable draped flounces, caught up with four butterfly bows of pink ribbon, matching one at the point of the bodice. The back of the skirt was of plain material, the front brocaded, likewise the paniers, together with the top of the sleeve and the sides of the bodice; there were pink bows at the wrist and on the shoulders. The front of the bodice and the light sleeves were of plain material trimmed with jet and steel galons, which surrounded the neck, and were then carried in a V-shape down the front, covering also the outside of the arm. It is a particularly smart, elegant-looking dress, useful for full dress occasions in hot weather, and for evening wear in the winter. These grenadines are often made up over white silk, which, by-the-bye, is not a bad way of using white silk skirts which have lost their original freshness.

There is a variety of fashions, and in coats the patterns may be counted by hundreds. The figure in our illustration with her back to the railings wears an excellent example of a useful kind. The dress is made in light blue cloth, the waistcoat white, both trimmed with gold. Any pretty fancy woollen material would be suitable. The skirt is cut in gores, with the seams felled—a new treatment which Frenchwomen much affect, their needlework being excellent. A good dressmaker in Paris never sends home badly boned or untidily lined gowns; she understands that the very pith and marrow of good dress is finish, that a few garments well made and well put on are more conducive to good dressing than numbers of garments. Above the hem of the graceful skirt there is a double row of inch-wide gold braid carried up in points at each seam. One row of the same braid edges the long tabs of the coat, while the long waistcoat is embroidered with flowers and gold thread. The front of the bodice is hidden by a pointed kerchief of lace arranged in cascades, so that the point reaches to the waist, the broader portions ending in a blue velvet band at the neck. The sleeves are made in the most fashionable style of the day, a deep puff to the elbow, and then a tight cuff; the upper portion is in blue cloth, the lower in white, embroidered

GOING HOME.

like the waiscoat and sleeves, diagonally, on the outside of the arm. The bonnet worn with this dress seems a most comfortable one. It is made in white cloth covered with gold embroidery and blue braiding, a knot of blue velvet filling in the upstanding point above the face, crowned by a gold butterfly. The straps are tied under the chin.

The other dress in the picture is of light heliotrope vicuna, having a double row of braiding at the hem, in a classic border. The skirt and bodice are cut all in one, but on either side the fronts are formed to the shoulders, the seam hidden by floral embroidery in darker silk. The bodice in front is gathered, thus disposing of the additional fulness, and a pointed belt just covers the gathers and endings beneath the side seams. The straight collar has, in addition, a turn-down collar of the material, and the sleeves button to the elbow outside the arm. The bonnet is of quite a different style from that worn by the companion figure. It is of the flat plate shape, made of a piece of the dress with a frilling of the darker shade, like the embroidery at the edge. At the back an aigrette springs from a ring of violets, and the veil of plain heliotrope tulle is so arranged that it falls in soft folds round the face, giving almost the appearance of strings, which, however, are not worn with this head-dress.

IN THE SUNNY DAYS.

One of the most fashionable woollens this summer is woven like corduroy, with a broad cord. In light grey, almost dust colour, I have seen a most novel trimming—viz., a spider's web, which is worked in jet beads, and where the spider might be expected to be found, there is a jet facet as large as a sixpence.

The hats and bonnets are really tempting this season, for they are all most becoming. Tuscans and open-work straw guipure can be worn with almost any dress, even if the flowers have to be changed, but feathers and aigrettes of osprey are more fashionable than floral trimmings, whilst peacock plumes and birds of paradise are both being utilised. Rose wreaths under the brim are very becoming to some faces. Gold wings, gold and jet, are often placed at the back. But a great deal can be done with a small quantity of either, if you only know how to make the stiff wired loops sewn *à la mode*. Bows of ribbon, butterflies, and bouquets, are put over the face as well as at the back, but the flatter the crown the better. Turquoise velvet on Tuscan is a good contrast, and this bright, beautiful blue is a good deal worn in all departments of dress.

Shot materials for dresses and linings are pretty, and not a little worn ; and a shot straw is among the latest introductions. I much admire the Tuscan shade ; that with gold trimmed with lilac, and several other blooms intermixed with chiffon—the one material of which no one seems to tire. Although it is used on all occasions, young girls' evening dresses are almost entirely composed of chiffon, whilst neck-ties, bodice, trimming, and millinery, employ it also. Cornflower blue, with harvest before us, is in even greater demand than during the earlier months, and we are coming back to the brilliant mauves and hard purple blue of years ago. Aniline dyes are to the fore again.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Dickens, in one of his inimitable works, makes one of his characters declare that "style means back," and so it does, coupled with carriage and figure. Hence, I suppose, the feminine world is content to prefer mantles as much as possible in order to show

their figures to better advantage. But, nevertheless, there is a great demand this year for pretty and becoming mantles, and the one in the picture on page 505 fulfils all these requirements. It is composed of a soft make of silk and lace. The lace bordered with a narrow beaded fringe forms the sleeve pieces from the shoulder, the turn-down collar, and cascade down the centre of the front. It is, as it were, a cape pointed back and front, attached to a waist-band, and from this waist-band falls a full flounce of lace, all the rest being silk, save the long looped bows in front. It is a good example of the best style of mantle for hot weather. Another good model has a yoke, to which a pleated flounce, also of lace, is sewn sufficiently deep to come below the waist, and so gathered on the shoulders that they stand up high. Many are made entirely of lace, and many more have high collars, while others, besides the lace, show brace-like trimmings of jet.

The Tudor capes suit the present make of bodices, for they hide the long, unbecoming depth of basque which cuts the figure, and they are to be had so cheap they come within the range of everybody.

The gown worn with the mantle in the picture is a pink zephyr, having a flounce at the hem, and another arranged in a scallop from above, with bows of black velvet, a band and bow of the same at each wrist. The bonnet is made of pink chiffon, with a bow over the forehead and a few flowers. The parasol is covered with black lace.

This season the handles are the most important portion of parasols, and exquisite carved ivories are employed, also mother-of-pearl interblended with Japanese enamel. The frames are more domed and appear larger; but this is not the case, for the semblance of greater magnitude is generally produced by the deep frills and flounces of lace.

The other dress in the sketch is grey trimmed with silver, the skirt touching the ground; there is a broad pleat at either side trimmed with gimp and braid, while across the narrow front there is a festooned flounce, bordered with ball fringe and caught up with silver braid.

The bodice consists of a long jacket and simulated Swiss belt. The fringe borders the front, and stripes of silver braid appear above a quaintly-folded fichu of lace meeting the edge of the braiding, which reappears again on the band. Gimp borders the edge of the jacket, and silver balls are continued on either side from where the galon ends to the shoulder seam. The sleeves are of the coat form, not unduly high, and the hat is made of a piece of the material, so cut up at the back that the hair shows well. It is pointed above the face.

Under-garments at this time of year are wont to demand attention, women being only too apt to neglect this very important side of clothing. Perhaps there is nothing that has produced more dire results for women than an undue weight from the waist. Mrs. Arundel has invented a suspender on a new principle. It comes from the shoulders, and is a brace bandage of which both medical men and nurses highly approve. It is inexpensive, and well worthy of attention. Several garments combined in one also serve to diminish weight and dispense with superfluous material—drawers and bodice in lieu of chemise, form one garment only, and are slipped on in a moment. The bodice is cut in a V form, and is trimmed like a Swiss belt at the waist. Night-gowns for warm weather are now often made without sleeves, and they are frequently shaped to the waist, while others have bands round the waist, and cross in front with deep lace trimmings; some, again, have broad turn-down collars tapering to the waist, with vandykes embroidered at the points.

The accordion pleated silk night-gowns look just like a dress, accordion-pleated all over, set in a yoke with a lace collar, with a sash coming from under the arm and fastened at the side. Chemises have belts just below the waist in the Empire style, and drawers can hardly be too broad in the leg. Some divided skirts are set into a deep pointed belt, and each leg is so wide that it is difficult when on to distinguish them from ordinary petticoats. They are made for evening wear in twill and silk with lace trimmings. The corded corsets without bones and giving no pressure, are in favour always for children, but on the score of health they have been adopted by growing girls and young married women.

Little boys, for summer wear, are appearing in pretty suits made in zephyrs, the trousers full and smocked at the knee, and the shirt smocked on the shoulders and at the wrist. With a soft beef-eater hat and feather, and a wide silk sash round the waist, the effect is most picturesque. Short waists are worn by little girls, with pelerines for out of doors, and many of the outdoor cloaks are belted at the waist, having the pelerine attached. Older girls wear long loose cloaks, entirely covering the frock, or deep shoulder capes, kilted capes to coats are laid on either side of the front. Babies' cloaks have often the entire skirt covered with lace, and a deep lace frill to the cape.

A new invention for children with protruding ears is the ear cap made of tapes, which keeps the ears down to the side of the head.

In bathing gear I have not been able to discover anything very new, except that the dresses are made high, with short sleeves, and those shapely, and, like the knickerbockers, edged with braid and thick muslin work. Sometimes the front is arranged in pleats, and set in an embroidered band, met by a turn-down collar.

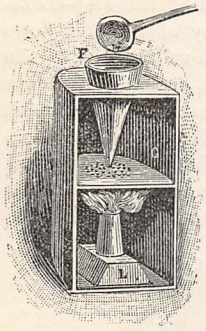
Those who have long hair would do well to have a proper bathing cap, as with a weight of hair there is otherwise a difficulty in drying.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Mimic Lightning.



Lycopodium powder, thrown into a flame, has long been used for producing imitation lightning; but the arrangement which we illustrate is said to be an improvement, and has been introduced as such into the representations of grand opera at Paris. A lantern or box containing a lamp, L, in its lower part, is fitted with a metal grating, G, as a partition or floor above the flame, which heats it red-hot. A mixture of powdered magnesium, chlorate of potash, and lycopodium, is then poured through the funnel, F, by means of a spoon, and when it reaches the hot grating it flashes forth with remarkable brilliancy.

Shifting Latitudes.

Observations made for some time past at Berlin, Potsdam, Prague, and other cities of Europe, have shown that their geographical latitudes have decreased by $\frac{2}{10}$ of a second. It is supposed that the axis of the earth has shifted by that much in space, and in order to settle the matter, an expedition has been sent out to Honolulu, which, being the antipodes of Central Europe, will show an equal change in the opposite direction if the explanation is correct. The expedition will remain there for a year under the direction of Dr. Macuse, of the Berlin Observatory.

Connecting Telephones.

The electricians of the London-Paris telephone line found no difficulty in speaking clearly from the central

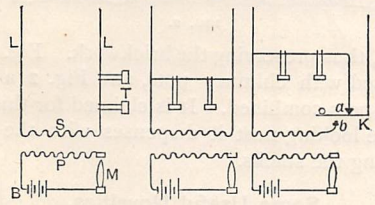
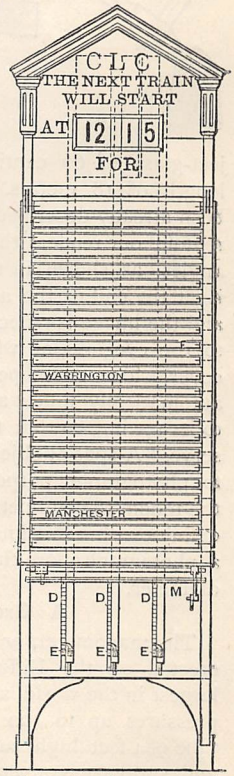


FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

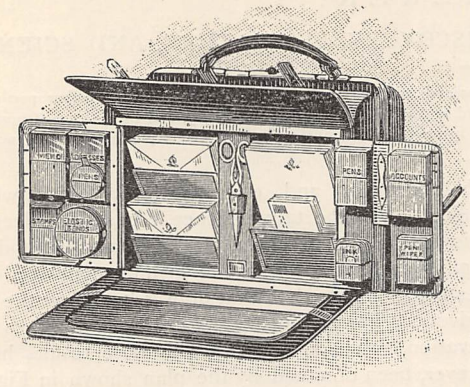
post-offices of both cities by the ordinary mode of connecting the telephone as shown in Fig. 1, where M is the microphone transmitter, B the battery, and P the primary wire of an induction coil, S the secondary wire of the same coil, and LL the going and returning wires of the line with two telephone receivers, T, in circuit. But when two subscribers having private wires were joined up, it was found that the local subterranean wires of the cities, not having been specially designed for this work, presented rather a high resistance and electrostatic capacity, which "pulled down" the talk. Hence it has been deemed advisable to depart from the ordinary method of coupling the apparatus. The arrangement of Fig. 2 gives better results than that of Fig. 1. Here the two receivers, T, are connected *between* the line wires "in derivation," as it is called. The best results have, however, been obtained by the plan shown in Fig. 3, in which each post can transmit or receive a message, but not at the same time. Each speaker has a Morse key, K, by which the connections are changed for receiving or for transmitting, as the case may be. The arrangement is identical with that of Fig. 2, except that this key is inserted as shown. It will be seen that when the lever of the key is in the position illustrated, the correspondent is free to listen on the receivers, whereas when the lever is depressed it breaks contact with its upper stop, *a*, and makes contact with its lower one, *b*, thus putting the connections in condition for speaking by the transmitter. The use of the key in this manner cuts out the high resistance of the secondary wire of the induction coil and improves the speaking.

A Train Indicator.



An indicator of the starting of trains at railway stations which has been adopted on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway is illustrated in the figure. The times of starting and the destinations of the trains are shown—the former above, the latter below. The time is exposed by means of three wheels, shown by dotted lines in the top of the figure. These wheels have numbers on their peripheries, which are brought into view by means of rods and ratchet wheels, D, and retained in that position by the panels, E, seen at the bottom of the figure. The names of the stations are marked on triangular boards, F, which are shifted by a rocking shaft, M, and a set of vertical rods behind, which are not shown. The indicator is made either single or double, and placed so as to indicate for two separate platforms. Something of the same kind has been at work at Waterloo Station (L. & S. W. R.) for a year or two past with great success.

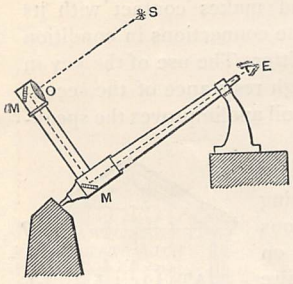
A Correspondence Bag.



The travelling bag, which we illustrate, has all the requisite materials for correspondence, while containing plenty of room for clothes, and when placed on its side, as shown, it becomes a veritable writing desk.

A Double Moon.

The powerful Lick telescope at Mount Hamilton, U.S., has enabled the astronomers there to discover that one of the satellites of Jupiter is double, consisting of a large moon with a tiny one revolving round it. We may add that a new equatorial on the "knee" principle of M. Loewy has been installed at the National Observatory, Paris. It is the largest of its kind in existence, and has an object-glass of 60 centimetres diameter, with a focal length of 18 metres. The "equatorial *coude*," has been already described in the GATHERER, but we may remind our readers that it has a tube bent at right angles, as shown in the figure. The object-glass, O, is at the end of the arm which is exposed to the sky, and the image is reflected by mirrors, M M, up the tube to the eyeglass, at which the astronomer sits under cover. The telescope is actuated by clockwork to automatically follow any star or planet from its rising to its setting, so that the observer has merely to observe. A special object-glass has also been provided for photographic purposes, and gives a direct image of the moon, 18 centimetres in diameter, with remarkable definition; but this image can be enlarged so as to give a photograph more than 1 metre (about three feet) in diameter.



A Great Manometer.

The manometer, or pressure gauge, which has been erected on the Eiffel Tower, Paris, is by far the largest in the world, and is capable of measuring fluid pressures up to 400 atmospheres. It consists of a tube 984 feet high, running up the tower by the lift and staircase, and communicating at the ground with a reservoir of mercury. The tube is made of soft steel from the barrels of old chassepot rifles, and has an inner diameter of $\frac{1}{6}$ in. (4 millimetres). At intervals of ten feet there are stopcocks communicating with vertical lengths of graduated glass tubes, with overflow pipes of india-rubber leading down to the reservoir. The latter is partly filled with mercury, and when the pressure to be measured is applied to it the liquid metal ascends the manometer tube to a height correspondent to the pressure. This height is read off on the glass tubes by opening the stop-cocks. Should the mercury run over any of these, it flows back to the reservoir by the india-rubber pipes. An assistant, armed with a telephone, ascends the tower and makes the observations in question. M. Cailletet, the inventor of this gauge, is well known for his experiments on the liquefaction of oxygen, hydrogen, and other gases, and he expects to make a good use of the gauge in other experiments which he has projected.

A New Chimney Cap.

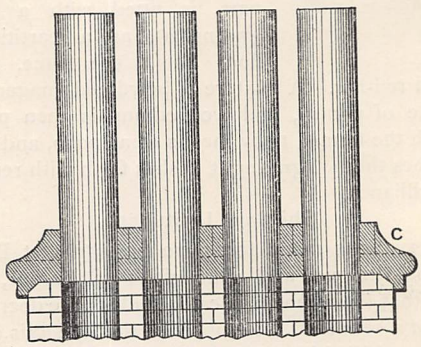


FIG. 1.

The figures illustrate sections through this new chimney-cover, C, which is made in one solid piece of earthenware, and entirely covers the top of the stack

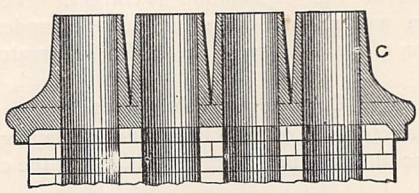


FIG. 2.

all round, thus preserving the brickwork. Fig. 1 shows a cap fitted with chimney pots, and Fig. 2 a row of caps and pots combined. It is claimed for this device that while looking neat it dispenses with the trouble of repairing the stacks.

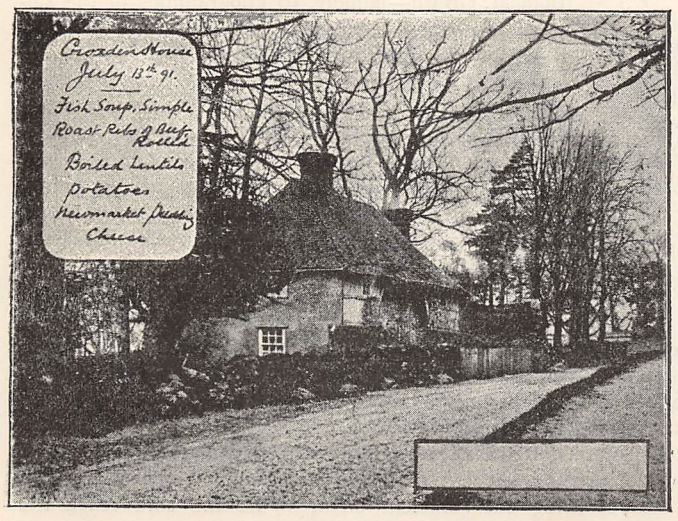
Some Useful Novelties.

An adaptation of a familiar principle as applied to tools for domestic use has just been patented. It consists in a hammer whose handle is made rather larger than usual, and hollowed to form a receptacle for no less than twelve small tools, which are fitted by means of a screw piece into the removable end of the handle, and are then always available for use. The combining of a number of tools with one handle is not new, of course, but we think the application of the principle to the fixed handle with a hammer is a useful novelty, and the screw-fitting for the loose tool bits is

on a better principle than the old-fashioned tools of this nature.—A cantilever castor which has recently been patented deserves attention, and at least a passing word of notice. The principle of these new castors is that the cradle or holder forms a pyramid of unequal sides, the base of which is divided into unequal lengths by the central pin, and the bowl is fixed at the apex, slightly out of the direct vertical line from the central pin. For chair and couch work these new castors seem likely to serve a useful purpose, and to reduce the risk of fracture of the wood and breaking of the castors to a minimum.—Cups are now being made in which the handles are placed in a position rather different from the old one, and a little nearer the bottom of the cup. At the same time they are partly sunk in the cup, and so are calculated not only to balance the cup better but to do away to a large extent with the danger of chipped handles.—A new ink-bottle which is called by its inventor, "The Ink Purifier," has just been patented by a Glasgow merchant. It is unnecessary to go into the details of its construction here. We need only say that we have given it an extended trial, and find that while it holds an unusually large quantity of ink, it presents the smallest possible surface to the air, and is so arranged as only to give a sufficiently well-filled pen to allow of continuous writing, and not to admit of blots. At the same time it is practically unspillable and very readily cleaned.—A new hair brush has just been patented for the use of those who are obliged to apply oils or other liquids to the hair. Attached to the handle of the brush is an india-rubber ejector in which the liquid is admitted by means of a brass screw. When the brush is in use all that it is necessary to do to ensure a supply of the liquid to the brush and to the hair is to gently press the rubber ejector. The flow of the liquid from the ejector to the brush may be regulated by means of a screw fixed in the head of the brush.

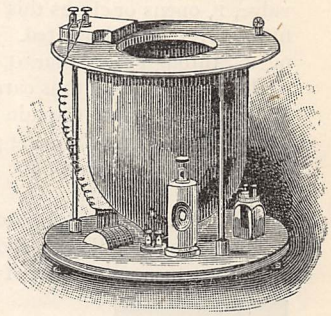
Photographic Menus.

A French amateur of photography has introduced the custom of providing his guests with a menu having a photograph of the scene of the feast, whether it be in his residence or *à la campagne*. The menu is prepared by taking a photograph of the spot and pasting two pieces of white paper over it—one in the left-hand corner, the other and smaller at the bottom. The positives are then drawn from this on suitable paper, and the list of dishes is written in the larger blank space at the corner, while the smaller space below is reserved for the name of the guest or any other name which it is desirable to add to the souvenir.



An Electrical Photometer.

It is well known that if the radiation from a lamp fall on a blackened surface, the latter experiences a rise of temperature, which is due, not only to the dark, but to the light, rays absorbed by the surface. It is also known that the electric resistance of a wire increases with a rise of temperature. Mr. R. C. Richards has applied these principles in designing a new photometer. He causes the light of the lamp to fall on an iron wire coated with soot, and forming one side of a Wheatstone balance for measuring electric resistances. The radiation from the lamp heats the wire and raises its electric resistance by an amount which is indicated on the balance. Certain corrections, given by experiments, are applied to the result, and the illumination of the lamp is obtained. The figure shows the device he employs for directing the light of the lamp on the sensitive wire. It may be simply described as two concentric vessels of glass with a concentrated solution of alum between them. The inner vessel is of ground glass, and the outer is covered with a winding of iron wire coated with soot. The alum cuts off the heat rays as far as possible, leaving the light rays to affect the resistance of the wire, which is joined up by the connections shown, as one arm of the Wheatstone balance. The beam from the lamp strikes the inside of the vessel, and passes through the solution to the wire without. Obviously this arrangement has, at least, the merit of being independent of the eye as a gauge of the illumination. It is an attempt to reduce photometry to something like the accuracy of electric measurements.

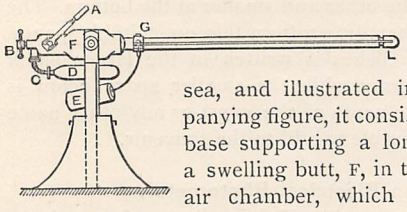


Groundsel as Forage.

An English lady being struck with the fact that delicate canaries thrive well on common groundsel, and finding, moreover, that live stock ate the weed with relish, has cultivated it, and found it an excellent fodder for cattle. Perhaps others will give the experiment a trial.

A Line-throwing Air-Gun.

The pneumatic gun of Commander J. D'Arcy Irvine, R.N., is intended to assist in saving life from fire and flood by throwing a life-line to those in jeopardy. As shown at the Naval Exhibition, Chelsea, and illustrated in the accompanying figure, it consists of a strong base supporting a long barrel with a swelling butt, F, in the form of an air chamber, which is connected through the pipe, C, with a reservoir, D, containing air at a pressure of 2,400 lbs. per square inch. A screw valve, B, opens or closes this communication when the firing lever, A, is operated. The projectile, L, is connected through the collar, G, with a life-line contained in the holder, E, and thus carries the means of succour. We understand that Captain Irvine is also engaged in bringing out a line-throwing gun to be fired from the shoulder, with the help, not of compressed air, but of gunpowder.



A Light Adjuster.

The trichord adjuster shown in the figures is designed to throw the light of an electric lamp in any direction so as to illuminate a work of art, a book, or a dark passage. It can be fitted to any incandescent lamp, and consists of a brass boss, having three radial arms, which screws on the neck of the lamp as shown. A small block is fixed above the lamp on the conducting wires, and the boss, together with the lamp and its opaline reflector, is suspended from this block by an endless silk cord running through holes in the ends of the arms. The device will be useful, not only in houses, but in workshops and show rooms. It is represented shedding the light horizontally in Fig. 1 and vertically downwards in Fig. 2.

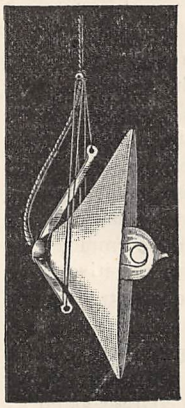


FIG. 1.

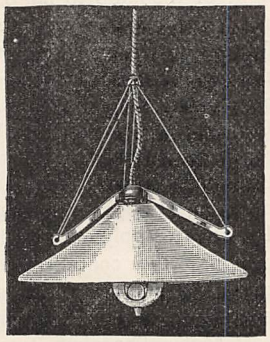


FIG. 2.

The Snow Leopard.

One of the best examples of adaptation to environment—in other words, to the circumstances under which an organism lives—is seen in the Snow Leopard, or Ounce (*Felis uncia*), one of the great cats very rarely brought to Europe. Just as, in pre-historic times, the mammoth among elephants was clothed with wool and hair as a defence against the cold, so the Ounce in the present day is a leopard specially adapted to live in a rigorous climate. Unlike the true leopard (*Felis leopardus*), it is confined to Asia, and is seldom found much below the snow line of the central highland region of that continent, though it has been found as far west as Smyrna. The adult male is from four to four and a half feet long, exclusive of the tail, which is about a yard, and is clothed in long, dense fur, which protects it from the effects of the low temperature of its *habitat*. The fur is pale yellowish-grey, with small irregular dark spots on the head, cheeks, back of neck, and limbs, and with dark rings on the back and sides ; the under surface is whitish, with some large dark spots about the middle, and the rest unspotted. The ounce has never been known to attack man ; it preys on wild and domesticated sheep and goats, and, like the true leopard, is extremely fond of dog flesh. A young specimen—the first brought alive to England—was recently exhibited at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, but it unfortunately died a few weeks after its arrival.

Postage Stamp Machines.

An automatic machine for selling postage stamps is now being tried by the Post Office. It stands about a foot and a half high by several inches square, and can be adapted to any pillar letter-box. On dropping a penny into the slot provided, a drawer comes out, containing a memorandum book with a penny stamp on the cover. Steps have been taken to guard against fraud or failure of action, and the machine, if successful in practice, will be a public convenience. It is understood that the inventors derive their remuneration from the advertisements in the memorandum book.

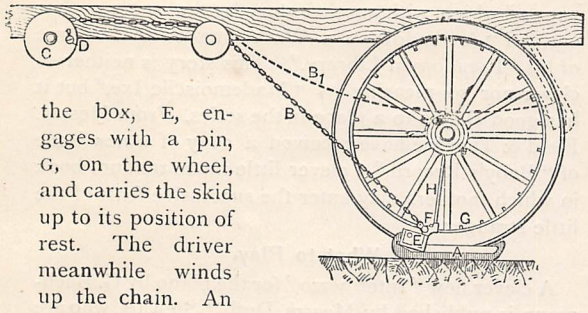
Curing the Potato Disease.

M. Girard, in France, and M. Petermann, Director of the Agronomic Station at Gembloux, in Belgium, have found that a dressing of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) is very effective in preventing the potato disease, without injuring the weight or quality of the crop. M. Petermann employs a stronger dressing than M. Girard—namely, 50 kilogrammes of the sulplate to a hectare, together with 25 kilogrammes of lime, and 25 hectolitres of water. The dressing reduced the diseased potatoes from 30 to 7 per cent. of the whole. Sulphate of iron (green vitriol) has also been tried with success by M. Petermann, the quantity of diseased roots being about 12 per cent. of the whole. The mixture used consisted of 50 kilogrammes of the iron salt, 25 kilogrammes of lime, and 25 hectolitres of water per hectare. The latter dressing is the cheaper of the two.

A New Skid.

A new skid for blocking the wheel of a road vehicle in descending a hill is illustrated herewith. It has the advantage of being applied by the driver without dismounting from his seat. When not in use, the skid, A, is hung by the chain, B, in the position shown by the dotted lines, B^1. The driver releases it by slackening the wheel, C, by means of a split hand, D, and thus paying out sufficient chain to let the skid reach the

ground. The wheel then runs on it, and on letting go the hand, D, the wheel becomes locked. To take away the skid again, the driver pays out more chain, allowing the wheel to run off the skid, when the claw, F, of



the box, E, engages with a pin, G, on the wheel, and carries the skid up to its position of rest. The driver meanwhile winds up the chain. An arm, H, which connects the skid with the nave of the wheel has on its upper end a collar, J, which embraces the nave and allows a certain play between the skid and tire when the former is out of use.

Three Books of Lessons.

Lessons need not always be scholastic or pedagogic, as everybody knows, and we have been forcibly reminded of this fact by the sight of three volumes which lie upon our table together. First is the fifth volume of "Cassell's New Popular Educator," continuing the admirably helpful series of aids to those who would improve themselves intellectually. Bright, clear lessons are these, often illustrated by good diagrams and plates, to say nothing of the excellent maps which are also included. Next we have a Teacher's Manual of "Elementary Laundry Work" (Longmans), which we welcome not only for its clear, practical hints, but also as an evidence of the widening scope of education, and the attention that is being paid to technical points that used to be left for the scholars to acquire as best they could, when schooldays were over. Lastly we have a new edition of Mr. R. B. Swinton's "Chess for Beginners, and the Beginnings of Chess" (T. Fisher Unwin), a work which combines with some admirable hints on playing the game a series of interesting chapters on its history. The book is one we can commend to all lovers of chess.

New Music.

It is some time since we were able to say anything in these columns of new music, and now that we have an opportunity of doing so the number of sheets that claim attention is absolutely appalling. From Messrs. Hutchings & Romer alone, of whose publications we propose to speak first, we have very nearly forty separate pieces before us, though of course we cannot mention each one individually. "The Legend of Elöisa" is a clever cantata, of which the words are by Herbert Bedford and the music by R. Orlando Morgan, both well written and interesting. Another cantata, "Beauty and the Beast," by King Hall, with words by Edward Oxenford, is decidedly attractive as well as humorous. In "The Minor Choralist" series we have two four-part songs, "Come Away to the Chase," by Vincent Wallace, and "My lady is the flower of flowers," by Ciro Pinsuti (with words by F. E. Weatherly), of which, if we have any choice, we prefer the latter. Then we have three pretty and fairly taking "Vocal Trios" and a set of six "Vocal Duets," which we recommend as useful and simple melodies for school and class singing. Now we turn to music for the piano, and see "Humoresque," by Clement Locknane, which is very pretty and easy, and duet and solo versions of "La Gracieuse," by A. Thompson McEvoy, which are not quite so original as the last piece we mentioned, though the middle theme in the duet is nice. Then we have a very simple "Berceuse" by D. R. Munro, and a pair of excellent little studies under the title of "Feldblumen," by R. W. Oberhoffer. We must notice specially "Chant du Paysan" and the "Maypole Dance," both by J. Pridham, as nice drawing-room pieces for the violin and piano; and "Ave Verum," by Mozart, and "Andante" by Beethoven, which would form very nice additions to a classical *répertoire*. Of four songs which we take up next it is hardly necessary to do more than mention the titles and the names of the composers. "Silver Wings" by Lilias Green, with words by Marion Burnside, is a charming song with obbligato for violin or viola; while Ciro Pinsuti's setting of Mr. F. E. Weatherly's words "My Lady" is pretty and sure to be popular; and of "The Gates of Paradise" and "In After Years," of which both words and music are by Cotsford Dick, we must say that both are pretty, but of the two the latter is more ambitious and better written. Another very nice song is "Can you tell?" by Frank Manby, with words by Mary Gorges; and in "Young Mother Hubbard," by Suchet Champion, the taking and entertaining words are by our late friend Mr. George Weatherly. A very simple and pretty song is "Grannie's Reason," a setting by Clement Locknane of words by Edward Oxenford; while "L'Espagnola," also by Clement Locknane (with words by Hubi Newcombe), is a true Bolero. "Love will endure," by Alfred Scott Gatty, is a very good setting of words by Harold Boulton; and "The Tempest King," of which the words are by Edward Major, and the music by Morris Edwards, we have no hesitation in recommending as a very good bass song. It will be seen that there is no lack of variety in Messrs. Hutchings & Romer's publications, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the admirable way in which they are produced.

A Book about Doctors.

A pleasant little series of sketches is "My Doctors," by a Patient (Skeffington). It cleverly hits off the various divisions of the genus *medico* in a manner so good-natured that doctors will probably enjoy the book as much as their patients, for whom it is, presumably, written principally. The collection of anecdotes at the end of the work—apparently an afterthought—is very striking, and there are a good many really new stories included in it. Decidedly this is a book by whose aid any doctor might hope to cure a patient afflicted with melancholy or ennui.

New Songs and Pieces.

Mr. Alphonse Cary sends us two books of "Twelve Original Melodies" for violin and piano by J. C. Beazley, which we find fairly good. In the "Diamond Edition" this publisher is issuing a splendid set of songs and pianoforte pieces at very cheap prices, and which all amateurs should make a point of seeing. "Funny Folks" is a very fair Intermezzo by G. H. Swift; and "Mistletoe," "The Village Smithy" and "Marche Antique," which are composed by H. F. Grandinger, and included in the "Treasures of Melody" series, are to be recommended as very good pieces for young children. We have mentioned before "The Strathearn Collection of Part Songs" issued by Messrs. Paterson and Sons, of Edinburgh. Leaders of choral classes should be sure to see these as they are published, as the songs included in the series are very good for their purpose, and now that the publishers have added some sacred songs to the series, it is one to be followed with care. We have to acknowledge also the receipt of two Albums from the same publishers—"A Pastoral Album," containing six pretty two-part songs by Alfred Moffat with words by Edward Oxenford, and "Album of Six Songs" by Hamish MacCunn, which is an excellent edition of this composer's loveliest songs. A well-written semi-sacred song is Mr. McConnell Wood's setting of Mr. Oxenford's words entitled "The Abbey Portal"; and "A Lost Love" is a pretty love song by Alfred Stella, of which the words are by George Barlow. In "Fair is Love" is a beautiful melody and accompaniment by Hamish MacCunn to words by George Barlow; while "Heart in Armour," is a first-class baritone song from the same author and composer. Miss K. T. Sizer, who is the author of the "Household Sketches" which are now appearing month by month in this magazine, is also author and translator of a series of songs, intended for use by young people and in schools, and published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons under the title "The Concert at Home." The words are very pretty and suitable for this purpose, and the settings by Mr. K. A. Kern combine with them to make a valuable acquisition to our *répertoire*.

"Tries at Truth."

Such is Mr. Arnold White's own title for his series of admirable essays on social questions, just issued by Messrs. Isbister & Co. Colonisation, socialism, strikes, sweating, drink, overcrowding, poor-law, these are *some* of the problems that confront Mr. White, as they must every worker for the amelioration of the often hard lot of the London workers. Of course we do not commit ourselves in every case to Mr. Arnold White's solution of the difficulty he is discussing, but, even when we differ from him most, or most regret that he is sometimes a little vague, we can never too highly speak of the zeal and care with which he has entered into these great questions which are crying aloud for some active brain and strong hand to take them up.

New Editions.

In this Naval Exhibition year special interest attaches to the new edition of Southey's "Life of Nelson," which Messrs. Cassell have just issued with some very good illustrations and portraits. We have also received a cheap edition of the same work as issued in the "National Library." Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a second edition of "A Mystery of the Campagna," which, with another story by the same author entitled "A Shadow on a Wave," makes up a volume of his "Pseudonym Library." This story is neither so clever nor so pleasing as "Mademoiselle Ixe," but it has good claims to a place in the series. From Messrs. Field & Tuer we have received a copy of a new issue of "Baby's Record," a clever little memorandum book in which mothers may enter the successive feats of the little stranger.

What to Play.

A clever new "Intermezzo" for the piano by G. Bachmann is published by Messrs. Duff & Stewart, who are also the publishers of a series of "Miniature Classics" in which we have very good editions of "Dussek's Rondo," and "Haydn's Rondo," well-fingered and suitable for children. We have also to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. Duff & Stewart of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Entr'acte to Schubert's "Rosamunde," well arranged into piano pieces, and very nice editions of "Wiegenlied," by Adolph Henselt, and "Toccata in A," by P. D. Paradies. From Messrs. Forsyth Bros. we have a "New Series of School Songs," for equal voices, in unison and in two or three parts, which are all edited by Frederic N. Löhr, and as the composer is in every case our contributor Dr. W. H. Hunt, it is hardly necessary to say to our readers that these songs are all very pretty. The London Music Publishing Company have published a cantata, "Annie of Lochroyan, by Erskine Allon, in which, although it is difficult, lies a mine of treasures. We have five more songs by Dr. W. H. Hunt to acknowledge, and this time all are published by Messrs. Weekes & Co. Of the first two "In Absence" is a very pretty setting of words paraphrased from Goethe, and "Go, Lovely Rose" is a solo setting of words by Waller which have been many times used for a duet; of "The Little Flower," "Sleep, My Little one," and "The Silver Stars in Myriad Train," we need say little except to remind our readers that they originally appeared in this magazine. Another very good song is "In Thy Dear Eyes," a setting by Adrian Girillo of words by Edmund Lee, which is published by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, who have set before us a new idea in "Oranges and Lemons," a setting to pretty music by G. A. Lovell of an old rhyme. In "O Swallow, Swallow," Mr. Arthur Somervell gives us a very pretty accompaniment to Lord Tennyson's well-known words, and "Three Songs," to which the words are contributed by W. E. Henley and the music by H. F. B. Reynardson, is clever and attractive.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

As we reminded intending competitors last month, July 1st, 1891, is the latest day for receiving MSS. The award will be announced as soon as possible.

"THE SUMMER'S STORY
HAS REACHED ITS GLORY."

"THE LONGEST DAY" (p. 512).

THAT LITTLE WOMAN.

By IDA J. LEMON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MR. THOMAS BRISCOE stood with his hands behind his back and his back to the fire. He was an elderly gentleman, tall and inclined to be portly; inclined also to be gouty, one could see without much discernment, and, to judge by his watch chain, his shirt-stud, his aldermanic proportions, his gout was not of that species known as "poor man's." His face was somewhat hard and his skin coarse in texture, he had grey whiskers, grey hair, grey eyes, an obstinate chin, and his upper and nether lip were fond of each other's society.

The room in which he was, was of fair size and very comfortably furnished, but the stiffly ranged chairs with antimacassars of antique make, the sofa with a cushion done in woolwork, the print of the Prince and Princess of Wales in an Oxford frame, the lustres on the mantel-piece, and the stiff wax flowers carefully protected under a glass shade, all these testified to the fact of "lodgings," and those lodgings "furnished." But the "single gentleman" who had taken them had brought with him a few of his own belongings, an oil painting or two in handsome frames which put the Royal Family in the shade, a bookcase, well-filled with literature of a somewhat ponderous nature, and an arm-chair of seductive appearance.

On the table was a shaded lamp, and near the lamp were lying a couple of newspapers and a case of cigars.

The curtains were drawn, the firelight, as much of it as could escape between Mr. Briscoe's legs, played on various objects, and altogether, if the outlook was not æsthetically perfect, it was cosy, and the occupant of the room having dined well was tolerably satisfied.

There were two doors with rather aggressively bright brass handles, one led into Mr. Briscoe's sleeping-apartment, the other opened on to the passage. At the latter there came a knock.

Mr. Briscoe lost in thought did not heed it, but on its being repeated more loudly he started, and said in tones so gruff that they seemed to be wrapped up in a comforter :—

"Come in."

The door opened, and a bright voice said: "May I?"

The gentleman pulled himself up, glanced apprehensively at the speaker, and exclaimed half aloud—

"Good gracious, it's that little woman!"

The intruder heard the remark and laughed.

"Yes," she repeated. "You are quite right. It is 'that little woman.'"

Certainly, she was not a big woman. If Briscoe had been rolled out, he would have made three of her, and then there would have been trimmings. She was thin, but not by any means angular, and her dress which was simple, was of some grey woollen material that was pleasing to the eye. She also wore a white muslin apron adorned with red ribbons and this was turned up and held towards her with one hand, evidently because it contained something she did not wish to drop. The hand was ringless, but very white and prettily shaped.

Altogether the apparition was a cheering one, very different from that well-known visitant which came "tapping" at Mr. Poe's chamber door for the purpose of croaking disagreeable and monotonous information. This reminded one of a bird indeed, but rather of the chirping than the croaking species; she might have been likened to a sparrow or a redbreast, but certainly not to a raven.

She stood regarding Mr. Briscoe, with an expression which denoted interest and even benevolence. She was about five and thirty years of age, but looked less. She had sharp features and bright brown eyes, her hair was also brown, parted in the middle and smooth, her cheeks were ruddy, and she had a quick, merry way with her that was in marked contrast to the weighty manner of the gentleman.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Loveridge?"

"No, thank you. But there is something you can let *me* do for *you*. It is Christmas Eve, Mr. Briscoe."

"I am aware of that, madam."

There was in the tone of the reply, an implied protest against the necessity of informing him of the fact.

"No doubt." She glanced round her. "But who could tell it? I expect, like me, you have been busy, and have not had time for decorating. Besides at best it is not man's work, and you poor bachelors have no one to do such things for you."

"I do not understand you, madam."

"Don't you? Look here." She put her disengaged hand to her apron and picked out a large piece of mistletoe full of berries which she waved before him. Perhaps Mr. Briscoe was seized with a fear that she expected to be kissed. At any rate he shrank back hastily.

"And here!"

This time it was a sprig of holly. She held it so close for his inspection that it pricked his nose and induced him to put a still greater distance between them.

"Well!" he said.

"I bought these this evening. I was coming home when suddenly it struck me I hadn't a bit of anything to decorate with, and just at that moment there came along a little poor boy with a basket. I declare he

was as pale as his own mistletoe, but we soon changed the mistletoe into holly berries. It's wonderfully easy to bring the colour into the cheeks of children. A small thing makes them contented, bless their little hearts! Well, then I came home to make my room bright for the happy time. And I had no sooner begun to put some green over my pictures than I thought: Why, there's that poor man downstairs, only been in his rooms so short a time, and most likely it hasn't occurred to anybody to do a bit of 'Christmasing' for him. So I took the liberty of coming to do it myself. And now we'll start at once."

"You're very kind, I'm sure," said the "poor man," unused to hear himself, blessed as he was with this world's goods, called by such a name. His tone was far from cordial, however. Miss Loveridge either ignored or did not observe that. She set to work forthwith.

"Do you mind if I stand on your chairs? I'm not very heavy and I have slippers on. I'll put my handkerchief on the leather. I'm used to standing on my own, but then they're shabby. Thanks. Will you hold this holly? Dear me, have you pricked yourself?"

She hopped from place to place, and as the robin redbreasts let fall leaves on to the babes in the wood, so she dropped sprigs of holly on to picture-frames which erst were bare. The room seemed to grow brighter and homelier as she did so, but that may have been due rather to her presence than to the red berries.

Briscoe, defenceless, stood beneath and handed her the sprays as she directed. He was too well-bred to display the real nature of his feelings, but his eyes strayed more than once to his paper.

"There! That's better. Now I think if we made a wreath of these pieces and hung them up, the decorations would be complete. Have you any wire? No? string then? Ah, wait a minute. I'll just run up to my room and fetch my wire. I have some left. No, it's no trouble, I assure you."

"It appears as if she intends to make an evening of it," remarked Mr. Briscoe as she tripped away. "The woman has assurance I must say! It would be rude to refuse her offer, I suppose. Besides she doesn't give one a chance."

His rumination did not last long. She was back almost directly.

"Here it is. Now don't stand any longer. You're tired, I dare say, having been in the City all day. I'll sit here, thank you. It won't take long. I always do things quickly, don't you?"

"That depends on the things."

"Yes, of course. One couldn't eat a cracknel quickly for instance. Have you ever tried? What a pity it is these berries drop off so. Would you cut that?"

Poor Briscoe was thoroughly taken possession of. He was obliged to submit with the best grace possible.

"Thank you. How do you like your rooms now?"

"I am satisfied with them."

"I am glad of that. They certainly are nice. Mine upstairs of course are not to be compared with them. But I've never had a complaint to make. Mrs. Greenlow is such an obliging woman. Doesn't she cook well? She's a widow, poor thing. I always feel sorry for widows, don't you?"

"I see no special reason to be."

"Ah, you think they can take care of themselves, I suppose. Would you pass the wire?"

Miss Loveridge continued her work. Somehow it seemed natural and fitting work for her. Her deft fingers moved amongst the leaves and the wreath grew apace. She held her head a little on one side to contemplate it, and looked more like a bird than ever.

"I love Christmas, don't you?"

"I cannot say I do, especially."

"Not? Ah, you may have cause for feeling sad then. Perhaps there are memories—" her voice softened.

"Indeed no. I am not a man of sentiment."

There was silence for a moment.

"For my part," went on the little worker, "I love the dear old time, as I love anything that brings out the best in human nature, and draws us closer together. To me it seems that then we call to mind what we are apt to forget too often—that we are brothers and sisters. I have had sad Christmases as well as happy ones, but even sorrow was easier to bear then than at other times, because when one realises how one is bound up with the rest of the world one cannot stand apart from its rejoicing. And indeed it seems ungrateful to God's mercy not to be happy on this anniversary."

Mr. Briscoe stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Has it ever occurred to you," asked the little woman presently, "how with each anniversary one grows richer in memories, even if, as is the case with some of us, one grows poorer in joy? When one has reached the period of looking back, there is in every Christmas something to draw out from one's past and meditate upon. Sometimes it is sad work though. What a wonderful thing it would be if all the regrets should be suddenly swept from one and the longings be lost in completion. That would be a Christmas indeed!"

Her voice was low and she held the wreath loosely. Her eyes looked into the fire. She had forgotten her listener.

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Briscoe, and his sharp tone severed the thread of thought like a knife.

"No," she looked up at him and a sparkle of mischief chased the dimness from her eyes. "You are not a man of sentiment. As for me I acknowledge I am sentimental. I always have been, I always shall be. Take away sentiment, and life would not be worth living."

"Is it worth living?"

"That depends upon the liver, they say. My opinion is that those only find life worth living who endeavour to make worth living the lives of others."

Mr. Briscoe rose, and stood by the mantel-piece, looking at her.

"How does the wreath progress?"

"It is finished. Now, where shall we put it? Opposite the door I think, that it may speak a Christmas welcome to anyone coming in. Ah, over that picture shall we say?"

He placed a chair for her and she jumped nimbly on it. She felt for the nail. He stood by holding the wreath. At that moment some children were heard in the street singing carols. Miss Loveridge raised one hand in a listening attitude while she looked at the picture.

"Hark! The dear little souls. What a sweet face this is. Who is it? May I ask? A relation?"

"It is the portrait of my stepmother."

She leaned forward and scrutinised the picture eagerly. There was silence for some time, broken only by the children's singing. He waited patiently.

"What are the children singing?" said Miss Loveridge. "'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' beautiful words. That is what your wreath implies, Mr. Briscoe, and it is well to hang it over a face so like an angel's. If one had been wronged, how lovely it would be to accord forgiveness now. If you had an enemy, and he were to come in at the door now and see this, he would understand that all illwill was at an end between you. Someone has said these words, Walter Savage Landor, I think. 'Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive anyone? There is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily.' I almost wish I had an enemy, that I might have the chance of forgiving him. 'Peace on earth! Goodwill to men!'"

"You are a woman of fancies, Miss Loveridge."

"I am indeed. I fancy many things. See, I fancy you are such an enemy, and that you have done me an injury, and I fancy I say—" she bent down, and took the wreath, and her hand touched his—"no, I am sure I say, 'I forgive you.'"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MR. BRISCOE owed it to his uninvited guest that he had a bad night's rest. Her personality, her strange words and manner, gave him food for reflection. He felt uneasy, as if he had really injured her, and she had really accorded him her forgiveness, yet to the best of his belief he had never seen her hitherto in his life. Her very name was unfamiliar to him. Yet now he came to think, he had heard it before. Where? It was not till he was falling into his first sleep that it flashed across his mind, and brought him back with a bound to wakefulness, less of itself or its own significance than for something which it recalled. That night he was haunted.

The Christmas dawn had come, the sun had stolen up in the east as gently as a greater light had arisen in the Orient two thousand years ago, before he fell into an uneasy dose.

When he rose unrefreshed and repaired to his sitting-room, he found his breakfast laid and Mrs. Greenlow just bringing in the coffee.

She put it on the table, gave him the greetings of the day—to which he grunted a not very hearty response—and was on the point of leaving the room when he called her back.

"Mrs. Greenlow."

"Sir."

He lifted the cover off the bacon.

"Who is that woman upstairs?"

"Woman, sir?"

"Miss Loveridge."

"Oh, her! I should have understood sir, only when you said 'woman,' I thought, you perhaps meant—woman. Yes, Miss Loveridge, the *lady's* name is."

Mr. Briscoe's fork fell with a clatter on the tray.

"I could have told you that. I want to know who she is. What about her? Where does she come from? What does she do?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure. Well, I think I told you when you came to take the drawing-room, she was the only other person in the house and had the upstairs room, and I wish all letters of lodgin's could have such people. Not a bit of trouble does she give, and if ever there was a Christian woman, that's she. You might think she'd never a thought nor a care to see the way she's wrapped up in others, and let alone her not havin' a husband, which any proper-minded woman with a heart must make a trouble, and I declare I'd sooner be a widow than an old maid—"

"Yes, yes, yes. And what does she do with herself?"

"Why, bits of writing mostly, I think when she isn't out doing good. There was a sweet piece of poetry wrapped round the butter the grocer's man brought one day, and evidently tore out of a paper. It was signed with her name and I saved it and showed her, and she laughed, a sweet bit, though sad like, which—"

"Ah, thanks. That will do."

Mr. Briscoe ate his breakfast, smoked a cigar over the fire, then went and looked out of the window.

It was a real Christmas morning, not snowy, but clear and bright and frosty. The sky was cloudless, the sun shone with a good grace, considering that he was not on terms of intimacy with this side of the globe. Everything was bright, clean and cheerful. The church bells were already ringing and many people were about all dressed in their best.

Mr. Briscoe repaired again to the adjoining room. He put on his fur-lined overcoat, he took his shiny hat in one hand, in the other his highly polished boots. He warmed the last at his sitting-room fire, then drew them on and walked downstairs. At the minute he emerged from his door, Miss Loveridge overhead emerged from hers, and as he had a gouty foot, and she ran down as nimbly as a schoolgirl, she overtook him in the hall.

"Good-morning, Mr. Briscoe," she said; and the sound of her voice might have cheered the most despondent of mankind. "A merry Christmas to you, or, as *I* prefer to be wished, a happy Christmas."

She held out her hand to him, and gave him the brightest of smiles. She had her hymn book with her, and a letter placed on it face downwards.

"So you are going to church too. I will undertake, as you are a stranger, to show you a very good one. I expect like all men you cannot endure a bad sermon, and will be glad to be guarded against one. I must confess I often realise how admirable was Sir Roger

"YOU ARE A WOMAN OF FANCIES, MISS LOVERIDGE" (*p.* 515).

de Coverley's plan of giving the parson copies of all the best published sermons from which to select his own. But Mr. Calidon, my clergyman, is worth hearing for himself."

"I have no intention of going to church."

"What! not on Christmas Day? I hope you are not ill."

"I passed a wretched night."

"Did you? I can sympathise with you from a fellow-feeling. It is a strange coincidence: I hardly slept a wink."

"It has impaired neither your looks nor your spirits, madam."

"It is very kind of you to say so. I must own I feel very well this morning, and very hopeful. Well, I must be starting. Perhaps if you are only going for a walk, you will come a little of the way with me. I am fond of my own society, but one welcomes a change."

The awful idea flashed through Mr. Briscoe's mind that Miss Loveridge, regarding him in spite of his sixty years as an eligible bachelor was—well, we all know the conceit of men, and Mr. Briscoe, who had

never been well acquainted with the sex, was vaguely wont to consider "female" as only part of a compound word: he always mentally prefixed "designing." Still, he was flattered, of course, and as the lady was of a sufficiently prepossessing appearance, and was dressed becomingly, he was not altogether loth to accept her invitation. Accordingly, he opened the door and they went out together.

"We turn to the right," said Miss Loveridge; "but would you wait one minute while I run and put this letter in the pillar-box?"

"Allow me to post it."

"Oh, no! No, thank you."

"But why not?"

"I think," she hesitated, "I would rather post it myself."

"As you like, of course," said Mr. Briscoe stiffly.

Miss Loveridge hastened to slip the letter into the box, and they went on their way.

During the walk the time passed very agreeably. Miss Loveridge chatted continuously and briskly. She remarked on the passers-by, and reduced Mr. Briscoe to a state of consternation by constantly stopping to pat the faces of rosy children, and even to kiss them. And so they came at length to the church. The bells were ringing with all their might and main, and people were streaming in in answer to the summons.

"I do believe," said Miss Loveridge, "the bells know what they are saying. Now how does it sound to you? 'Come in, come in, you pardoned sinners;' 'come to church, you pardoned sinners.' That's what they seem to say, the bells, 'Come in, come in.'" She hummed the tune. "So we must part here, Mr. Briscoe; or has your walk done you good? and do you think," she added a little mischievously, "you can stand it now?"

"It was not my feeling unwell which kept me away."

"Oh! I understood it was; but then I always jump to conclusions."

They were standing still. He raised his hat, prepared to depart. She looked up at him with her keen yet gentle eyes, and the colour deepened in her cheeks.

"Mr. Briscoe," said the brave little woman, "I do not know if you have conscientious scruples against entering a church. If so, I must respect them. But if not, will you think me impertinent if I remind you that it is Christmas Day? All we go in to render thanks and praise to God. Will you remain without, apart from us and Him?"

Half ashamed, half annoyed, he strove to answer her; went a step away, turned, and followed her in. It was the first time for many a year he had entered the House of God.

The church, which was beautifully decorated, was crowded with worshippers, and it was with difficulty Briscoe and Miss Loveridge could find a seat. The latter was upon her knees till the moment the service commenced. And this was such a bright one, and, withal, so impressive, and everyone seemed to join in it with such a happy, hearty spirit that by degrees Briscoe too, unable to resist the influences around him, warmed up and began to take his part. For all his outward hardness, he was not a bad fellow, only, like many another, he had shut himself off from the sunny human atmosphere which keeps warm and sweet the heart of man. Miss Loveridge handed him her Bible, for he had forgotten the words she knew by heart. He shared her hymn-book too, when all around and she, in a clear and ringing voice, were singing "He is our peace"—and what was her astonishment and triumph when, gruffly and out of tune, he joined in at the last verse; and, indeed, who could have kept silent with that rolling organ and the fresh young voices of the boys to inspire one? One might as well have resisted a battle cry.

> "All glory be to God on high,
> And on the earth be peace,
> Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
> Begin and never cease."

Neither had he any inclination to sleep through the sermon. The preacher, since dead, was famed for his eloquence. He was a man of about Briscoe's own age, with a clever, earnest, sweet expression, and he preached such a sermon as we need more of in this world of sorrow and doubt. It rang with hope and trust and brotherliness; and it had the more force, as most of the congregation knew that the speaker had drunk deep of the cup of woe.

"Confess you are glad you went," said Miss Loveridge, when they found themselves once more outside.

Briscoe grunted.

"I suppose," said he, regarding her as if she were some sort of specimen, "you are what is called religious. You like going to church and all that."

"Well, as to being religious, I sometimes wonder what is the real signification of that word. It is so differently applied. But I certainly like going to church. And, bless me, so would a good many people if they would only give themselves a chance."

"An acquired taste, no doubt," remarked Briscoe.

Miss Loveridge changed the subject.

"Does it not make one feel intimate to go to a place of worship with anyone? I declare I feel as if I had known you for years."

"The woman is certainly setting her cap at me," thought Briscoe, not displeased, nevertheless. Aloud he said:—

"Indeed?"

"Yes. But then I soon make friends with people. One loses so many opportunities of happiness by being too reserved. I am not reserved."

"No? Ah!"

"Perhaps having no relations of one's own makes one more friendly to outsiders."

"You have no relations?" inquired Briscoe, with a certain eagerness.

"None. I had only one brother."

"Had? He is then—"

"Dead."

There was a pause of a short while, during which both, perhaps unconsciously, slackened their steps.

"I miss him very much," said Miss Loveridge then. "It is little more than a year since I lost him—he died of consumption. Owing to his bad health I was his chief companion and nurse. Poor Charlie!"

"Charlie," Briscoe said softly to himself. "Charles Loveridge."

He looked at her once or twice as she walked with averted face, opened his mouth as if to speak, coughed, but said nothing. "And you are alone in the world?" asked Miss Loveridge presently.

"Practically." He spoke in a somewhat softened voice. "My only sister, and she was not a blood relation, was eighteen years my junior. She married very young, and went to Canada. We have long since ceased to correspond, though I heard from her when she became a widow. People so far apart and leading separate lives soon lose interest in one another."

"Unless they are so dear to one another that there is no such thing as a separate life. Absence and difference of surroundings can effect no change then—none whatever."

She spoke with an almost passionate warmth and conviction. Briscoe glanced at her surprised. She looked up and their eyes met. She averted hers at once.

"And so," she said presently in her natural voice, "you are almost as solitary as I am. You have only one relation in the world and she so far away from you."

"I think you misunderstand me. I am not aware that I said I had only one relation."

His manner, which during this homeward walk had relaxed somewhat, now resumed its former stiffness.

"There is—there is—someone else then?"

"Miss Loveridge, you will excuse me; but I am not in the habit of discussing my affairs with—ahem—"

"Strangers. I beg your pardon. I should be sorry, Mr. Briscoe, for you to think me intrusive. I am one who takes a deep interest in all which concerns my fellow creatures. I trust you will believe this feeling is far removed from mere curiosity." She hesitated a minute. "I hope," she said then, "that living in the same house we shall see much of each other, and that the time is not far distant when you will cease to apply to me the name of stranger."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IT certainly seemed as if she were desirous of promoting friendly terms; and Briscoe, who had at first held back from her advances, and maintained his attitude of reserve, was not altogether proof against her. She was not intrusive, although she never missed an opportunity of getting better acquainted with him, and it was flattering to an elderly man, who had never received much attention from the fair sex even in his youth, to be more or less sought after by a lady, who, if she had overstepped the mysterious barrier of girlhood, was yet by no means unattractive and was, in fact, decidedly interesting; and though the recollection of the "designing" propensity would occasionally mar the pleasant impression she made upon him, and which deepened constantly, yet he considered he was perfectly well able to take care of himself, and that therefore there was no reason why he should forego her society.

He did not forego it, and as the weeks went on it gradually became more necessary to him.

Sometimes, too, he would find flowers on his mantel-piece or his table, especially when snowdrops, primroses, and violets came to gladden the earth with the promise of spring.

By-and-by he had further reason to congratulate himself. When his clothes came up from the wash, there was no need for him to put them on unmended, or beseech Mrs. Greenlow to mend them. His socks had always lost any holes with which they might have been afflicted, and in their place were the neatest of darns. His shirts, too, never lacked a button, whereas heretofore he had suffered much from the exceeding flightiness of these small necessaries. And when, as in duty bound, he consulted Mrs. Greenlow on the matter, she could only smile broadly and disclaim the action of repairing, departing with some murmur about "ministering angels."

Occasionally too it chanced that when Mr. Thomas Briscoe set off for the City in the morning, he would encounter a little person in a grey cloak and a neat black bonnet, who was either just going for or just returning from a constitutional, and who would accompany him as far as the station, enlivening the walk and shortening it considerably by her conversation. And what a memory she had, this woman! How solicitous she was about his gout, or that cold which had threatened him, and for which she had recommended essence of camphor; or that sore throat for which she had supplied cold water rags herself. And she was so careful that he should be comfortable! She really considered him as he had never been considered in his life before. She always put his shoes down to warm; she always poked up the fire into a blaze just before he would be in, and he never had, as hitherto, to endure the sight of dull coals, or to choke himself black in the face with smoke. How interested she was, too, in all that concerned him! She was even capable of an intelligent reference to the state of the money market, and stocks appeared her hobby if by chance he had made any investments. But then she was interested in everyone who walked on two legs and spoke with a human voice; and he could not but observe when they went on their little walks how very many friends she possessed, even though they were queer people, whom he would not have thought worth including in the census.

There was the small shoeblack near the station, the tip of whose poor little nose was always so red, and whose cheeks were always so pale; when she approached his face was turned into one big smile, and for a minute he was red all over. The crossing sweeper, too, whose boots were so large that it was a wonder

how he kept his feet in them at all, and whose coat was more holes than anything else : the crossing sweeper, who was not an amiable-looking personage, never omitted to exchange a cordial "good morning" with her, and was frequently the recipient of a parcel, which he pocketed with eagerness, and which it may be surmised contained breakfast. And as to the old man at the corner who sold "taters," he invariably would quaver a "mornin', ma'am," and, beaming with pleasure, touch his battered hat. And she would tell Briscoe about them, or maybe about others they passed or whom she knew : the poverty of this one, the trouble which that one was in about his dying wife, the suffering of some young girl who was in consumption, and whose parents could not give her proper food, till for very shame he would fumble in his pocket and slip a piece of money into her hand, with a warning to her not to believe all the tales she heard. And the little woman at this would almost succeed in persuading him he was the best and most benevolent of men till it is possible he wished he were ; for it is all nonsense to believe it is only the poor who are benefited by kindness. If our friends would only think a little better of us, there would be more good men and women in this wicked world.

Perhaps the old bachelor, whose life was passed in the City, had been so many years an alien to the greatest of all pleasures, that of human companionship, that there may have been excuses to be made for his self-absorption ; if so, she made them. She was as genial as sunlight, and under her influence flowers began to spring from barren soil.

That which occurred one evening will serve as an example. Briscoe was coming home from the City. An east wind was blowing, a drizzling rain was falling, the air was raw. It was difficult to keep an umbrella up ; however, he managed to hold his in front of him to protect him somewhat from the wind. Thus proceeding he was almost home, when, in turning a corner, he came into collision with a lady. On lifting his umbrella to make apologies, though the incident caused him to feel crosser than before, whom should he behold peering at him from behind a large parcel, but Miss Loveridge ! Having had the wind behind her, she did not exhibit that nipped appearance and redness of nose which too often mar the beauty of the sex on these occasions. She was laughing, too, at the misadventure, and as Briscoe was in no laughing mood, he felt more annoyed than ever, very unreasonably, since he was not the injured party.

"Was there ever such weather?" he said. "What's the use of it, I wonder ! I declare it's a misery to be out of doors."

"You'll soon be home now."

"Whatever are you out for without an umbrella?"

"I haven't any hands to carry it with. Did you ever see such a parcel? No style about it whatever, is there? Aren't you glad you haven't got to walk with me?"

"What on earth is it?"

"Let me see. A blanket, a pair of sheets, and some food. They are for a poor woman. Her little baby was born yesterday, and she has nothing in the house. Well, I won't keep you waiting in this wind."

She nodded and went on her way. In a few minutes she heard someone puffing and panting behind her. She looked round. There was Briscoe. She stopped. "Do you want me?"

He pointed to the parcel but was incapable of speech. At last he gasped : "The blanket ! Where did you get it?"

"Why do you ask?" said Miss Loveridge, and now the elements had not to answer for the redness of her cheeks.

"Look here," he said, and stood right in front of her. "You didn't buy these things, did you?"

"I haven't stolen them," said Miss Loveridge, and she gave a queer, rather nervous little laugh.

"You have !" thundered Briscoe with vigour, "you have robbed yourself of them. What is that but stealing, I should like to know?"

The streets were not deserted. Two small boys passed. One said to the other, "Halloa, there is going to be a row !" and they stopped. A policeman on the other side, who was attracted by the loud tones of the gentleman's voice, stopped too.

"Hush," said Miss Loveridge, and she laid her hand on his arm, laughing. "People will think there is something the matter. I believe that policeman is expecting a signal to arrest me."

Mr. Briscoe shook off the hand, but either its touch or something else had sent a thrill to the hard old heart. His voice was husky as he said——

"You are a good little woman, a good little woman. I won't have this. You come back with me and unpack that parcel."

"I can't."

"You can. Bother the people ! As if there aren't babies enough in the world."

"That's no reason why its mother should die of want and cold, is it?"

"Who said its mother should die of want and cold? Did I, I should like to know?"

Here he pulled off his glove, inserted two fingers into his pocket and produced a sovereign. The small boys thought the proceedings were growing very interesting. They drew nearer.

"Give me the parcel. Take the umbrella. Bother the wind ! Rubbish ! there is no need to thank me. I shan't miss it, I suppose. It is given to you, understand, not to the woman. I hate poor women, and I can't think why some people take such pleasure in routing them out."

They walked back again, Miss Loveridge beaming with delight. Briscoe glanced at her enviously once or twice. Suddenly he said : "Bright as usual, bright as usual. You are always happy, I believe."

"Not always, but I have a great many things to make me so," said Miss Loveridge, as she successfully struggled with the umbrella, which was manifesting a desire to look at the world from its ribs. "God has been very good to me in spite of my troubles."

"What troubles?" he asked.

"Perhaps, some day," said Miss Loveridge, "I will tell you. Maybe, who knows?" she glanced up at him mischievously, "when you discuss *your* affairs with *me*."

But that which was the chief means of bringing these two together and making them intimate, was an accident which occurred to Mr. Briscoe.

One morning, a youth in the neighbourhood having an orange in his pocket, walked along the streets enjoying the same, and as he walked he marked his route with orange-peel, as the personage in the fairy story did with pebbles, and ignorant of that which would ere long ensue, went onward whistling joyfully. Ten minutes afterwards, there passed by a young man of sedate appearance, who, shaking his head at the danger of orange-peel on the pavement, put himself to the trouble of flicking each separate piece with his stick. But, alas for the snares of imperfect philanthropy! Had he left all, others beside himself would have been forewarned, but he overlooked one piece, and this piece did the mischief.

Mr. Briscoe started off for the City at his usual time that morning. He felt, for him, in a surprisingly good temper. There was a touch of spring in the March air, the sparrows were twittering expectantly, the sky seemed to smile with loveliness, the wind had not a suspicion of the east in its balmy kiss. Even elderly gentlemen, with gouty tendencies and without sentiment, are apt to take a kinder view of things in general when the world is waking to new life, and whispers of hope and gladness. Accordingly, Mr. Thomas Briscoe walked along with his head well up. He was as usual dressed irreproachably as regarded the quality of his clothes, though a connoisseur might have taken exception to the antiquated shape of his hat; in his hand was a gold-headed stick, and his morning paper was tucked under his arm. A close observer might have noticed that of late the lines about the gentleman's mouth had relaxed a little, and there was even a suspicion of a smile once as a stray thought intruded upon his mind.

But suddenly the good man's expression changed utterly, his eyes opened, so did his mouth, one of his legs seemed to be slipping away from him and as he put out his hand to save himself he fell crashing down with all his weight upon it. His stick and his newspaper parted company from him, his hat, too, was faithless, and rolled unhesitatingly towards a pool of mud. He tried to rise, but could only attain to a sitting posture and remained there, holding with his left hand the elbow of his right arm which felt perfectly helpless. As to his face it was of the colour of ashes.

There had been few people in the street when this accident occurred, but all of a sudden it seemed to be crowded. We all know that nothing grows with such abnormal rapidity as a London crowd. The small boys ran, the big boys ran, the idle women ran, the men who thought themselves busy ran to see a poor gentleman on his back and to ask each other what it all meant. Some said he had had a fit, there were vague murmurs of apoplexy, or again of epilepsy, even rumours of a "stroke" were borne on the wind, though the injured man was kicking with some vigour. Some one tried to assist him to his feet but the touch was not a gentle one and caused a vehement protest on his part, while the perspiration streamed off his forehead; some who pinned their confidence in policemen wondered why those functionaries were not forthcoming, but no one went in search of one for fear of missing anything that was to be seen. So there they all stood chattering and sympathetic while poor Mr. Briscoe, too sick and dazed to do anything, was only conscious of great pain and of wonder as to the meaning of it all.

However someone came to his aid before many minutes had elapsed and helped him to escape from the effects of the ignorant willingness that threatened to increase his disasters. This was no other than Miss Loveridge who had taken the same road as himself and who, seeing the crowd in front of her, had a premonition of evil, and hastened up.

"Has there been an accident?" asked the well-known voice, and never had Mr. Briscoe been so pleased to hear it.

The little woman forced her way through the crowd with that self-imposed authority which is always recognised by others.

"What? Mr. Briscoe?" she exclaimed, and her tone was expressive of alarm as well as surprise, and indeed his face was enough to alarm anyone who was interested in him.

She turned to the people, who had observed that she was an acquaintance.

"Stand back," she said. "I will attend to this gentleman."

This she proceeded to do forthwith. She asked a few pertinent questions, unceremoniously felt for broken bones, and soon found what was the matter, for she began at the top and having loosened Briscoe's coat and run her finger along the collar bone, found that the right-hand side was deformed and that there was a gap.

"Ah," she said, and the "Ah" was fraught with meaning.

She looked round her.

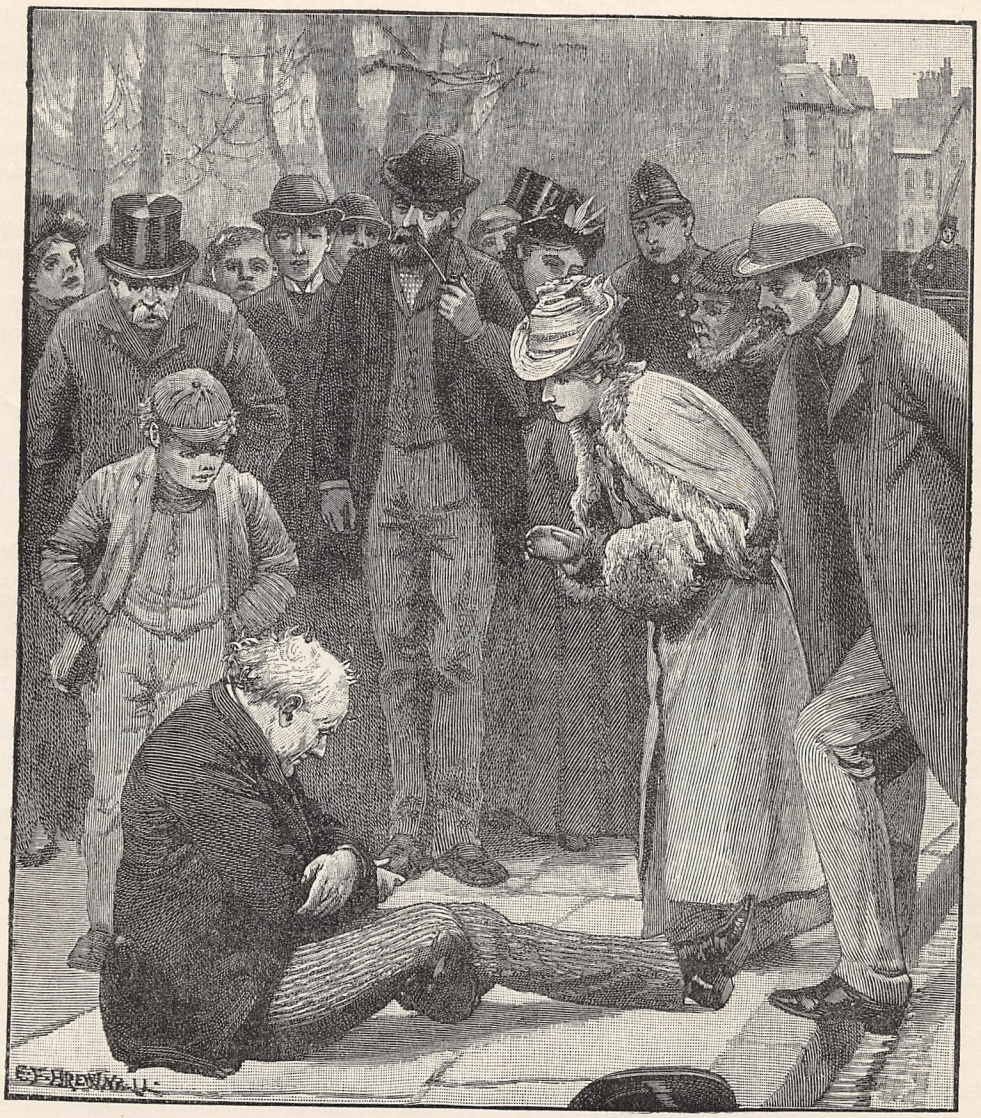
"Go for a cab," she said to one man. "Get some smelling-salts," to another. "Bring me that newspaper," to a third. And all obeyed her without a murmur. As to Mr. Briscoe he appeared well content to leave himself in her hands.

Miss Loveridge rolled the morning paper into a pad and placed it under the arm, which she pushed upward with a touch so gentle and so firm that it was evident she was not unskilled in the treatment of injuries.

"Will you hold this—so," she said to the man who had brought the paper. "Take care. Don't hurt him. That will do."

Then she dived into Mr. Briscoe's pocket and produced a silk handkerchief of considerable dimensions which she converted into a sling for his arm, and with a rapidity which was perfectly surprising, having taken out her pocket-knife and pulled off her bonnet, she cut the strings, tied them together and fastened the limb to his side.

Mr. Briscoe submitted to all this with the greatest



"'WHAT? MR. BRISCOE?' SHE EXCLAIMED" (*p.* 520).

meekness, partly perhaps because he could not help himself, but also partly because Miss Loveridge inspired confidence. Moreover though he was not of a particularly bashful nature, he did not appreciate being the object of attention to a constantly increasing crowd, which did its very best to deprive him of air and talked about him continuously, and more or less audibly.

"There," said Miss Loveridge when her work was completed. "I think that will do for the present. No, there is no necessity to get up yet," as the patient gave signs of an attempt to do so; "we will wait till the cab arrives from the station."

She induced him to drink a little cordial. The shock had made him cold and this did him good. It gave him the strength to glare round about him at the multitude and to mutter something which was not a blessing. Miss Loveridge overheard it.

"My good people," she said. "I know it is very interesting to watch an accident. I always do it myself. But don't you think you might go now? I assure you there is nothing more to see. I expect some of you have appointments, and you will be late for them. You, sir," regarding a butcher who stood near her with a basket on his arm, "you are distinctly failing in your duty. The cook is waiting for that suet, and if she doesn't have it soon her pudding will not be cooked sufficiently, and she will be scolded."

This raised a laugh and one or two moved away, but the majority waited to see the end of the spectacle. This was not delayed very long; for the cab soon appeared, and more than one person, including the

butcher who had not been moved either physically or mentally by the vision of the scolded cook, helped Mr. Briscoe to attain the perpendicular and then to settle himself in the vehicle, the moist hat and the stick were handed in to him, while Miss Loveridge seated herself by the side of the injured man and off they went.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN the cab which went slowly in order not to shake him, Mr. Briscoe passed his time anathematising the piece of orange peel, the curiosity of the British public and his broken collar-bone.

"Directly we get in," said Miss Loveridge then, "we must send for a doctor."

"Of course," growled Briscoe; "of course."

"And if your own lives within easy distance I would have him if I were you, because it is always more satisfactory, but if he is far away it is out of the question."

"I'll have him," said Briscoe, "and no one else. I don't want any ignorant general practitioners fumbling about with me, and doing more harm than good. I will have the only fellow who understands my constitution."

This, although it took some time to say, as the poor man was in pain and jerked out his words at intervals, was spoken in a tone which implied that Miss Loveridge had suggested exactly the opposite of that which she had done. However, she calmed him by commending his good sense and inquired how long he had had this doctor; to which he answered that the latter had attended him on and off for ten years, and reiterated that he was not going to have him replaced by some fellow who had never seen him before and did not understand him, which amused Miss Loveridge by the supposition that Mr. Briscoe's bones were differently arranged from those of other people.

"Now," said Miss Loveridge, when at last the gentleman was comfortably settled in his own room, whither he had been assisted by Mrs. Greenlow and Miss Loveridge, and followed by the establishment in the shape of Mary, the "general," and a small boy, who was so remarkably thin that when you had him full face he might have been in profile, and who helped the "general" with the boots and knives—"Now, this doctor. I will go for him if you tell me where he lives."

"No, miss," cried Mrs. Greenlow, "the establishment is yours to command. In an emergency the work can go; send Mary or Percival."

Percival pricked up his ears, which, it may be remarked, were out of proportion to the rest of him, and would have befitted a full-sized person. He preferred errands to boots, and when he was at hand the rest of the "establishment" was wont to "put upon" him.

"Don't send any boys," said Briscoe. "One can't trust boys. Let the girl go, and," turning to Miss Loveridge, "you stop here."

"Mary can go," said Mrs. Greenlow, who was nothing if not obliging. "Where shall I tell her, sir?"

"We had better write it down," suggested Miss Loveridge, seizing pen and paper. "Mary has a bad memory, haven't you, Mary? and it won't do to forget the address, we have wasted time enough."

"You're a sensible woman," said Mr. Briscoe.

"Never mind me; what shall I write?"

"Write 'Dr. Talbot Meredith.' Why, what on earth is the matter?" For Miss Loveridge had given a little cry.

"Nothing; go on. 'Dr. Talbot Meredith.'"

"'Russell Square, W.C.' It is quite close. Let me see if you have it right."

"Yes, it is quite right. There, Mary; make haste. You will find the cab waiting; I told the man to stop."

She slipped the paper into the girl's hand. The writing was well nigh illegible, so much had her fingers trembled as she wrote.

Mrs. Greenlow, glancing at her lodger, exclaimed, suddenly—

"How pale you look, miss! You're unstrung. Let me make you a cup of tea, or something."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Greenlow; I'm all right. I think if there's nothing more I can do for you, Mr. Briscoe, I will go upstairs."

"Come back soon," he said irritably, adding, to the landlady, when the other had left the room: "So like a woman: acts by fits and starts."

Miss Loveridge went up to her own apartment, shut the door and sat down. Excellent as her nerves were, they had been a little bit tried that morning; and the name of Briscoe's doctor had brought back certain memories with a distinctness that was something of a shock.

Oh, these memories! Who is so happy as not to know their meaning—not to know what it is to see a face rise up when one least expects it, and chase the gladness and the peace from the present: not to know what it is to lie back with closed eyes and picture the time when one was young and brave and full of illusions, until the tears trickle from beneath the lids; not to know what it is to realise afresh, though one has assured one's self thereof a thousand times already, that that youth is past — that one has stepped out from the land of glory into the rocky path of duty, and that the iron door is shut for ever, so that one cannot any more go back?

"You have sworn not to regret," said Miss Loveridge to herself; "you have sworn to go on your way bravely and not look back and sorrow for the 'might have been.' If you cannot be happy in your own way, be happy in God's. What is the use of trying to remember how you felt when you were gay and childish, when praises were sweet and life was all a foolish dream? You know now—you have had long enough to learn—that it is a sad reality which is only to be borne by living, praying, hoping for others. He and you have had lessons to master. What is

the use of sitting down and crying because the lessons are not always easy? Some people play all the time; you may not. Besides, lately you have begun to hope that things will be better—that the task will soon be finished. Who knows but that it may be sooner than you think?

"But it is the thought of seeing Talbot that made me realise how the time has gone—the precious time—and we have only a short life at the best. Well, well, well!"

She sighed, and, rising, began to walk up and down her room. She paused before her looking-glass and regarded herself with a little sad smile.

"Talbot has become a reliable doctor. What will he look like, I wonder? Grave and professional, I suppose. I"—she laid her fingers on her forehead—"I am beginning to show the signs of age, I do believe; but it comes upon one so gradually—the enemy—that one cannot calculate its ravages exactly. I wonder whether Talbot will find me changed. And my poor boy——"

She suddenly broke down and began to cry, with her head on her bowed arms, for out of space a young, gay, smiling face was looking at her with loving eyes—and oh, the long years since it had so looked at her.

But not for long did she enjoy this unusual luxury of grief. Her tears only occupied a very few seconds. Then she removed her cloak, put on a clean collar, smoothed her hair, took a bunch of crimson berries from a jar on the mantelshelf and stuck them in the band of her dress, replaced her boots by her best shoes, contemplated herself with some satisfaction, considering that as a rule she was as little vain as a woman can be who possesses any self-respect, and ran downstairs humming a lively tune.

Used to act quickly, her absence had been of comparatively short duration, and Mr. Briscoe, exacting as he was, saw no cause to complain of her.

She sent Mrs. Greenlow away, took a seat near the invalid, whose face was about twice its normal length, and did her best to occupy his mind and keep him cheerful till the doctor should arrive. Only an acute observer would have noticed that the manner in which she clasped and unclasped her hands betokened nervousness, and that every now and then her gaze was turned earnestly to the picture of Mr. Briscoe's fair young stepmother.

Mary caught the doctor before he went out on his rounds, and consequently no great time elapsed before the sound of carriage wheels testified to his arrival. Miss Loveridge ran to the window and looked out. She saw a gentleman descend. He stopped to say a word to the coachman, and she observed his face, which was not particularly handsome, but keen, earnest, and markedly intellectual: a striking face, which, once seen, could not very easily have been forgotten. From a cursory glance one would have considered its owner to be between thirty and forty years of age.

"Is that the doctor?" asked Briscoe.

"I suppose so."

"Why doesn't he come up?"

"He will in a moment. He is just speaking to the coachman about something. What a fine-looking man he is."

"He is a clever fellow."

"Has he attended you long, did you say?"

"Ever since he began to get on. I knew him soon after he started practice. He has gone steadily up the tree."

"That is right," said Miss Loveridge heartily.

She turned round. She had a bright colour in her cheeks and really looked remarkably pretty and rather excited.

The slamming of the door told of the doctor's entrance, and soon a firm brisk tread was heard coming up the stairs. Miss Loveridge murmured something to Briscoe about leaving him alone now, and before he could remonstrate had darted out of the room just as Mary arrived, and, flinging open the door, announced to the waiting patient that the doctor had come. The latter had only a passing glimpse of the fugitive, who remarked half-aloud as she deposited herself on the top stair:—

"I am a wonderful fool; but I really must have a little longer to compose myself. I shall stay here till I am sent for."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

AT home to linger—what sensation newer!
The ship in harbour after stormy seas!
The sweetnesses of life are none the fewer
Because to-night I do not need to "please."
Let other bachelors, true joy abjuring,
Join giddy whirl and fashion's charms alluring.

To-night I summon, as companions dearer
Than crowds of painted *belles* with studied smile,
My pipe, my book—were ever friends sincerer
My comfort, peace, and leisure to beguile?
So, then, let quiet ease and calm reflection
Suffuse my soul with heavenly introspection,
And after beauty-sleep, sweet dreams adorning,
Give lightsome, early waking in the morning!

C. P.

RIVER BIRDS.

KINGFISHER AND OUZELS.

A TOWNSMAN — even a dweller in the country who has not specially studied ornithology—has little idea of the diversity of birds on different rivers. Such persons would expect ducks and water-hens to frequent every river, and there in all probability their knowledge would end, just as the proverbial bride can only order legs of mutton and beef-steaks. The lover of birds must first be told the character of a stream and its locality, when he will be able to form a tolerably accurate list of its birds; for the birds which haunt an estuary or tidal water are quite distinct from those found on midland rivers, and both, again, are different from those which affect a mountain stream in Wales or the Borders.

The season makes another important difference in the number and species of birds found by the river's brim. In summer swallows and immigrants enliven the copses which skirt a river; while in autumn all these are gone, and northern species have replaced them, ducks and waders being conspicuous, and snipe flying up from every marsh or wet corner. His walk down the river-side is at every time of the year delightful to the naturalist, and in the autumn he easily finds fresh friends to supply the loss of those which have of late succumbed to the laws of bird-life and sought sunnier lands. The robin succeeds the swallow—the teal ousts the robin in its turn. In a severe winter the teal is replaced by wild geese, perhaps by wild swans. There is then a lull in the tides of bird-life during the dead part of winter, and the succession begins again.

During the winter months the estuaries of many rivers, where immense mud-banks are left bare by the receding tide, offer a congenial home to countless multitudes of waders. Immense activity prevails among these at morning and evening, while flights of ducks and of night-feeding birds seek the estuary from the neighbouring country with early dawn. These love frequently to ride off the mud-stretches on the waves, first taking the precaution of setting a careful watch, and at evening again fly inland to haunt ponds and ditches.

Gulls generally pass the night at sea, and fly past these flights of returning ducks at dawn, as they, in their turn, seek the ploughed fields, to return about four in the afternoon to their beloved waves. Stints, dunlin, and the like, haunt the shore in amazing flocks, which fly, like those of starlings, as by one common impulse, now wheeling to the right, and then again circling towards the left, while their white feathers flash as they turn like drifting snow-flakes. That cunning marauder, the greater black-backed gull, beats up and down such estuaries, and all manner of flesh is grateful to its maw.

On the eastern coast the Royston crow, in little parties of six or ten, frequents these muddy flats and industriously devours all it comes across, from the stranded star-fish to the carcases of wretched sheep which have been flung overboard from some ocean-sailing steamer. A daily visit to such an estuary with a good glass will teach a man more ornithology than all the sages and their books. Even then, unless he be a wild-fowl shooter, he cannot realise the suspicion and timidity of all these birds at the presence of man. They almost seem to be in a retreat here, and to dread the very sight of man. With the breeding season and their own softened feelings, confidence returns. Alas! that often it should be so misplaced.

Birds of prey are seldom seen at a river side. The hen-harrier may quarter the adjoining marshes like a well-trained pointer; but as a rule the reeds and brushwood near water afford too much shelter to small birds, and their rapacious foes wheel off in disgust. Marsh titmice may be seen among the alders and willows in such localities. In spring the trout-fisher marks the wren, justifying its name of *troglodytes*, by creeping in and out of the tangled rods on the river bank The

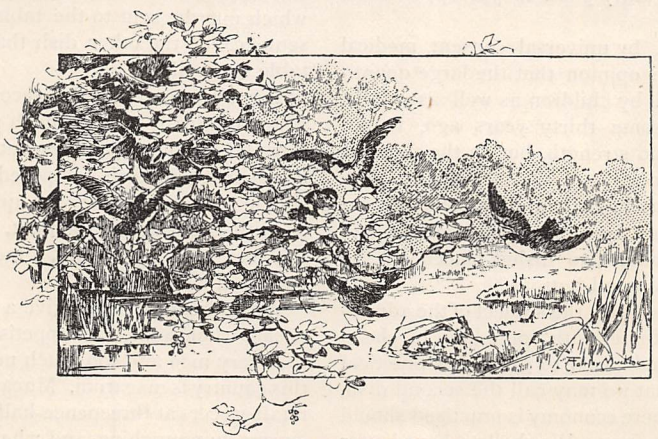
THE HERON AND REED SPARROW.

chaffinch in such situations, on a warm day, turns into a fly-catcher for the nonce, and can frequently be seen fluttering off the willow branches to catch flies hovering over the stream; while from an adjoining hedge the tree-pipit rises and falls during early summer in its exquisite ecstasy of song.

That throughout the spring and summer flights of swallows and martins succeed each other as they dash down the streams goes for granted; the swifts swoop down upon the water with their unearthly cries (which in Nottinghamshire have earned them the *soubriquet* of "devilins"), while the sand-martins, having a colony in the red clay bank, are naturally more domestic, flutter round their holes, and do not appear to take such long rambles in search of food as their *congeners*. The carrion crow struts on the narrow margin of the river or over the far-reaching flats at low water—an object of deep hatred to the keeper.

THE ROYSTON CROW . . . FREQUENTS THESE MUDDY FLATS.

During summer the night-jar and cuckoo are heard, especially towards evening, from the copses near water, while the green woodpecker every now and again seeks the decrepit willows by the banks, and, much to its satisfaction, extracts grubs from the decayed wood. Of course, writers of fiction invariably plant bitterns in the marshy ground by rivers. As a matter of fact, the bird is now very rarely seen in Great Britain—perhaps in a severe winter only. As for its "booming"—though it undoubtedly can do so, and has thus earned its bull-like name, *botaurus*—very few living Englishmen have ever heard it. Sir Walter Scott is said to have been the last literary man who could from actual knowledge describe the bird's unearthly note. During open weather in winter there are few prettier sights for an ornithologist than a party of siskins flitting in and out of a group of alders in the low ground by a river. They chirp and flutter round each other as they feed off the seeds of the alder and crack open the cones of larches, and probably form the most cheerful picture he will see during his walk.



MARSH TITS ON ALDER BUSH.

Characteristic and beautiful as are all these birds, winter brings a few more to most river sides which are eagerly sought by the sportsman. Thus the wood-pigeon and pheasant are fond of searching for late berries and seeds by running water. Little grebes often dive at the corners where the river forms a pool, and bushes dip down to it. The common sandpiper is a summer bird; but snipe, golden plover, and lapwings constantly haunt open spaces by a river's bank, while wild duck, widgeon, and teal flap up and offer hasty shots until frost has somewhat dulled their activity.

The birds usually associated with river scenery are few in number, but all of them possess striking plumage and singular habits. The water-rail, coot and moor-hen are found on most rivers—perhaps the last-named in all. Like a flash of emerald light the kingfisher

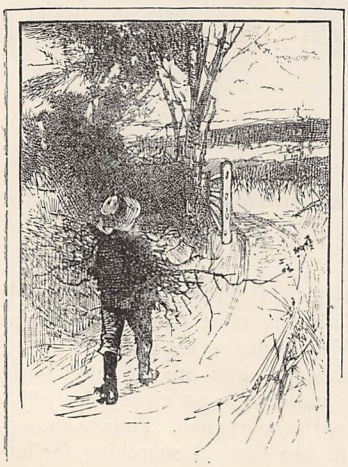
darts by, and it is pleasant to think that the Act establishing a close season for wild birds has benefited this bird. Many more have been seen of late years in their favourite haunts. The heron and the dipper are the birds of the river side *par excellence*, the former always eating trout and eels and any hapless small fry that approach its dreamy watchfulness; the latter singing amid the broken water from some boulder, and slandered by keepers as a destroyer of trout-spawn. Why it should perpetually wag its tail is a mystery—which it shares, however, with the wagtail family. The most familiar of these about the water-side is undoubtedly the grey wagtail. It is far more yellow than grey, and is a good example of a partial migrant, being found on one stream one month, and the next migrating to a far distant one—probably on higher ground.

Enough has been said to show that a river with wooded and shrubby banks forms a delightful hunting-ground to a lover of birds. How many additions to his pleasant "History of Selborne" would not White have written had a river flowed near that village! And perhaps at no time is there so much to observe by a fair-flowing river, and nowhere such a feast of beauty to be obtained, as in golden autumn.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

CHEAP DELICACIES.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "CHOICE DISHES," ETC.



IT is a question well worth asking, Is it more economical to dine off two dishes than off one? We often hear people say, "Oh, we live very plainly;" and these good people are under the impression that the more plainly they live the more economically they live. Of course, everything depends upon what we mean by "plain living." Suppose we have a roast leg of mutton for dinner, with a dish of boiled potatoes, followed by a suet pudding. This is plain living. But suppose the family consists of husband and wife and eight healthy children, then the income of the master of the house must be fairly good to put up with this "plain living" daily.

In the present day, by universal consent, medical men seem to be of the opinion that the large quantities of meat consumed by children as well as adults, that was customary some thirty years ago, is not necessary for health and strength, but on the contrary has an injurious tendency.

There are many households who dine daily off one dish of meat. There are also many households where it is the custom to have two dishes placed on the table—what is called top and bottom.

We will not now enter into the subject of the advisability of commencing dinner with some kind of cheap soup or fish, but will endeavour to give a few practical hints in reference to what we may call the second dish, which in households where economy is practised should assist, but not rival, the first. We shall perhaps better explain our meaning of "assisting" and "rivalling" by giving an example. Suppose there is a small piece of roast beef left over from the previous day. The dinner consists of a dish of minced beef with sippets at one end of the table, and a piece of boiled neck of mutton and turnips at the other. Very often, by a sort of mutual consent, the family all have a help of mince first, in order to "finish it up," although everyone present would have preferred to dine entirely off the fresh joint of mutton and turnips, which they see getting cold while they eat the mince. The result is that the greater part of the boiled neck of mutton is not eaten hot, but is sent downstairs to get cold, and has to be served up the second day, probably as haricot of a very inferior kind. Is this true economy? We have no hesitation in answering—No! True economy does not consist in having a superfluity of cold meat; but on the contrary it will be found that the less cold meat we have left upon our hands the less will be our butcher's bill.

When two dishes are served, true economy consists in making one dish a sort of damper to the appetite for the second dish, which second dish we will suppose to be a small joint of butcher's meat, which may be sent to the table smaller in size in consequence of the other dish than if it were sent to the table by itself.

It is obvious that if this second dish consists of meat which originally cost as much per pound as the joint, there is no saving whatever; but if, on the other hand, we have our second dish, composed of some cheap material which partially satisfies the appetite and enables us to do with less meat off the joint, then we effect a saving, not merely in money, but, if medical men are right, we benefit in health as well.

We will endeavour to give a few dishes that shall be cheap, wholesome, and appetising.

A very nice and too much neglected form of food in this country is macaroni. Macaroni is now sold by large retail grocers at threepence-halfpenny per pound. It is extremely nourishing, and when cooked increases very

much both in bulk and weight. Parmesan cheese is sold in bottles, and probably of all cheeses is the most economical, as a very little goes a long way. A small bottle can be bought for ninepence. When tomatoes are in season, no fruit or vegetable—we scarcely know which to call it—is more wholesome. American tomatoes are sold in tins, whole, for fivepence-halfpenny. Suppose we now take a pound of macaroni, and boil it in water which has been slightly salted till it is tender. In the meantime we have opened a tin of whole tomatoes and made them hot in the oven, or you can make them hot in the tin before you open it, in which case you can put the tin in the saucepan where the macaroni is boiling. Next drain off the macaroni and place it on a dish ; sprinkle two table-spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese over it. Then place the tomatoes, just as they are, being careful not to break them, on the macaroni. If you wish to make the dish look very pretty, you can sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the macaroni as well.

We now have a pure white surface, ornamented with little green specks and the bright red tomato. The mixture of flavours of tomato, macaroni, and Parmesan cheese is exceedingly good. This dish will be amply sufficient for six or eight persons. The cost would be—macaroni, threepence-halfpenny; tomatoes, fivepence-halfpenny ; and Parmesan, say, a penny. Total, tenpence.

How far nicer and how far more economical would a dinner be if we commenced with a dish of this description, and finished with some minced beef and plenty of potatoes, than if we had commenced with the minced beef and finished with the boiled mutton !

Parmesan cheese also assists us to make a very small piece of meat go a very long way. Suppose we have half a pound of beef-steak, and we cut this steak into little pieces not much bigger in size than a halfpenny, and about a quarter of an inch thick. Pepper and salt these little pieces of meat slightly, and then dip them into grated Parmesan cheese. We then egg and bread-crumb them—that is, we first dip them into an egg well beaten up, and then cover them with dry bread-crumbs. It is always best to make the bread-crumbs out of stale bread, and get them done the day before, if possible. We can now boil a pound of macaroni as before, and serve these little tiny cutlets, which must be fried in very hot fat for about thirty seconds, on the top. A little Parmesan cheese can be shaken over the top of the macaroni, as well as some chopped parsley. The half-pound of steak will have increased so much in size that it gives the idea of being a pound and a half. It is wonderful what a nice dish, sufficient for six or eight persons, can be made from so small a piece of meat, assisted by the macaroni, the Parmesan cheese, and the one egg. The cost of the bread-crumbs can be left out of the question. The chief difficulty that will be experienced by an ignorant cook will be the frying.

The hot fat must be sufficiently deep to cover the pieces, and sufficiently hot to turn these pieces brown in about half a minute. A small saucepan is better than a frying-pan.

Another very cheap method of sending macaroni to the table as a second dish is to use a little tomato sauce—which is now much cheaper than it was a few years ago—in conjunction with Parmesan cheese.

We have described how to cut up a small piece of steak and make it into cutlets flavoured with Parmesan. A very nice and cheap second dish can be made in a similar manner with a small piece of veal, only, instead of using Parmesan cheese to flavour these little cutlets, we must use what is known as mixed savoury herbs. In most households there is a bottle labelled mixed savoury herbs, and these herbs are chiefly used for making what cooks call veal stuffing. Suppose we take this bottle of mixed herbs and empty it into an ordinary sieve, and shake the sieve, we shall find a fine dust fall. We can now put the herbs back in the bottle. Cut up a little piece of veal —say half a pound, or a little more—as we cut up our steak. After slightly salting and peppering these pieces of raw veal, dip them in the dust that has come from these savoury herbs ; then egg and bread-crumb them as before, and fry them. These can be served with macaroni, or with fried or mashed potatoes. The amount of meat required is so small, and the dish so savoury, that it will convey a considerable quantity of cheap material such as potatoes or macaroni. The result is that a great saving is effected when the attack is made upon the *pièce de résistance*—namely, the joint.

Of course, it is very important to bear in mind the principle at stake. In the old days of the Yorkshire schools, so graphically described by Dickens—indeed, in the present day in many parts of the North of England—it was customary to serve the pudding before the meat. A heavy, greasy suet pudding with gravy came first, and the meat followed. Throughout the greater part of France the ordinary dinner consists of a piece of beef boiled. The liquor in which the beef was boiled, with the vegetables and a quantity of crusts of bread soaked in it, is served *first;* the piece of boiled beef is served afterwards. We can carry out this idea, only in a more elegant and artistic manner. What we require is something savoury, to accompany a larger quantity of plain, cheap, and wholesome food. If we study true economy, and if we wish to have really cheap dishes, we must remember that it is a great mistake, if we have healthy appetites, to start at once on butchers' meat. The meat should follow some kind of lighter food. This mode of living is better both for brain and body. Great meat-eaters are too often men who indulge in alcoholic stimulants ; and in the opinion of many medical men in the present day a large consumption of meat gives rise to a craving for stimulants, while on the other hand taking stimulants gives rise to a craving for meat. To a certain extent one is the antidote of the other ; but what a terrible waste to pay for a poison and an antidote when we can do without both !

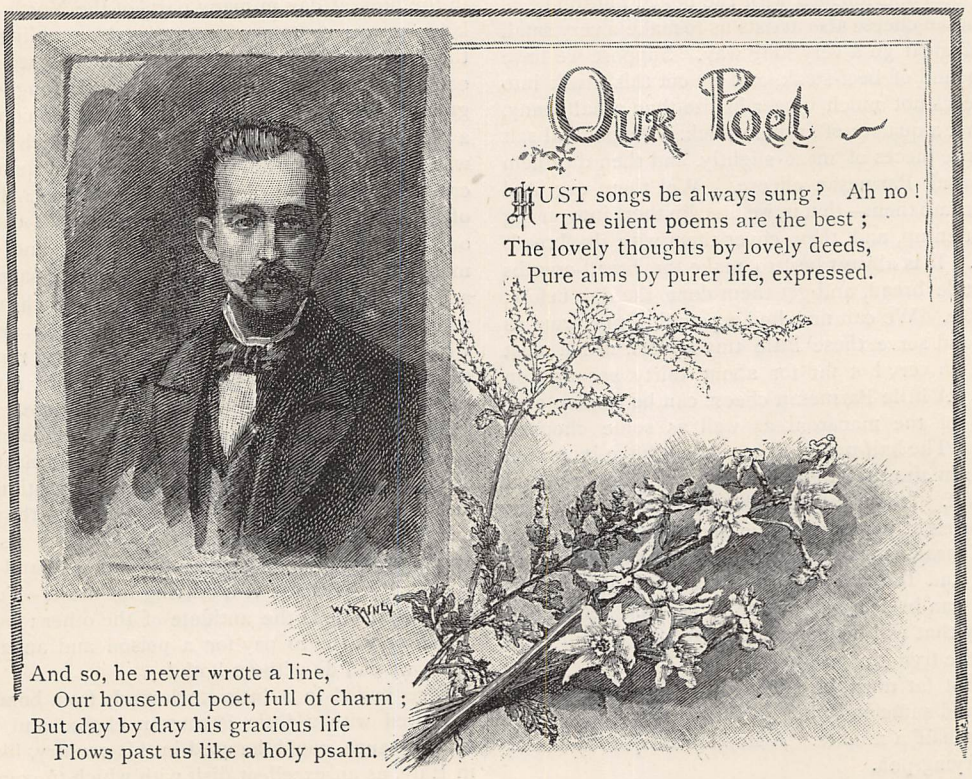
Rice boiled in a little stock made from bones, and flavoured with a little Parmesan cheese and a little tomato sauce, could be used in this country, like it is in Italy, as an excellent dish with which to commence

our dinner. But here, again, we must remember that the nourishment is in the rice. All we require is a little flavouring, that enables us to render palatable this much-neglected form of food.

A very excellent second dish, which will save our butcher's bill, can be made from a small quantity of sausage-meat. Half a pound of sausages can be made into a large dish of fritters. We first make a thick batter in the ordinary way with milk and flour till it is quite thick, and one egg can be beaten up and mixed with it. The sausage-meat can be rolled into small pieces not much bigger than a marble, which can then be flattened to about the size of a halfpenny. These must be dried in flour, then dipped into this very thick batter, and then dropped into very hot fat. It is wonderful what a large dish of fritters can be made in this way, and how nice they are. Some fresh dry parsley can be thrown into the fat for a few seconds only, and served with the fritters. This is a very cheap dish, and will be found a great saving in families if served previous to the attack on the joint.

A still cheaper sort of fritters can be made from the remains of a dish of liver and bacon; or, if we have the end of a piece of boiled bacon left in the larder, we can use it up by buying a little piece of liver on purpose. Calves' liver, of course, is the most delicate; but pig's liver, sheep's liver, or even bullock's liver will answer the same purpose. We take equal quantities of liver and fat bacon, and fry the liver in the fat bacon. If we wish to have the fritters very nice, we ought to have in the house a little bottle of what grocers sell under the name of "herbaceous mixture." These bottles cost about ninepence each, and will last for months, as a very small quantity only is required. Suppose we have half a pound of liver and half a pound of fat bacon. If we add these herbs or spice—for they are a mixture of both—we should not require more than would be sufficient to cover a sixpence; and yet the addition of this small quantity of flavouring makes a wonderful difference in the flavour of the dish. The liver and bacon must be pounded in a mortar or basin—or, better still, rubbed through a wire sieve—till it forms a pulp. It must be shaped like the sausage-meat, and allowed to get cold. It should then be floured, and dipped in the batter as before. It is well worth trying, as the dish is very cheap and very savoury, and in the end it will most undoubtedly lessen the amount of our butcher's bill.

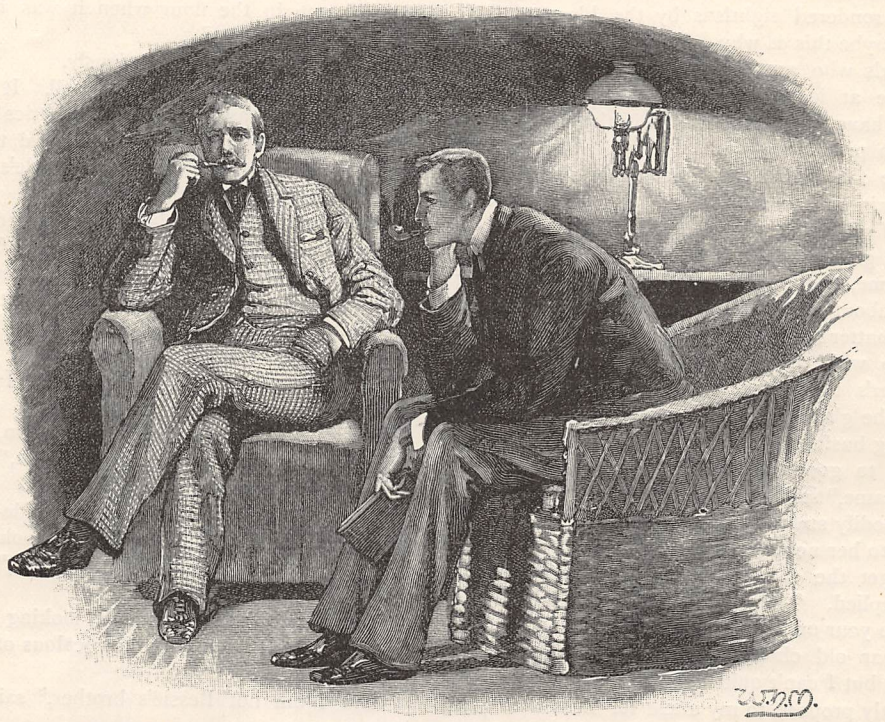
HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.



A FRIEND OF THE JINTONS.

(A COMPLETE STORY.)

BY JOHN ANDERTON.



"COULDN'T YOU DROP A HINT IN BESSIE'S EAR?" JACK NEXT ASKED (*p.* 530).

HOW completely a man of acknowledged gentle disposition can dislike another when he gives his whole mind to it! and how very much better two thoroughly devoted to the task can do it than one!

The sum of dislike in such a case is not simply doubled: it is multiplied by a figure lying somewhere between nine and fifteen; for each individual poses as a magnet, with its positive pole to the other's negative, and so in exerting its whole strength acquires greater power from the expenditure. I shall come to the two individuals who proved this statement by-and-by; intermediately, let me say that my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Barnon, are about the best-hearted, levellest-tempered folk in the world. They brought me up—made me what I am. I don't know that they are particularly proud of the achievement. Some people who haven't known me long say they ought to be.

My uncle and aunt, well-nigh perfect as they are, have one failing, that unfortunately increases with advancing years. This weakness is a sweet willingness to be taken in. Odd to say, they have not been duped half so much as some of the very always wide-awake ones who smile at their simplicity; and the fact rather astonishes us.

But once—ah! yes, once they were. They had been friendly with their neighbours, the Jintons, for several years. Now there is a coldness between the two families. I and my friend Jack Garner reared the stout column of coldness, where I'm afraid it will ever remain if it waits removal by us.

Mr. and Mrs. Jinton brought with them to my uncle's house a gentleman, Mr. Smyne Jackson; he'd another name or two—more, maybe, but Smyne Jackson is long enough. They (the Jintons) had met him at Brighton, found him nice, and at the end of their visit invited him to stay with them.

He was tall—not too tall; he had regular features; but ears three sizes too large for his head; and eyes that were seen at their best in a photograph. The camera was either kind and omitted, or imperfect, and therefore incapable, of catching the shifty look that constantly lurked in them. Either way, it was to Smyne Jackson's advantage. He didn't wait to be brought by his host and hostess the second time. He came alone, and right straight away to about the twenty-third time he did likewise.

At somewhere about his fourth visit, Jack Garner, my friend, looked stern; at the seventh he grew indignant; at the fifteenth, savage—Jack always does the right thing at the right time—and at the twenty-first he was fairly wild. And why? Well—I have a sister.

Jack thought no girl like Bessie. I thought, and still think, a tremendous lot of her too. But, naturally, I am partial. Jack's a pitiable example of a man of one idea, and Bessie is it. Brothers are not usually born blind to their sisters' imperfections, neither are their eyes rendered sightless by the blaze of their beauty. Maybe this is why I happen to know quite a dozen girls who are as nice as Bessie, and one or two—one at least—who is decidedly nicer; but Jack won't have it. But there, he is thoroughly permeated with prejudice; whilst I—well, I always hold the balance fairly when my dear sister's merits are weighed against those of other girls who cannot boast the claim of relationship with me.

Jack was getting on with Bessie beautifully before Jackson came, and there was a serene and touching unanimity about our smiles—uncle's, aunt's, and mine—on the matter; but our trio of smirks dissolved partnership with quite a startling suddenness at the intruder's tenth visit, and mine was left alone with only the ghost of its original capital to carry on the grinning business.

"I wish to goodness, Will, I'd spoken to Bessie before he came," said Jack to me one night, as we sat and moodily smoked in the study.

"Speak to her now," I answered.

"Can't get the chance; that fellow's always with her," he replied. "Perhaps, Will, you wouldn't mind speaking to your uncle?" he added.

"My dear old chap, I should be delighted to oblige you, but I can't quite see at this moment how I can exactly propose to my uncle for Bessie for you. I don't think, you know, it's often done by a nephew; but I'll ask Sam Hicks: he's got about thirteen uncles, some of them younger than himself, and he'll know."

"Don't act the idiot. Ask him to give Jackson a hint not to come here quite so often," Jack gloomily said.

"I've hinted loud and frequently—all uselessly. Uncle and aunt seem to have grown quite fond of him," I answered.

"Of course, he comes after Bessie," he said, in what would have been an off-hand style if a sigh hadn't stripped the trappings off it and laid it bare for what it was.

"Yes, that's pretty clear," I replied.

"After her money."

"Not a doubt about it," I answered.

"What's to be done?" he asked, with a groan.

"I've a notion," I said delightedly. "I'll spread a report that she's lost every pound of it."

"Waste of time! He knows how every shilling of it is invested by this time. He'd find out it was a hoax in an hour, and make love all the fiercer whilst pretending to believe it, and so strengthen his position," Jack moodily replied.

"Well, let's try the other tack—say she's come into a million."

"Worse; he'd then tell her he had intended to beg her to be his wife, but he can't do so now, and he'll do it all the time."

"I don't see what's to be done; it isn't a thing one can write to the papers to ask advice about," I said.

"Couldn't you drop a hint in Bessie's ear?" Jack next asked.

"Drop a hint in her ear? I've gone farther than that: I've dropped them in pencil and indelible ink all over the place, in her gloves, on her mirror, and I dropped one in the flour when it was her day for making heavy pastry."

"Well?" inquired Jack anxiously.

"No, it didn't come out at all well. It turned out to be cook's day, and she was in hysterics for the rest of the morning; she thought it referred to her superannuated milkman. I say, that's Uncle's step; now, Jack, you have it out with him."

"I should like to—but I——" he paused.

"Do, by all means," I answered. "You'll never have a better chance; and if you *are* kicked out, what's it matter? it's his house, not yours, so it won't affect your domestic comfort in any way."

Uncle came in as jolly as ever.

"Mr. Smyne Jackson's here to-night, I suppose, as usual, Uncle?" I said.

"Yes my lad, he's in the drawing-room, thrilling the ladies with descriptions of the Far West," said uncle, not a bit perturbed.

"I wish every man who talks guide-book would talk the better kind. Cheap guide-book mangled is about as irritating as a bad skin disease," Jack broke in.

"I do believe," said my uncle, looking from one to the other, "that you boys are jealous of him—that's just like brothers."

"But I am not Bessie's brother," said Jack, with downcast eyes.

"Of course not; but we all consider you as one. Your father, Jack, and I were more like brothers than friends. Poor Charley! And it's very delightful to me to see you stand as second brother to 'my little girl.'"

"Mr. Barnon, I—I love Bessie like a man, not like a brother," Jack blurted out.

The long interval of silence that followed was occupied by Jack with a fit of noiseless fidgets, and ere it was broken the happy look my uncle wore was ousted, and an anxious expression that didn't seem made to fit the pleasant features clothed them.

"I'm sorry, Jack," at last he began: "sorry, because I think there's trouble running your way, my lad." He paused.

"Your father lay dying; it was late winter time, and the coming day was weakly beginning to struggle through the window and reveal the pallor—death's herald—on the poor drawn face. 'Yes, Charley,' I said, as our eyes met, mine wet with the stinging tears of grief, his dusky with the film of death, 'I will! I will!' He smiled, and his soul passed away through the light of that smile to the brighter light his clouded eyes had seen undimmed."

"I know, sir, my father wished you to look after his little orphan lad," saying which, Jack sprang up and grasped my uncle's hand.

"Thank you, Jack: that grip's really beautiful," my uncle said, with a sigh of relief and a look of gladness.

"Well, you know, Uncle, I think we can settle Bessie

happily without any assistance from Mr. Smyne Jackson," I said.

"Bessie shall settle her own future, Will. As for your aunt and me: well, we shall give our consent to any honest man who's lucky enough to win her gentle heart. That's our duty, and we shan't exceed it."

"That's just it: Jackson isn't in that class," I said.

"Then he is certain not to have our sanction," uncle replied calmly.

"Yes, but he'll prove clever enough not to be stamped as the impostor I believe him to be until too late," cried Jack hotly.

"You're going a little too far; please don't forget yourself, Jack," my uncle answered seriously.

"No, I mustn't do that, *he* never does," replied Jack sarcastically.

"Never," was uncle's calm reply.

"No, sir; self's the very last person in the world Mr. Smyne Jackson would be likely to forget," I broke in.

My uncle sat calmly silent for a minute or two after hearing what I considered was an unmistakable stinger.

"Good-night, lads, and God bless you," he said as he slowly left the room.

I think we both looked just then extremely foolish, though I can't speak to it positively, because each tried to avoid catching the other in the act. When one stared out of the window the other saw something all absorbing in the grate, and when one pair of eyes look fixedly down on the carpet the other pair darted up and clung to a most uninteresting and essentially commonplace ceiling. So the conquerors sat glorying —perhaps—in their masterly triumph. It was a famous victory. Time went on, day by day passed without anything out of the common cropping up, and yet each day saw Jackson slowly improving his position, saw uncle growing more thoughtful, me waxing more melancholy, and Jack getting more jealous.

We couldn't make out Bessie. We talked her over hour by hour together without any enlightenment as to the state of her feelings. We compared notes too every time we met, and always agreed that we had never seen the love-light come into her eyes when Jackson appeared; we talked of this same love-light as if we knew it just as well at a glance as a skilled oculist knows cataract, and yet we didn't get a grain of comfort out of our positive and heartily unanimous decision.

One night Jack was fuller, if possible, than ever of the subject, and my concurrence in his remarks limped a little, and didn't trot on the whole so swiftly and promptly as usual. For I had seen, and talked, and walked with Ethel Greyson on that afternoon, and I recalled one or two of her smiles that held a certain quality of tenderness I fancied my presence had called into life, and of course, at the sweet and flattering recollection I seraphically smiled, as any fellow under similar circumstances would have done; and when Jack said moodily, "I tell you what it is, Will: if things go on as they are, I believe she'll say 'yes' in less than a month," I guffawed and grinned, and crying, "Do you really think so? awfully glad you think so, old boy," I rushed across and heartily wrung his unwilling hand.

He left soon after, muttering something that sounded like "It's every man for himself in this brutal world."

Three weeks went by without any of us seeing him again. I wrote to him. His reply came by return of post. He was busy, very busy, and should be for the next year or two.

Jackson had been away, and was now back, staying again with his dear friends the "Jintons," and Bessie was looking much about the same as usual, I believe. I may be wrong, but not purposely. Brothers are not constructed on quite the right lines to understand their sisters.

A girl's heart may be well-nigh broken, and with the best possible intention her brother innocently does his level loving best to help on the cruel catastrophe by a glowing, if clumsy, joke on the cause; and he becomes intensely hurt because his sister doesn't laugh quite so long and merrily as he does himself, and goes out in a terrific huff, and fancies her brain is a little bit affected. Our friends told me Bessie's face was wearing a pale and anxious expression, but for the very life of me I couldn't see it. I never saw it in the right light, I suppose.

One night I heard Jack's voice in the hall, and hurried to meet him. "Is Jackson here, Will?" he asked as we clasped hands. "Yes," I answered regretfully. Strange to say, his face brightened at my reply, and he at once led the way into the drawing-room.

He greeted uncle, aunt, and Bessie in his old happy way, and politely accosted Jackson. During supper he grew extremely polite to his rival, asked his opinion on many subjects with apparent earnestness, and listened to his replies with flattering deference. What did such inconsistency betoken?

Afterwards, in the intervals of Bessie's singing, Jack kept his politeness running at full speed. When would the brake be suddenly put on—for I felt it must be applied—and what would be the nature and extent of the smash? I more than once asked myself.

My uncle and aunt—dear simple souls—saw nothing but their favourite once more among them, happy and gay as of old.

Jack led Jackson on after a time to talk of his native land, America: of its vast undeveloped resources, of its men of wit, men of strength, and men of money.

The latter grew almost eloquent on America's millionaires, appearing to be as proud of them as an Englishman is of the treasures in the British Museum and National Gallery; he seemed to think the sheen of their piles of dollars shed a lustre on every son of American soil in the eyes of the rest of the civilised world.

Jack agreed, and added rather casually—

"I hear that one of them, of Philadelphia—by the way, he's a namesake of yours—is about to give a library to his native city worth close upon a hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes," calmly replied Smyne Jackson; "my father consulted me about making the gift before I sailed."

"Your father?" answered Jack, with a delighted expression.

JACKSON . . . GAVE A LOW GROAN.

"Yes, certainly. It's a large sum, but we shan't break up through it," replied Jackson proudly.

My aunt beamed upon him, my uncle murmured: "Truly munificent!" and Bessie looked with at least interested eyes on the son of a man so wealthy and so good.

"My father is a——"

"Yes, we know," broke in Jack, rather rudely: "he is Mr. Salem Jackson, President of the Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia."

Jackson beamed his acquiescence, and Jack's manner suddenly changed.

"Your father, Mr. Smyne Jackson," he said quietly and with much seriousness, "has not yet given the library to his native city, but he's done something else to make himself live in the memories of thousands of his fellow-countrymen."

"Indeed. I was not aware," said Jackson.

"You have not learned that he absconded a few days since with a large sum of money belonging to the depositors of his bank?" Jack said deliberately.

"A most infamous lie!" Jackson hissed hurriedly.

"Maybe; but it's printed, lie or truth, in pretty plain type in this evening's second edition of the *Daily Express*," Jack replied, taking a paper from his pocket and holding it forth.

A remarkable scene followed. Smyne Jackson, glaring hard at Jack, rose slowly to his feet, and stretched out his right hand. Still keeping his eyes fixed, he raised the paper until his face was hidden from us.

"Read—read," he faltered, after a time; "I cannot see."

The paper fell to the ground, and the stricken man raised his hands rapidly and pressed them closely over his eyes. Jack, the only one unmoved among us, read the paragraph with cruel distinctness. There was a triumphant ring in his voice that grated cruelly on the ear. At that moment a side of my friend never before dreamed of was revealed to me in all its hatefulness, and I scorned him for the possession of it.

The reading ended, Jackson, with his eyes still covered, gave a low groan, and, swaying unsteadily for a few seconds, fell suddenly forward.

"Oh, Jack! Jack! you have killed him!" cried my aunt, as she hurried toward the fallen man.

"You're an unfeeling, hard-hearted young blackguard!" cried my uncle in great wrath.

"He isn't hurt," said Jack calmly, "he can't be. There isn't one word of truth in that paragraph—not one." He paused. Jackson rose and moved towards him with outstretched hand. "And no one knows it better than Mr. Smyne Jackson," he continued, with terrible deliberation.

"I—I beg your pardon, ladies, but the shock was so terrible," Jackson cried, ignoring the latter part of the speech.

"I repeat," said Jack, in the same measured tones, "I repeat that that paragraph is false in every line, and no one knows it better than Mr. Smyne Jackson."

"That's a remarkable assertion to make," said uncle very severely. "What do you mean by it?"

"I mean, sir, that there has been no President of a National Bank of Philadelphia named Mr. Salem Jackson during the last thirty-five years. For the truth of my statement I refer you to my friend, Mr. James Sylvester, who was born and has lived in that city up till a little more than a year ago."

I was the first to break the silence that followed Jack's remarks.

"If," I said, "you would like to go, Mr. Smyne Jackson, we will excuse you making an apology for leaving so early."

Readily taking the hint, he nodded to me, turned and bowed to my aunt and Bessie, and as he passed Jack on his way to the door he murmured—

"Very smartly done, sir—very smartly done indeed."

The admirable actor was gone.

My uncle's face for the next five minutes was a study, different expressions appearing upon it and vanishing from it with ridiculous rapidity. At length he spoke.

"I have been an incautious man and uncle, and but for Jack's timely interference would doubtless have lived to sorrow over my want of caution and common sense. Oh, what a terrible thing it is to be a simple, well-on-in-years idiot!"

"Benjamin, my dear, you are not in the least to blame. I am the simpleton. But however did such an untruthful report find its way into a respectable paper?" asked aunt.

"Ah! yes, exactly. Jack, how do you explain it?" cried uncle. "Gone!" he added. "Where?" he asked, as he surveyed each corner of the room.

"Maybe gone back with Mr. Jackson to the Jintons to help him to pack," I suggested.

"Do you suggest that Bessie makes one of the packing-up party?" uncle inquired.

"Don't say such things, Benjamin. I daresay she's gone into the breakfast-room, to be alone for a little time," aunt answered.

"And I daresay Jack's gone into the same room in search of solitude. I think I heard his step a minute since going in that direction," uncle replied.

"I fancy they've gone into the smallest room in the house to all the better avoid each other," I said.

Jack returned in a few minutes a partly new production—a Jack with the best look of the old one in his face intimately blended with a something that was at once newer, brighter, and prouder.

"Uncle! Aunt!" he cried, with a happy smirk, as he fondled the door knob.

"I'm not your uncle, you young rascal! Yet, wait; let me look at you again."

Jack smirked broader than ever under the joyful scrutiny.

"No, not yet, but I'm going to be. Am I right, lad?"

"You are, if quite willing," Jack answered.

Bessie was searched for, found, brought in and kissed, blushing during the process, and subsequently appearing as an apparently inexhaustible and totally unknown quantity.

"Now, Jack, if you'll give up murmuring to Bessie for just about five short minutes, we would be glad to hear how you got to know all about our—that is, the friend of the Jintons."

"Certainly, Uncle. I heard that Jackson after the first newspaper report posed as the son of the benevolent banker. When I saw the second paragraph in this afternoon's edition of the *Daily Express* I thought I'd go and ask my American friend, Jonas Sylvester (he's sub-editor of the *Express*), if the report came from an authentic source.

"'There isn't one single word of truth anywhere in it,' he answered confidently when I put my question.

"'How do you know?' I asked.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I was born in Philadelphia, and I lived in that city just up to thirteen months since. I am thirty-six years and ten weeks old, and come of truthful parents, and when I tell you there is no Bank President named Jackson, I ought to be believed if only for the sake of my pa and ma.'

"'You are quite sure, Sylvester?' I asked.

"'Yes, just about as sure as I am that I laughed loud and long, and to the point, when I saw it in print. Some other man maybe offered the library in another part of the United States, but it wasn't a banker named Jackson of Philadelphia City, certain.'

"'And the second paragraph?' I next asked.

"'Is, I imagine, the work of a journalistic wag, scribing in a jocular mood (one of my countrymen who knows Philadelphia), who thought it would be jokes to make a philanthropist that isn't, abscond with the money of a bank that never was, and the "pars." got unsuspectingly copied on this side.'

"When I read this, I thought I'd run up here and save Mr. Smyne Jackson any anxiety about his parent by telling him that the report was a pure fabrication," Jack concluded.

Then there was more general hand-shaking and much more indiscriminate kissing without order or method. I looked calmly on. It's only one young fellow here and there who can get up real enthusiasm over kissing a sister and an aunt; I'm not one of the few.

"Well, Will, when do you intend to follow Jack's example?" uncle inquired when the embracing interlude had lost something of its novelty and captivating freshness.

"At nine-fifty, Uncle, to-morrow morning," I replied.

"Rather a queer time of day to choose, isn't it?" he asked, widely opening his eyes.

"I think not. Mr. Greyson leaves home and starts for his office at ten o'clock to the minute.

"That gives you eight minutes. It's cutting it rather fine, my lad, don't you think?"

"No, I don't think so, Uncle. It won't take a keen busy business man more than five minutes to say Yes or No, and that leaves him three minutes to show me to the door, or pronounce the 'Bless you, my children' phrase—a margin I think ample."

"But there's your impassioned speech; you can't hurry that, Will."

"My heart will be too full to permit my tongue to extemporise, so I shall open the subject by a couple of got-by-memory sentences. I shall do the rest by references."

"Eh?"

"I shall refer Mr. Greyson to my income tax return for proof of my means, to you and aunt for my character, to Ethel for the singleness and thoroughness of my love. These are all he will require to be satisfied about; he isn't a poetic parent, not the sort of man who would be caught by trailing woodbine wildly climbing over the porch of a badly ventilated, imperfectly drained cottage.

"You're a methodical, business-like young rascal, even in your love," laughed uncle.

"Yes, I hope so; I don't intend to be refused for the want of a little foresight and precaution. I feel too much to neglect any little point that may help me to grasp the great happiness I have long been striving to reach. I shall wear this coat, in the inside pocket of which is my last year's balance-sheet."

"Which is to play the part of your sheet-anchor, eh?" cried uncle, laughing at his own weak joke.

Then all fell upon me and wished me success, and I felt and think I looked like a man who knew it was not in his power to command success, but who, with a honest robust balance-sheet in his pocket, was fully conscious he deserved it.

STRANGE FAMILY HISTORIES.

SECOND PAPER. BY HENRY FRITH.

IN connection with secret chambers and underground passages come legends and traditions of hidden treasure. There is hardly any class of narrative which appeals more powerfully to the general public than treasure-seeking, either in works of fiction or in fact. This desire for wealth has led to many curious discoveries of long-concealed underground passages; and there is no doubt but that many such passages are still undiscovered.

Writers of romance have employed the secret chambers and secret panels, the underground passages and trap-doors, of our ancient castles and mansions to excellent purpose. Sir Walter Scott, in "Peveril of the Peak," gives us such an incident associated with the old manor-house of Swinton, and he states that few Scottish houses were without such contrivances as secret panels and concealed rooms. The underground passages were intended to keep up means of communication between castles and the outer world. We have seen it stated that nearly every important fortress in the Middle Ages had such a subterranean passage; and similar tunnels existed, or are said to have existed, between cathedrals and neighbouring abbeys or monasteries. Such an one is supposed to be in existence between Durham Cathedral and Finchale Abbey, and we read that several attempts have been made to penetrate into it.

It is related of one man who made serious efforts to unearth the treasure it may have contained, and to explore the tunnel, that an iron door after a while checked his progress. Still he seems to have seen something uncanny, or, at any rate, to have become very nervous; for he fainted. In all probability choke-damp seized him, and his fears supplied the details of horror he thought he saw.

"Over against the picturesque old town of Bridgnorth," says a writer, "are some caves in the sides of the ruddy sandstone cliffs overlooking the Severn." It seems that one of these caves was a hermitage, and in the floor thereof is the entrance to an underground passage, "which leads to a chest of buried treasure," thence going right under the Severn "to—no man can tell where for certain: not improbably to the castle." So much for tradition, which also assigns secret passages to other localities, some of which have been found.

One of these exists at Buildwas Abbey, by the Severn. The passage was accidentally discovered by the sinking of the road above it as a waggon was passing over the roof of the tunnel. This opening was explored, and Mr. Dale says, in his paper on "Abbey Ruins," that he descended with a candle, and, after passing down a brick shaft some fifteen feet, he reached the tunnel. "It appeared about ten feet in height and four feet in width, formed of excellent squared masonry."

Lord Saye and Sele had a secret chamber and an underground passage at Broughton Castle. These houses, with hiding-holes such as we have described, with secret passages in the thicknesses of the walls, and immense chimneys, were specially adapted for the manifestations of so-called "ghosts" and restless spirits, who, or which, rapped, groaned, clanked chains, or otherwise annoyed the inmates, as set forth in the introduction to "Woodstock," a mansion which possessed unusual facilities for pranks of this nature. The tricks played upon the obnoxious Puritan soldiers were legion, and included such manifestations as rappings, explosions, the appearance of a mysterious animal like a dog, and a wholesale destruction of crockery and kitchen utensils.

The Parliamentary Commissioners were considerably alarmed, particularly when trenchers and buckets of slimy green water came flying down upon them; but all these marvels were accomplished by some roguish servants by means of a trap-door in the ceiling of the bedroom.

The secret chamber at Broughton Castle was retained for the deliberations of Lord Saye's adherents. They assembled in private, and in this hidden fashion held council; but, so far as we can now perceive, there was no special reason for this course on many occasions.

Nearly every county in England could supply a secret chamber in one or another of the mansions and castles. Harrowden, Raglan, White Webbs near Enfield, and Albourne Place in Sussex, are a few chosen at random from a long list. In the last-named house Bishop Juxon lay concealed, and the secret chamber was discovered accidentally. The entrance to it was through the adjacent chimney.

Frequently certain chambers in these houses are associated with ghosts, and some of the stories are so circumstantial as to be perfectly marvellous in their ingenuity. There is, for instance, the Walton Abbey ghost, which inhabits a certain "chamber wainscotted throughout with panelled oak, one of the panels forming a door so accurately fitted that it cannot be distinguished from the other panels. This sliding door is moved by a secret spring, and the aperture gives access to a stairway which conducts the visitor

to the moat." This, no doubt, was another of the secret hiding-places. It is haunted by the ghost of the lady to whom the mansion (it was originally a priory) belonged at the time of the Civil War. The Puritan soldiers "hewed her head off," killed her child, and plundered the house. Hence her "headless ghost" is supposed to haunt the room in which the deed was perpetrated after Marston Moor.

In Gloucestershire annals we read of a curious old house—now almost demolished—at Bourton-on-the-Water. While workmen were pulling down this structure, a door hitherto unsuspected was discovered on the landing upstairs. This door gave access to a small room furnished with a table and chair; and, says the writer in *Chambers's*, "On the back of the chair lay a black robe, and the whole room had the appearance as if some one had recently risen from the seat and left the room." There were other curious rooms, all supposed to be haunted. "One was called the chapel, the other the priests' room."

Sutton Place, in Surrey, is another old mansion in which relics of former occupants of secret chambers have been found. Knebworth, the seat of the Lyttons, had also its "mysterious chamber," but the portion of the house which contained it is no longer standing.

It was a peculiarity of some old Tudor houses to possess apertures in the halls in which arms and accoutrements were stored ready for use, or for purposes of concealment when search was made. Besides the above-mentioned, "Mr. Whitgreave's house at Moseley," and many other old halls, contain curiously devised hiding-places. Charles the Second was hidden at Moseley for a day or two after his removal from Boscobel.

In addition to these chambers, there are other historical and legendary apartments which contain an immense amount of interest for the curious and the antiquarian. Such an one is the room in Smithills Hall, Lancashire, which, we read in the *Bolton Journal*, is not easy of access, "as it lies at some distance from the road," but, once reached, affords a charming picture.

In this old house is a chapel, and in the passage leading to it is the print of a footstep in blood, which cannot by any means be obliterated. A plate bears the following inscription:—

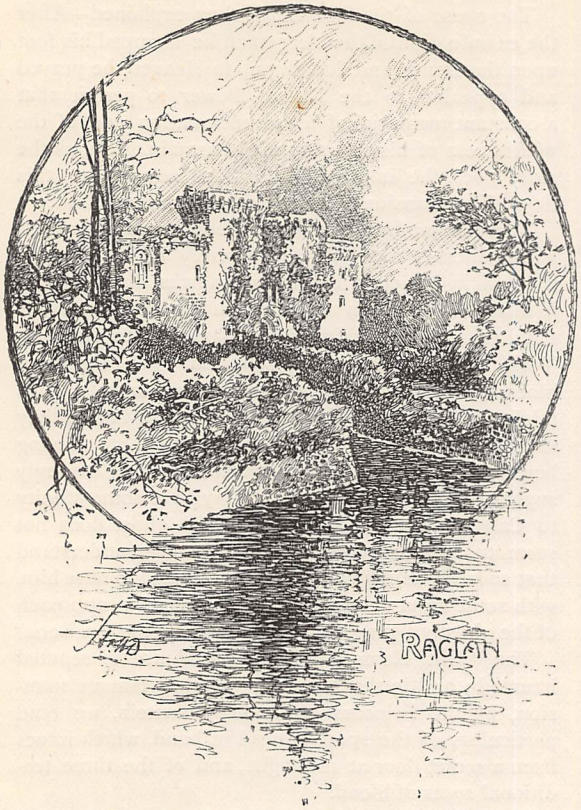
"Footprint of the Rev. George Marsh, of Deane, Martyr, who was examined at Smithills, and burnt at Chester, in the reign of Queen Mary."

The cause of the footprint is thus explained—After the examination of the clergyman he stamped his foot upon the stones, and, looking up to Heaven, he prayed and appealed to the Divine Power to permit that a constant memorial of his condemnation and of the wickedness of his accusers might remain. So, as the story goes, the impress of his foot remains to this day. The mansion belongs to the Ainsworth family.

There is another chamber in a house also associated with a literary family, viz., Calverley Hall. Here is a room in which a terrible deed was done by one Walter Calverley in 1604, when he murdered his children. For this crime he was pressed to death at York, and an old servant who sat upon the great blocks to hasten his master's end was hanged for his fidelity. Calverley's ghost still haunts the house, they say, on horseback, and a man testifies to having been tormented by the spectre in a manner strongly suggestive of nightmare, which may have some affinity to Calverley's phantom steed. The ghost does not seem to appear frequently now, but we understand that so lately as 1874 an attempt was made to raise him, with some apparent success; but the near approach of the ghostly figure was not awaited by the "raisers."

The "Gilt Room" in Holland House is reputed haunted; and in the "History" of that famous mansion, by the Princess Marie Liechtenstein, we read particulars of the spectre, head in hand, which issues from a secret door at midnight, and of the three traditional spots of blood.

In Rushen Castle, Isle of Man, is a very secret and



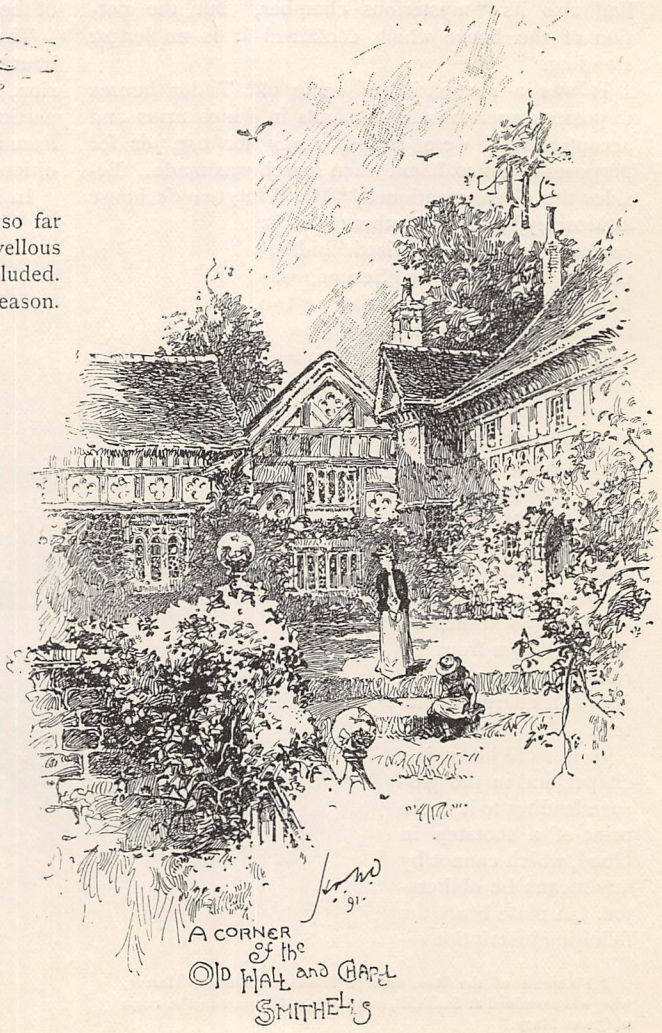
secluded room, which has never been opened, so far as memory goes back, at any rate; and marvellous reasons are given by outsiders for its being so secluded. The people in charge do not seem to give any reason. Perhaps it is impossible to do so.

At Dinton Hall, in Buckinghamshire, we read of a secret chamber or hiding-place, "at the top of the house amid the rafters"; but at Denton Hall, in the North of England, we are informed there is a veritable ghost. From volumes of "Folk Lore" and Mr. Ingham's researches we collect the facts of this somewhat remarkable tradition and appearance. The old Hall is still standing, and a hundred years or so ago was occupied by "the famous Mrs. Montague." We also find that "history and tradition" indicate this spot as once occupied by "ministers of religion," and underground communications are assigned to it, as existing formerly "between the Hall and the Priory, so that the monks could pass without being seen by the public."

This well-known residence has its legend, which will be found in a "Table-book of Remarkable Occurrences." The lady who relates her experiences was about to retire for the night, when, on looking across the room, she saw the figure of an old lady in a flowered satin gown and hood. This elderly personage addressed her, lamenting the old days and the hospitality "which did not then ruin the host." The young lady replied firmly; but the mysterious family visitant went on to hint at the speedy extinction of the spendthrift race at whose mansion the young lady had passed the evening with a large party.

"It is all hollow, hollow!" exclaimed the spectre. "All false! whited sepulchres, young lady; whited sepulchres!"

The young lady turned aside for a second or two, and when she again looked, the strange visitor had vanished. Astonished, and somewhat alarmed, the girl rushed to the door and found it locked still, as she had left it. Next morning she told the tale, expecting to be laughed at; but, to her further surprise, she found that her story was accepted as true, and "Silky," as the apparition is called, regarded as one of the family. She sometimes comes heralded by loud and unearthly noises; and comparatively lately she was heard dragging something through the unoccupied rooms. Visitors have frequently been alarmed, but the residents do not mind, or do not hear, these interruptions.



AT LAST.

(*See p.* 537.)

The name "Silky" has been bestowed upon the mysterious old lady because of the rustling of her dress, which is plainly audible at times. The appearance of the old dame generally heralds some misfortune, and in the particular instance under notice her warnings came true. The great and lavish entertainers were dispossessed, and strangers are domiciled in the house where the young lady had been, and from which she had returned when she saw "Silky."

There is an old story connected with the house which accounts for the restlessness of the lady. She unfolded her sister's secrets and caused her death, demented; her punishment is visiting the visitors to Denton Hall.

We must not conclude these remarks without noticing a curious custom in several counties of keeping a skull in a certain place in a house—whether a "screaming skull" or not. These skulls are preserved in Burton Agnes Hall, in Yorkshire, and in other mansions. The removal of the skull will certainly, it is urged, bring misfortune as great as the breaking of the "luck" of Edenhall. The skull preserved at Burton Agnes keeps away ghosts, for no sooner is it temporarily removed as an experiment than the noises and rappings begin, and do not cease till the skull is restored to its place.

Sometimes there are luminous ghosts and appearances to warn the living. The illumination of Roslin Chapel is a widely known tradition, and is the subject of a ballad in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." There are other illuminated places reported, and, as to the driving about of spectral carriages and horses, we need only say that they have been distinctly heard and mentioned. But one ghost story, at any rate, has a curious historical value. We mean the dream of the murder of Mr. Perceval by Bellingham, in 1812.

In the *Times* of August 16th, 1868, the facts were set forth by a correspondent, while Mr. Williams, the gentleman who saw the vision, was alive, and witnesses to his narrative were also then living.

This gentleman, Mr. Williams, of Scorrier, near Redruth, on the night of May 11th, 1812, awoke his wife, and told her in great agitation that he had seen, in a dream, a man enter the lobby of the House of Commons, and fire a pistol at a gentleman whom he called the Chancellor, and whose appearance he minutely described. This dream was repeated twice again, and, as Mr. Williams was unable to sleep any more, he rose and dressed. Next day he informed many friends and acquaintances of his dreams. One friend to whom he related the vision, named Tucker, laughed at the idea of the Lord Chancellor being in the lobby of the House of Commons. But when Mr. Williams described the man, Mr. Tucker said: "Your description is exactly like Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer"—a person whom Mr. Williams had never seen.

Even while they were discussing this matter, a son of Mr. Williams arrived from Truro, with the news that Mr. Perceval had been assassinated in the way described by Mr. Williams. The intelligence had just arrived by coach by a friend of Mr. Tucker, who had been in the lobby at the time. This is true and curious enough. But some weeks afterwards, when Mr. Williams was introduced into the House of Commons, he immediately and correctly pointed out the spot on which the murderer had stood, the position of the victim, and described with almost perfect accuracy the habiliments of both individuals.

These statements were never contradicted, as they might easily have been if incorrect; and the vision vouchsafed to Mr. Williams must be regarded as one of those inexplicable mysteries which occur at times to puzzle our finite understandings.

AT LAST.

I STAND prepared, I beg to state,
To give the vain malicious fiction
That ladies love to be too late,
Flat contradiction.

Weak persons of a certain sex,
That does not need explicit mention
Have made, with set design to vex,
This gross contention.

They say (what will they *not* maintain?
A cousin's bad, but oh! a brother!)
That, if we ever catch the train,
It is another.

They have a rude, provoking way
Of standing, coated, idly humming;
Then shouting at the stairs, "I say!
When *are* you coming?"

So now, to crush, with foot severe,
This spiteful fib with nothing in it,
I have myself been waiting here—
Well—quite a minute.

He comes at last—no blushes mount;
He does not stammer, pained and flurried:—
'Twas not, I hope, on *my* account
Your Highness hurried?

What's that? *Been waiting here since three,*
And just strolled round to seek the rover?—
Of course you throw the blame on me—
A man all over!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A GUINEA GUEST.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

I SHOULD never have done it, if I had not been so desperately hard up for money.

My brother Stephen says that is no justification for bartering one's self-respect; Grace and Sophy won't let him say so when they are by, but he has an opportunity for giving me good advice of a morning, as we walk together to the City.

We are not in the same office; perhaps that is an advantage, else Stephen might give me more advice than would be good for me.

Stephen is in a bank, and I am in a fire insurance office. I don't dislike the work now I have got used to it; only the head clerk always makes me go and attend to the old ladies, who come with their grievances and complaints.

Stephen and Sophy and I were country-bred. Sophy is my sister, and Grace—isn't.

Stephen was the first to come to London. He is five years older than I am, and had got quite accustomed to City life by the time I left school, at the age of sixteen, to become junior clerk in a certain Life and Fire Assurance Company.

Stephen knew a few people, but he did not often introduce me to them, and he did not care much for going out himself. He toiled like a galley-slave at the bank, doing all sorts of extra work, and told me he intended to rise.

He was a good brother to me in many ways, and kept me out of mischief; but the first three years of my London life was a dreary time.

Then my sister, Sophy, came to live with us, and everything was changed.

Sophy did not leave school at sixteen as I had done, because she was not obliged to earn her bread. Her godmother had left her a little annuity, just enough to keep her. I hope that good woman has been rewarded for the deed.

When Sophy came to live with us, she was just eighteen, and she was the very best sister a fellow ever had.

Stephen's salary was raised about this time, and when Sophy joined us we gave up our old lodgings, and took a little flat, just big enough to squeeze into, where Sophy kept house for us.

She had a great taste for drawing, and had set her heart upon being an artist. As a first step she went to a well-known studio, where she hoped to be prepared to become an Academy student. She used to go to the studio every day from nine till four, and then she came home and "made things comfortable for us," as she used to say.

There was a char-woman, a certain Mrs. Bennet, who came in the afternoons to help Sophy with the work, but our sister did the larger share herself.

Never was there such an industrious girl, and as for her management, it was wonderful. Our socks were always darned, and the buttons sewn on our shirts; there seemed to be a never-failing supply of clean tablecloths and neatly-folded dinner napkins; nicely made little dishes appeared upon our table, the spoons and forks were always bright, and the glasses looked as clear as crystal.

She even saved money enough to buy an old piano, upon which we used to play duets in the evening. I was very fond of music and had learned it at school, but had quite given up playing, when Sophy encouraged me to take it up again.

Sometimes we took our friends home with us, and Sophy always seemed ready for them and pleased to see them. I could not imagine how she contrived to make the home so pleasant and the money go so far. I used to laugh and tell her that she must have the purse of Fortunatus at the bottom of her pocket, or a fairy godmother hidden behind the door.

It was very stupid of me, but I never guessed that the piano was bought out of her dress money, that she re-trimmed her old hats, and re-made her old frocks, and wore all her last year's clothes. Nor did I know that the pence to pay for the flowers were saved from her lunch, that she worked all day at the studio with nothing more nourishing to eat than a bun. I did not discover that she often got up at five o'clock in the morning, mending and making and washing, and, in short, doing two days' work in one. As the doctor afterwards told us, it was wonderful she had endured the life so long.

I now know that if a girl eats too little and works too much, she is sure to break down, sooner or later; but it was a dreadful shock to us, when we came home one evening, to find that Sophy had fainted dead away upon her return that afternoon, and was still unconscious, when we came in.

Stephen rushed off for a doctor, but it was a long time before he could bring Sophy to life again, and then she was ill for many weeks.

It was a dreadful time, but at last Sophy began to get better again, and the doctor said that if she could have a thorough rest and change of air—go to some healthy country place for three months—she might quite recover her health.

Stephen looked very grave when he heard this, and I was in despair. Sophy's illness had used up all our

ready money, and there seemed no possibility of following the doctor's advice.

That was how I came to be so desperately hard up for money.

I was so out of spirits that day that Eyres, my fellow clerk at the office, who knew something of my troubles, asked me whether my sister was worse again.

I told him how matters stood, and added, "I'd do anything in the world to earn a few pounds."

Eyres looked at me as if considering something, hesitated, as if about to speak, but finally said nothing.

"I wish I were a rich fellow, like you," I said.

"Rich!" replied Eyres, "I have nothing but what I earn."

I looked my surprise, for Eyres's salary from the company was only ten pounds higher than my own, and yet he seemed to have plenty of money, went out a good deal of an evening, and never seemed to want a shilling for a cab or a flower for his button-hole.

"I have two strings to my bow," said Eyres. "I don't earn all my money at the office; I nearly double my salary by singing. I don't perform at music halls," he added, seeing my astonished face, "but I happen to have a tenor voice which people rather like, and I get plenty of engagements to sing at evening parties and 'at homes.'"

"I wish I had a tenor voice," I said.

"Really? I had an idea you were too proud, too much of a swell, for that kind of thing."

"Proud!" I exclaimed, "I'd sweep a crossing, if that would earn the money, and if the company would stand it."

Again Eyres looked at me with that uncertain expression.

"If you know of anything, I wish you'd let me know it too," I said impatiently. "I tell you I'm prepared to get money any way, except by stealing it."

"I get my engagements chiefly through Markley's," replied Eyres. "I know him pretty well, and I think he might engage you on my recommendation."

"But I can't sing a note."

"I didn't mean singing. If Markley engages you, he will engage you as a guest."

I was too much surprised to say anything more, and Eyres explained to me that the well-known firm of Markley & Co. not only undertook to provide refreshments and other necessaries for evening parties and similar entertainments, but even went so far as to provide the guests themselves when required.

"But who can wish to hire guests?" I asked.

"A good many more persons than you imagine," replied Eyres. "People who are just beginning to make their way in society are nowadays desperately anxious to have their rooms full. It's on the principle of the decoy duck, I suppose. One person attracts another. If people see a room full, they think there must be something worth coming for."

"It's rather a fraud, isn't it?"

"You'll earn your money as honestly as the waiters, who represent the hostess's footmen."

"I'd rather be a waiter, only I don't know the business," I remarked.

"The usual fee is a guinea," continued Eyres, "and you'll have to pay Markley his commission."

All day I remained in doubt. At one moment I thought of Stephen's scorn when he should come to hear of the matter; the next moment Sophy's pale face rose up before me.

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Eyres, just before we went home.

I shook my head.

"Better let me settle it for you," said he, "let me see, go, or not go—I say—'Go!'"

"What a joke! I'm glad it's settled that way. It'll be no end of a lark, and Sophy shall go to the sea-side after all."

I was in high spirits as I walked off with Eyres, who was to introduce me to Markley's on our way home.

After all, I was only a boy, in spite of my six feet of height and the little black moustache which I used to stroke with so much satisfaction; and if I looked over twenty, as people said I did, I made up for it by feeling rather younger than most lads of my age.

Youthful curiosity had its share in my feelings. I was embarking for a new and unknown world, and wondered what I should meet there.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT was near the end of the London season, a hot July night, and Mrs. Martin Merryman's rooms were crowded to suffocation.

It might have been thought she could have dispensed with paid guests; but she was a prudent person, and I think she found it convenient to have a few hired guests at her disposal, to provide gentlemen for the plainer portion of her young lady friends.

I had been introduced that evening to at least half a dozen hard-featured girls, whose average age must have been six or eight years older than my own. To judge from their dress and their jewels, they were people of wealth, unless, indeed, their ornaments were sham, like so much else in the entertainment.

I hurried off presently to look for the plainest young lady in the room, who had been specially recommended to my attention. Before I could find her, a move was made to the supper-room, and presently I saw her going downstairs on the arm of another gentleman.

I was reprieved for the moment, and, returning to the ball-room, I looked round for some place to rest in. There were plenty of men to take the ladies down to supper it seemed.

I strolled up to one of the three windows, all of which were open, and stepped out into a narrow balcony, which ran along the whole of the back of the house and overlooked some ornamental gardens in the rear.

At the further end of the balcony, by the third window, there were two empty chairs. It would be impossible to find a better place to rest. I sat down and I think I fell asleep for a minute or two, at any rate I was very drowsy, when I was partly roused by the sound of a yawn, which came from someone on the other side of the piano.

"Grace!" exclaimed a voice, with a warning accent.

"Oh! I can't help it. I'm so tired. And it doesn't matter, there's nobody here. They've all gone down to supper."

"Poor Gracie! Sit down while you can, dear. After all, we've only got another fortnight to get through. Think of dear old Summerfield, and try and keep up your spirits."

"How I wish we were there to-night!"

"I wish I had got something to eat. I wonder whether Mrs. Merryman will send us up some supper, or whether she'll forget it, as she did last time."

The two voices which had been speaking relapsed into silence. I wondered who were their owners. It did not seem likely that Mrs. Merryman should have engaged any lady guests, as she seemed to have a superfluity of ladies; but if they were invited, and not hired, how came she to be so neglectful of their comfort? and why had they not gone downstairs to supper with the other guests?

I got up from my chair, walked quietly along the balcony to the window through which I had entered it, and stepped back into the drawing-room.

"SOPHY HAD FAINTED DEAD AWAY" (*p.* 538).

The room was empty, except for two figures near the piano. One of them, a lady of about thirty years of age, was seated on the music-stool; her companion, a girl some ten years younger, was leaning back in a chair with a look of exhaustion on her face. One hand, hanging at her side, supported a violin, which was resting on the floor, her other hand held the bow with which she had lately been playing.

I recognised the two ladies who had been playing the music that evening, and asked the elder one whether I might take her down to supper.

She declined, reluctantly I thought, but gladly accepted my offer of getting some refreshment for herself and her companion.

The supper-room was furnished with costly profusion, and I was fortunate enough to light upon a tray, upon which I put half a dozen different articles, and hurried back with them to the two musicians.

The younger girl looked better, when she had eaten something.

"It is very kind of you to wait upon us like this," said the elder lady presently.

"And it is a pleasure to find that there is one gentleman among Mrs. Merryman's guests," exclaimed the girl impulsively.

"Grace!" said her companion again, half appealing, half frightened at the imprudent remark. "Please don't take any notice of what my sister says; she is overtired, and not herself to-night," she continued, speaking to me.

"And Emma is afraid you will repeat my remark, and that we may lose our next week's engagement in consequence," said Grace. "I don't care if we do," she went on; "this is a horrible house. They say Mrs. Merryman pays people to come to it, and that there are men who are degraded enough to take her money!"

The scorn with which the girl spoke stung me like a whip. I would have given anything to have acknowledged my true position, and to have defended the conduct which she judged so severely. But Markley had explained that my engagements were "strictly confidential," and there was an understanding that I was to be silent about the terms on which I was engaged. I said nothing, but the colour flew to my face, and I believe that I must have looked as foolish as I felt.

The elder lady however, not unnaturally, thought my embar-

rassment arose from my displeasure at the way in which Grace had spoken of our hostess.

"Don't be angry," she said to me in her gentle, timid voice. "My sister has some excuse for speaking bitterly. One of these gentlemen was very rude to her the last time we were here. I would not have come again with her, but we cannot afford to pick and choose. I have three little children to maintain."

"Who has dared——?" I began indignantly, but she hastily stopped me.

"Hush, please, or someone may hear you. The man is not here to-night. I believe he was one of those hired guests, for I am sure I have seen him at Markley's. He is not worth troubling about."

"It's too bad of Markley to send out such fellows. I shall tell him so the next time I see him," I exclaimed.

"What!" cried Grace. "Are you, too, a guinea guest? That's the price at which you let yourselves out, is it not?"

"Oh, hush!" said her sister entreatingly, "they are coming up from supper. At least, you have been kind to me, and I thank you."

She smiled as she spoke, but it was a sad smile, as if there were tears not very far behind it, and then she seated herself once more before the piano.

Grace took up her violin; for a moment our eyes met. Hers were full of scornful mockery, and her lip curled with contempt as she shot a look towards the doorway, which at that moment was filled up by the figure of the plainest girl in the room.

"That young lady is looking for you," she remarked, in a freezing tone of voice; and I went forward to do the duty I had undertaken.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

I WENT home that night crushed with a sense of my humiliation. Those scornful eyes pursued me, and I could not get the sound of that contemptuous voice out of my ears.

As a rule, I used to go to sleep as soon as my head touched my pillow, but to-night I lay awake tortured with shame, feeling myself utterly disgraced, and confident that my whole future life was blighted.

No one had ever despised me before, and two months earlier I should have confidently declared that no one would ever have the right to despise me.

Now I felt I had given that right to Grace; yet I revolted at the cruelty with which she had used it, and I wondered whether she would judge me less severely, if she knew the whole story.

Then I asked myself why I cared so much for her opinion; and something in me replied, because it would be the opinion of any innocent girl.

The elder lady, the one whom her sister called Emma, had not been so severe as Grace; I felt she blamed me, but wished to make excuses for me. I wondered whether a woman became more indulgent, when she had three little children to maintain.

My thoughts were getting incoherent; perhaps I had been awake half an hour, which seemed an eternity to me at the time, when kindly nature came to my aid, and the deep sleep of youth and fatigue fell upon me.

I was awakened the next morning by Sophy. She was standing beside me, with an amused smile upon her face.

"Make haste, Laurence, or you'll be late at the office this morning. Stephen has finished his breakfast."

There was nothing funny in that, and Sophy's amused face puzzled me.

I had awoke quite a fresh person from the unhappy being of the night before. Though still a little sore at the recollections of the previous evening, my unhappiness had rolled away before the morning light, like mountain mist before the sun; and as I hastily dressed myself I thought more about Sophy than anyone else. She was waiting for me in the next room, ready to pour out the coffee, which she had been keeping hot for me.

She was well enough to be about, and resume some of her household occupations, but the doctor had strictly forbidden any more visits to the studio, till her strength should be fully re-established.

She still had that amused smile upon her face.

"What's the joke, Sophy?" I asked.

"Who is Grace?" she said.

I stared at her in amazement.

"What do you mean?"

Sophy laughed.

"If you want to keep a secret, Laurence, you shouldn't talk in your sleep. I was afraid you would be late this morning, as I did not hear you stirring, and I knocked and knocked at your door, till I feared the neighbours would send in to ask what was the matter; so at last I went in and touched you. You didn't wake even then; you gave a sort of growl, and then you said, 'Grace, Gracie, Grace.' Who is she?"

"She isn't at all a nice girl," I replied.

"Oh!" said Sophy, rather meaningly, "why do you go where there are not nice girls?"

"It's all right, Sophy. You'll be very pleased by-and-by. Take care of yourself, and don't do too much. Do you know, I really think there will be a chance of your going into the country this summer, and then you will come back as strong as a horse, and be able to try for the Academy in the autumn. I'm off now, or I shall be late."

I hurried away as I spoke, not sorry to escape from Sophy's questions.

How odd it was I should have been talking of that girl in my sleep. I had no recollection of dreaming about her, and in my hurry to dress and get my breakfast I had hardly thought of her till Sophy had mentioned her name.

Now it seemed as though I could not get it out of my head—"Grace, Gracie, Grace" seemed to run in it all day long.

Stephen was home earlier than usual that evening, and we three sat down to dinner together.

Stephen was usually silent, and I was feeling very sleepy, so we were not very lively company for poor Sophy.

I suppose she found it dull, for presently, with a mischievous smile, she said to me—

"Well, Laurence, how is Grace?"

"Grace!" exclaimed Stephen before I had had time to reply. "What do you know about Grace?" he continued, his usually pale face flushing as he spoke. "I'll have no interference on your part, Laurence. Please to allow me to manage my own friends myself."

Sophy and I were struck dumb with surprise; but Sophy, who had no guilty secret and a fair share of feminine curiosity, was the first to recover herself.

"We are talking about quite different people," she replied. "But who are these friends, Stephen, with whom we are not to interfere?"

Stephen looked rather ashamed at his late outburst.

"I'm not afraid of your interfering with anyone, Sophy; but Laurence is always putting his foot into things, and I don't care for him to make acquaintance with my friends behind my back."

"I'm sure I don't want to know your friends," I cried, rather crossly.

"They would be very nice friends for you, Sophy," continued Stephen, as if he had not heard me, "and they are kind enough to say they would like to know you. They have asked me to bring you to call upon them."

"I shall be very pleased," replied Sophy; "but you don't tell me who 'they' are."

"Mrs. and Miss Leigh."

"Is Miss Leigh called Grace?"

"I believe she is."

"He believes she is called Grace—the old humbug!" I exclaimed, when Sophy and I were alone together again. "I say, Sophy; poor old Stephen! he is gone upon that girl; he thinks there isn't another Grace in London."

"I hope she is nice," replied Sophy demurely.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SOPHY went with Stephen on the following Saturday to call upon the Leighs, and came back charmed with her new acquaintances.

"They are such nice people, Laurence. Miss Leigh is so pretty and so clever, and she plays the violin beautifully."

A sudden dread came over me. Suppose Stephen's Grace were the same as mine, and that the girl who despised me so profoundly should become my brother's future wife and my sister's most intimate friend!

"What is she like?" I asked.

"Tall and slight, with a pale, smooth, white complexion and bright brown eyes."

"Did you like her mother?"

"Mrs. Leigh isn't her mother: she is her sister-in-law; but they are just like sisters, and always call each other so. Mrs. Leigh is a young widow, with three little children to support. She teaches music and she goes out to play at evening parties. Grace goes with her and plays the violin, if people want a second instrument. But she doesn't like it, and Mrs. Leigh says her music is much too good for that sort of work."

"What a lot you seem to have learned about them."

"Oh, yes, they were most friendly. Miss Leigh asked me about you, and Mrs. Leigh hoped you would go and see them when they come back from the country. They are going to a delightful place called Summerfield, very healthy and bracing, near a large common. An old friend, who has a little house there, is going to lend it them."

"That would be just the sort of place for you to go to, Sophy."

"Well, when I have made my fortune by selling my pictures, you and I will go there together."

I was on the point of telling Sophy that she need not wait to make her fortune before getting the country air she so sorely needed, but I had still one other engagement to keep, and I had determined to say nothing till my bondage was over and my tale of bricks complete.

I could have no doubt that Mrs. and Miss Leigh were the two ladies I had met at Mrs. Merryman's, and the best I could hope for was that, if I could keep out of their way for a time, they might not recognise me, if we ultimately met. It was a good thing they were going to Summerfield, as it would be easy to avoid them for a week or two, and perhaps I should be altered by the time they came back.

I wondered whether Stephen and Sophy would find me out, if I took to wearing spectacles as a disguise. I even contemplated the heroic sacrifice of shaving off my moustache.

The evening of my last engagement had arrived, and my heart beat a little quicker than usual as I entered Mrs. Freshfield's drawing-room.

I dreaded another encounter with Mrs. and Miss Leigh, in case they should be playing that evening. It was not unlikely, as they got their engagements through Markley; and the first glance I gave across the room told me my fears were realised. Mrs. Leigh and Grace were at the piano. I pity the poor young ladies I entertained that evening, for I gave them but a divided attention, and must have been a very dull companion.

I tried to keep out of sight of the two musicians, and hoped they would not notice me, though I could not help glancing now and again at Grace, to see whether she were looking at me. She appeared to be engrossed with her music. I hoped that she and her sister had forgotten my appearance, and would not know me again.

It was a large party for the size of the house, and there was only space for half the guests in the supper-room.

"It does not matter," remarked Mrs. Freshfield. "We must go down to supper in two batches, and the music can go on during supper-time. Mr. Haviland," she continued, turning to me, "will you tell the music people, I shall want two extra pieces played during supper-time."

I could not refuse, and, much against my will, I took the message to Mrs. Leigh.

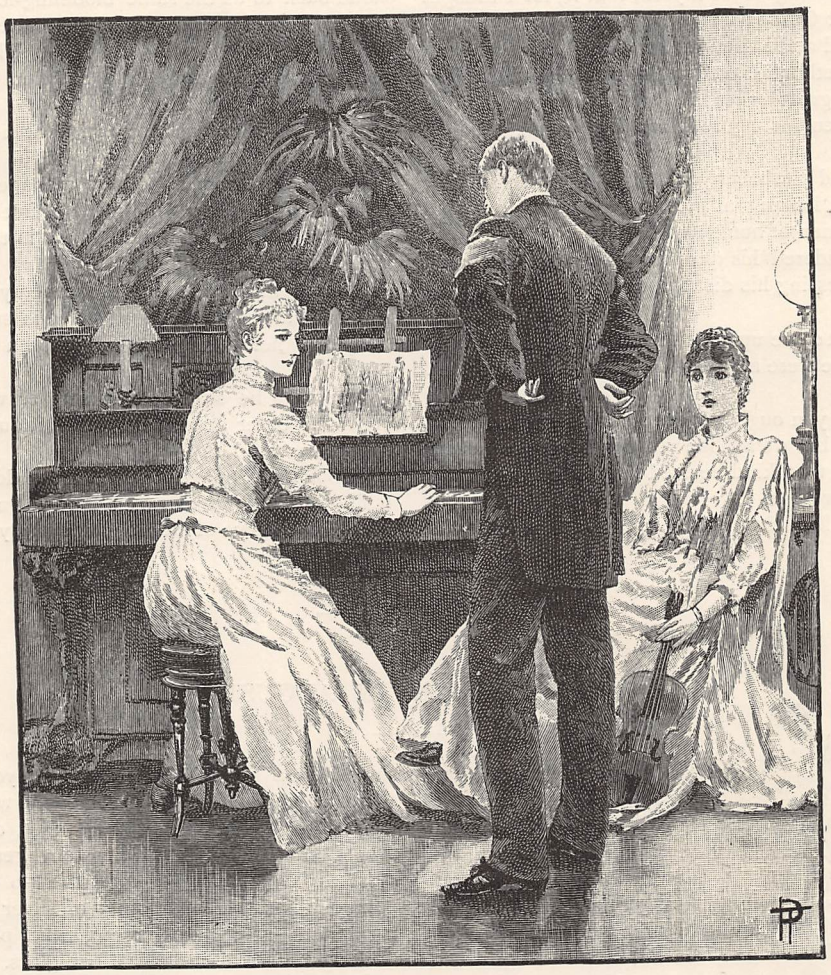
I noticed she was looking very white, and did not seem to take in what I said to her, but Grace, who

had been resting a moment, jumped up in great agitation.

"She can't possibly do it," she said in low but vehement tones. "I hoped she would rest during supper-time and be able to pull through the remainder of the evening. What are we to do? Why will people be so cruel?"

across the room, while I turned towards the piano. Just as I was sitting down, I caught sight of Eyres, who had been singing at the house earlier in the evening.

I hurriedly explained what had happened, and he hastened off to get refreshments for the overworked musicians, while I played in my best style. Mrs. Freshfield was engrossed with her guests downstairs,



I ASKED . . . WHETHER I MIGHT TAKE HER DOWN TO SUPPER (*p.* 540).

"Let me go and tell Mrs. Freshfield that your sister is over-tired and wants a little rest."

"No, no—that won't do! She'll complain about it to Markley; last week Emma fainted right off at Mrs. Upperton's, and Markley said if it happened again he could get her no more engagements."

I thought for a moment, and then a bright idea came into my head.

"I can play a little myself, and, happily, I know everything by heart. Let me take her place at the piano. Do you think your sister can get over to that little inner room; it is cool and quiet, and there are some easy chairs there."

Without wasting words, Grace helped her sister and hearing that some sort of music was going on above, gave no further thought to the matter, and I don't think she ever discovered the change we had made.

When supper was over, Mrs. Leigh was well enough to resume her place. Later on, Eyres persuaded Mrs. Freshfield to let him play a couple of duets with "the pretty violinist," and Mrs. Leigh got through the evening without a breakdown.

When we were at length released, I put the two ladies into the cab which was to take them home.

Mrs. Leigh was profuse in her thanks to me, but Grace remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

It was not till she was seated in the cab, and I had

fastened the door, and was turning away to give their address to the cabman, that she raised her brown eyes to mine, and said simply—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Haviland."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE next morning, I told everything to Stephen and Sophy—everything about myself, that is, for I thought it better to let Grace tell her own story to Stephen.

Sophy cried and kissed me, and laughed and kissed me, and altogether behaved in the most absurd manner, which was a great relief to me, when I came to think over the ridiculous figure I had cut during the past two months.

"How could you bring yourself to do such a thing?" said Stephen, looking at me as if I were a new and curious specimen of humanity.

But I considered his question as a mere oratorical mode of expressing his disapproval: it did not require an answer.

My conduct came up for discussion again a few days later, when we were all spending the evening at Mrs. Leigh's.

"Of course you ought never to have even thought of such a thing, but we all like you the better for having done it," said that kind-hearted lady, when reviewing my late proceedings.

"Your verdict, Emma, is equal to the celebrated 'Not guilty—but don't do it again!'" said Grace, laughing.

"Then let us be satisfied with the favourable half," put in Sophy.

"No," said Stephen. "I stick to—don't do it again."

I have never done it again.

I had the satisfaction of sending Sophy into the country with my little, painfully-earned store, and she came back to us the same blooming-looking girl, who had left school a year and a half before.

She went to a lodging at Summerfield, next door to the Leigh's little house, and Stephen spent his fortnight's holiday with her.

When he came back to town he was engaged to be married to Grace Leigh.

He has just been appointed manager at one of the branches of his bank, and in the course of this summer he hopes to take his bride to live in the comfortable little house attached to it.

Sophy was accepted as an Academy student in the winter following her illness. She is succeeding very well, and her first picture has been exhibited this year.

You may be sure I don't let her work too hard. When all other arguments fail to induce her to take care of herself, I say—

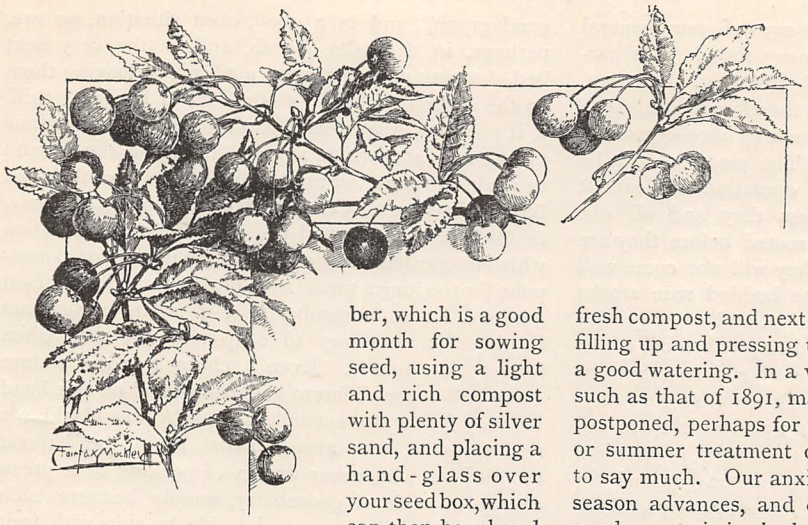
"Look out, Sophy, or you'll break down again, and I shall have to go out as a guinea guest! and then what will become of the remnant of my self-respect?"

E. C.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

AN August garden display is, no doubt, the gayest and most brilliant one of the year. Everything in the flower garden that the fitful English climate is capable of producing, if it be not seen in August will never be seen among us at all. We shall have, then, an unlimited supply from which to make our selection of flowers to treat of this month. Here, then, in an imaginary stroll round our paths under this fierce August sun we find one gay occupant of the borders ready to hand, of which we will first say something, and that is the petunia. Its natural home is in South America, but it has been a familiar friend among ourselves for upwards of sixty years. Now, the petunia is but half-hardy, so that it is best, if we intend to raise it by seed, to sow in a hot-bed in March; nor should we prick out our young seedlings into the open beds until May is well advanced. But if you intend to raise some specimens by cuttings, should these be taken in the spring you will require some artificial heat, for the petunia will not endure any frost. Later on in the summer, or certainly in this month of August, when our general stock of cuttings is taken, you will require no extra heat for your cuttings, but use plenty of silver sand; if you raise from cuttings next month, either place your pots in the greenhouse or under a bell glass.

In the old days the petunia was sometimes trained to grow over trellis work, and in this case the ends of your shoots had better be pinched out, and all lateral shoots encouraged to grow; while these, in their turn, when they have grown long enough, should also be stopped. The following three varieties of the petunia all bloom in August. First, then, we may name the *Petunia violacea*, or the violet-coloured one, which, perhaps, is as familiar as any to us. Another old friend is known as the "intermediate," having yellow and purple flowers; while a third has a white bloom, and is known as *P. nyctaginiflora*. And here, perhaps, we may with advantage give a brief hint or two as to the monthly routine management of our petunias that we are growing in pots. And in order the better to do this we can very opportunely begin, not with January, but with our approaching month of Septem-



ber, which is a good month for sowing seed, using a light and rich compost with plenty of silver sand, and placing a hand-glass over your seed box, which can then be placed in the greenhouse. Or, again, from the open flower garden you are not later than the second week in September rapidly bringing in your stock of cuttings from the flower borders. The petunias that are then on the wane should be cut down, cuttings being first taken from them, and the roots of the old plants potted and put into any old garden frame so as to protect them from frost. And then in October you will perhaps find that the seed sown in September has germinated, and that you will soon be able to prick out into pots some little plants an inch or so apart from each other; or you may have to wait a month longer before you can do this, but as soon as they are capable of being handled it is better to prick out the young seedlings.

See also that the cuttings you took in August or September do not lack for water. This hint will certainly apply to our general stock of cuttings taken in August from our borders. A good watering is essential at the outset, as well as protection from a fierce sun. The cuttings, especially at the outset of their career, should never be dry. But later on in the season you may have to guard against the opposite course, and not have too much moisture among your cuttings, or mildew may attack your greenhouse, and you will find that many of your juvenile plants, whether cuttings or seedlings, will damp off. In November, however, your seedling petunias could certainly be pricked out to winter in the greenhouse, while the treatment of your entire stock—not merely of petunias, but of all your greenhouse and pit plants—will, of course, vary in accordance with the temperature, and the nature of the season. Extra protection from frost may be needful in December, January, and February, perhaps, by a bell glass over your pots of young plants, or by an additional matting over your pits and frames; whilst in a mild, wet, and open season, the damp is often an enemy more difficult to cope with than the frost itself.

But in the month of March you can shift into "forty-eight" sized pots any petunias that you intend to bloom in pots. And, in the process of re-potting, we may as well renew here a general hint. When busy over this operation, take out the little ball of earth from the old pot, *whole*, put some drainage at the bottom of your new pot, then some fresh compost, and next place the ball of old soil upon it, filling up and pressing uniformly all round, and giving a good watering. In a very backward spring, however, such as that of 1891, many operations are of necessity postponed, perhaps for a month. Of the bedding-out or summer treatment of petunias there is less need to say much. Our anxieties are, as a rule, less as the season advances, and often a late spring or a backward season is in the long run the less fruitful of mishaps. If we get July weather in the month of March, we are always afraid of having some March weather in July.

THE FRUIT HARVEST.

And now what are we to say of our general August gardening? It is a heavy month, this harvesting one, alike in the field, the flower, kitchen, and fruit garden, and we can therefore but make a wise selection of matters that must at once crowd on the memory of any gardener. The picotees must be layered this month, and this operation we cannot afford to postpone, since unless they and all our carnations get thoroughly well-rooted before they are cut off, the chances are that they will not come well through the winter. Then the budded rose stocks will require a constant examination, and every growth along the stock must be rubbed or pinched off, while, as the young buds advance, they should somehow be secured to a stick or to the stock itself, so that anything like a gust of wind does not break them off, or blow them bodily away from their point of junction.

But what shall we say of the kitchen garden? for in the month of August—though it is so, perhaps, all the year round in a well-ordered garden—seed-time and harvest would almost seem to shake hands; for if in August we are on one bed sowing cabbage seed on good ground, and in a good, open situation, we are, perhaps, in the same month, and on the very next bed, drawing up and storing our onions, leaving them on the ground for a time to dry and to harden. Still, if it prove an August such as that of 1890 our onions must on no account be suffered to lie on the ground to rot in the rain, but must be housed where they can be kept dry for use. Celery and potatoes must, of course, in their turn be earthed up, and this is an operation which no gardener can ever afford to neglect or to postpone for too long a time. And, finally, to notice our fruit gardens, let us remember that it is an unwise act to think it necessary to strip any one tree when harvest time sets in. Even a cherry tree will endure some half-dozen different gatherings, and on this head we may follow the example set us by the blackbirds and thrushes, who always assist us in the harvest months, but who never dream of pecking at a green cherry or a hard gooseberry, merely because such unripened fruit happens to be side by side with fruit on the *same* tree that has been more fortunate in its exposure to a ripening sun-ray.

"FOSSIKING."

BY FREDERICK HASTINGS.

"HE WOULD ASSURE ME HE SAW PARTICLES OF GOLD" (*p.* 547).

FOSSIKER.' Well, what is that?"

"One who goes out prospecting."

"As an engineer?"

"No; hunting out places where gold, or silver, or tin, or talc, is likely to be found. Why, sir, I have been many and many a mile 'fossiking' for gold. 'Fossiking' is the Australian word for searching for treasure. I have walked hundreds of miles carrying my 'swag,' and had very little for my pains. Once I walked fifty miles from a mine in one day. I wanted to catch the steamer from Melbourne to Adelaide. I was coming back, and had just enough to pay my passage. Ship had started. Had to walk down and get a boat, and pull off. On deck I threw myself down, utterly wearied. When I pulled off my boots they were worn through, and when I took off my stockings the flesh came away with them. Ah! a man earns the gold he gets in prospecting or mining, I can tell you." So said one who, after all, had made somewhat of a pile, and then married and settled down in business in one of the principal streets of the charming city of Adelaide. Vivid were the descriptions I had from him and from others of disappointing searches, of wearing trudges in Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. "I have been three days and nights without food or water," said one. "I have had to carry not only my own 'swag,' but to carry my brother's also. Poor fellow! he was so done up once, and I could not leave him to go for help, for he would have died. So I flung away my 'swag,' and carried him until we found help. I saved my brother. It is astonishing how you get used to burdens, and even to privation. I think the first day's hunger was worse than the third."

"The 'swag' itself must be heavy."

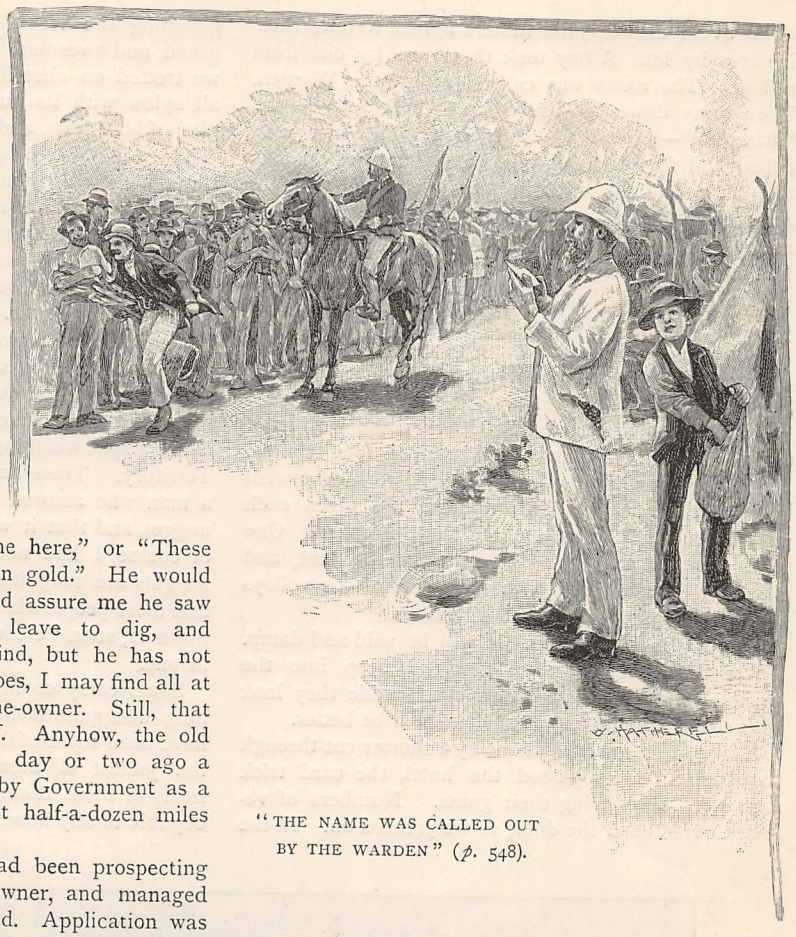
"Yes; a man must carry a rug to sleep under, and his kettle for his tea. Sometimes he carries also his pick and shovel. You roll up your belongings in your 'swag,' and swing it across your back, and away you tramp."

When talking with another "fossiker," who had trudged about eight hundred miles, from Adelaide to a place in Victoria, he said—"I heard there was a 'rush,' and as I had nothing to do, I determined to follow. Had no money. Knew there were plenty of people on the road who would give a fellow a bit of 'tucker.' 'Tucker' is grub, you know, and it is cheap enough here. Why, mutton is never much more than twopence a pound in the country."

"But how did you get over the desert?"

"It is only flat scrub, not desert, like the Sahara. Anyhow, I went round about, and from 'station' to 'station,' as we call the sheep-farms, and so reached my destination. Alas! it was all a fluke. I had to get work in town, and have never done much good for myself."

The "fossiker" is generally a restless, expectant man. One of them working at blasting some rock for me was always surprising me with such remarks as "I am sure there's lots of silver here," or "There's a gold mine here," or "These creeks must have washed down gold." He would get a pail and wash the dirt, and assure me he saw particles of gold. He asked leave to dig, and promised me a share of his find, but he has not undertaken it yet. When he does, I may find all at once that I am a wealthy mine-owner. Still, that day is probably a long way off. Anyhow, the old man may be right, for only a day or two ago a district has been "proclaimed" by Government as a gold field, and it is only about half-a-dozen miles from my bit of land.



"THE NAME WAS CALLED OUT BY THE WARDEN" (*p.* 548).

It seems that a "fossiker" had been prospecting slyly on the land of a private owner, and managed to get out several ounces of gold. Application was then made to Government, and the place was "proclaimed," in the Gazette, as a gold field. The owner might object, but an Act of Parliament empowers the Government to issue mining licences. It is to be supposed the owner is recouped for any damage done to the land.

To see the formal issue and the "rush" was an attraction. I learned that at twelve o'clock on Thursday the red flag would be hoisted. This red flag is not Republican, but the colonial official indication of the opening of the mine. My nag was what is termed here "nuggety"—a solid, broad, good trotter. I covered the eighteen miles in a little over two hours. It was a most enjoyable scamper—two thousand feet uphill. The nag did uphill best, for the descents were too steep often for anything but a walk. Numbers of vehicles came on laden with prospectors, officials, or pressmen. Over "Norton's Summit," down Deep Creek—a romantic spot with a fine stone bridge—along under the steep overshadowing gum-tree-covered hills. The pinnacles of the governor's costly summer residence on "Marble Hill" peep over that summit. How like some parts of Scotland or Switzerland! Here we pass an hotel with two fellows outside doing the "three card trick," and "scooping" in the coin from the crowd; they have a gold mine in the folly of the fellows around them. Now a sharp turn at the seventeeth "mile-post." What a road!—puddle; narrow; again uphill—vehicles sticking fast—swagmen in force. Another mile, and tents many are seen. They are small, and the fire-places at the end of each are made of long stiff strips of bark, filled in with clay from the gulley, "wattle and dab" style. Two streams meet, and here the possible future township is located. I had better look out for the site for a church before land becomes too dear.

About a thousand people are on the ground. Only two hundred and fifty have taken out licences. These are patiently waiting, in front of the official tent, the hoisting of the red flag. Some delay occurs. A message has to be sent to town. The Warden announces that at two o'clock the licences will be issued. "Better go and get dinner." Cheers from other than miners follow this, but all scatter. Here women are busy round great big fires made in the hollow of a tree. There men fill the frying-pan with chops. I find a lunch, kindly offered in the Government tent, most acceptable. Back come the men, some laden with bundles of pegs—these are about three feet long. A local ventriloquist, who combines with that the trade of publican, amuses gratuitously the waiting miners. He says, "You go, peg out the claims, get the gold, and I'll take the profits." A great laugh welcomes this bit of frankness.

To avoid disorder, the miners agreed to take their licences by lot. A boy took them one by one from a bag. The name was called out by the Warden. Then away down the line of men—kept open by the "troopers"—went the pegger out. The first man called had forgotten his pegs, and came up nervous and flurried. The one who first prospected the spot and brought out a considerable amount of gold was rewarded by having first choice. He pegged out for himself and two mates two claims, of thirty feet square each. He has cradles ready for washing the soil; so have many others.

Some poor fellows are short of capital to take out claims. They cannot raise the twenty-five shillings necessary, and guarantee the two shillings per week royalty due to Government. Others come with swell attire and silver-headed cane to peg out claims. These are young fellows tired of desk work, who wish to "try their luck." Two minutes are given each man for selection, then another name is called. One after another they rush down from the tent, and soon the glen is filled with the sound of the volleys of blows on pegs given in all directions.

Evening is coming on. It will be cold and damp. There is no resting-place here. I peep into the various tents, and notice how comfortable they look with stretchers and rugs, but home will be better.

A fellow horseman leads me by a shorter cut through the bush. As we passed the hotel, the card trick men were still plying their game. Numbers of vehicles were round the door, so we pressed on. In the gloaming the views along the Playford road were grand and awesome. Night came on suddenly, and we trotted on cheerfully until we saw our city lying all aglow with its numerous lights. My horse was glad of his stable, and I soon welcomed the couch.

The miners often have disputes over claims. Sometimes men will "jump" claims: that is, they remove the pegs of someone else, and insist on working where another has already toiled. At this Forest range field a dispute soon arose in consequence of several small nuggets being discovered in one spot by "Charlie the Pole" and his mates. He is an old hand, and stands his ground; he knows human nature. Speaking of the small nuggets weighing only 4-dwt. discovered about twelve feet down, he said they will soon be magnified into something great. He said "I once found a spec weighing twelve ounces in the Northern Territory. Travelling down to Port Darwin, I met a man who assured me that he had seen that same nugget, and that it weighed sixty ounces. After that, of course, I had nothing to say." So now the tiny nuggets are magnified into weighing several ounces, and more people will rush to the field. Old "fossikers," however, soon "clear" to other fields if not successful in one.

Some carry countenances very gloomy; marks of long disappointment tell. Others I have seen who have been successful "fossikers," and they are among the jolliest of men. They are open-hearted, and many of them, though apparently hard, are most susceptible to any honest appeal.

"SOON THE GLEN IS FILLED WITH THE SOUND."

CHEQUERED PAGES.

SADNESS is sometimes sweet, I know;
Some thoughts that make us weep
Are like those gentle flowers that grow
Where the dead leaves lie deep.

As pure and bright their beauties start,
Where all were else decay,
They mark where once, within the heart,
'Twas fresh and green and gay.

I know that happiness survives,
That with the pure it must;
That joys must gleam in virtuous lives,
As gems undimmed in dust.

I know these things; and yet I know
How many joys are fled!
Like flowers that nevermore can grow,
Because the seed is dead.

I know the pain; nor hide the sighs,
Which are not wholly sad,
While, as their sorrow makes me wise,
I may make others glad.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

A QUAKER GIRL.

By GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"BELLA!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Hasn't it occurred to you that we have seen very little of Mr. Holcroft lately?"

Bella tosses her head. "I don't pretend to interest myself in his movements particularly, mamma."

Imperious Mrs. Lockwood gives a little impatient sigh. "My dear child," she says with flinty tenderness, "how often am I to impress upon you the necessity of interesting yourself in someone."

"Does that mean you wish me to concentrate myself on someone?"

"My dear girl, you have such a crude way of putting things. I have just been gazing at these drawings of brides in the illustrated papers. I think you would look much better than most of them do—that is, under similar circumstances."

"Possibly, mamma, but I have no great inclination to try."

Mrs. Lockwood rustles the paper a trifle impatiently. "Do you know, Bella, I think that you are sometimes a trifle childish. Will you never forget the—eh—episode with Gideon Geddes."

"I don't think so," says the girl listlessly, but with unmistakable sadness in her tones. "It was the one real thing in my life, and you—oh, never mind. What is the use of harking back to it? His own people never knew anything about it, and he is probably dead at the Diamond Fields by this time. Sometimes—it hurts. Of course, it is very stupid. We have no business to feel in this world. He met me out at the New River one day at a picnic and brought me home. You liked him. You said he was very handsome."

"So he was, but I never thought you would fall in love with him."

"I didn't think so either. I—I didn't know I had a heart."

The girl gazes regretfully through the open window at the blue hills in the distance. She is very handsome, with a colouring which in time will doubtless become a trifle too florid. Her red lips are pressed closely together as if trying to shut out something unpleasant. At the moment, she is looking as if she could say plenty of unpleasant things. Her little foot taps the ground impatiently, and the hardness again comes into her face. "I don't see why you should try to recall my folly," she says. Her tone is scarcely the customary one when addressing a parent. Mrs. Lockwood, however, does not appear to resent it.

"It is about time you forgot your folly, as you rightly call it," she says, with a frown on her Junoesque brow. Mrs. Lockwood is a large woman, a woman of commanding stature. She has, as she imagines, stamped out that mild affair with young Mr. Geddes, although she would not like Bella to know exactly how she managed it. Young Mr. Geddes had departed without Bella having pledged her faith to that interesting but penniless being. The Geddes are an old family, but they haven't any money. Mrs. Lockwood has a very comfortable income of her own for a small place like Bettenham. It would not suffice for her wants in town, and so she has wisely come to the conclusion that it is better to reign in Bettenham than to be a nobody in the mighty metropolis. She easily takes the lead in Bettenham circles. She has a brougham, and makes the most of it. Bella is always handsomely dressed, but at the end of the year when the bills are paid the surplus remaining from Mrs. Lockwood's income is not overwhelmingly large.

The girl is pacing the room very energetically. She turns and faces her parent.

"I wonder," she says slowly, but with concentrated bitterness, "whether you are to be congratulated on having successfully passed through more than half of life's pilgrimage?"

"It has never occurred to me," says Mrs. Lockwood stiffly. She does not like to be reminded that she cannot live for ever.

"Because," continues the girl, gazing out of the window with great mournful eyes, "I wish we could change places."

"I don't grow soured and bitter," replies Mrs. Lockwood complacently.

"It is different with you," urges the girl. "I do not think you ever had any romance." Of a surety, she is not polite to her mother.

"I don't think I ever did," says the other contentedly. "I refused a man in the army because we couldn't live upon love and air. He said he would shoot himself."

"It is needless to say he didn't do anything of the sort?"

"But he did," retorts Mrs. Lockwood calmly. "It was very unpleasant at first. There was a paragraph in one of the society papers about it. Then I married your father."

"Did you—did you love him?" inquires the girl, curiously.

"He settled six hundred a year on me, and we got on very well until he died. I suppose we were as comfortable as most people are."

"Did you ever read 'The Princess'?" asks Bella. She seems inclined to prolong the discussion, more with the view of killing time than of obtaining any benefit from it.

"Ye-es, I think I have," says Mrs. Lockwood dubiously, "isn't it all about a—a scientific young person

who left school, or something of the sort? At my age I prefer a novel."

"I was only thinking of

> 'Oh, we will walk this world,
> Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
> And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
> That no man knows.'"

"I never could climb over gates," says Mrs. Lockwood placidly, "it is so dreadfully unfeminine. At your age a girl doesn't think of money. It is fortunate if she has friends who will think for her."

"There may be other things to think about too," observes the girl thoughtfully. "I have often imagined I should like to be cast on the world and have to earn my own bread. I don't quite know how I should do it. Perhaps as a lady-help."

"Don't try to be humorous," snaps Mrs. Lockwood icily. "We never were humorous as a family."

"You see, mamma," says the girl, "the position of lady-help is not yet thoroughly defined. It seems to me that it very much depends upon the person who holds it, as to what it should be. When Harriet Champneys became a lady-help, they wanted her to sweep flues. Wouldn't you draw the line at 'flues'?"

"I decline to pursue so unprofitable a discussion," answers Mrs. Lockwood, glancing at her watch. "The carriage will be round in a few minutes, and I want you to come with me to call on Miss Holcroft."

"If you don't mind, I would rather not go, mamma."

Bella's mood changes. She crosses the room and kneels at her mother's side, with the nearest approach to tenderness she has evinced throughout the conversation. "After all, mamma, I am very unjust to you—and very ungrateful. Don't mind my petulance and ill-temper."

Mrs. Lockwood magnanimously forgives her. "I wish you would forget all about Mr. Geddes," she says. "Even if he is alive, he has probably married abroad."

"You don't know him, mamma. He is not a man to lightly forget, and I am sure that he loved me. But of course, 'I was a child and he was a child,' and we were both poor. I think if he hadn't been poor he would have spoken, and not left me without a word. You don't think it unfeminine of me, mamma, to show you my heart for once?"

It is a very different Bella who is speaking now. A winsome, pleading, sorrowful-eyed girl, who feels that she has lost the only man in the world who could make life all that she had dreamed it might once be.

"I am sure I acted for the best," pleads Mrs. Lockwood, touched by the girl's unhappiness. "You mustn't blame me, Bella, for seeming heartless and worldly. I don't think that you would make a very good wife to a poor man."

"I don't know," says the girl, very sadly and quietly. "Sometimes I feel as if to go through life with a hopeless, unsatisfied craving for love and affection, is harder than to live in a garret, and be all the world to someone. I daresay it wouldn't last. I should want new dresses and new pleasures, and hate my surroundings, and be altogether horrid. And yet it could not be much worse than the life we lead now."

"Why don't you 'teach the orphan girl to do needle-work?'" demands Mrs. Lockwood, with a vague idea that she is quoting Tennyson. She has given up quotations as a rule, since that unhappy day she crossed the fields with the vicar and was so struck with the placidity of the animals sheltering themselves from the sun that she said, "'The very *horses* seem asleep,'" under the impression she was quoting from Wordsworth's "Lines Composed upon Westminster Bridge."

"I don't feel as if I took much interest in the orphan girl, or any other girl just now," declares Bella. "Here comes Porter with your new bonnet. I do hope it hasn't violets all over it."

Mrs. Lockwood colours guiltily. "I told Madame to put in a few," she admits deprecatingly. "They are so fashionable this year."

"I suppose they must be so," says Bella cheerfully. "Do you know, I met old Mrs. Dreyfus yesterday with one. She looked like a tombstone covered with flowers."

Bella goes upstairs to put on her hat (it hasn't any violets in it) and "the carriage" (it is generally spoken of in Bettenham as "the carriage," although there are several others) comes round before Mrs. Lockwood has decided whether she likes her new bonnet or not.

"Where to, ma'am?" asks Thomas, touching his hat.

"Geddesden," says Mrs. Lockwood, sinking back complacently in the comfortable seat. "It is a lovely day for a drive, Bella."

Bella perversely feels inclined to walk, but she says nothing, and they start for Geddesden at a rate which fills the local butcher-boy with envy.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

WHEN they reach Geddesden, they find Holcroft at home looking very much bored. Miss Holcroft isn't visible, but she presently appears, and enters into an animated discussion with Mrs. Lockwood about the iniquities of the British domestic. They seem so very busy with interesting details on this all-absorbing topic that Holcroft asks Bella to take a stroll round the garden. "We can come back when they have made up their minds that Chinamen are the only reliable domestics," he says, and the girl smiles as if she too were sick of the subject.

Mrs. Lockwood watches Holcroft and her daughter approvingly as they go through the low French window.

"Hadn't I better help you?" suggests Bella, brightly. She has overcome her fit of low spirits, and is prepared to be very friendly with the wounded hero.

"Do you take me for a puny infant?" queries Holcroft, with mock emphasis. "I never knew what an enthralling game hopscotch was until I broke my leg."

"I should like to know all about it," says the girl, absently routing out a big yellow-banded bee from a wall-flower.

"About what? Hopscotch?" asks Holcroft.

"You know what I mean very well," says Bella, in

"'WILL YOU PLEASE BEGIN?' SHE SAYS" (*p.* 553).

a piqued tone. "I came over with mamma to hear all about your recent adventures."

"I haven't had any recent adventures. I am very much obliged to you for coming over. Will you please give me a lift back as far as Mr. Geddes' stately mansion."

"Shall we start at once?" asks Bella.

"Oh, but you will stay much longer than that," he says. "We are not fettered by the iron-bound conventionalities of the aristocratic Bettenham. You will stay and take 'a dish of tea' with us, or if you don't like it in a dish my sister has some new Japanese cups which she is anxious to exhibit."

He calls through the window to Miss Holcroft, and the matter is settled. "Some millionaire has sent us strawberries," he says. "Fancy strawberries at Easter! Farmer Gamble has vowed a vow to let us have some cream which hasn't been doctored, and we shall enjoy ourselves."

"I never could resist—" she stops.

"Strawberries?" he questions.

She smiles. "Perhaps I wasn't going to say strawberries. Is all this a skilful plan to get me away from discovering how you broke your leg?"

"It was very simple. I fell from my horse, and it broke."

"Where?"

"Above the knee."

"I didn't mean that. Where did the accident take place?"

"In a field."

Bella faces him; her eyes are full of mischief. "Mr. Holcroft, I am going in at once. Good-bye."

"I am very sorry. Please don't go."

She relents, and does not go in. "There is a very nice seat over there. Sit down. Now tell me all about it."

He pauses.

"Will you please begin," she says, with a little petulant stamp of her foot. Mrs. Lockwood, looking out of the window, thinks that they are getting on capitally.

"There isn't anything to begin. I was jumping the hedge and I nearly jumped down on someone."

"Yes?"

"That is all."

"Who did you nearly jump down on?"

"Miss Dorothy Geddes."

She pales a little at the mention of this unexpected name. There is a fatality about it to-day. "And then?"

"I got out of the way."

"That is," says Bella slowly, "rather than kill her you risked your own life. I wonder if you would do as much for me."

"For you—or any other woman," he laughs, in a matter-of-fact way, which does not impose upon her.

"Please go on."

"Oh, after that

> 'A gent carried home on a shutter,
> With never a word to say,
> And doctors around him to mutter,
> He'll go on one leg from to-day.'"

"Is—is Miss Geddes pretty?"

"I should hardly call her pretty."

"Oh," in a tone of relief, "then she is plain?"

"She is the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life."

"I thought we should arrive at something," says Bella triumphantly. "That 'I should hardly call her pretty' was very well done—just a trifle too well. Do you know I have never seen Miss Geddes?"

"I didn't know it," he says. "I think you would like her."

"I want to know about Miss Geddes," she says. "Isn't she a Quaker?"

"She is a 'Friend.'"

"Pardon me, I didn't know the difference."

"As a matter of fact, the Friends never quaked before anybody, and I think they prefer to be called 'Friends.'"

"What does Miss Geddes prefer to be called?"

"Miss Geddes."

"You know what I mean. What is she like?"

"I couldn't give details."

"Try."

"Well, she is tall, exquisitely proportioned, with a supple, swaying, rhythmical kind of movement. You can't tell how she starts to walk towards you. She begins to float along in a gracious, almost regal, yet wholly womanly kind of way, and then stands looking into your eyes (she always looks people straight in the face) with a glance so holy, pure, and sweet that it has very much the same effect on you as if you were in some cathedral and the sunshine stole athwart the air through the painted windows."

"I can't quite imagine it."

"But you see what I mean," eagerly. "The sunshine of her smile comes softly into her hazel eyes, and you feel—oh, you feel somehow that you are looking down into the very depths of her candid soul—as if you were a Sir Galahad and had seen the Holy Grail. And then her low, sweet, musical voice completes the charm. She makes some little ordinary, every-day speech, and the whole air is filled with music. If she leaves the room, the air darkens; if she comes in again, you know it without looking towards the door. Oh, I can't describe her to you. It would take the brush of one of the great masters to do her justice—a brush which would have to be dipped in the fairest colours. He would have to wander about the earth praying and fasting and gaining spiritual insight before he could paint her saintly face. It is a face no man dare look on and not feel that its more than human beauty is a revelation from God of the reward in store for those who can tear themselves away from things of the earth earthy and love as He meant us to love. It is a face which a dying man would live again to see, and, seeing, be immortal."

Holcroft is standing on his feet, and his crutch drops to the ground. He gives a long breath and falls back on the seat. "Have I—have I rhapsodised enough to convey any idea of what a—a poet would see in Miss Geddes' face?" he asks Miss Lockwood.

"I had no idea you were a poet, Mr. Holcroft," she says naturally enough. "Is that a little bit of description which you have been carefully working up?"

"Miss Lockwood," says Holcroft.

"Yes, Mr. Holcroft."

"I meant what I said just now. I should despise myself if I were to act a lie, and pretend I was being melodramatic. It seems to me that love is much too sacred—too bewildering a thing—to jest about. I had no intention of betraying myself. I did not know I loved. How could I? It has been so sweet to be with her; I never stayed to ask myself the reason why. And now there will be all kinds of obstacles in the way. I am afraid to speak to her. Yet I must do so at once. It would be disloyal to hide it from her. How she will deal with me I do not know. Have I your good wishes?"

In his eagerness he takes her hand. Mrs. Lockwood sees them from the window, and eats her strawberries with aristocratic languor. She is well pleased at the turn events are taking, and admires the Japanese tea-cups in the most gracious manner.

Bella is touched—and provoked. "You do things in a most unusual way," she says. "You are very polite and attentive to me. Then you suddenly tell me that you are going to propose to some one else."

"It never occurred to me to think that you could imagine I liked you in that way," he says gently. "Because—"

"Because?"

"If I have betrayed myself this afternoon, you have unconsciously told me that you love someone and are—unhappy."

Bella cannot be indignant. She turns white. "You—you have no right to say so."

"Only the right given me by sympathy and esteem. I have sometimes fancied you needed a friend. Will you let me be that friend?"

"Yes," she answers, almost inaudibly.

"Let us have some strawberries," he says lightly.

They go in. Mrs. Lockwood notices that Holcroft absently dips a strawberry into his tea instead of putting it into the powdered sugar. "He has done it," she thinks triumphantly. "Of course Bella will want me to live with them; the sister must go elsewhere. I wonder if that bay saddle horse could be broken to harness, and then I could give up the brougham. It will be much pleasanter to live here than at Bettenham."

Miss Holcroft, happily unconscious of the way in which her guest proposes to treat her, dispenses tea, until the brougham comes round. Holcroft accompanies the Lockwoods. His crutch is put on top of the brougham. Mrs. Lockwood is deliberating upon the propriety of calling him Horace, when the brougham stops at the entrance to the Geddes' house, and Holcroft gets out. Mrs. Lockwood catches sight of a tall, beautiful girl crossing the hall. So does Bella. "What does it all mean?" Mrs. Lockwood asks in bewilderment. "I thought he proposed to you this afternoon."

"Oh no, mamma," says Bella quietly. "I don't see why you should expect Mr. Holcroft to do anything of the sort. As to what it means, I fancy it means *that*."

"That" is Dorothy, holding out her slim hand to Holcroft as the brougham drives away. Mrs. Lockwood bursts into tears. "Bella, Bella, you will break my heart."

The girl turns white again. "I think mine is already broken," she says. Even Mrs. Lockwood is touched by her tone. They drive home in silence.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"WHY haven't you been to see us?" inquired Dorothy. "Mr. Jinks was here to-day, and he said you were nearly well again. How much you must long to be on horseback once more."

"I should so like to teach you," he replied, eagerly, twisting his arm out of his coat.

"Thank you very much," said Dorothy, meditatively. "We should have to establish a precedent for it though. All my ancestresses were accustomed to ride pillion. One absent-minded youth was conveying my great-grandmother to Meeting, and she tumbled off into a snowdrift. He went several miles before he discovered that she was missing."

"And then?"

"Then he went back, resuming the conversation with, 'As thee said before thee sat down in the road.'"

"Are you going to stop in the hall much longer?" inquired Miss Melmerby's irritable voice from the sitting-room.

"We had no intention of moving at present," said Holcroft, hobbling in with his customary deliberateness. "Had we, Miss Geddes?"

But Dorothy had gone to the kitchen in order to see what dainties Sylvia could supply for tea.

"Did you come all this way merely to stand in the hall?" said Miss Melmerby.

"No, I didn't, Miss Melmerby."

The old lady was out of temper, but that was nothing uncommon. "Who are those people?" she said, with angry directness.

"I don't see anybody."

"Don't prevaricate. You know very well what I mean. Those supercilious beings who dropped you at the gate just now."

"I am not accustomed to associate with supercilious beings. They are some old friends of mine—Bettenham people."

"The girl was pretty in a poppy-like kind of way," hinted the old lady.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Holcroft, indifferently.

"I don't like your not having been near us for the last week," said the old lady severely. "It shows a fickle disposition to people who have been kind to you."

"No. On my honour—no—a thousand times no. You do me an injustice. I would have come twice a day had I dared."

"I don't understand your hesitation," said the old lady, partly mollified by his evident earnestness. "In my day, young men were not so diffident. Why shouldn't you come?"

"Oh, as for that, why should I? You all take me in, and nurse me, and are good to me, and I don't like to add to the trouble I have already given."

"Quakers have a directness of speech which soon makes itself felt. If you had been in the way you would quickly have heard so. How are Paramattas to-day?"

"I don't know."

"Hum! That is a good sign. Would you mind shutting that door?"

"With pleasure."

"Come and sit down here where I can see you. I daresay you think me a selfish, disagreeable, hard-hearted old woman who had better have been left in that pit than come out of it to snarl at people."

"I don't think anything of the sort. You are Dorothy's aunt; I liked you from the moment I knew she was fond of you."

"So it has come to that, has it?" she asked, with real feeling. "I didn't give you credit for so much taste."

"I am very glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you," said Holcroft. "I came over to propose to Miss Geddes. I could not let the day pass without telling her that I loved her."

"Are you sure you haven't mistaken gratitude for love."

"I never heard that gratitude kept one awake at nights," said Holcroft, dryly. "Does it take away the appetite also, and make one as morose as a polar bear at midsummer?"

"I don't know; I never was a polar bear at midsummer—or at any other time. Are you aware of the difficulties in the way?"

"There is only one that I know of. If she does not care for me, I shall regard that as the obstacle."

"You don't appear to know much about Friends," said the old lady. "Let me enlighten you a little. In the first place, you are doubtless considered a good match in Bettenham. You have a fair income, and pleasant manners, and all that sort of thing. Match-making mammas would be quite satisfied with that. However, if you propose to a girl who is a member of the Society of Friends you will find there are objections which ordinary people would never think of raising."

"Such as?"

"Such as your present calling. You are aware that war is totally opposed to the tenets of Friends?"

"But what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal. Jonathan Geddes would never allow his daughter to marry the superintendent of the Bettenham rifle factory."

"Isn't that rather anticipating? I don't know that Miss Geddes cares enough about me to ask me to give up my post. If I did give it up, I should probably starve. My sister has a small fixed income, but I have not."

"And, of course, you haven't saved money?"

"I don't look as if I had saved money, do I?" inquired Holcroft, mournfully. "You see my sister has always been accustomed to live in a certain style, and, somehow, I had an idea that I should never marry."

"So you spend all your income?"

"I am afraid that is about it. One can't keep horses and servants for nothing."

"There used to be an old-fashioned idea in my day," said the old lady, "that when a man loved, he was prepared to make any sacrifice to win the object of his choice. Do you feel like that?"

"But don't you see, Miss Melmerby, you are already supposing I am accepted."

"Yes, that is premature," and the old lady twinkled. "Have you noticed anything in my niece's manner to lead you to suppose you would be accepted?"

"I can't say I have."

"Have you done anything to make her think you care for her?"

Holcroft colours guiltily.

"I found a book on the sofa to-day," said the old lady, picking up a volume. "This passage was marked, and the leaf folded down :—

> 'Lo! now Love's hand is on me: my heart fills:
> All my soul shakes beneath his earnest breath:
> As when the wind among the woody hills
> Smites, and the woods are shaken underneath.
> Nay, not my words, nor song of any dove,
> Can tell you how I love you, O my love!'

"Why, it is almost tantamount to a proposal."

"Do you think she will consider it so?"

"I don't know. And then I have noticed choice carnations in her room for some weeks past. Carnations don't grow in the open air at Easter."

"She likes carnations; they are her favourite flower."

"You seem to have ascertained her likes and dislikes pretty well."

"How could I help it when I was with her so much?"

"You have seen a good deal of me, but I don't seem to have had any carnations."

"But you have had plenty of Paramattas."

"Ah well, they pay better. There is one liking of mine you might have found out with very little trouble."

"Indeed?"

"Yes: I like you. Of course, it is very bad taste, but we can't always help our tastes."

"Please don't try to do so in this instance."

"I will not. And, seriously, Mr. Holcroft, although I have never endeavoured to pry into Dorothy's innocent secrets, I wish you every success. If you should win her, thank God every night of your life for such a treasure. There may be thousands of girls more intellectual, more worldly, more versed in the *convenances*, but in the whole wide world you will not find a sweeter, dearer child than Dorothy. She is so absolutely good without any puritanical pretence whatever that I often feel ashamed of myself in her presence. I am not as a rule given to enthusiasm about anything or anyone, but I make an exception in regard to Dorothy. However, I see you have had enough of me. Mrs. Geddes is away, and I am going to lie down for an hour. Please open that door."

Holcroft did so.

"Dorothy," called Miss Melmerby, "I must leave you to entertain Mr. Holcroft, and give him some tea. You will both have the consolation of doing something wildly unconventional without any harm in it. If you feel my presence is absolutely necessary, I will come down presently."

"But, auntie."

"It is no use, my dear. If I stop with Mr. Holcroft we are sure to quarrel. We are very good friends just now, so it would be a pity to disturb our peaceful relations."

"I don't see what you want to quarrel with Mr. Holcroft for, auntie. I never do."

"No; you would consider it sinful. Now, as I am not a Friend, I must confess I like to have a good quarrel occasionally."

"I really do not see why you should run away," said Dorothy.

"Our language would demoralise you, my dear. When Mr. Holcroft and I quarrel, we are not Grandisonian." And Miss Melmerby retreated.

"Don't you think," presently inquires Holcroft, "that I might come round by the tea-tray. I feel all alone in some vast wilderness at this end of the table. It looks as if there were miles of mahogany between us."

Dorothy smiles. The re-arrangement of seats is effected.

"I don't think your appetite has improved," suggests Dorothy critically. "You look worried and anxious too."

"It is nothing but those men at the Factory," says Holcroft. "For some inscrutable reason the Government has dismissed a lot of the hands, and the others

talk of striking. Of course, they will have to give in, but it means a good deal of misery from first to last."

"And if they do strike, what will you do?"

"Stick to my post."

"My sympathies are with the men, of course," says Dorothy; "and yet I hope it will not trouble you much."

How pretty she is as she pours out the tea! Holcroft mentally blesses the short sleeve which permits him to see her dainty wrist. How lovingly that little bow of lavender ribbon clings to her curd-white throat! There is an indescribable freshness about her as she sits, clad in a soft grey dress, and little rebellious rippling lovelocks half hide her pink ears.

"You are eating nothing," says Dorothy. "Mr. Holcroft, I really am afraid Miss Holcroft is spoiling you. I was teaching you to eat plain, wholesome things, and now you are regretting you have missed your dinner."

"I wasn't thinking about eating"—indignantly. "Men do think of other things sometimes. Besides, I have had tea once."

"Did you eat anything?"

"Yes; I—I had a strawberry."

"One strawberry does not make a meal. Did you let everyone else eat the others?"

"I think Mrs. Lockwood rather enjoyed them."

"It is perfectly reckless," says Dorothy. "Strawberries at Easter cost three-and-six a basket—seven to the basket."

"Oh, they were a present. I ought to have brought you some."

"I should have enjoyed them if my conscience——"

"What a lot of nice things one might do if it were not for that awkward thing called a conscience."

"Yes," says Dorothy, rather gravely.

"Please don't think me flippant. I was speaking earnestly. Do you think I cannot be in earnest about anything?"

"Oh, Mr. Holcroft. I think you are intensely in earnest."

"The earnestness seems to have taken shape in the wrong direction," says Holcroft moodily. "Your father objects to me as a 'man of war.' I don't mean one of her Majesty's ships; but he thinks all war is sinful, and that those who provide munitions of war are equally bad."

"If your own conscience doesn't trouble you," says Dorothy, "why should you take it so much to heart? I think you are wrong, but I am only a girl. I—I didn't know that you valued our good opinion so highly."

"Didn't you? Well, I value it so highly that I would do a great deal to gain it."

"You have gained it. If papa could only make you see things as he does, it would be so nice."

"There is one subject we agree about at any rate. Let me give you some cake."

"Thank you. And what is the subject?"

"Yourself."

"I didn't know you had been discussing me, but I am safe with papa."

"And with me also."

Dorothy pours him out some more tea. "Don't you think Auntie has banished herself long enough?" she asks.

"Not quite long enough yet. I asked her to go."

"Asked her to go? Whatever for?"

"I have been trying to summon up courage enough to tell you. I made a discovery this afternoon."

He speaks very quickly, in a rather low voice. It seems to him that he is roaring at poor Dorothy, who sits silent, not knowing what is coming.

"I made a discovery this afternoon," says Holcroft. "I wanted to ask your advice about it."

"As if I could give you advice on any subject."

"Oh, yes you can. I was describing to Miss Lockwood a certain young lady I had met. After enumerating all her perfections—or, at least, a good many of them—Miss Lockwood seemed to think I had omitted one important fact."

"And that was?"

"I loved her. It hadn't been quite plain to myself until then. I used to see this beautiful girl (she is very beautiful) every evening. I didn't know her or who she was, or anything about her; but I used to watch her as she planted things in an old garden, or stood outlined against the evening sky. Please stop me if I bore you."

Dorothy says nothing.

"One evening I didn't see her. I went home quite surly, and inclined to quarrel with everyone I met. 'What is the matter?' asked my sister. 'I have had a disappointment,' I said: 'I expected to see someone and I didn't.' 'Business?' she asked. 'Yes, rather serious business,' I replied; and so it was. However, I saw this beautiful girl the next night, and actually heard her voice. I started as if I had been shot. It sent a thrill of delight through me. I went home to dream of her. I wondered if she were engaged. It seemed to me that the whole world must be blind if this beautiful lily were not coveted by someone. Well, I found she wasn't engaged. One night I could not see her as I went by her garden. In a fit of rage, I put spurs to my horse, and galloped off, cleared the hedge, and, whilst in mid-air, saw the woman I loved on the point of being crushed to death—by myself. If I ever prayed hard it was at that moment. I pulled my horse aside, and—you know the rest. Thank God you were saved—saved—saved. And now I ask you to give me the life I so nearly destroyed. Be to me the realisation of my boyish dreams and manhood's love. Be to me the reality of that phantom shape which has eluded me for so many years. Dorothy, Dorothy, I have dreamed of you, hungered for you! Child, child, I love you; and if you bid me go forth from your presence the world will henceforth be to me a desert waste wherein to roam with broken heart and ruined life. You are all that makes life worth living. Without you, it is nothing!"

Dorothy is silent. She has become very pale. So has Holcroft. To an outsider it would appear as if they had just quarrelled violently, and were not inclined to make it up again. She sits with downcast eyes and clasped hands, and makes no sign.

"'DON'T MIND ME,' SAYS MISS MELMERBY."

"Have I taken you by surprise?" he asks. "I should have waited, but I couldn't wait."

"No," she says, "I am not surprised, only——"

"Only what?" he pleads. "Please don't say anything if you would rather not. I ought not to have taken advantage of the situation in this way."

He draws nearer and clasps her hand. "So you could not love me," he says brokenly. "Don't blame yourself. It is my presumption which is to blame. I loved you because I could not help it. You are everything to me. Just tell me that you forgive my presumption and I will go."

"Where?" asks Dorothy, almost inaudibly.

"Oh, anywhere. What does it matter?"

"I—I didn't know that you were in such a hurry to leave me," says Dorothy shyly, lifting up her long, tear-fringed lashes for a moment.

"Ah, you don't understand," he says, rising to go. "You are only a child-woman still, and do not know what love is. Some day perhaps you will understand. Then you will know how it was that I could not look upon your face again after what has passed between us. This is a long farewell. When one of us lies cold in death and all the joy and pain of living and loving are over—when no human voice can break your or my rest—then, we may meet again. Until then, farewell!"

"Don't you want your crutch?" asks Dorothy still almost inaudibly.

He puts out his hand blindly for it, but she takes his arm, and leads him back to his seat. "Will you have me instead?" she asks, looking into his face with upturned shining eyes, so pure and sweet and full of holy love that he bows his head beneath her glance, and knows henceforth she has plighted her troth and that all is well.

He clasps her in his arms, "Dorothy, my darling, my dove!"

"Don't mind me," says Miss Melmerby, entering the room, her ear-rings bobbing tumultuously up and down. "I got tired of sitting upstairs, and came down to give you my blessing."

But Dorothy has fled like a startled fawn into the solemn shade of the cedars.

"Follow her," says the old lady brokenly. "Follow her. God's blessing on you both."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HEREDITARY TRAITS.

IN no other department of human research are there so important and, in some respects, revolutionary changes taking place at the present day as are observable in the attitude of men of scientific light and leading towards the consideration of questions appertaining to Heredity. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," is a truth that is, of course, ever being realised in all human affairs. But the real pathos of the truth has not for many a day been more powerfully demonstrated—at least, in the domain of scientific knowledge—than with regard to the latest discoveries in this field. We shall presently refer to one of the most important of these discoveries, which, because of its significance, has been appropriately termed "the new gospel of evolution." Still, whatever problems arising out of this great and complex subject Science may be able to solve, there are several preconceived notions relative thereto which have become so deeply rooted in the popular mind that, in all probability, it will take a very long time ere these can be finally dislodged to give place to new and, perhaps, almost diametrically opposite theories. And until these popular notions are dissipated, even though they should eventually be proved to be inaccurate and unscientific, they are nevertheless worthy of some consideration and respect.

One such notion, for example, is that the continuity in the hereditary link or chain may be lost—at all events, it may have so far disappeared as not to be apparent—and yet restored anew, in much of its original force and *vraisemblance*, in the person of some family representative shot forth from a branch far down in the genealogical tree. Especially with regard to the transmission of *physical* bequests does this idea obtain; for, as a rule, people are more concerned about the quality of the physique they have inherited than with the mental or moral character—rarely apprehending how much the one is involved in the other. Naturally more anxious to discover and, if possible, eliminate any physical taint that may run in the blood, people, speaking generally, seldom give that attention to those characteristics which may have distinguished or disgraced their "line" in the past, and which may, in themselves, do the one or the other again; for history repeats itself no less in the individual and in the family life than in the life of the community or of the nation.

Another common notion which has long prevailed is that the hereditary impulse or *momentum* imparted to the chain of descent—*i.e.*, the characteristics of the mental or physical bequest—transmitted by the *male* progenitor, is much more pronounced and palpable, and therefore more likely to survive, than that of the *female* ancestor. Especially is this thought to be so in respect to the mental bequest, whether good or bad. So that even in the power of transmitting to future generations the natural characteristics of our race, it would appear to be a question of "the fittest," and, as in other matters, that the well-known dictum still holds — the gentler sex is evermore the weaker! Statistics bearing on various aspects of the case might, however, be adduced to prove the fallacy of such a notion; for, after all, it may only be one of those stupidly unkind aspersions, amounting almost to libel, to which the character of the fair sex is constantly being exposed. The prejudice is, nevertheless, a prevalent one, and is merely referred to on that account.

But the subject of heredity is so little known, in the popular sense, though the investigations of Darwin, Weissmann, Wallace, Galton, Romanes and others, have of late years opened up quite a new continent of thought that even such notions as these may sooner or later be entirely dissipated as the idlest of fancies—the very "stuff that dreams are made of." Indeed, to refer to Weissmann's recent discovery—what has hitherto been regarded as an absolutely incontrovertible theory of heredity—viz., the transmission of physical mutilation and of mental qualities—a theory which had even Darwin's *imprimatur* to give it authority—has just been shaken to its very foundation, if the superstructure is not yet quite demolished by this daring German scientist.

The purpose of the present article is, however, not to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of such vital questions as those indicated, but rather to cite some specially interesting cases that have come under the observation of the writer, illustrative of the homelier theories of heredity to which many orthodox persons may be disposed still to adhere, in spite of all that the scientists affirm—viz., that the "Old Adam" in average mankind is ever asserting himself anew, and that he will probably do so to the end of the chapter; that like produces like all the world over; and that, in fine, "every man born into the world is under the dominion of his ancestry," and can no more free himself from that dominion than he can elude his shadow!

What seriously hampers inquiry after the truths of evolution and heredity is the difficulty of obtaining, for comparative purposes, those accurate data and accumulative statistics which obviously constitute the essential factors for any reliable basis of calculation. In investigating animal or plant life, with its more or less ephemeral continuance, this difficulty is of course encountered to a large degree; but it is quite insignificant to that met with when applicable to the human species. For in the latter case it is especially necessary that several continuous generations should be brought, as it were, *en evidence*, each generation contributing its representative or non-representative

example before a complete set of *facts* can be procured to prove or disprove how far and wherein any principle or power of heredity operates.

Notwithstanding this material difficulty, it has been pretty well recognised by experts that while, on the one hand, such unhappy bequests as insanity, dipsomania, thievish and homicidal propensities, etc., are transmitted with evident facility from generation to generation in families where these taints exist—and sometimes, indeed, without a break in the chain of descent—on the other hand, high moral and mental endowments are not so easily perpetuated, if they have not a struggle for existence in the process of transmission.

In other words, it is to be inferred that for every single "gift"—of true genius, for example, as abnormal intellectual force is sometimes defined—bequeathed to a family line, a score of unfortunate tendencies such as those indicated constitute much of its portion, recalling the old Italian proverb: "*For every angel—twenty imps!*"

Very few examples are on record where the "divine spark" has shone forth in a pre-eminent degree in more than one, or at most two, representatives of the same family; whereas, cases could be multiplied almost *ad infinitum* where mental and physical taints, with their darkening and blemishing effects on the lives that exhibit them, are known to have been perpetuated from sire to son, even beyond the fourth and fifth generations, with a force and directness that vividly recall the lines of one of the profoundest observers of human nature that ever lived :—

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interrèd with their bones.'

This is, of course, but another rendering of the world-old dictum that "Nature is conservative in what mankind needs most, and liberal in what mankind does not need at all"—a dictum capable of an almost universal application. Especially is it applicable to this deeply-interesting branch of the subject of heredity.

There is a somewhat popular belief that diamonds are, in some manner yet undiscovered, the product of a physical *agony* or throe of Mother Earth in her dark and innermost recesses. So, too, might genius be said to be the outcome—the crystallised product or expression—of those ever-recurring national or social crises in the history of our race. And although such crises invariably bring forth their plentiful harvests of evil, still, the emergencies they create summon forth at the same time men whose latent powers only require to be stung, as it were, into life and action in order to bless their day and generation, and endow mankind with the bequests of their genius. Thus, for example, did Germany acquire its Luther, Italy its Savonarola, England its Wesley, and Scotland its Knox. Thus, too, was the cosmopolitan Shakespeare brought forth, and with him the Spensers, Raleighs, and men of like heroic mould. Thus, also, was utterance given to Robert Burns to sing, in inimitable fashion, of the coming emancipation of the age in which he lived from the hypocrisies, the shams, and the "inhumanities" that smothered its life and held in yoke its true liberty. With these examples before us, and many others that might be referred to with equal aptness, is it, therefore—and the question is a most significant one—that, because genius is, as a rule, born into the world in circumstances of unusual and often painful stress—*i.e.*, under conditions of abnormal social or national life—it lies *outside* the operation of the laws of heredity, and is quite independent of them? The question is at least worth pondering; but a very suggestive comment upon it is to be found in the fact that the mental *vis* of men of supreme genius almost invariably dies with the possessors: that is to say, it has no inherent conditions of continuance, though a dash of it is sometimes transmitted to the immediate descendants. The D'Israelis in literature, the Keans and Matthews—fathers and sons—in histrionic art, are, of course, exceptions to the general rule. But it is the common destiny of men of superlative genius, that as with themselves the "divine spark" was born and in themselves shone forth, so with themselves it dies out and is no more!

It is a serious matter to be under the despotism of one's ancestry—the worst of all forms of tyranny, surely, mankind has to suffer. To be under the mastery of inherited dispositions which are regarded as unhappy, and be unable to throw off the ever-galling yoke, however sorely we strive to do so, is indeed an affliction! The progress of scientific discovery may, perhaps, give us fresh light and hope on this subject, which concerns every human being, and demonstrate to us, after the "germ plasm" has been thoroughly explored, that we come into this world untrammelled and uncontaminated by any malevolent tie or taint that may have blemished the lives of our ancestors. But till the revelation has been announced and accepted, it is perhaps safer to admit that there may be some truth in what, up till now at all events, has been regarded as a fundamental factor in heredity—viz., that we are under the dominion of our ancestry in respect to the transmission in us of their characteristics. Is it possible, however, to live down or even to throw off those transmitted traits to any extent, or entirely? Generally speaking, it is not possible. But a person with very remarkable will-power may determine to *checkmate* his ancestry by thwarting his inherited dispositions, especially if these are unfortunate. This has repeatedly been accomplished. A case in point may be quoted. A lady, known to the writer, came of a *line* of dipsomaniacs; in fact, dipsomania was the family curse, and had been so for several generations. Wisely apprehending the evil inheritance, she bravely confronted it, and, by the exercise of will, in time overcame its power. After a long and useful life, though with its struggles, she died the victor over an *inherited vice*, and her children bid fair to emulate her heroic example!

In another case where insanity was "the shadow of the line," and had exhibited itself in at least three successive branches of the family, the constant exercise of

the will-power to thwart the evil resulted in so far taming the madness as to enable the person tainted to live a useful life, and die a peaceful and even a noble death. In insanity will-power is ordinarily a *minus* quantity, and, therefore, it might be said to have had little or nothing to do, in this instance, with the cure effected. But, as a matter of fact, it had much to do with it. The person referred to—a man of excellent education and social position—determined when but a youth to throw off the galling yoke, and by so shaping his life, and trusting in a Higher Power to shape his life wisely and well—excepting a few trifling eccentricities observable when health was below par, he lived and died a sane, a successful man. And, speaking generally, we are all more or less in a state or condition of domination, in all hereditary respects, by our ancestry: we are, as Shakespeare's fine line renders it—

"Subdued to what we work in, like the dyer's hand."

Physically, the fact is unassailable. For, have we not all been familliar with the common *family likeness* that has been transmitted, more true to nature than even the camera could copy it, to representative members; even of the third and fourth generations?

The family nose, eyes, feet, its gait and carriage, habit and tricks of speech, and even its distinctively characteristic handwriting, not to speak of many other "traits" peculiar to itself, might all be adduced in evidence in numerous examples of that remarkable uniformity of physical bequest which is the inheritance of all families. The writer knows, for example, a lame father who has two *lame* children, afflicted from birth. In another example, a brother and sister are afflicted with a troublesome "stutter" or "stammer" of speech. So were their father and an uncle. It is apparently an inherited family affliction. It cannot in this instance be accounted for by reason of force of example, for the children never saw either their father or their uncle.

Not long ago, a gentleman was introduced to two young ladies whose surnames he did not hear. After they had gone away, he remarked to a friend how very like Burns, the poet, the ladies were—especially about their dark, luminous eyes! To his amazement, he was told next day that the ladies to whom he had spoken were actually descendants—grand-nieces—of the great Scottish bard! The same light that shone in his eyes a century ago has not yet died out, but still sparkles in the eyes of his descendants!

Mental or moral dominion is, however, quite another matter. Wherein and how far that dominion exists, and what are the subtle evolutionary laws that operate upon and influence its transmission suggest a subject that would lead us too far afield at present. But the point is just here: that once having apprehended the precise inheritance of his ancestry, it is the duty of every responsible individual to endeavour either to add to its value, if the inheritance be a worthy one, or if, unhappily, it be an unworthy one, to blot out as much of its unworthiness as possible, so that in handing the inheritance down to his successors, it may become "small by degrees, and beautifully less!" And improved conditions of life and education, together with that self-discipline which is one of the highest objects of education, all are in some degree "aids" to this end, and such aids are happily becoming more and more—though the process is naturally a slow one—the inheritance not of the few, but of the many.

The transmitted characteristics of animals, especially of those belonging to the domesticated class, opens another wide and valuable field of inquiry into the subject of heredity. Many remarkable traits in their physical and mental dispositions (so far as these representatives—the aristocracy, in many respects—of the lower creation can be said to possess *mind*) might be recorded to good purpose. The companionship which happily exists to a great extent between the human race and the more homely classes of the brute creation, as may be witnessed, for example, in the bond of *bon camaraderie* between dogs and their owners, affords ample opportunities for observing the dominant traits of animals, and numerous instances could, no doubt, be cited to prove that such traits are sometimes continued in the same *line* for several generations, and are, generally speaking, subject to the identical laws which are applicable to the human species. The following authenticated examples of pronounced hereditary disposition in the canine race are worthy of record:—

A farmer in Arran owns a dog about three years of age, known to be one of the most inveterate poachers uncaught by the constable and unsentenced by the sheriff. "Rover" is a collie of the kind that used to delight the heart of Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd: as quiet, meek, intelligent-looking an animal as ever obeyed the word or sign of its master. A better runner after the flock was never owned by shepherd, for Rover can perform a miracle of work within the most wonderful limits of time. In short, he is as faithful and useful a dog as ever yelped to do service. Nevertheless, Rover has the poacher's proclivity developed in an abnormal degree and in a remarkable manner. The feature of the proclivity, however, is in the way in which the dog goes about his contraband business. He would not forsake his duty, or what he conceives to be his duty, for the finest "puss" that ever scampered over hill or down dale. Nothing "game" in the world could tempt Rover to forsake the charge under his controlling eye. At work, he is the very embodiment of canine fidelity: the incarnation, *apparently*, of every canine virtue. But Rover has an inherited vice, and in the art of poaching, where it finds its scope, he is probably without a rival in the canine world. Rover's vice, or secret sin, is indulged in after the following fashion. Let us suppose he accompanies his master for a stroll or turn, with no particular business on hand. Suddenly a hare darts across the path a few yards in front, and is off for dear life in a moment—is already a hundred yards away. "Way, now, Rover! S-s-see to it!" shouts the farmer, and Rover bolts at the command with the most evident alacrity and delighted zeal, but, to his owner's disgust, going apparently in quite an opposite

direction from that taken by the terrified rodent. The hare rushed madly *this* way; the dog seemingly pursues *that* way, leaping and yelping in a half-demented sort of fashion, in spite of the shouts and entreaties of his much-disgusted master. What is the meaning of it? Is the dog on another scent? Or is he only an excessively stupid creature, and has mistaken the motion of yonder grass-tufts for something which he "thinks" must be hunted down? Not a bit of it! But, whatever the reason, not all the ejaculations of the irate farmer, shouted in the most expressive accents of a rough-and-ready Gaelic vocabulary, can induce that dog to turn back and "seek out" the game which he has apparently allowed so easily to elude him. But he is "in it," all the same! He is playing a little game to-day on his own account.

As "Father Pelican" in *Falka* might say, Rover wants that hare badly, and, *mirabile dictu*, he has run it down in less time than the fact can be narrated here, and has already given it that sharp quick shake which breaks the quivering creature's vertebræ in so scientific and perfect a manner that even the most humane vivisectionist might envy the skill. With a few vigorous scrapes of the dog's strong sharp fore-paws a hole is rapidly scooped out in the ground, sufficiently deep to conceal the now limp and motionless quarry. This done, the body is hurriedly covered over with the mould, both fore paws and hind feet doing the sexton's work, and in half a minute everything is *in statu quo*, though, alas! poor puss is *non est!*

With a few bounds Rover is again within hail and sight of his ill-natured master, and *taking a wider circle than usual*, at length approaches him with a quasi-vexed and unhappy look in his almost half-human eyes, as much as to say: "Well, sir, why didn't you catch it yourself? I'm very, very sorry, but—well, better luck t'ye next time!" And with penitential steps the dog follows his master at a safe distance, who presently forgets all about the incident. In a short time afterwards, while the master is enjoying his mid-day meal by the "ingle-neuk," Rover is banqueting by the hill-side—both on the principle of *chacun à son goût!* Having watched his opportunity, the dog actually retraced his steps to where the hare lay buried, disinterred it, and devoured as much of it as he felt was good for him.

It has to be explained that this dog had but recently been acquired by the farmer in question, who, therefore, had not had sufficient acquaintance at the time of this incident to understand the dog's characteristics and "little ways," and so detect his wrong-doing. He simply believed Rover to be a crassly, incorrigibly stupid dog in the matter of hare-hunting. But he was amazed to be informed very soon afterwards that it was Rover's way always "to go contrary" when he had an eye to a splendid "feed," and, moreover, that the same characteristic was known to have exhibited itself in at least three generations of Rover's ancestry, all the breed having been inveterate poachers after this original method.

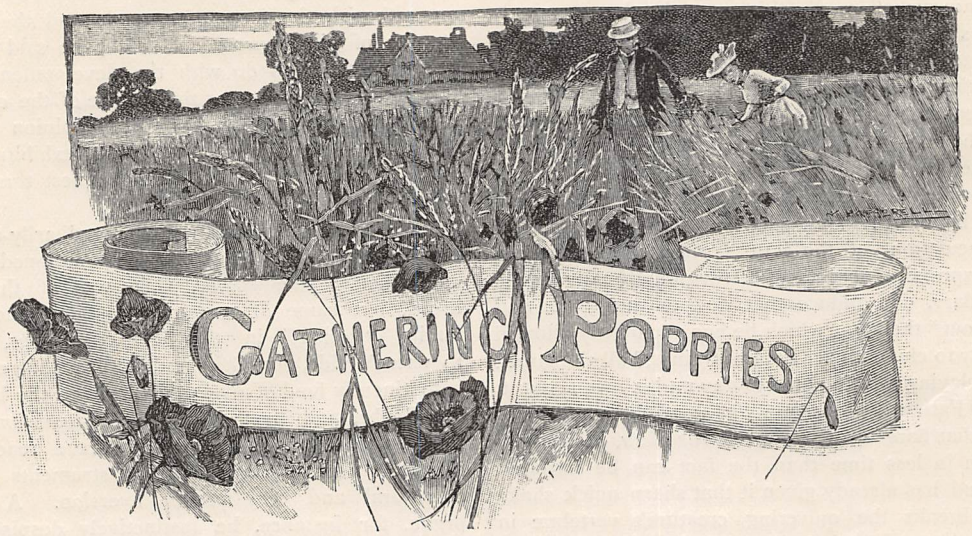
In a word, *Duplicity* is the inheritance of poor Rover, and although the force of example and the circumstances of his environment might be said to have had something to do with the development of the trait, the fact that it was the feature of the character of his sires rather disposes to the opinion that the instinct or intelligence that thus exhibited itself is much more of an hereditary bequest than aught else.

Another striking instance of hereditarily-acquired mental faculty in a dog may be mentioned in this connection. Like Rover, Grip was of the collie breed, but came of a more reputable line. The family "failing," in this case, however, leaned to virtue's side, for Grip and all his pedigree were incontinently fond of music. They were the Handels, the Bachs, and Beethovens of *bow-wowdom!* But in Grip the faculty seemed to have reached its climax. For certain musical instruments he had a natural and very proper aversion. A barrel-organ, for instance, he instinctively despised, and woe betide the legs of the unhappy organ-man whom Grip ran against in his haste to get past and beyond hearing of his obnoxious noise. Even a military brass band passing along the streets seemed somehow to jar upon his sense. A piano, if well played, he could tolerate, so long as the player could tolerate Grip's original accompaniment; and a concertina would sometimes move him strangely, sending him into a sort of half-demented tantrum.

But to Grip the violin was the king of musical instruments. Its music seemed to enchant him powerfully, like a voice calling to him from another sphere. "Orpheus with his lute" did wonderful things of old, but he assuredly could never so move a dumb animal as the tones of a well-fingered violin influenced Grip. Under the spell of its music the creature's eyes glowed and radiated as with all the colours of the rainbow; his tail would palpitate in such a manner as if it were trying to dance to the playing, or, maestro-like, as if beating time to some invisible orchestra. Then, in the depth and madness of it, he would lift up his strange uncanny voice, and would so howl out his pent-up feelings of joy that he at once brought down the house and—stopped the fiddler's playing.

On making careful inquiry into the history of Grip, it was ascertained that his grandsire had lived for eleven years as the "dowg" of a Scottish farmer who had been passionately fond of the violin, and by whom the creature had been taught to respect that instrument; and that his own sire had likewise been brought up under the influence of its strains, and had also been trained to regard them. It was thus "in the family" to be familiar with the violin and its music which, in Grip, amounted to something like a semi-human fondness or passion. How is the continuance of the trait to be accounted for? Is it merely an accident, or does the *fact* suggest yet another unwritten chapter in Heredity?

ALEXANDER CARGILL.



SONG FOR A TENOR VOICE.

Words by S. J. REILLY. *Music by* JAMES TURPIN, Mus.B., Cantab., L.T.C. Lond.

VOICE. PIANO.

mp

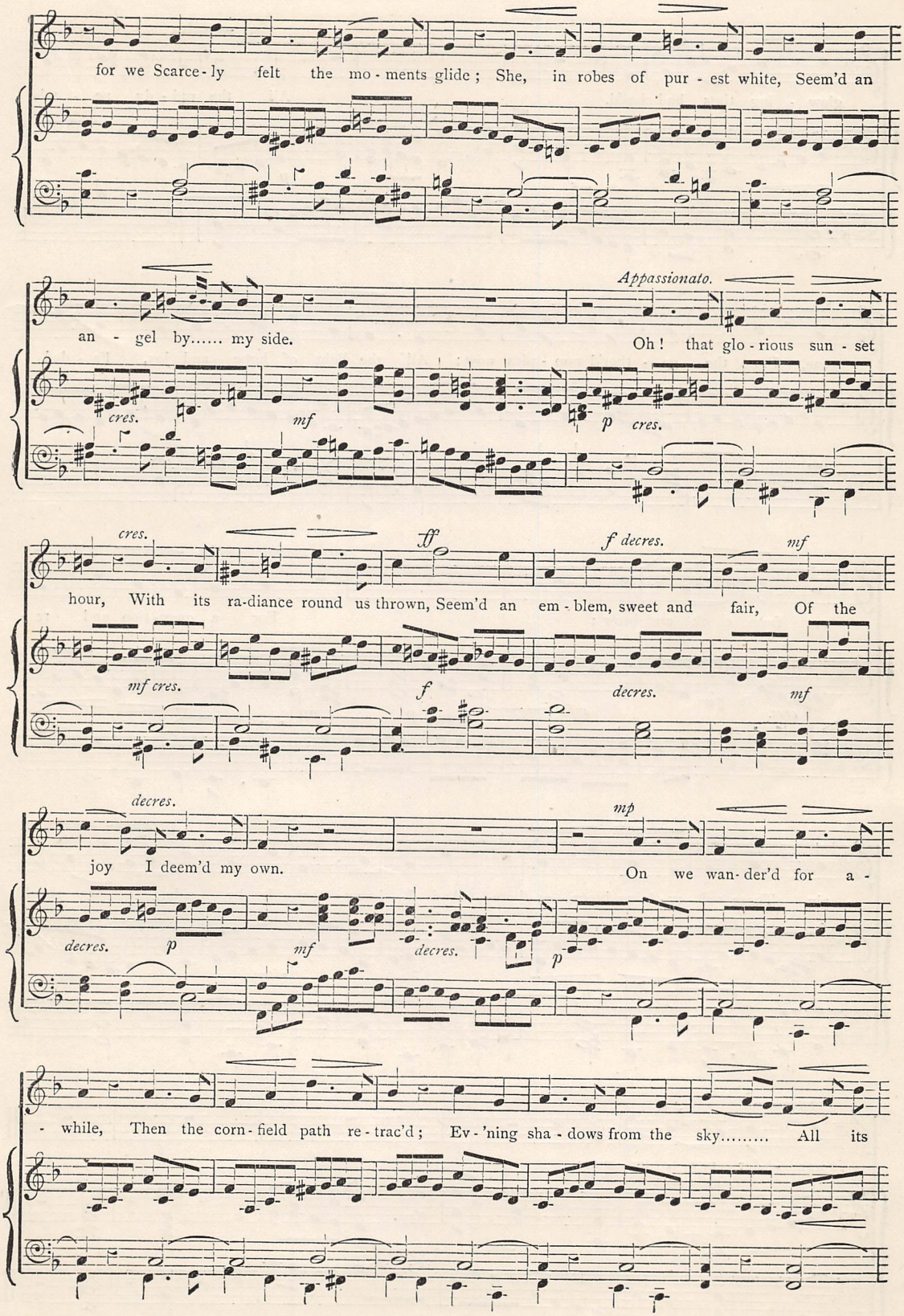
Through the gold - en corn we went, In the ro - sy ev - 'ning

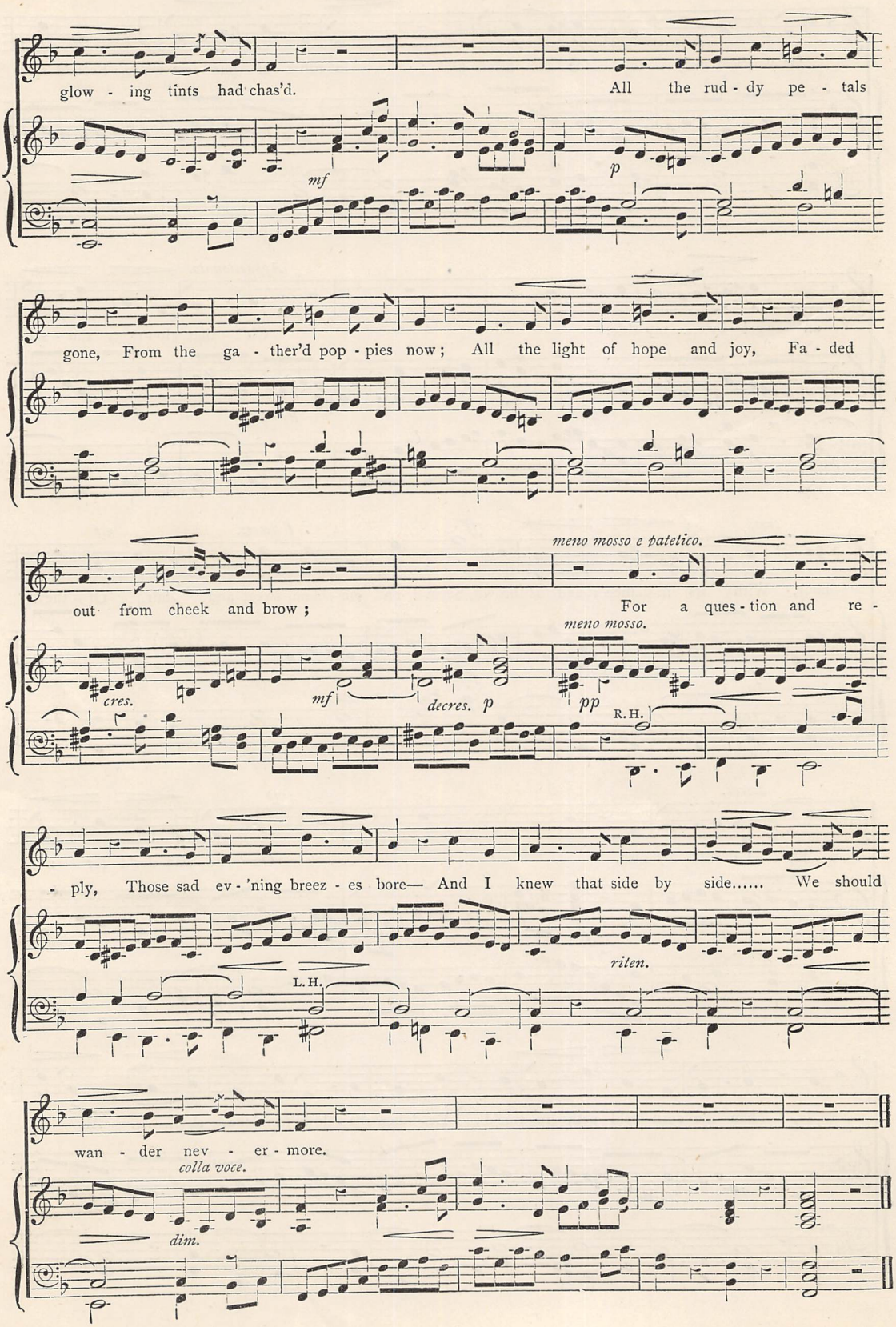
p sempre legato.

light; We, the pop - pies 'mid the gold,..... Ga - ther'd with a child's de -

- light. Time was naught to us,

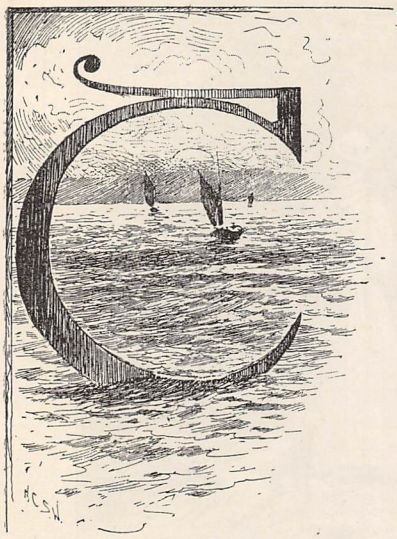
mf *p*


for we Scarce-ly felt the mo-ments glide; She, in robes of pur-est white, Seem'd an
Appassionato.
an-gel by..... my side.
Oh! that glo-rious sun-set
cres.
mf
p cres.
cres.
ff
f decres.
mf
hour, With its ra-diance round us thrown, Seem'd an em-blem, sweet and fair, Of the
mf cres.
f
decres.
mf
decres.
mp
joy I deem'd my own.
On we wan-der'd for a-
decres.
p
mf
decres.
p
- while, Then the corn-field path re-trac'd; Ev-'ning sha-dows from the sky..... All its


glow - ing tints had chas'd.
All the rud - dy pe - tals
mf
p
gone, From the ga - ther'd pop - pies now; All the light of hope and joy, Fa - ded
meno mosso e patetico.
out from cheek and brow;
For a ques - tion and re -
meno mosso.
cres.
mf
decres. p
pp
R. H.
- ply, Those sad ev - 'ning breez - es bore— And I knew that side by side..... We should
L. H.
riten.
wan - der nev - er - more.
colla voce.
dim.

OUT OVER.

A ONE-CHAPTER STORY. BY JOHN TREGARTH.



THE wind was right off the land. It was strong; but under the cliffs the sea was calm enough. So the three of us ran the boat down and got her out over the bar, though with the tide against us it was a hard pull. Miss Flo had come with us after all, for she had never had a really good try at pollock-fishing. When we had got fairly out over the sandbanks, and gained the shelter of the Ness, she steered, while Tom made himself precariously comfortable in the bows. Laddie and I pulled easily through the smooth water under the rich red cliffs, and in twenty minutes we were floating just above the weed-clad, rocky homes of the pollock.

Then I took both oars and paddled along gently, while Laddie helped to get out the lines.

Miss Flo could raise no objection to the india-rubber worms we used; still, she preferred to try her hand at rowing, and promised to leave the steering to me. Laddie impressed upon her that, as soon as ever he called out, she must back-water hard, or else the bait would be left fast in the rocks and weeds six feet below our reach. Miss Flo promised, and no doubt did her best; but two of our lines had snapped before we had gone fifty yards.

A shadow of wonder, rather than vexation, flitted across the boy's face, and I am sure he was not sorry when the girl herself suggested that we should put her ashore, for she didn't like the motion of the boat now that we went so slowly.

We would not hear of such a thing; but, in the end, we ran in, stern first under the shelter of the rocks, and helped her to land, with Bengo to keep her company.

"Now then, Tom!" shouted Laddie, "hold her off, or we shan't have an inch of paint left on her! Give her a shove! Now's your chance! Well, you are a ——!" His sentence was cut short. Tom had let the wave carry us against the rock with a shock which sent the boy over the thwart on to the most prominent part of the anchor.

Tom did not seem to notice this catastrophe, nor the remarks which it elicited, for he was busy in effecting his own landing. This done, he gave us a shove which got us clear of the rock, and expressed a hope that our fishing might be successful.

"What *are* you up to?" gasped the boy, who was on his feet again, using his paddle sturdily to avert a second mishap.

"I don't think Miss Flo should be left all alone, though you won't go very far off."

"Oh! She's all right," was the brotherly reply. "She likes being alone. Look out there again! Keep her off!"

However, Tom insisted on following Miss Flo across the slippery weed, which had so far taken up all her attention; and to save the boat we left him, punted out into the open, got out our lines, and paddled leisurely away.

"Well," said the boy, after a few minutes, "I can't make out what's the matter with Flo. I've never known her feel a bit of a swell like this before."

I pointed out to him that it was just such a gentle motion which was most trying to many people, and his sister had certainly gone a little pale.

"No," said he, as he took a small pollock off his hook, and threw it into the bottom of the boat. "I believe that she's cut up at your going away so soon. You've always stayed at least three weeks before."

I thought this the least bit unlikely, so I said nothing. Then I looked towards the shore, where I could see two people leaning over a rock-pool, evidently looking for anemones; and it seemed more unlikely still.

But Laddie went on——

"You get her rather wild sometimes, when you are so awfully independent—you know what I mean; and she really was angry at what you said last night. All the same, I'm sure she wants you to stop as much as any of us."

I replied that I was at a loss to know what I had said to make anyone angry.

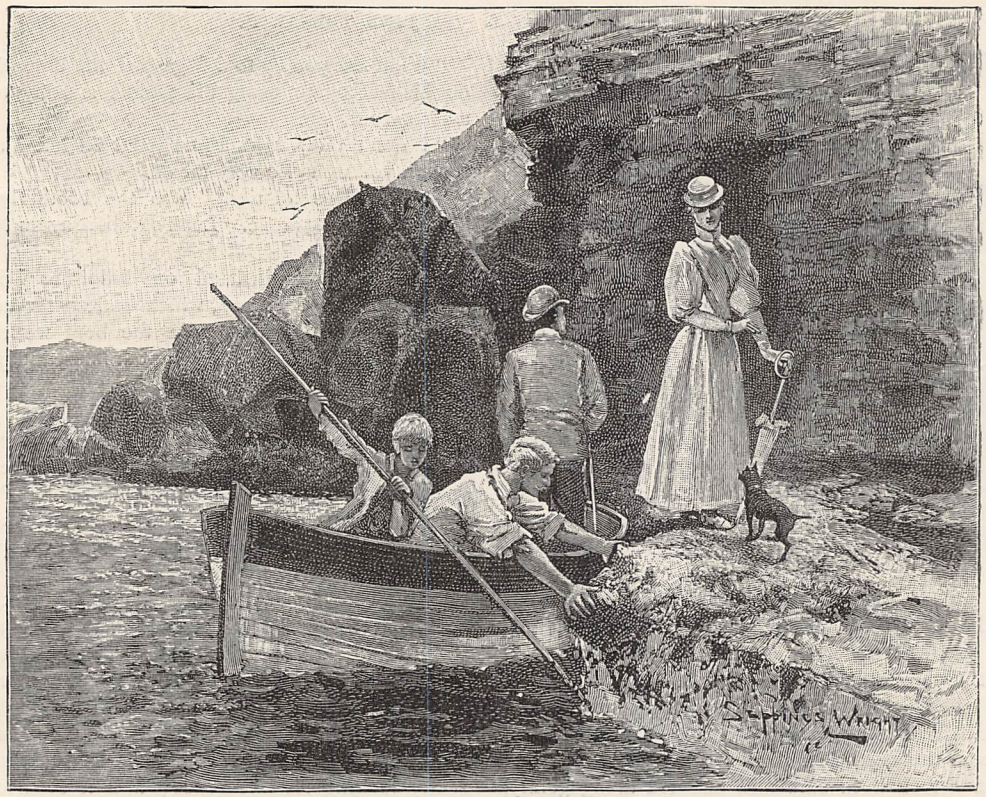
What it was he didn't quite know; he hadn't been listening to our conversation; but it was something about a poor young schoolmaster like myself having no right to win the affection of a woman before he was in a position to offer her a comfortable and easy place in society.

I certainly had said something of the kind, and had pointed out the dangers of marrying anyone with more money than one possessed oneself.

Laddie did not know what there was objectionable in such principles, nor could he say why they made his sister angry; but he stuck to it that they did.

I was getting interested, and spent half an hour in trying to draw him out a little more. Then he noticed that the wind was getting round to the south, and would soon be off the sea. So we rowed back as quickly as we could to pick up the two on shore.

We hailed them, and told them to come out along a ledge of rock, from which they stepped easily into the boat. They said they had had a delightful time, and I believed them.



"WE HELPED HER TO LAND" (*p.* 565).

We were soon well on our way home. Tom and I pulled, Laddie and Miss Flo were in the stern. The boy talked a good deal, but the rest of us were quiet. He had several things to say about people who couldn't stand boating when there was a ripple on the water; and about others who preferred poking things in rock-pools to hooking four-pounders. He hinted that my performances in the latter direction were not what they once were, and expressed a fear that my taste might some day become as degenerate as Tom's.

I suppose we all heard him; and yet we seemed to be thinking about something else. Whatever it was that Tom was thinking about, it made him pull cruelly hard. It was all I could do to keep the boat's head straight. So we did the journey in a very short time, and Laddie admitted that, if we weren't in form for fishing that day, we could certainly row.

The evening turned out very fine and warm, yet no one seemed inclined to go out and listen to the band. So I strolled off by myself down to the point that nearly closed the outlet of the river, found a comfortable nook behind a boat, and settled down with my back to the sea, looking right up the broad estuary.

It is a lovely sight there when the sun is setting. The river stretches, a great sheet of glory, between rich, soft hills away to the huge, bare slopes and rugged outline of the moor, and the greater glory of the sky.

It is a sight which has no rival, even in the west country.

I had just formulated that conclusion, when Tom appeared, apparently looking for someone. He caught sight of me, and came slowly towards me. He looked pale and tired.

"Oh," he said, "I'm glad I've found you; there's something about which I want to talk to you."

I had seldom seen Tom in so serious a mood, and, remembering the afternoon, I expected to find him particularly gay.

I waited for him to settle down beside me; but he stood there kicking the pebbles.

Presently he went on——

"Do you mind getting up and walking about a bit? I don't feel like sitting still and looking at sunsets. I think I can tell you what I want to better if we are walking."

So I got up, rather reluctantly I must confess. Then he suggested that we should cross over in the ferry, and make our way up the hill.

We were soon across, and once in the high-banked lane, he seemed calmer, and again began to talk.

"Do you know why I followed Miss Flo ashore this afternoon?"

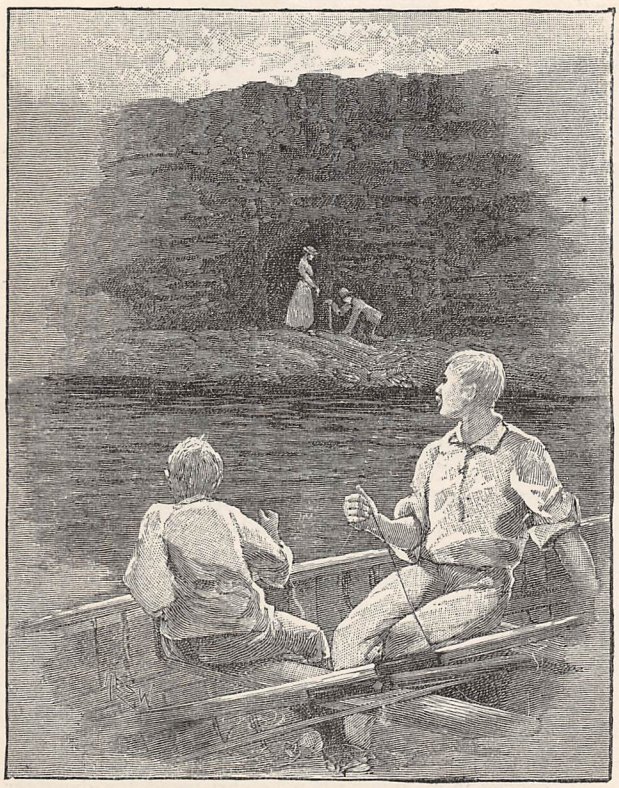
Of course I had no idea.

"Well," he said, "I ll tell you. I intended to find out once for all, whether she really cared anything for me."

I expressed a hope that he had succeeded in getting the information he wanted.

"Yes," he went on, "I have found out. She talked to me with a freedom I have often longed for, and it came about in this way. We had been looking for different sorts of anemones for some time, when she suddenly asked me whether I agreed with what you had said the other night. I asked her what about. 'Why, about people marrying those who have more money than they have themselves.' I said I thought you were quite right. She then asked me whether, supposing I cared for a girl who was richer than I was, I should hesitate to tell her so. I did not know what to say. You will admit, I think, that the position was a curious one. Then, to my intense surprise, she burst into a perfect storm of anger. I don't know all she said; but the point of it was that I didn't deserve the love of any unselfish girl, and she hoped I should never by any chance win it. As you may imagine, I was taken completely aback. I had sense enough left to see that if she herself loved me, she would never talk to me like that. Then she changed; and as I looked up, I saw the tears standing in her eyes, and her lips trembling. She could scarcely command her voice enough to beg me, almost fiercely to beg me,

"I FOUND A COMFORTABLE NOOK BEHIND A BOAT" (*p.* 566).



"I LOOKED TOWARDS THE SHORE" (*p.* 565).

that, if ever I cared for a girl, however poor I might be, I would tell her so; there was no knowing what years of happiness I might lose if I had not courage enough for that. I shall never cease to be thankful that at that moment your voice hailed us, and I was able to say—tolerably calmly, I think—'Thank you! I will bear your advice in mind.' So we joined you, and after all I had not lost her friendship, and her love I had never had."

After a few minutes, finding that I did not speak, he went on——

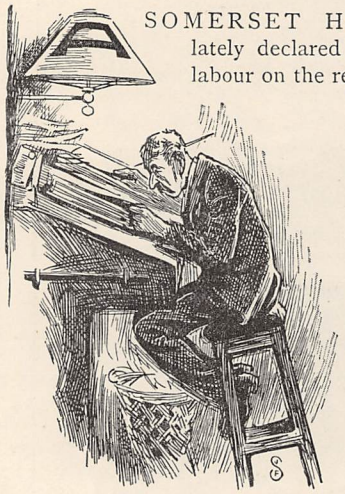
"And so, you see, I am certain that Miss Flo really cares for someone who is not very well off, and so is afraid to ask her to share a lot which must be less easy than the one to which she has been used. She is terribly grieved that he will not speak, for his silence may prove fatal. The only thing is, I cannot imagine who it is. Can you?"

I said—and it was all I could do to say it calmly—I thought I did. When I had considered the matter a little more, I would tell him.

So we turned back, and made our way in silence down the lane to the ferry.

Since that evening I have settled the question beyond all doubt.

FUNNY NAMES.



SOMERSET HOUSE clerk has lately declared the tedium of his labour on the registry of births and deaths is often relieved by coming across a humorous juxtaposition of names. There is, indeed, a good deal of humour in the Somerset House Registry, the fun consisting in an odd or barbarous collocation of names. For hours the eye of the clerk will roam over reams of dull propriety in such names as Henry Wilson, George Williams, or Samuel Smith, and then the face of the clerk will be covered with a smile as he comes across "Ether" for the front name, attached to the surname of "Spray." It may seem strange, but it is certainly true, that entered in the books is "foot-bath," which must be written in capitals, "FOOT-BATH," as really the name of a fellow-creature. "River Jordan" is another case in point. Mr. Jordan had a child to name, and, like a free-born Briton, he claimed his right to name it as he pleased. Unfortunately, the name he selected has left the sex of the child rather doubtful. Mr. "Anthistle" had a daughter to name, and he must be forgiven for giving her the Christian names "Rose Shamrock." "Rose Shamrock Anthistle" is a young lady whose names must please any patriotic man. Another happy father who gave his innocent offspring the names "Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox" behaved rather unfairly to the infant, as he pledged him to a career of greatness. The baby must have had some difficulty in understanding the obligations imposed upon him. Probably Master "Arthur," etc. etc., found it difficult to live up to his names, and despairingly endured an existence which gave no promise beyond mediocrity. Miss "Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connor Douall Luck Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill" it is to be hoped has realised all the expectations formed of her when she received her baptismal names, somewhere about the time of the Chartist agitation. The parents of

Miss "Fanny," etc. etc. etc., had the excuse of strong political feelings; but other parents who have given their child a plurality of names must have been actuated only by some unfortunate craze. One lady is actually going about with six-and-twenty "front names"—one for each letter of the alphabet in its proper order, as "Ann Bertha Cecilia," and so on down to "Xenophon, Yetty, and Zeus."

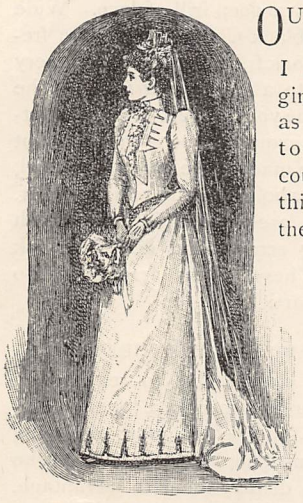
Some children have been rather cruelly named, in a manner which for ever reminds them that they have made a mistake or committed a fault in coming into the world. Thus, "One Too Many Harry," or "Not Wanted James" may be happy young men; but if they are, it is in spite of their names. "That's It, Charlie," or "Who'd Have Thought It, Tom," are names which certainly give utterance to a mild surprise. Sometimes a poetical intention on the part of the parent has been frustrated by a very prosy act on the part of the child. Mr. "Rose" had a pretty conceit in his mind when he christened his daughter "Wild," and all went well until the young lady married Mr. Bull.

"WHAT'S ITS NAME TO BE?"

WHAT TO WEAR IN AUGUST.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.



OUR vignette shows a simple bridal gown, and Fashion, I am happy to say, is beginning to regard simplicity as a very necessary adjunct to wedding finery. Of course, there are brides who think it incumbent upon them on this, *the* great occasion of their lives, to appear in a long Court train of silver brocade borne by pages, and a gown of satin covered with priceless lace; but, even among the most fashionable circles in London, fit and style have come to be regarded as more important than mere richness of material and costliness of detail. This particular dress in the illustration can be made in poplin or in plain white-faced cloth, or in *poult de soie*. Any and all of these wear well and are durable; cloth is, perhaps, more lasting than the others, and certainly it is newer, and when its original freshness has disappeared it can be dyed in a most satisfactory manner. The making of this dress is simple. The skirt rests on the ground, but is not over long. In the front it is cut in battlements and edged with pleated lace, which just appears at the edge. Between all the tabs there are little bouquets of orange blossom, and the point of the bodice in front is edged with a fringe of similar blooms, which is not continued to the back because the bodice and skirt there are cut in one; and it is far more becoming not to continue these floral fringes entirely round the waist because they are very apt to thicken the figure. The bodice is peculiarly cut. The front is composed of soft pleating, forming a sort of plastron, and over this the silk appears to open. It is cut in square tabs at each side, matching those on the skirt, but they extend merely from the shoulder to the bust, the silk being continued in a point to the waist, where it is cut into a Swiss corselet. There is a jabot of lace from the high collar in the centre of the front, secured at the neck by a bunch of orange-blossom. The sleeves are coat shaped, but widen much at the shoulder, where they are, however, not unduly high, and at the wrist are cut in tabs.

I want you particularly to note the arrangement of the bridal veil, because it indicates an attempt at a new fashion—namely, to place it at the back, and not over the face. I am, however, convinced that it will not meet with general favour, though it may be an imitation of the plan adopted in the case of Royal brides. The veil is becoming to the face.

In the present instance the material chosen is embroidered chiffon, which starts from a pompon surrounded by a tiny wreath of orange-blossom. The same arrangement could be carried out equally well if the material fell over the face.

I think you will agree with me that the trio who are about to start on their walks abroad are charmingly

A USELESS GLASS.

dressed. The little girl wears black stockings and pretty pointed shoes; a light fawn dress and cloak to match; the material being a summer vicuna. The skirt is plain and simple, with a triple row of black velvet at the hem. The cloak leaves the arms untrammelled; it is made full, and has a turned-down collar resting on a couple of frills, edged with gold. The hat is made of black straw—a mere plate, which when bent into shape appears to have a sunk crown and to be slightly arched over the face, turning upwards at the back. It has bows of black velvet on one side, and a liberal bunch of Noisette roses completes the trimming.

The elder sister wears one of the new and pretty striped woollen dresses, the colour in this instance being the favourite cornflower blue and white. The bodice, skirt, and sleeves are cut on the cross. The skirt is cut, as many are now, with the front breadths at the waist shaped almost as carefully to the figure as a bodice would be. It touches the ground, but does not rest on it, and about a quarter of a yard from the hem there are a dozen close-set rows of stitching. The stripes only appear perpendicularly on the added basques, which resemble flap pockets and have three buttons in front; the rows of stitching reappear here on the collar and the cuffs. The bodice is a seamless one, fastening invisibly under the arm. It is adjusted to the figure with the greatest precision, and presents some difficulties in fitting and cutting, but few in making. The hat is of black fancy straw, shading the face, and is trimmed with cornflowers and black ribbons.

The friend accompanying the sisters has a simple cotton gown in green and white stripes made up over a petticoat of the plain colour. The striped material takes the form of a polonaise opening over the green skirt, and reaching to the hem. It is cut up in the centre of the front and at the side, and fastens diagonally below the waist with three buttons, three others securing the bodice on the left shoulder. The opening is bound with green, and is scalloped at the button-holes by a very pretty arrangement; a *revers* starts in a point from the waist and widens on the right shoulder, giving the necessary breadth to the figure. The sleeves are made with one long puff to the elbow, and a long straight gauntlet buttoning through a scalloped piece. A bonnet of white embroidery and green leaves accompanies this, and over the straight neck-band there is a collar that turns back in points just beneath each ear.

Cotton and muslin gowns have returned greatly to favour; but the thinner material is made up on silk or some substantial foundation, which gives it firmness, enabling it to be worn even when the weather is not hot. The newest mode of trimming washing bodices and many others is in close imitation of a *pèlerine*, with braces which are very narrow at the waist, and widen so much on the shoulders that they form the upper portion of the sleeve. Indeed, at one of the first functions at Buckingham Palace, this season, two young girls wore white satin princess dresses, with low bodices arranged after the same style, and there was no other sleeve, the arm-hole being simply piped; but the lace formed a charming and most becoming addition to the point of the shoulder.

The fashionable cloaks for evening, carriage-wear, and for all gala occasions, are made of unlined silk, gathered from a yoke on the shoulder; from the edge of the yoke there is a deep frill of lace. Wide point lace flounces and black Chantilly lace are frequently adapted to these cloak frills, and some of the very wide laces are formed into a double *bouilloné* at the throat, the lace covering the yoke as well. This in light-blue velvet forms a most exquisite opera mantle; but a simple chiné silk can be made more generally useful, and serves equally well for both evening and day wear. Some of the shot silks are printed in white, with crescents and interlacing scrolls, and deep-red pink is a favourite colour. These cloaks are used also as wraps at lawn-tennis parties.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

EVEN in France we are at last able to realise that summer is come, and Frenchwomen have taken advantage of the sunshine to choose the most ravishing toilettes, and there are no people in the world who better understand how to display them to advantage. The couple, with their favourite poodle, depicted opposite are wearing gowns which are worthy description—the more so that they can be easily reproduced. The plain dress is made of a tender blue *voile*, trimmed at the hem and on the upper portion of the bodice with pink velvet appliqué embroidery, emphasized by a twisted scroll of pink velvet carried to the side of the skirt and ornamented with a couple of rosette bows. This same velvet borders the bodice, and is carried on to the shoulders with braces, that are tied in a large bow at the top. The shape of the yoke is most becoming to the figure, and so is the particular arrangement of the bodice, which appears to have an invisible fastening, but really is hooked beneath the left brace. The material is formed into paniers below the waist, and the sleeves, which are very high on the shoulders, meet a deep gauntlet at the elbow. This fits the arm closely, and has an embroidered cuff of the same pink velvet appliqué. The hat is Leghorn straw, the brim large over the face, and turning upwards at the back. A band of velvet encircles the crown, and this is prettily trimmed with pink apple-blossom combined with blackberries—a freak of the milliners, and not supported by Dame Nature. I do not think anyone has ever seen an apple-tree in blossom at the same time that blackberries appear in the hedgerows; but we all follow the dictates of Fashion, whether reasonable or otherwise.

The checked dress is cut on the cross. The ground-work is fawn colour, with double lines of brown and pink thrown upon it. The skirt is very narrow, and is box-pleated—not gathered at the back, as most of them are now. It has a band of the plain material at the hem, on which are laid some four rows of brown braid. This has to be judiciously managed, as it is a mode of trimming which is calculated to diminish the apparent height of the wearer. The bodice is cut after the style of those worn in the time of Queen

Elizabeth of England—stiff, long, and pointed, and bordered with loops of the plain material similar to those that encircled bodices in the Medici period. It fastens up the front with a double row of large prominent buttons, and the trimming, seen in the illustration, is a movable one, being composed of lisse and lace sewn on to the collar-band, made of the same soft materials, and fastening at the back. The colour is a very light *écru*, which tones with the colouring of the gown. But Englishwomen find it difficult to reconcile themselves to a mixture of such thin fabrics with a tailor-made costume. There is a cloth neck-band, and the large buttons are continued to the throat, so there is no necessity whatever to wear the lisse if not liked. The back of the bodice has a seam down the centre, and is cut in a point, beneath which falls the triple box-pleated skirt. The sleeves are cut narrow to the lower portion of the arm, and very large on the shoulders. A toque is worn made of fancy *écru* and red straw, bound with red velvet and trimmed with pinky-red flowers.

Frenchwomen still continue to wear gloves of untanned leather, especially with white gowns; but they are adopting many kinds of gauntlets, some of them richly embroidered, and even jewelled.

Even in the height of summer there are often chilly hours in the evening when an easily movable wrap is almost a matter of necessity, and capes are now assuming a new form. They fall just below the shoulder-blades, at the back, in a point, but have long ends in front, and are made entirely of feathers closely set so that they form a compact surface.

A new cut of sleeve for gowns is so arranged that a pleat from the elbow crosses the forearm and is gathered into the shoulders; it is exceedingly becoming, and gives breadth to the figure.

Just at this particular season few bonnets are worn, and there is every excuse for this state of things, seeing that the shapes of hats are varied so as to suit all faces.

There is a great difference in the colours now being worn in England and in France. In the former there are the new pink, turquoise blue, vivid yellow, fawn, grass-green, and many tones of heliotrope; but in Paris the preference is given to ruby red, pistachio green, and pale browns of many kinds, from copper to filbert. Nothing sombre would seem to find favour in the gay capital, and a dash of colour appears with all neutral tints. Plain dark skirts are relieved by blouses of bright tones, and many bodices of thin materials are in favour for more dressy occasions. Next year the pretty folded fichus will be worn in London, but as yet the Parisian keeps them for her own. Occasionally they are replaced by the Pierrot collar, secured at the back by ribbon rosettes. Fashion generally rushes from one extreme to the other, and the Medicis collars are superseded by the bodice being cut rather low at the throat, frillings of lace turning outwards.

The most fantastic hats are the most fashionable, and no two brims would seem to be shaped alike. They are surrounded by wreaths of flowers and by twisted diaphanous scarves; but wings are more durable, almost as pretty, and certainly as popular. The last idea is to wear them dyed in rainbow shades.

The plan of cutting skirts—indeed, entire dresses—on the cross is a mode likely to continue, and many of the frills, which are a quarter of a yard deep and put on quite full, are also cut in the same way. A black lace frilling at the waist seems never to be out of place, whatever the material to which it is applied. Sleeves are often covered with the same lace; indeed, if any of you have a store of it, you will never have a better opportunity of turning it into use, for it is employed in flouncings, which are generally festooned, and also to cover the entire dress. Many lace flounces are headed by pleatings of ribbon or of the same fabric as the dress.

True lovers' knots are woven in the materials, are appliqué in gimp, embroidery, and beads, and are formed of ribbons and laid round the skirt. Saucy Cupid is to the fore, you see.

POOR FIDO'S AILMENTS.

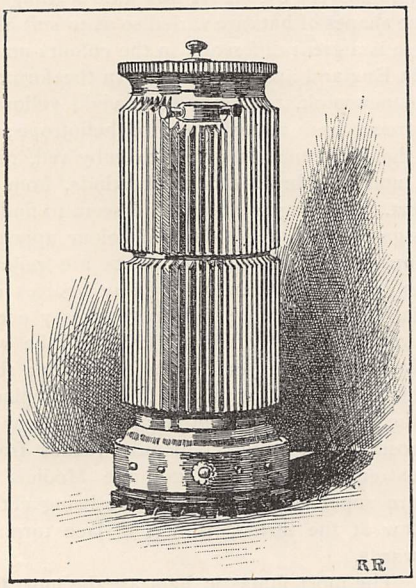
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Thermo-Electric Stove.

Dr. Girard, a well-known French electrician, has invented a stove heated by gas or coke, which at the same time generates a thermo-electric current sufficient to charge an accumulator of 16 cells and feed a number of 10 candle-power electric lamps. The electro-motive force of the current it yields is 35 volts, and the useful energy about 44 watts. The stove is illustrated in the figure, and its peculiarity is that the wall is composed of 700 thermo-electric pairs, the hot joints being inwards and exposed to the hot gases of the interior, while the cold joints are outwards and provided with vertical flanges which help to cool them. Each pair consists of an alloy of antimony and zinc and a plate of nickel or white iron. The current is collected by suitable wires, and the fumes escape by a chimney.

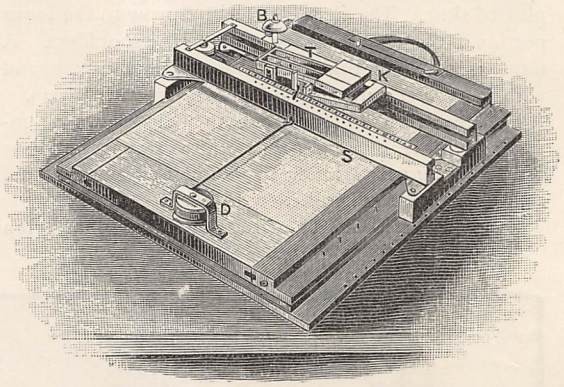


A New Cover for Jugs.

A new and striking improvement in covers, or mounts, for hot-water and other jugs has recently been patented, and deserves to be widely known. In appearance it much resembles the old form of cover, but its working is totally different. Just above the handle of the jug, and projecting about a quarter of an inch, is a very thin rod with a small knob attached to it, which, when slightly pressed, lifts the cover—by means of a small lever working inside the jug—to the height required. When the pressure is removed the weight of the lid causes it to close again automatically, and the pin is again forced out. This device is also used with cream jugs, mustard jars, and a large variety of similar household utensils, and can of course be decorated to give quite a handsome look to the vessel.

A Type-writer for the Blind.

The type-writer which we illustrate herewith is intended for the use of the blind, and its mode of action is based on the ordinary apparatus for enabling the blind to "write," by means of a combination of "dots" made with an awl or stylus. In the type-writer the awl is replaced by several keys, K, like those of the ordinary type-writer, which punch the paper with dots. A slide, S, keeps the writing in one line, and the keys are carried by a traveller, T, which is moved across the board by means of a cord passing round a drum, D, containing a coiled spring ; a bell, B, giving notice when the end of the line is reached. The machine is very ingenious, and is said to work well.

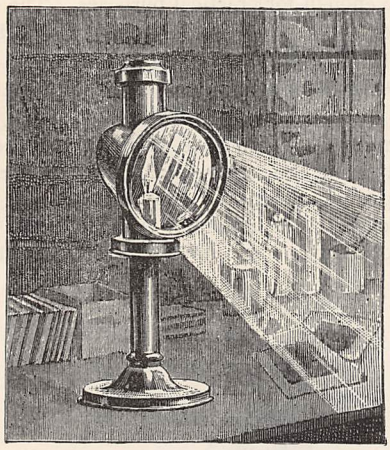


Paper Horse-shoes.

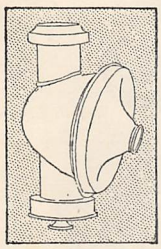
The horses of the German artillery and cavalry regiments are now shod with paper. The shoes are made by cementing forms of parchment paper together and hardening them by hydraulic pressure, then rasping them to fit the hoof. As the iron shoe is notoriously defective, especially on slippery roads or streets, this news will be welcome to all who wish for a more humane horse-shoe. Recent experience in America and elsewhere points to the conclusion that shoes are not absolutely necessary for horses if the hoof is allowed fair play ; but, at all events, the paper shoe may be regarded as a kind of artificial hoof. We may also mention that beakers and laboratory vessels, capable of withstanding acids, are now made in France. They are formed from a pulp containing 85 per cent. of wood and 15 per cent. of rags. After being dried in a current of warm air, they are placed in a hermetic

cylinder, and the air exhausted from their pores by an air-pump. After this a warm varnish of petroleum, ether, resin, paraffin, and linseed oil, is allowed to fill the pores, and the vessels are then baked in a second cylinder heated to 100° Centigrade, so as to drive away the volatile ether, which is condensed for further use. Another current of ozonised air oxidises the linseed oil, and the vessels are finally dipped in a bath of linseed oil and castor oil mixed with resin, then dried and exposed to another current of ozonised air. Thus treated they are strong, flexible, and impermeable to liquids. We may add that paper pulp is now bleached by ozone in France. The ozone is prepared by passing electrical discharges through oxygen gas and bringing it to bear on the paper pulp. The process is more rapid than bleaching by chlorine, and the ozone merely oxidises the colouring matter without attacking the cellulose of the material.

A Candle Lamp for Photographers.



The "Holiday" is the name given to a new candle lamp intended, primarily, for the use of photographers in changing and developing plates. Our engravings show the principle on which the lamp is constructed.



In use the parabolic reflector secures a very powerful light, and for purposes of transport the candle-tube slides into the reflector, and the base forms a protecting cap for the glass front of the lamp. For photographic use a ruby glass is of course employed, and special arrangements have been made in the construction of the lamp to prevent the escape of white light above or below the reflector; but for ordinary domestic use, for lantern readings, or for travelling, the ruby glass can readily be changed for a clear one.

Banana Meal.

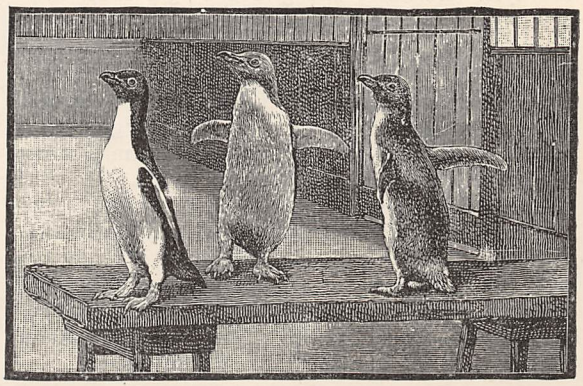
Dr. John Dougall, of St. Mungo College, Glasgow, has recently drawn attention to the nourishing properties of bananas. Mr. H. M. Stanley, in "Darkest Africa," remarks that "for infants, persons of delicate digestion, dyspeptics, and those suffering from temporary derangements of the stomach, the flour, properly prepared, would be of universal demand." During his attacks of gastritis, the only food Stanley could digest was a gruel made of banana-flour and milk. Dr. Dougall has, therefore, made experiments with the meal, and comes to the conclusion that it should only be made from the ripe fruit in the country where it grows. Imported bananas, plucked while still green, are of course a mawkish apology for the ripe tropical fruit, and do not yield the same nourishment.

A Cure for Hyperacidity.

Excess of acidity in the stomach has been the subject of a large number of experiments by Dr. Wolff, a German, who has been led by them to give the following prescription, which has proved a successful remedy:—Sulphate of soda, 30 grains; sulphate of potash, 5 grains; chloride of soda, 30 grains; carbonate of soda, 25 grains; biborate of soda, 10 grains, are mixed together, and half a teaspoonful of the mixture is dissolved in half a glass of lukewarm water, and taken, while fasting, three times a day.

A New Penguin.

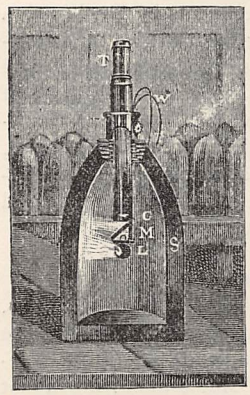
In the Fish House at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, the visitor may now see a species never before brought to England—*Eudyptes antipodum*, from New Zealand. Adult males are about thirty-two inches long, and have the top of the head and cheeks pale sulphur-yellow reaching to the bill, the feathers of the forehead and crown lengthened, and having a shaft-streak of glossy black; the general upper surface and sides dull blue, upper surface of flippers bluish-black, whole under-surface yellowish-white; bill, dull brownish orange, legs and feet dark brown. The females are about the same size, but with the entire plumage less conspicuous, and the crown of the head only tinged with yellow. The specimen exhibited is a young bird, and has the white of the fore neck extending right up to the bill, and on to the face; there is a broad mark of brown behind the eye, and on the sides of the upper neck, and a tinge of yellow, with some indistinct pencillings of brown, replaces the coronal band. The wings of the penguin are quite useless as organs of flight, and are covered with what may be called



PENGUINS AT THE ZOO.

scales, rather than feathers. The whole of the penguins are diving birds, and the species are very similar in their habits, which are thus described by Darwin: "In diving, its little wings are used as fins, but on the land as front legs. When crawling, it may be said, on four legs, through the tussocks, or on the side of a grassy cliff, it moves so very quickly that it might easily be mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea, and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy anyone at first sight to be sure that it was not a fish leaping for sport."

A Cavity Explorer.



Captain Manceron, a French inventor, has devised the spy-glass which we illustrate for examining the interior of dark cavities inaccessible to the eye itself. Our figure shows its use for exploring the inner surface of a shell, S, in order to discover flaws in the metal; but, of course, it is applicable to any kind of hollow apparatus. The telescope-tube, T, is fitted at its lower end, beneath the object-glass, G, with a small mirror, M, inclined at an angle of 45°, as shown; and under the mirror is a small electric incandescent lamp, L, fed by a current conveyed to it through the wires, W. The lamp illuminates the side of the enclosure, which is thereby reflected in the mirror and seen by the eye looking through the eye-piece.

A Simple Test for Diamonds.

It has long been known that certain diamonds not only exhibit phosphorescence when warmed in the hand or rubbed, but also when exposed for a time to a bright light. Mr. G. F. Kunz, an American man of science, has, moreover, shown quite recently that all diamonds emit light after being rubbed on wood, cloth, or metal. As paste diamonds and other clear, hard stones do not behave in this way, the fact becomes a test for the true gem which can be applied by the tyro. Emeralds also give out light under friction.

Spectre Photographs.

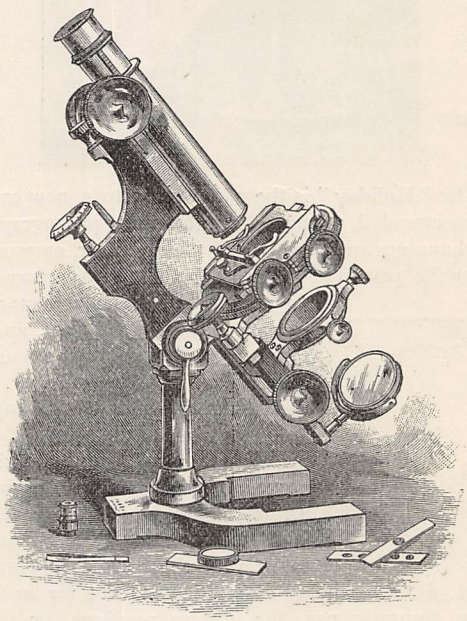
Mr. Arthur S. Green, an American photographer, gives the following method of making the camera a source of amusement by the production of "ghost" or "shadow" pictures—for example, a seated man starting back in terror from his own spectre. Make a background of the proper size by stretching out some black material. Place the subject, draped in white or in light clothing, in the right attitude to the right or left of the centre of the background, then focus the camera and expose the plate for half a second. The impression will be that of a shadowy and ghost-like figure. Take a chair and table, placing the chair in the centre of the background, and the table on the side away from the ghost. Seat the subject in the chair, with his head turned to the ghost; focus again, and give the plate a full exposure, which, if the light is good, should be about two seconds. Develop and print in the usual way. Any object to be seen through the ghost should be photographed with fifteen seconds exposure before taking the picture of the ghost. Other devices of the kind might be mentioned, but it will be more interesting to leave them to the ingenuity of the amateur.

Surveying by Photography.

Mr. E. Deville, the Surveyor-General of Canada, has introduced a rapid method of photographic surveying which has done good service amongst the Rocky Mountains. A special camera, carefully levelled, is employed, and the views are taken on measured spaces of ortho-chromatic gelatine plates. The photograph is in fact a plan of the ground, accurate enough for practical purposes. The method is likely to prove useful in what is called preliminary surveying for engineering purposes or in military operations.

An Improved Microscope.

The microscope which we illustrate has been constructed from the designs of Dr. Van Heurck of Antwerp, and unites the best features of modern microscopes. It is absolutely rigid, with fine adjustments for body and sub-stage, which for the first time



can be manipulated together simultaneously, while it is very compact and convenient. The telescope, when drawn out to the full, is a little over 10 inches long. The stage is 4½ inches in diameter, with concentric rotation, and a 1 inch motion in either direction. The foot is of bronze, and shod with cork to screen off the vibrations of the table.

Souvenir Spoons.

Souvenir spoons are an American fashion, appealing to the national hero-worship and love of antiquities. The spoons are fine examples of cutlery, with ornamental handles usually terminated by a bust of some celebrity or a symbolical figure, or a relief of some historical event. Thus there is the "national spoon," with a bust of the late General Sherman; the "Washington spoon," with another of the patriot; the "Cleopatra spoon," with a head of Cleopatra on a base of lotus-flowers and royal asps; the "Plymouth Rock spoon," with a likeness of that famous boulder. The "Salem witch spoon" shows a witch accompanied by her cat and the immemorial broomstick. Fiction is represented by the "Rip Van Winkle spoon," the "Priscilla spoon," and so on. The "Priscilla spoon" is designed, not merely to assist the appetite, but the interests of love: it is a "spoon" in more senses than one. As the advertisement of the makers says: —"We believe this spoon conveys the purest sentiment for engagement, souvenir, or leap year purposes. Embodying, as it does, Puritan simplicity and maiden sweetness, it has no equal, and we predict a large demand for it. How delicately would a laggard in love be stimulated by the gift of a fair counterfeit of her who naïvely said, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Plumbers and Fever.

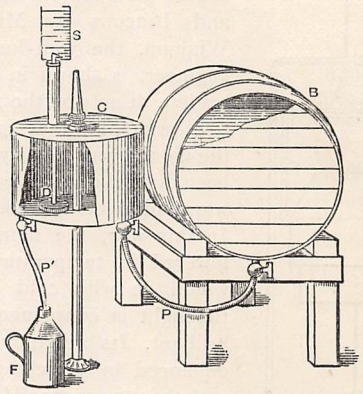
According to a lecture recently delivered by Dr. E. Duncan, of Glasgow, plumbers are not more liable than other persons to zymotic diseases believed to arise from sewage—for instance, typhoid, diphtheria, sickness, vomiting, diarrhœa, or sore-throat. They are sufferers, however, from the toxic effects of lead. As recent researches have shown, the air of a sewer which is properly ventilated is better than that of many crowded schools and churches. Dr. Duncan maintains that it is better than that of the houses in which half the population of Glasgow lives. If this be true for Glasgow, where the rooms are unusually large and the ceilings high, according to the Scotch mode, it must be more than true for London.

A New Refrigerator.

Chloride of ethyl is now employed instead of chloride of methyl as a local refrigerator for producing the numbness which renders surgical operations painless. It is a colourless liquid with an agreeable odour, and is kept in glass tubes until wanted. The sealed end of the tube is then broken off, and the contents spirted on the skin. By its expansion and evaporation it occasions intense cold. The ethyl can also be used for removing the pains of sciatica, neuralgia, and toothache, and for making small quantities of ice.

A Liquid Measurer.

Our figure illustrates a device for measuring oil or other liquids contained in a barrel B and drawn off into a flask F. It is the device of Mr. C. W. Proctor, of Lake Forrest, Illinois, and consists of a cylindrical cistern C connected to the barrel by a flexible pipe P. The cistern contains a float D, which rises with the liquid let into it from the barrel, and the float-stick marks the quantity in the cistern by a pointer on a scale S, as shown. A second pipe P^1 communicates with the cistern and is the outlet to the flask.



The Electric Light and Plants.

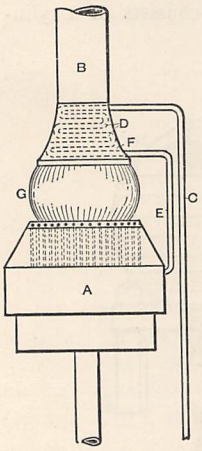
The experiments of Sir William Siemens on the growth of fruits and vegetables under the rays of the electric light have been followed up recently with good effect on board the steamer *Atrato*, while proceeding to the West Indies. Mr. Morris, of Kew Gardens, was taking out cuttings of vines and Gambier plants to introduce their culture on some of the islands of the Spanish main; but the vessel encountered such cold weather that it was necessary to remove the plants from the deck into a sheltered position below. Here the darkness would have been as fatal to them as the cold, had it not been that Mr. Morris thought of supplying them with the electric light of the vessel.

The Kinetograph.

It has often been remarked that orators and actors have a fleeting fame inasmuch as their art dies with them, and cannot be reproduced or perpetuated. Mr. Edison is, however, about to remove this disability by his new invention of the kinetograph, which combines the phonograph and the zoetrope in such a way as to reproduce to the ear the words of a speaker, while his actions are presented to the eye. Instantaneous photographs, to the number of forty-six in a second, are taken by an automatic camera on a travelling film of sensitised gelatine, and these, after being developed, are projected on a screen by the calcium light in such a way as to give the impression of living action. The phonograph which contains the appropriate sounds is

caused to utter them at the right moment. Thus one can listen to a speech while looking at the animated picture of the speaker, or, to go further, witness the performance of a play or opera in one's own easy-chair.

A Lighthouse Gas-burner.



The new and powerful gas-burner designed for lighthouses and beacons by Mr. J. R. Wigham, the well-known gas engineer, is shown in our illustration. It acts on the regenerative principle—that is to say, the flame burns a gas which has been artificially heated by the warm products of combustion. In this way, the flame is not lowered in temperature, as it would be with cold gas, and the light is consequently more brilliant. Its brilliancy is further enhanced by enriching the gas with the vapour of solid naphthaline, which is placed in a copper holder, A, under the light. The flame, G, is of an ovoid or bulbous form, as shown in the engraving; and the products of combustion are led away by the chimney, B, which has a copper chamber, F, at its lower end. The gas going to the flame passes by the tubes, C D and E through this chamber, and is thereby heated before it absorbs the naphthaline in the chamber, A, on its route to the flame. In ordinary weather, the inventor proposes to employ 28 of these burners, but by means of a suitable arrangement of stop-cocks the number lit can be increased to 48, 68, 88, or 108 jets, according to the thickness of the atmosphere. It can be used with one kind of coal, Newcastle; the coke from the manufacture of the gas being utilised in heating the retorts.

Magnetic Divination.

Professors Rücker and Thorpe, in their magnetic survey of the South of England, discovered that the compass needle was attracted towards an axis or line running through South Wales and the Valley of the Thames to near Reading, and thence to Selsea Bill. This line, in fact, follows the geological axis of the Palæozoic rocks, which presumably contain iron or magnetic iron ore. A similar magnetic axis has now been found in France, passing by Fécamp, Elbœuf, Rambouillet, and Château-sur-Loire, which, if prolonged, would touch the English coast near Portsmouth. The rocks of this axis in France are calcareous and cretaceous, but Professor Rücker infers from the magnetic axis that under these sedimentary rocks the Palæozoic axis would be found uniting England to France across the Channel.

Cloud Pictures.

The beautiful photographs of clouds and the sky exhibited by A. W. Clayden, Fellow of the Meteorological Society, at the last *soirée* of the Royal Society, were obtained by first photographing the reflection of the object in a mirror of black glass, placed in front of the camera so that the plane of its surface made the polarising angle with the axis of the lens.

A Wash for Greenhouses.

The following wash is recommended for greenhouse exteriors as one that will not wash off with rain during a summer:—Take 1 oz. of glue, and soak it a day before melting it in a pot. Dissolve ¼ oz. of bichromate of potash (red alum) in water, and mix it with the glue and 1 lb. of ordinary whiting. Apply the wash in the usual way, stirring it constantly the while.

On the Use of Flowers.

Mrs. de Salis has, we believe, hitherto devoted her attention principally to cookery and the setting forth of dainty recipes. But dishes, be they never so cleverly contrived and daintily prepared, lack something if they are set upon a table that lacks or fails in decoration. So we welcome, and commend to the notice of all housekeepers, this author's "Floral Decorations *à la mode*" (Longmans). She does not by any means confine herself to table decorations, but she gives clever and practical hints for the right use of flowers, wherever and whenever they may be employed.

A Volume of Short Stories.

"The Hôtel d'Angleterre" is the title of a volume of short stories by the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has added to his "Pseudonym Library." We prefer the first story, from which the volume takes its title, but the other four are all good—especially the last, "Miss Awdrey at Home." Decidedly this is a book to include in one's holiday luggage.

A History of Boston.

Boston has been called "the Cradle of the Revolution," which separated the American Colonies from Great Britain, and resulted in the establishment of the United States. It would probably be more correct to speak of Westminster as the cradle, bearing in mind the folly of George III.'s ministers. But Boston was the stage on which was played out the first act in the tragedy. So it has good claims to be included in Messrs. Longman's series of "Historic Towns," where its story has been well told by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge. Englishmen might perhaps have felt inclined to doubt, on first thoughts, whether a city which was only founded in 1630 could be said to have a history, but our author has protected himself against criticism of that order by reminding us of the slender claims of our own oldest cities, when compared with the cities of Greece and Italy! And when he sets off London against the Temple of Bubastis, our lips are silenced and our pens stopped. Boston itself is venerable as a city compared with some of the cities of the Western States, and it has a splendid past and a glorious record to look back upon, all of which, in its gradual unfolding, is well presented by Mr. Lodge in the tasteful little volume before us.

A QUAKER GIRL.

By GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

HOLCROFT found that life had assumed a very different aspect for him since the afternoon. There was an unreality about most things; he did not seem to be himself. He had lost his head as well as his heart. Jiffkins appeared on the scene with a message from Farmer Gamble about more garbled accounts, and, as Jiffkins was the first link with the outer world since Holcroft's engagement, Jiffkins was taken into his service on the spot.

"But what are you going to do with him?" asked Dorothy.

Jiffkins twiddled his cap in his hands, and awaited Holcroft's reply with anxiety.

"There's a certain amount of greatness in Jiffkins which only wants developing," said Holcroft. "What would you like to be, Jiffkins?"

"If I bain't agoin' to be a butcher, I'd like to be a ostler," said Jiffkins; "but I'd ruther be a butcher and stick things."

Dorothy turned away in despair. "And this after all my teaching, Jiffkins?"

Jiffkins felt confused. "It bain't wuss stickin' pigs than a makin' factry baggonets," he pleaded; "but I'll be a ostler or a groom, Miss Dorothy, though I *should* like to stick a pig some day."

"You will have to be a groom," said Holcroft cheerily.

"What, with cord breeches, and ride that bay 'oss?" asked Jiffkins. He felt rather faint at all this grandeur.

First, corduroys patched with oil-cake advertisements, then the ordinary nether habiliments of civilisation, and now cords. Some great men's upward steps are marked by decorations—Jiffkins traced his career by the garments he shed along the track.

"Mind, Jiffkins, you are to be Mr. Holcroft's squire," said Dorothy. "Whenever you can serve him you must do so, for my sake. I want to know that you will do your best, and take care of the bay horse as well."

Jiffkins broke out in an eloquent speech. "I bain't agoin' to play no larks with that 'oss, I baint. And if Miss Dorothy says I'm to be a groom, why blow pig-sticking! says I"; and, with a sigh of regret, he for ever renounced the glorious possibilities open to the professional pig-slayer.

"Just take this note to Miss Holcroft," said Holcroft, "and ask her to send me up some things. I am going to stay here to-night."

Jiffkins departed, and the lovers remained under the shadows of the cedars, awaiting Jonathan's arrival.

"Now we must be practical," said Dorothy, after an hiatus caused by the incomprehensible way—incomprehensible, that is, to people who have never known the tender passion—lovers have of sitting in rapturous silence.

"I think we are very practical," said Holcroft, with a sigh of contentment. "It seems a pity to come out of dreamland for a little longer. I have so much to say that I scarcely know how to say it."

"We have so many things to consider," suggested Dorothy judicially.

"I suppose people will do their best to part us," said Holcroft, looking into her sweet, serious face.

"No," she said shyly, "you need never fear that. I have a duty to you as well as to others."

"Who is there to oppose our engagement?" asked Holcroft. "I don't care if every relative you have in the world tries to prevent my winning you."

"You mustn't be so hot-headed about it," said Dorothy. "You know you do take the most extraordinary likes and dislikes, and say the most awful things about people. Now, Mr. Jinks for instance. He is quite harmless, and yet if he looked at me you—you glared at him."

"Of course I glared. I wanted to annihilate him for his presumption."

"And yet," smiled Dorothy, "you looked at me a great deal yourself. I used to wonder what you could find in me to stare at."

"Never mind," said Holcroft, teasingly. "Here is someone coming down the garden. I do believe it is Jinks."

"It isn't Jinks," said Dorothy, relinquishing her lover's arm. "It is a stranger."

The stranger came down the garden path with long, slow steps. He was tall and sunburnt, with a flowing beard, and somewhat free-and-easy costume. Little could be seen of his face except beard. A big slouch hat hid most of his features. His movements conveyed the idea that he was looking for someone, but he seemed to be in no hurry. Dorothy's dress caught his eye. He moved slowly towards her. "I beg your pardon," he said, with a slight drawl, and without removing his hat; "but do you happen to know the whereabouts of old Jonathan Geddes?"

"My father is not in," said Dorothy rather stiffly.

"No offence, miss, no offence. I thought Friends didn't use the vain titles of this world, or I would have called him 'mister.'"

"You might use some of the vain politeness of this

world when addressing a lady," said Holcroft, indignantly. "Take off your hat. If I were not disabled I would do it for you."

"And who may you be, you one-legged grasshopper?" retorted the stranger, not at all overwhelmed by Holcroft's evident wrath.

Holcroft began to laugh. No one had ever called him a one-legged grasshopper before. The newcomer evidently was not quick to take offence.

"That's all right, stranger," said the new-comer. "Don't apologise. You don't know me and I don't know you, but that young lady there seems to take care of you pretty well."

This was too much for Holcroft. He hopped vigorously towards the new-comer, who caught him in a grasp of iron, and put him back on the bench beneath the tree.

"There, there!" he said, as if addressing a refractory infant. "Sit down and cool off a bit. Don't you know me, Dorothy?"

For the first time in her life Dorothy drew herself angrily up to her full height.

"It is unmanly and cruel of you to take advantage of a disabled man," she said indignantly. "Leave the place, sir!"

"Come a little nearer, Dorothy," said the newcomer, taking off his hat. "I didn't think a beard would make all this difference."

Dorothy came a step nearer in the fading light, and doubtfully scrutinised the new-comer.

"If you don't want me, Dorothy, I can go away again," the stranger said, huffily.

Dorothy sprang towards him, and threw her arms around his neck. Holcroft had the mortification of seeing this demonstrative stranger kissing his sweetheart in the most affectionate manner.

"And so, little Dorothy," said the new-comer, speaking in a very different tone, "I find you under the cedars with this gentleman in the twilight. How do you account for that?"

"I don't account for it at all," said Dorothy, in a tone of radiant happiness. "Horace"—she pronounced his name very shyly and sweetly—"Horace, this is my dear brother Gideon, come back to me from the world's end."

Gideon frankly held out his hand.

"I was playing a part," he said. "I wanted to know if Dorothy would recognise me, but I can see that she is much better occupied than in thinking of me now."

Holcroft cordially responded.

"We want a big brother to help us," he said. "Let us smoke the calumet of peace."

"My white brother has spoken," said the other, *à la* Fenimore Cooper. And they all went into the house to await Jonathan's arrival.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

JONATHAN came in looking rather worried with City cares. He was very pleased to see Holcroft, although he had not the remotest idea of the understanding which had come about between Dorothy and her lover. He folded Gideon in his arms with the air of one whose son had been mysteriously restored to him again. The effect was rather comical, as Gideon stood a head and shoulders taller than the author of his being. Jonathan didn't ask any questions as to the doings of his erratic offspring. He simply accepted with devout thankfulness the fact that the wanderer had returned. What was to be done with him wasn't quite so clear. As for Mrs. Geddes, she hung round the stalwart Gideon, heaped his plate with delicacies, and almost overlooked Dorothy altogether.

"Have you ever thought of what is to become of Dorothy some day?" suddenly asked Miss Melmerby, when he had finished his supper.

"The Lord will provide," said Jonathan, placidly.

"That is all very well," said Miss Melmerby. "I don't want to be profane, but I think there is a great deal too much of that kind of spirit about. Now, what would you say if Mr. Holcroft took an interest in the subject?"

"I should say that it was very kind of him. Isn't it rather a pity to discuss family matters before Mr. Holcroft?"

"No," said the old lady shortly; "I don't think it is, seeing that he wishes to become one of the family."

She leaned back, with a triumphant wave of her knitting. Jonathan was almost angry.

"Do not make such jokes," he began, when Dorothy came to his chair and flung her arms round his neck.

Jonathan drew her fondly to his breast. He was very pale.

"What is all this?" he asked.

"It means," said Holcroft, hopping forward, "I have asked Dorothy to be my wife, and that we wish to gain your consent to our engagement."

Jonathan looked very stern.

"Mr. Holcroft, I did not expect this from you."

Holcroft was not quite prepared for this.

"I think you had better leave us, Dorothy," he said.

And Dorothy went away, feeling for the first time in her life that there was dissension between the two persons she loved best in the world.

"I do not think that my daughter would be happy with you after the first halo of romance had disappeared from your love," continued Jonathan. "Once a Quaker always a Quaker."

"I don't see how that can be," said Miss Melmerby. "I was a Quaker once, and look at me now."

Jonathan disregards the interruption. He is a simple, kindly-hearted man, but where Dorothy is concerned he is adamant. If it will be for Dorothy's ultimate happiness to marry Holcroft she shall do so, but she shall only do it on conditions which, humanly speaking, can make that happiness possible. He will not have it said that his daughter has married a man whose sole mission in life is to destroy his fellow-creatures, or who makes weapons for others to do so.

Holcroft joined Dorothy and the two passed out into the garden. She was sobbing softly, for she had heard all that had passed. Dorothy was one of the few girls who could cry picturesquely. Her nose did not become red. Her lovely eyes were softer and sweeter than ever, and their drooping lids were not at all inflamed. She looked so piteously loveable in her distress that Holcroft hobbled up and took her in his arms.

Dorothy nestled closely to him, and they were happy. Only the voices of the night broke the stillness. The fever and the fret of the busy day were over. The solemn cedars cast their black shadows athwart the grass. An owl emerged from his haunts, flew noiselessly over the lawn, and disappeared in the distance. The moonlight silvered the tall poplars by the gate, and their multitudinous leaves seemed to voice forth to them the loves of all the happy men and maidens who had lingered there since the days of Dorothy's great-grandfather. Unutterable peace filled the air. Dorothy sat down on the rustic seat at the foot of one of the trees. Suddenly, Holcroft knelt beside her. "Kneel, child, kneel," he said softly.

There was a man who died recently — a man greatly beloved. The grandest thing he ever wrote was the "Patrician's Daughter," and the most eloquent passage in that work contains a truth which will last as long as mankind:—

> "O, it is great, and wise, and good to love!
> To feel we live in all things, and that they
> Live by us, and not we by them: to be
> The pulse to our own Universe."

———

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

WHEN Gideon Geddes left the room, his next step was apparently undecided. He stood meditatively watching the cedars, and solemnly shook his head at the dark outlined masses of rooks' nests showing clearly out from the sweeping spread of the boughs. It was all very strange to him—strange, with a pathetic novelty born of absence and sorrow. He had been a boy when he quitted the place three years ago. Now he was a man, strong, stern, self-reliant. There was little chance of his former friends and associates recognising the slimly-built Gideon Geddes in the heavily bearded, broad-shouldered man who stood with his hands in his pockets considering himself somewhat cynically—a trifle mournfully, it might be. We have all been through it. That inevitable plunge into the world has to be made by every one of us sooner or later. We half long for, half dread it. By and by we return to the parent nest. It does not seem nearly so large as formerly. There is something wanting in it—or ourselves. It has become smaller, or we have increased in stature? Which is it? Perhaps a little of both. His eye, accustomed to the vast sweep of South African plains, felt cramped at the wall which divided the paternal acre from the brickfield. He strolled slowly across, and a spirit in his feet led him to the top of the wall. Once on the top of the wall, habit reasserted itself. He produced a pipe, lit it, and looked meditatively down the road leading towards Bettenham.

"It is a very curious thing," he said, addressing the Bettenham Road, after the manner of the sentimental hero in a modern comedy—"it is a very curious thing that a man should go about all over the world trying to smother a certain sensation: that he should so smother—scotch—kill—strangle—choke the wretched feeling, and then come back to find—— What is the use of finding anything about it? Let it go. Why did that fellow bring out his wretched bits from Browning that night in camp and read us 'Evelyn Hope'? I wonder if there is any truth in it.

> "'For God above
> Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
> And creates the love to reward the love.'"

He continued to smoke, but tobacco had lost its power to soothe. "Pity I haven't a buckjumper here," soliloquised Gideon after ten minutes' quietude. "A confirmed buckjumper would come as a boon. He might buck some of the nonsense out of me." There wasn't a buckjumper anywhere about, and Gideon continued restless. "After all," he said deprecatingly to the moon—"after all, what is sovereignty alone? Is it comforting? No. Is it profitable? No. Will it not vanish in a little while, and my kingly robe become as the garb of other men? Go to, thou silvered orb, thou ministering spirit of calf-like lovers. There is more virtue in one ounce of Cavendish than in all thy poetic charms. Verily, I will come down into the road, and—experiment."

He went through a long field of rhubarb. The broad leaves looked glossy and picturesque in the moonlight. A bright-eyed toad perched gravely on one, and fell down on the path with a dull thud. Bettenham clock struck ten in the distance.

He came to a little bridge without so much as casting a glance at the water beneath—that tiny flood in which he had so often captured the wily stickleback, nest and all, and borne away the spoil in a pickle-jar.

Presently, Gideon crossed the field beyond the bridge, without looking to the right or to the left. It was as if someone were leading him towards the great hedge at its other extremity. This hedge was composed of thickly-planted yews. To a casual passer-by the yews appeared to be impenetrable. Gideon knew better. With a curious look on his face, as of someone doing a childish trick of years ago, he put forth his hand, grasped a bough, pulled it on one side, and disclosed a passage winding in and out of the hedge, and leading to a lawn on the other side. He began to hum cynically—

> "'I arise from dreams of thee
> In the first faint hush of night.'"

But his voice startled him, and he dived into the tunnel, and emerged on the other side, carefully keeping in the shadow of the hedge.

He picked up a handful of pebbles, and drew near to the stuccoed back of the Lockwood mansion. "If I throw these stones up at the window what will

happen?" he said. "Will Bella's ghost come down to meet my ghost? Will it cross the Styx of the dismal years, and shall we, cold shades, meet again in a phantom world? It is a gruesome experiment, but I will try it. I wonder what a ghost's hand is like?"

He threw a handful of gravel at one of the windows in which a light was burning, and stood back in the shadow of a little summer-house where he had been accustomed to meet Bella in the old days.

"It begins to be real," he said in an awestruck whisper. "See, her light has gone out. Why—why did I come here? It is indeed a ghost which has answered my summons."

Something came gliding noiselessly along the gravel walk, with solemn, stately motion. This something was all in loose, flowing robes of white. Long hair floated down the phantom's back, and the moonlight shone upon a white face and great yearning eyes lustrous with unshed tears. "I cannot stand it," said Gideon, dismayed at the spirit he had raised. "This is altogether too unreal. Bella never looked like that before I went away. Perhaps—perhaps it is the moonlight."

But as the figure approached he saw that it was Bella, clad in a long white wrapper which hid her feet as she moved, and accounted for the gliding motion so unearthly to his perturbed vision. Bella was very pale, but the moonlight had lovingly idealised her: she was beautiful.

She came forward to the summer-house, and looked hopelessly around. Gideon was safe in the shadows, and she did not see him. "Perhaps it was his ghost," she said with a little sob, sinking into a chair. "I have heard that when people die in far-off lands they come back for a moment to the scene they loved best on earth. But why should Gideon come back? He has forgotten me long ago—long ago! And so that beautiful girl is his sister. I wish I had made friends with her. She would perhaps have helped me. Ah, as if anyone could do that!"

There was a tone of hopeless sadness, of bitter regret, in her voice. She sat looking straight before her, not seeing anything.

"And if Gideon came back," she said, still staring into vacancy, "he would hear that I am a flirt—the gayest of the gay. Some girls would get thin and pine away, but I am too healthy. My appetite is much too vigorous for anything of that kind." She gave a forlorn little laugh. "What is the good of it all?" she said. "If Gideon came back I could not marry him. He must long ago have forgotten all about me. When people are parted like that, it is always the girl who suffers in silence. She goes out to all apearances the same, and the man forgets her. By and by, if he is still alive, Gideon will come back, and we shall meet, in a casual kind of way, and joke about the old days. It seems to me," she declared, in the same hopeless kind of tone, "that money causes more sorrow than anything else in the whole world. We must dress and keep up appearances, and spend more than we can afford; and so it goes on to the end of the chapter. I wonder if Gideon came back, and asked me to share a settler's hut with him, whether I should do it. There wouldn't be a carpet, and I should have to cook his dinners. He would see what a useless, frivolous creature I am. If he would come back to me to-night, I wonder what would happen. I think I would say 'Yes.'"

A little parcel fell on the table at her elbow. It was of soft skin, and fell so lightly that she did not hear it. Her elbow touched it presently, and she gave a cry. It was hard, and hurt her. What could it be?

"I think I am losing my senses," she said. "That is the second time to-night I have fancied things. I had better go to bed."

She picked up the little parcel and untied it. It contained half-a-dozen hard, shining diamonds. They were magnificent, but she glanced at them for a moment and turned away.

"What good are they to me—now?"

Someone stood before her in the moonlight. A tall, bearded stranger, who spoke in rather a husky voice.

"Miss Lockwood?"

Bella was not alarmed. She began to understand that she had not been dreaming. This tall, bearded stranger was not Gideon. Perhaps he had a message for her.

"It's rather unusual in this old country of yours," said the stranger, "to heave little rocks at young ladies' windows; but I had a message to deliver, and I guessed that was the best way to do it."

The nasal intonation came upon her with a sharp shock of disappointment. Perhaps it was some friend of Gideon's. He could not have found his way to the summer-house without instructions.

"With your permission," said the stranger, "I'll just sit down in this little alcove. I have a few words to say to you before I make tracks."

Bella motioned him to sit down. He did so very deliberately. She stood by the entrance until he declined to commence his story. Then she took a chair and awaited events.

"If I may make so free," said the stranger, "you have a mamma?"

"Yes."

"I guess Gideon didn't love her. She told him some mighty tall yarns, which sent him slick out to Kimberley, and I met him at the mines."

"I did not know—I did not know," said the girl. "How could she?"

"She could, and she did," said the stranger dryly, keeping well in the shadow. "She told him he was a miserable fortune-hunter, and that you wanted her to let him know you thought so too. And he just got mad. Pretty considerable mad too. Sometimes he gets mad about it now, though it's a pretty long time ago. He couldn't get over it; he was that kind of tender-foot. She took all the snap out of him. But he went to work and grubbed away and made money. He made money."

"Did he?" said Bella listlessly. A vague feeling of coming misfortune overwhelmed her. She thought she saw what all this was leading up to.

"AS THE FIGURE APPROACHED HE SAW THAT IT WAS BELLA" (*p.* 580).

"You don't seem to care about that," said the stranger. "In my country we think a heap of a man who makes a pile."

"Yes, yes," said Bella, feverishly. Would this horrid man never come to the point?

"And then when he had made money he seemed to lose all grip on life. He almost petered out, so to speak."

A low moan came from the girl's lips.

"Don't be scared," said the stranger; "people get like that away from home. It's rather a rough sort of thing to say; but, remember, he believed what your mother said about you, and I have to deliver my message. He seemed to think, if anything should happen to him, you might like to have a few stones, just as a keepsake; so he picked out half a dozen of the biggest, and——"

The girl interrupted him with a passionate cry—

"Never, never! I will not believe it! Weak, vain, giddy, foolish, I may have been, but mercenary—ah, no! Was it not enough that he should believe I sent him to his death? Ah, yes; don't speak—don't lie to me. I know he is dead. You have been trying to break it to me. These wretched stones are the things for which he bartered his life, and he sent them to me, believing in his last moments that I—that I only cared for money and position."

She dashed the bag to a corner of the summer-house, and buried her face in her hands. Presently she looked up.

"Now tell me the worst."

The stranger deliberately picked up the bag and put it on the table.

"They took a long time to get," he said.

"Keep them," said Bella brokenly. "I would not touch them to save my life."

"But," said the stranger, losing somewhat of his deliberate drawl; "supposing he had done you a great injustice. He ought never to have believed your mother."

Almost a smile flitted across Bella's features.

"Poor boy," she said mournfully, "he was too young to doubt a woman. And he loved my mother for my sake."

"A young man will sometimes take a big contract," said the stranger, "but he can't always carry it out."

Bella dreaded to hear him put into words what had happened to Gideon. It was becoming late. The Bettenham clock struck eleven.

"There is only one point more," said the stranger, rising, "and then I will not detain you any longer. You want to know what became of Gideon?"

"I—I do not think I can bear any more to-night," said the girl brokenly. "You have been very good to me, and I thank you. You must have loved Gideon, or you would never have come all this way to tell me of his death."

"There is only one person in the world I am fonder of," said the stranger, giving a dexterous twist to his flowing beard, and presenting a smooth, unruffled, but bronzed countenance to her astonished gaze, "and that is—yourself."

But Bella had fainted in dead earnest.

Presently she came to again. The first words she said were—

"Gideon Geddes, you deserve to be shot for your cruelty!"

She put her hand upon his coat-sleeve.

"It is really you, Gideon?" she said, so softly that he could scarcely hear her.

The strong man was abashed before her. He took her hand.

"Dear, I went away feeling very bitter, and, Heaven forgive me, I doubted you. To-night I doubted you still—for a little while only. Do you forgive me for my brutality?"

"Have you not forgiven me much?"

"That isn't any excuse. And I shall soon come to demand your hand in state."

"You are not afraid of mamma?"

He smiled.

"Show her these, dearest" (taking up the diamonds), "and they will perhaps tame her. It is you I am afraid of."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you. Love makes strong men humble, brave men cowards. If I had found you false to me, I should have gone away again to the mines. I seem to have lived through a life-time since we last met."

He was busily engaged putting on his false beard.

"I must discard it to-morrow morning, and they will fancy I have shaved. A sober Quaker has no business masquerading about in such guise."

They reached the yew-tree hedge.

"By the way," he asked, "how is it I found the passage in just the same condition as when I left? The bough does not seem to have grown at all."

"I clipped it," admitted Bella, "so that—so that, if you did come back to me, it might be a welcome."

"And I never guessed! But no—how could I? Bella, your mother has much to answer for."

He was about to dive into the sepulchral recesses of the hedge. She stopped him.

"You must please promise me to forgive her."

His face hardened. She pleaded softly and gently.

"Gideon, God has been very good to us. He has preserved you from all perils by sea and by land, and brought you back to me."

It was a new Bella who spoke—a Bella so devoutly thankful to Heaven for bringing him back that he could refuse her nothing.

"It shall be as you wish," he said.

And she returned to the house with a happy smile on her lips.

Gideon, as he returned, found the toad sitting on the same leaf.

"My friend," he remarked, "you remind me of another quotation—something about 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'" And he continued his way.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

BETTENHAM was not a prepossessing place. There was a general suggestiveness of beer and tobacco about it, although a few of the cottages had gay little gardens wherein stately white lilies and gorgeous hollyhocks and sunflowers reared their heads. But gardening did not greatly appeal to the sensibilities or tastes of the factory hands. They generally had a grievance which required all their spare time to discuss at the "Goat and Compasses." The landlord of the "Goat and Compasses" (familiarly known as "Billy," in allusion to the goat) was an autocrat who took their money when they had any and got them under his thumb when they lacked cash. At the present moment, they had plenty of money, and Billy was "hail fellow, well met," with them all. In a few days, if the rumour were true that one-third of the hands would be dismissed, Billy would become haughty, and hang up a board in the bar on which was written in bold characters—

"No tick or trust,
But down with your dust.

Then would come the period of loafing about against walls, with hands in pockets, and the Bettenham pawnbrokers would do a roaring trade.

There was a select room on the first floor of the "Goat" which was only used on important occasions. such as Strikes, or when the friendly societies congregated together. In the dusk of the evening after Gideon Geddes' return to his ancestral halls there was a noisy crowd of workmen in the bar. Presently one man slipped away up the staircase, then another, then a third. This went on until eight or nine men were congregated in the room referred to.

"I move as Courrian takes the chair," said a beetle-browed individual, reclining at the lower end of the table in all the graceful and unfettered ease of shirt-sleeves.

Courrian made a deprecatory movement with his slim brown fingers. He wore a fez, and it was easy to see that Armenia once boasted of having him as a citizen. His features lacked the delicacy of the true Turk; they were sensual, full; and his lips were as thick as a negro's. His little brown eyes twinkled with gratified cunning as he moved up to the head of the table.

How he came to Bettenham no one knew. He had once received a sound thrashing from Holcroft for annoying one of the factory girls. He was very

anxious to repay that thrashing, and as there was no way of doctoring Holcroft's coffee, *à la Turque*, he stirred up disaffection among the workpeople.

To-night, he was in his element. He did not drink much himself, but took care to prime the others. Joe Peters, the man who had spoken, looked at Courrian enthusiastically. "He 'minds me of a Persian cat, mates," he said admiringly, "a-waiting for a sparrer, and a-making believe he doesn't see it. Just look how he's blinking all round at us. He's certain to get our throats stretched some day."

"If he does, I'll be bound his own shall stretch with 'em," said a short, bull-necked man, who had been silently drinking huge draughts of beer.

"Drink your beer, English fathead," purred Courrian. "The good Jim Ismidt (Smith) will make a beautiful speech—too good for you, Giaour Giupek (infidel dog)."

Joe Peters growled, but went on drinking his beer. "When in doubt, drink beer," appeared to be his motto.

"I ain't no orator," said Smith, rising to his feet, with a conscious smile; "but I've got a few things to say, and I means to say 'em. We've had about enough of this discharging business. It's a crying shame. A man works hard, and saves a little money when he is in full work, or p'raps he sprees it—like as not. All of a sudden, down comes an order from the Government, knocking off half of us, and taking the bread out of our mouths."

"Wot's the use of talking stuff like that," said Joe Peters. "You ain't no common-sense—not a mossle. Government uses us when it wants us; when it don't it chucks us out. Let's have some more beer."

Courrian rose to his feet. "My friends, in my country, when one man the other oppresses, the oppressed one to him comes: 'Saviour of the poor, may my liver be as water until I find favour in thy sight. Lo, thy slave has brought thee a peace-offering—a basket of peaches from the Sultan's garden. There are no such peaches in the universe.' And to him the oppressor says, 'Dog, thou wouldst betray me.' 'Lord of the universe, and brother of the moon, thy servant will eat one in thy sight.' 'Eat, and if it is good there shall be peace between us.' The oppressor takes one peach and hands it to the oppressed one. The oppressed one slips it up his sleeve, and puts another in its place. Then does the oppressor's mouth water with longing for the peach, and he eats, and—and—he sups with Shaitan (the Evil One). But you cannot to the Government give peaches; the Government would not them get if you did. We must give peaches to its officers in another way."

The speaker had told his villainous story. Who would be the catspaw for his infamous suggestion?

"The murdering scoundrel with his peaches," growled Joe Peters. "Let's duck him in the horse-pond."

Courrian scowled vindictively. "No, the brave Peters will not me duck in the horse-pond," he said, in soft, silky tones. "He will never the water go near, for fear he might it drink."

This hit at the aversion of Joe Peters to cold water for any purpose whatever, raised a laugh. Under cover of this laugh, Courrian spoke again.

"My friends," said Courrian affectionately. "If you the papers listen to, you will remember how one Czar was killed. A bomb fall and burst himself, and kill the Czar. But we could make a bomb which shall not kill, but which shall make a smell—oh, such a smell! And we will throw it at night against the house of this Holcroft Pasha. He will be frightened very much. Since he has tumble, he has fall off his horse, it has made him of nerves. He will sit down to think, and he will say to his Government, 'It is no use. If you send the men off, I go off; I cannot stay; they will me kill.' Isn't that better than the peaches, the blowing to bits? The stupid *zaptiehs* (what you the police call) will not find out for one thousand years. What then will it matter? We shall all be with the Prophet. What say you to this, my brave Peters? Is it not what you call slap-bang?"

One by one, the men went out with a mysterious affectation of having committed themselves to all kinds of daring deeds which would make the Government tremble. The working-man was a power in the land, and it was time that people realised the fact.

Courrian remained to the last, watching their departure with half-closed eyes. His stereotyped grin remained on his repulsive mouth until the last conspirator disappeared down the creaking stair. An expression of diabolical joy overspread his features. "It is nearly time that I go back to my own," he murmured. "Nearly time, but not quite. First, I will my little bomb make, and then this idiot, this Joe Peters, or some other *ashek* (donkey), shall throw it; or if not, I will myself it throw. But—but it shall not be harmless. Ah, no!"

"Come out of that," said Billy, "or I shall have the police down on me. It's closing time."

And Courrian came out into the darkness—a darkness which was as light when compared with the fiendish hate and malice in his heart.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

"FARMER GAMBLE'S dooty, Miss, and he be mortal bad," said Jiffkins.

"Is he really very ill, Jiffkins?" asked Dorothy, as she came down the walk. Dorothy had her own anxieties just then, but they did not make her unmindful of other people's woes.

Jinks opened Farmer Gamble's door. He put his fingers on his lips. "Ah, Miss Dorothy, is that you?"

"Yes, Mr. Jinks. I understood Farmer Gamble wished to see me."

"Ah, yes," said Jinks. "As Miss Lapp says, I fear he is about to embark on the rudderless chaos of the Unknown. You are well, and—happy?"

He said this in a subdued tone, as if he were not particularly joyful himself.

"Thank you, yes."

"Ah, well; rumours have reached me—I have heard that—that you contemplate taking a step which will unite you to the ideal of your dreams?"

"Did Miss Lapp also say that?" asked Dorothy, rather annoyed that her affairs should thus become public property.

"She did," sighed Jinks. "She expressed a wish that you might be happy, but she doubted it. She thought *he* had a temper and that *you* would never bend beneath the yoke."

"It is very kind of her. She doesn't seem to have forgiven me for explaining about the stove."

"WITH ANOTHER FRIGID BOW TO DOROTHY, SHE SAILED OFF ON JINKS'S ARM" (*p.* 586).

"Ah, yes. She recognises the finger of Providence in that stove. She says that the apparent repulsion of certain bodies generally ends in their closer affinity. Selina has a great mind."

"Really, Mr. Jinks, I am shocked at your speaking of Miss Lapp so familiarly."

"Is it possible that you have not heard? I am a—a probationer."

"A—a what, Mr. Jinks?"

"If you will excuse my detaining you one minute whilst Farmer Gamble is getting ready to see you, I will explain."

Dorothy sat down.

"Selina has explained to me that it is a mistake to suppose the man should take the initiative in affairs of the heart. Owing to an absurd prejudice of the public against unmarried lecturesses, she feels she must marry, and that I have been selected by the hand of Fate as the individual who——"

"Who is to marry her?"

"Yes."

"It is very kind of you," said Dorothy, repressing a smile. "Do you think Farmer Gamble can see me now?"

"In one moment. Selina thinks I have a temper. She proposes to test me. It would never do for both of us to have tempers. If at the end of a year I have subdued my 'savage wrath,' as she calls it, we are to—to wed. Sometimes, I wake up in the night and do not think I shall live a year."

"Mr. Jinks, you shock me. You are doing this of your own free will?"

"I miscalculated my powers of endurance. Listen."

He produced a little diary from his pocket: "Monday, twenty-five miles; Tuesday, thirty-two miles; Wednesday (I had to see a patient at Bettenham, and she waited outside for me), nineteen miles; Thursday, thirty-four miles (that was the day I fainted from fatigue, and she revived me with pain-killer—a peculiarly scorching compound when taken internally); Friday, twenty-four miles; Saturday was the hardest of all—twenty-nine miles through the rain, and only one Abernethy biscuit and what she called 'cresses from the brook'; the brook was a pond—we found a decayed kitten in it."

Dorothy was shocked. "Mr. Jinks, it is very wrong indeed of you to talk in this way. If you don't love Miss Lapp, why marry her?"

"I am naturally courageous," said Jinks, "but I—I am not a Gordon. The one man of the nineteenth century who could have argued with Selina is gone, and now I also shall be offered up. Stanley perhaps might have done something with her—made her Queen of the Pigmies, perhaps—only he is married, or—or Bismarck. But they have their own affairs to attend to."

Dorothy was shocked. "Mr Jinks, I hope for your own sake this levity is assumed. Be a man. Remember it is a very solemn thing to marry."

"That is just the awful part of it. Some fellows don't have chances; Providence works off its odds and ends on them."

"Providence shapes our ends," said Dorothy. The miserable, shrinking little man seemed so different from Holcroft. But he was evidently unhappy. "If I have caused you any grief, believe me I am very sorry," she said. "You have overtired yourself, and have been doing too much. Try to see all the good in Miss Lapp. You have a year before you in which to find out if you are suited to each other. Then, if you have made a mistake, tell her so. No true woman really cares to marry a man who does not love her. Love is the greatest thing of all. It means faith, hope, charity, our duty towards God, our neighbour, and ourselves. Don't think, please don't think, I am preaching at you. I really am not. Only, I am sorry for you because you are unhappy; and God means us all to be happy if we could only see that happiness does not consist in self."

Jinks began to feel better. "You almost restore my self-respect," he said.

Jiffkins came in to announce that Farmer Gamble was ready to see Dorothy.

"I think I had better be going," said Jinks, nervously. "Selina is at the corner waiting for me, and I have already discovered that Selina does not care to be kept waiting. I—I—what do you think of a little firmness with Selina, Miss Dorothy?"

"I am really afraid that I cannot advise you," said Dorothy. "You see, I think it is always better to begin as you mean to go on. If you were to be firm now, perhaps it might answer. Don't you think you could be firm?"

"I—I have attempted it once or twice, but there was a coldness in Selina's eye which discouraged me. It contained so much concentrated expression—a kind of very essence, as it were, of expression—that my knees gave way. A man cannot be firm when his knees wabble. It is impossible. I think I hear her step. Perhaps it would be better for me to meet her. She (if one may be permitted to speak of so gifted a woman as being subject to human frailties) is jealous of you, Miss Dorothy. She wanted to know, when I was admitted as a probationer, whether I had 'worshipped at other shrines.' That was the expression, I think. Candour compelled me to admit that I had —well—fluttered a little; and she hinted to me that it —ah!—would be as well for me not to flutter any more when she happened to be in the vicinity. Science does not admit of such irregularities as flutterings. Let us shake hands and forget the past."

"Certainly, Mr. Jinks."

"I really think," said Jinks, beginning to recover his spirits, "that she is a very remarkable woman. Not a woman to joke about, Miss Dorothy?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet, when I broke the news to Dr. Evans, he said I ought not to complain of those long walks we went together, as there was only one lap to the mile in them. I think it is very bad form for professional men to make such low jokes. He goes about asking people why I ought to be of northern extraction, and, without waiting for an answer, says it is because I am such a Lap-lander. Selina will publicly reprove him if he does it again."

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Jinks started in terror.

"It is Selina's knock!" he gasped. "What shall I do?"

"Do?" echoed Dorothy in bewilderment. "What should you do? Open the door for her."

"No, no," implored Jinks. "You—you don't know what it means to open the door to a strong-minded woman like Selina. I dare not."

"Then I will," said Dorothy. "Why shouldn't I?"

Dorothy opened the door and admitted Miss Lapp, who bowed to her with distant severity. Then she marched up to Jinks and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Come," she said, with withering scorn. "Archibald, come."

"Certainly, my love," said Jinks, "I am coming at once. I have quite done with my patient."

"Fortunately for him," said Miss Lapp. "Archibald"—with repressed emotion—"Archibald, I could never have believed this of you!"

"I—I think I had better explain to you outside, my dear," said Jinks, deprecatingly. "I have already detained Miss Geddes some time."

"Exactly half an hour by my repeater," said Miss Lapp, consulting her watch. It was not a feminine watch, but a solid, respectable one, warranted to keep regular hours.

"I am sorry," said Jinks, taking his hat, "but don't you think we had better go? The poor man in the next room is very ill."

"Seeing that you are attending him, Archibald, the statement is unnecessary," observed Miss Lapp coldly. "I have been much pained to hear recently of two inquests in which you have played a prominent part. Do not harrow my feelings with a third."

"But really, you know, this is most irregular," feebly protested Jinks.

"Kindly give me your arm, Archibald," said Miss Lapp. "There is that horrid foreign workman of Mr. Holcroft's lurking about. He walked all the way behind me from the village, and even had the impudence to address me. He said I was a 'camel-eyed houri,' which, in the hyperbolical language of the East, is, I believe, considered a great compliment. Still, he rather frightened me, and when *you* are with me he will not dare to be impudent."

"Yes," said Jinks, brightening up. "He knows he might be ill some day, and it wouldn't be safe. Let him dare to call you a diabolical——"

"Hyperbolical, Archibald," said Miss Lapp, and, with another frigid bow to Dorothy, she sailed off on Jinks's arm, rather conveying the idea that the clinging ivy ought to support the rugged oak.

The rosy-cheeked maid entered to announce that Farmer Gamble was becoming impatient, and Dorothy followed her into the sick-room.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

FARMER GAMBLE was propped up in bed, his once rosy old winter-apple-like cheeks thin and waxen. Approaching death had added just that touch of refinement necessary to complete the beauty of his grand head.

Dorothy stood a moment at the open door.

"It's main kind of you to come and see the last of me, Miss Dorothy," said the old man in faint yet clear tones. "I've got out of that there Jinks I bain't long for this world, I bain't."

"I am sure he has been very kind," said Dorothy, taking the large hand in hers, and sitting beside the old man.

"Ye-s; oh, he be a kind little man, he be," repeated Farmer Gamble; "he be kind, but I'm just wore out—that's all. Wore out."

"You see," continued Farmer Gamble, "when the missus died I were a regler old hunks—a regler old hunks I were. All alone I were, 'cept Jiffkins. And then I got to know you. And you was so pretty-spoken and sweet I bought them wasteful pigeons to please you, and never let on the sight of damage they did to the roof and the peas they eat. For all their pretty white feathers, they're the greediest, stupidest lot of birds I ever see. I put up with them for your sake, but it were tryin', it were."

"You really must not talk so much," said Dorothy. "I want to read something comforting to you."

Farmer Gamble smiled.

"Of course, Missie, I've left d'reckshuns them pigeons is to have as many peas as they wants. I found one of 'em only the other day a-sitting on a big chalk egg fower times as big as its own, and lettin' the hens peck its stupid life out of it. If I'd a put a ostrich's egg in the nest, 'twould ha' been the same thing."

"But you really must not trouble yourselt about these things now," said Dorothy, in a distressed voice. "I want you to realise what—what is about to happen."

"There's no reason why I shouldn't try to hurry up things a bit," said the old man. "I had that lawyer chap over from Bettenham, but he mixed me up with his long words—they sounded jess like a grass-cutter on a stony road. There's a little summat for Jiffkins, to make a decent farmer of him some day, and there's the rest for you, my pretty. It bain't as much as I could ha' wished, but it's a tidy sum."

"It is very good of you," said Dorothy. "You have always been good to me."

"I wanted to let you know," said Farmer Gamble, "seein' as you are goin' to marry that masterful man—oh, he be a main powerful man, he be!—that he's got to take uncommon good care of himself for some time to come. Now don't be skeart, my pretty, but he's in danger."

Dorothy turned pale. Holcroft in danger!

"Jiffkins goes over to the factory every day, or most every day, 'bout one thing and another, and he struck up acquaintance with a boy at the 'Goat and Compasses.' They got it into their heads there was a Freemason meeting of workmen going on at the 'Goat,' and they went back and hid themselves in the loft over it, boy-like, to find out what was going on. There was a crack in the rough floor, and they could see down into the room and hear all that was said. It wasn't no Freemasons at all, but a set of murderin' rascals, with a foreign villain at the head of the table. He had a kind of little red cap on his head, and eyes for all the world like a ferret's, so Jiffkins says. And he couldn't quite make out what it was all about; but some was for blowing up the master, and some was for frightenin' him, and one man he wouldn't have nothin' to do with it, he wouldn't. But the man in the red cap he pulls out a pistol, and made the man who didn't want to have nothing to do with it sit down again, he did. It ended by their planning to make up what they called a bomb, and throw it at Mr. Holcroft some time jess to frighten him into doing all they wanted. Then all the others went out; but Jiffkins he heard the red-cap man a-talking to himself, and he says he was a-meaning mischief, he was. So Jiffkins he comes and tells me all about it, 'cause he didn't want to frighten the master, and I've loaned him the old shot-gun. Jiffkins he loaded her with buckshot and buttons, and he's on guard over the house every night. If that there foreigner turns up, and Jiffkins suspicions he bain't after no good, there will be a fight. I'm main sorry I can't see the fun," said Farmer Gamble regretfully. "I've heard of that chap afore, and he's a regler bad un if there ever was one."

"Hush," said Dorothy, putting her finger on his lips. "It is very good of you to take such an interest in Mr. Holcroft, but it would have been wiser to have told him all about it. Jiffkins means well, but he may murder that man."

Poor Dorothy was very much bewildered. Ought she not to see Holcroft at once, and warn him of his danger? But this old man who had loved her was sinking fast. She could not let him pass into the Silent Land without soothing his last moments.

The old man dozed off presently, still holding Dorothy's hand. As she sat there, a feeling of awe gradually stole over Dorothy. The ticking of the eight-day clock in one corner of the room became oppressive. It was as if it were counting the seconds of the old man's life which had yet to run. Dorothy tried to pray, but as she sat there all words forsook her. She slipped from the chair to her knees, still

holding Farmer Gamble's hand. Presently he woke, and "babbled of green fields." With every second that passed, Dorothy felt something approaching which she had never seen or realised before. Her hand involuntarily tightened round Farmer Gamble's withered fingers. The dying man seemed to understand.

"Don't be frightened, Missie," he whispered, faintly. "He be a long time a-coming. "Maybe, when He sees you here, He'll do it quickly. I always were a stubborn chap to give in, and I always were a——"

He broke off.

That awful Something was coming nearer—nearer yet.

"He's a-coming, my pretty," gasped the poor old man. "He's a-coming! Won't you say a—prayer?"

And Dorothy's trembling voice rose up to meet that grim presence on the threshold.

"I hear his footstep on the stair," whispered the old man. "He be a-coming! Coming!—hold my —hand. No—no! He may take you too. Look up. He's nearer—nearer——"

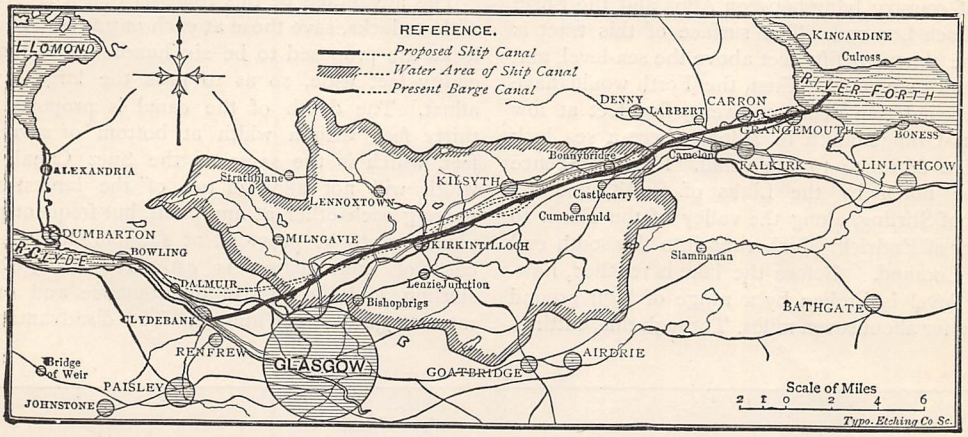
Suddenly he looked up, and half-raised himself from the bed.

"I thought it were Death a coming—up the stair. Death, Death, Death! And it's—it's my wife—her face a-shining, and flowers in—her hands! Cicely—Cicely!"

He stretched out his hands, a smile upon his lips, and in another moment Dorothy was alone.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE PROPOSED SCOTCH WATER-WAY (FORTH AND CLYDE SHIP-CANAL).



THE idea of making a separate island of Scotland seems a curious one, yet it is involved in the project, which is now being discussed, of constructing a deep water-way available for vessels of the largest size from the Forth to the Clyde, so as to unite the waters of the North Sea and the Atlantic. Of course everybody knows that there are already two canals across Scotland—one from the Forth to the Clyde, and the other from Inverness to Fort William. But these are useful for small vessels only, and are not of great assistance to commerce. The present Forth and Clyde Canal, which was designed by Smeaton, was constructed just one hundred years ago—or, rather, it was completed just about a hundred years ago, after some twenty years' labour. It is some thirty-nine miles long, but its depth is only ten feet, and its width only fifty-six feet, so that it is of no use for sea-going vessels, except those of the smallest class.

The project which is being discussed among engineers, by the Chambers of Commerce, and by the shipping world, and which has been put before ministers and Parliament in a tentative manner, is one for the construction of a water-way from sea to sea which will be capable of giving passage at all times to merchant-vessels of the largest size, and war-ships of the greatest known calibre. Such a canal to be of the greatest possible use must have the smallest possible number of locks, or other appliances involving delay, and must also be on the most direct line which will permit the fewest impediments. Several routes have been from time to time discussed, but at the present moment attention is concentrated on two, which may be briefly described, as it is probable that one or other of these will be selected if the necessary support of capitalists and Parliament can be secured.

To the reader unacquainted with the navigation of the British coasts it may be necessary to point out, first, some of the assumed advantages to be gained which are thought to make this proposed water-way necessary. A vessel bound from a port on the east coast to one

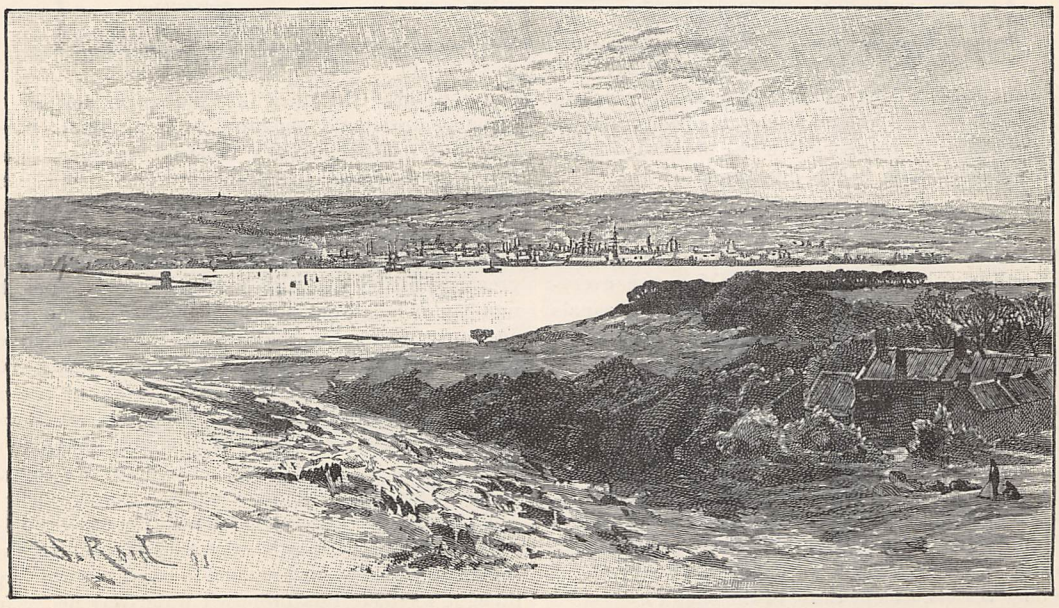
on the west coast has, at present, a choice of routes. She must either go round the north, through the stormy Pentland Firth, where there are dangerous currents and prevalent fogs, or round by the south coast and through the crowded English Channel, with its ever-present risks of collision. The annual losses by wreck on these two routes are considerable, and it is contended that the ship-canal will effect an enormous saving on this head alone. Then a saving in distance means a saving in time, wear-and-tear of gear and machinery, wages, insurance, interest, and so forth. About distances we shall have something to say later on, and meanwhile return to the competitive plans.

Of these, the lay reader will probably be most attracted by the one called the Loch Lomond route, because it proposes to make use of the Queen of Scottish Lakes, and to pass through the country of Rob Roy, as well as through the classic ground about Stirling. This scheme was laid before the International Congress on Inland Navigation last year by Mr. D. A. Stevenson, C.E., whose figures, etc., we adopt.

The principle of this scheme is the avoidance of locks by taking advantage of a practically level stretch of country lying between Alloa and the Forth to near Loch Lomond. The surface of this tract is only some thirty to fifty feet above the sea-level, and the stratum is alluvial. First, the Forth would have to be deepened to a depth of twenty-five feet at low tide from Grangemouth to Alloa, where a sea lock would give entrance to the canal. The run thence would be north by the Links of Forth, and by the town of Stirling, along the valley of the Forth to the Water of Endrick, which runs into the south end of Loch Lomond. Before the lake is reached, however, the level is broken by a range of high ground extending for about seven miles. Through this, cuttings would have to be made, and it is proposed that about two miles of it should be a tunnel through the hill rather than an open cutting. Tunnels on canals are not unknown already, but we are not aware of any on a ship-canal, and of such a length. In this case the height of the tunnel is to be one hundred and fifty feet, but if an open cutting is found desirable it will not alter the plans, although it will add somewhat to the cost.

This, however, is the only difficult part of the route, for when Loch Lomond is reached—twenty-eight miles from the eastern entrance of the canal—there is plain sailing. A clear run of fourteen miles in the open waters of the lake will bring vessels to Tarbet—well known to Highland tourists. Between Tarbet and Loch Long is a narrow neck of land, less than two miles, which will be easily cut, and at Loch Long the sea is again entered by means of another lock. Loch Long, which is fifteen miles in length, is an arm of the Firth of Clyde, and through it vessels can, it is said, proceed at full speed out on to the broad Atlantic. From Grangemouth to the Firth of Clyde is sixty-nine and a quarter miles.

The advantage of this route is that it is level, and without locks, save those at each entrance. These sea locks are proposed to be six hundred feet long, and eighty feet wide, so as to pass the largest vessels afloat. The depth of the canal is proposed to be thirty feet, with a width at bottom of seventy-two feet, which is the same as the Suez Canal. This width will not allow of two of the largest vessels passing each other at any point, but frequent passing places are to be provided at suitable intervals. The cost of construction is estimated at £8,000,000 sterling, and the cost of maintenance and management at £60,000 per annum. The disadvantages are



GRANGEMOUTH, FROM N.E.

THE VALLEY OF THE FORTH, FROM CLACKMANNAN HILL.

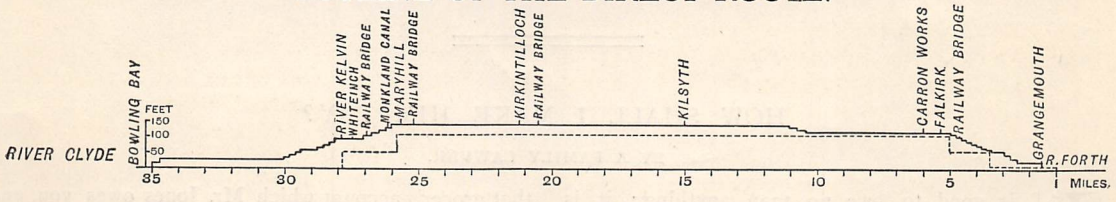
—the length, the tunnel, the navigation of Loch Long, and the fact that it will debouch on the Clyde too low down to benefit the towns on the river.

The other route is known as the Direct Route of Mr. J. Law Crawford, of Glasgow, on whose published descriptions we draw.

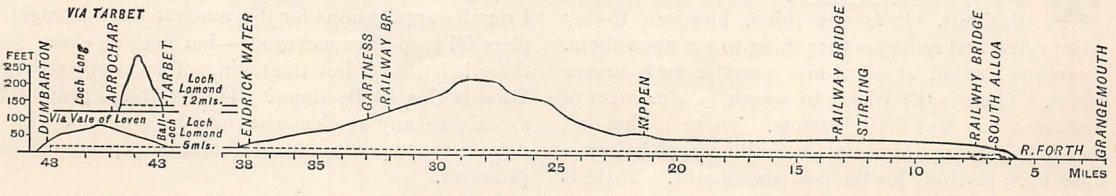
The western entrance of this canal would be at a place called Yoker, on the Clyde, some four miles below Glasgow, and practically within the area of the great city. It would run eastward to that valley of the Kelvin, and along the course of the valley to the summit of the water-sheds. Then it would follow the valley of the River Bonny to its junction with the River Carron, which would be canalised down to Grangemouth, where there would be a tidal lock. The total length of the water-way between the sea locks would be only twenty-nine miles and six furlongs. The depth proposed for this canal is twenty-six feet, but there would be a bottom width of one hundred feet, so that large vessels could pass each other at almost any point.

This canal, however, would require twelve locks, six on each side of the summit-level. These locks it is proposed to make double—*i.e.*, one part of six hundred feet by sixty-five feet for the largest vessels, and another part for general use four hundred feet by forty feet. This line would have to cross no fewer than six railways—two by means of swing bridges—and also the existing Forth and Clyde Canal, but in these intersections the engineers foresee no difficulties. The estimated cost of this plan, including land and interest, is £7,000,000 sterling.

OUTLINE OF THE DIRECT ROUTE.



OUTLINE OF THE LOCH-LOMOND ROUTE.



A modification has been suggested of a very interesting nature. Some years ago the experts of the Geological Survey of Scotland proved the existence of what is scientifically termed "a deep trough" between the Forth and the Clyde on the very line proposed for the canal. This "trough" is filled with beds of sand, gravel, and boulder clay, which are held to be the deposits of former tidal currents. In other words, at some remote period the sea swept right through between the two estuaries. This discovery has suggested a novelty in engineering — why not employ the forces which caused these deposits to sweep the "trough" clean again? At present, high water in the Firth of Clyde is nearly low water in the upper part of the Firth of Forth, and there is a difference between the two sea-levels of fourteen and a half feet. If, then, it is contended, there were now a free passage between the two estuaries, there would be a strong current through this old "trough" running each way four times in the twenty-four hours. A suggestion has therefore been made to carry a large pipe at low-water level along the old channel, so that at high-water in the Forth the sea would flow through the pipe with great force. Excavation would be going on all the time, and the detached sand, clay, etc., would be let down into the pipe by means of shafts, and swept away into deep water by the mere force of the current.

By this ingenious process it is calculated that the cost of excavating would be enormously reduced; and it is even supposed that it might render a tidal canal practicable, with gates only to regulate the force of the tide. On the other hand, another variation, but on the same line of route, is a proposal to raise the canal to a high level throughout, so as to pass over all railway bridges, etc., and to require no intermediate locks. Access would be given at each end by enormous locks on the principle of those which have been adopted for the Nicaragua Canal, which would lift vessels to the level of the elevated water-way at one operation, and lower them again at the other end at another single operation. These proposals, however, present problems in engineering which we are not prepared to discuss, and which must be left to experts. They are sufficiently interesting in themselves, and it is not for the unskilled to pronounce judgment on their practicability.

It may be asked—why not deepen and widen the existing barge canal so as to make it available for ocean-going vessels? The answer is that this was carefully gone into, but it was found that excavations of so costly a nature would be required, and so much valuable land would be interfered with, that the total expense would be very much greater than that of an entirely new water-way on either of the routes proposed.

As to the distances to be saved by this water-way, we may take the figures by Mr. D. A. Stevenson, C.E. From the Clyde to ports on the east coast of Scotland, north-east of England and north-west of Europe, the distance saved would be from 530 to 240 miles. From the Forth to West Scotland, North-west England, Ireland, America, and the Mediterranean, the saving would be from 490 to 140 miles. From the Tyne to the St. Lawrence the saving would be 150 miles. From the west of England to Scotland and north-east of Ireland to the middle and western ports of the Continent, the saving would be from 380 to 100 miles. The canal would add another sea-channel to our national water-ways, and practically extend the coast-line throughout one of the principal industrial centres of the country. For naval purposes, it is contended that a broad and deep channel across Scotland would form one of the most powerful auxiliaries of the Navy that can be devised, and would be one of the most effective means for protecting both the coasts and our fleets of merchant-vessels in time of war.

It is also said that the canal would provide the shortest possible sea routes between the chief business centres of Russia, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the ports of Canada and the United States.

Taking all the probable and possible sources of traffic into account, it is considered a moderate estimate on a low scale of dues to assume an income of at least £600,000 per annum. This certainly does not seem an excessive revenue to expect from a national and an international water-way; but the financial aspects of the scheme are beyond the design of the present article.

HOW SHALL I MAKE HIM PAY?

BY A FAMILY LAWYER.

IT is good to owe no man anything; it is equally good to let no man owe us anything. Ready money is the best rule for our business dealings. It is one thing, however, to lay down rules, and quite another thing to act upon them. Everyone cannot at all times practise such severe virtue. There is the friend to whom in a moment of weakness you lent that £10 note. There is that bill for schooling due from Captain Smith, whose boys you have been teaching for the past six months. There is that grocer's account which Mr. Jones owes you, and which he has for a year past been constantly promising to pay as soon as he gets his next month's salary. Friendly applications for the amount have brought a plentiful crop of expectations—but nothing else. Nothing is left for it but the taking of legal proceedings. How is this to be done? This is what I propose to explain to any reader who may be troubled with a debtor whose performances do not keep pace with his promises.

Before I proceed to my explanation I should like, if I may, to ease my mind by strongly advising anyone who thinks of suing a debtor to adopt the advice which *Punch* some years ago gave to those about to marry: "Don't!" Take a ruler and some red ink instead, rule off the debt as bad, and forget it as quickly as possible. In most cases the best way of recovering a bad debt is to make a good one. Of course my advice will be rejected: gratuitous advice always is. I shall not be disappointed; I did not expect it to be taken any more than the pastrycook expects to sell the glass jellies with which he adorns his shop windows. No; I give it for an altogether different reason. There is, indeed, one word of counsel which I venture to press. I hope that before suing a debtor the creditor will consider whether he is really able to pay—whether the debtor has goods which can be seized and sold, or whether he earns an income out of which the judge may order him to pay the debt by instalments. If not, do not sue. In the good old days it was the debtor who had nothing to pay who did wisely if he agreed with his adversary quickly. Now the position is reversed. The debtor who has no means of paying is safe, and it is the unlucky creditor who will do wisely to leave such a debtor alone.

If, however, the debtor could pay if he would, if the debt is below £50, and legal proceedings are determined upon, the usual way is to sue in one of the county courts. There are a large number of these courts in England and Wales, and the question meets a creditor at the outset, which of them is the proper one in which to commence proceedings? The creditor has some small choice in the matter, but must sue either in the court within whose district the debt was contracted, or in that within whose district the debtor lives or carries on business.

The former will probably be the court nearest to the creditor himself, and consequently the more convenient for him. If, as is frequently the case, the debt was contracted within the district in which the debtor himself resides, and also carries on his business, then the creditor is confined to that court alone, and has no option in the matter. When the debt exceeds £5 the creditor has the option of two forms of procedure. He may either issue an ordinary summons or what is known as a default summons. The advantages of a default summons are about counterbalanced by its disadvantages. I will assume, therefore, that the creditor adopts the ordinary summons, and confine myself entirely to that method.

In order, then, to issue his summons—called in uncouth county court language, a "plaint"—the creditor must go or send to the office of the county court. He must write out shortly and distinctly a statement showing the nature of his claim and its amount, as thus:—

1890.		
Dec. 1.	Money lent...	£10
June to Dec.	Half-year's school fees ...	£25
Jan. to Dec.	Goods sold and delivered	£40

He must provide himself with two or three copies of this statement, which is called the "particulars of his demand." On entering the county court office, the creditor must address himself to the clerk whose duty it is to issue plaints. This official will give him a blank form, called a "precipe," to fill up. This the creditor does by inserting the name and address of himself and his debtor, and also another statement of the nature of his claim and the amount he claims. He then returns this precipe to the official, and hands him also the copies of the "particulars of demand" which he has already prepared. Then comes the last but most important part of the issuing of a county court summons. The plaint fee has to be paid. The suitor in the county court is not long in discovering that the key to the whole system—the centre around which everything turns—is fees. There is a maxim of the Chancery Court quaintly expressed in this way: "Let him that cometh into equity come with clean hands." If I might suggest a maxim for the county court, I would say: "Let him that sueth in the county courts put money in his purse."

You pay, on entering your "plaint," a fee of one shilling for every pound claimed until the fee reaches £1, when no higher fee is charged. You pay upon the hearing of the action a hearing fee of two shillings in the pound until the fee reaches the maximum of £2, and you pay on issuing execution a fee of 1s. 6d. in the pound up to the maximum fee of 30s.

When you have handed in your particulars of demand, filled up your precipe, and paid your "plaint fee," the clerk gives you a document known as a "plaint note." This plaint note contains a receipt for the plaint fee you have just paid, and a statement of the day upon which your action will be heard. The plaint note is, as will be seen, an important document, and must be taken care of. From a simple creditor you have now been promoted to the dignity and important position of plaintiff in a lawsuit, and as a plaintiff I shall henceforth refer to you.

An official of the court serves the summons upon the defendant, and the plaintiff has nothing further to do until the date for hearing, technically known as the "return day," arrives. Upon that fateful day the careful plaintiff will fortify himself with a hearty breakfast, eating as he who knows not when he will eat again. He will also take especial care to clothe himself with patience as with a garment—of course, in addition to his ordinary clothes. Thus equipped for the fray, the plaintiff, with what confidence he may, collects his documents, and with his witnesses proceeds to the court-house. On arrival there, he must first go into the room where the summonses are being called out before the registrar. The registrar's room on a busy day is full to overflowing. When the plaintiff hears his case called he must answer to his name. He will then go before the registrar, who will take from him the hearing fee, and, if the debt is not disputed, will give him judgment.

If, however, you are not one of the lucky ones, you must wait to hear your case heard by the judge. How long you will have to wait depends upon the number of cases before the court and the position of your case

in the list. This period of waiting, sometimes extending to a whole day, is very tedious, and is often a serious loss to a business man kept away from his business, with such clerks or assistants as may be necessary witnesses in his case. I would strongly advise any unaccustomed plaintiff to pay attention to the cases that are being tried while he is waiting for his turn; he may in this way pick up a good many "wrinkles" of practical value when his own case is heard. Unpleasant as is the waiting, the actual hearing of the case is often more trying still, and the plaintiff who escapes a bad quarter of an hour may consider himself fortunate.

To show the kind of thing that often happens, I will take by way of illustration the common case of a grocer suing a customer for the balance of a grocery account. If the plaintiff has beguiled the tedium of the waiting time by listening to the trial of actions like his own, he has gained useful experience and has his own case in order. He has his books ready for reference, and has his assistants in court to prove the ordering and delivery of every item in his account. The judge will probably lecture him, as the case proceeds, upon the folly of giving credit—a lecture which might well be spared the poor man, who is by this time fully convinced of his unwisdom. The judge will also teach him how to keep his books, and give him more or less valuable advice upon the way a grocer should run his business. This is a little way that judges have.

When at last he has proved every item of his claim, the plaintiff not unnaturally expects judgment. Sometimes he is unpleasantly disappointed. No man is fully acquainted with the ingenuity of the human mind until he has heard all the defences that a debtor can set up to a simple action for debt in the county court. I will give one, and I choose it because it is nowadays getting common. It is easy to set up, difficult to disprove, and moreover, when established, is fatal to the plaintiff.

My grocer plaintiff will most likely have proved that the goods supplied were ordered by the defendant's wife, and either delivered to her or at the defendant's house. The business of shopping is, in fact, commonly left to the housewife. This is the defendant's opportunity. "Yes," he may say, "I won't dispute that my wife dealt with you, and it is quite likely that she had all the goods for which you have charged; but I give her every week a sum sufficient to buy and pay for everything we require, and she has no authority to pledge my credit." This defence, unexpected as it may be by the unwary plaintiff, is legally sound, and I have known it over and over again successfully raised.

In most cases, of course, when the plaintiff has proved his case he gets judgment. Then comes the most important question of all—How is this judgment to be enforced? If the amount of the debt is under £20, the judge may order it to be paid by instalments; and very amusing to the onlookers are the wordy contests between plaintiff and defendant as to the amount of these same instalments. The plaintiff protests that the defendant is in a good situation, earns a large income, and is well able to pay quickly. The defendant declares that work is slack and wages low, that he has a sick wife, a young and rapidly increasing family, and, in addition, he has to keep his mother-in-law. The judge cuts the discussion short by ordering payment of so many pounds or shillings a month—a decision which generally satisfies neither party. If the debt is over £20, or the judge declines to order payment by instalments, the defendant must pay the money into court within fourteen days from the judgment. Unless he does this, the plaintiff is at liberty to enforce the judgment by process of execution.

Execution—the seizure and sale of the debtor's goods—is carried out by an officer of the court, called the high bailiff, and before this officer will stir in the matter there is the execution fee of 1s. 6d. in the pound to be paid.

The high bailiff has six weeks in which to perform his duty and report the result to the registrar of the court. At the expiration of that time the plaintiff ought to be able to ascertain by enquiry at the county court whether or not the high bailiff has been able to get him his money. It is not infrequently found—alas! for the vanity of human wishes—that to recover judgment is one thing, and to recover the money another.

When the high bailiff proceeds to seize the goods at the debtor's house, he often finds that there are no goods worth selling beyond the £5 worth of clothing and furniture which he is bound to allow the debtor to retain. Or, again, he is met by a claim for rent on the part of the debtor's landlord. There are not enough goods to satisfy both claims, and that of the landlord has precedence. Sometimes there is a bill of sale upon the goods. Sometimes there is a full house of furniture, but all upon the hire system. Sometimes, especially of recent years, the goods are claimed by the debtor's wife. If none of these pitfalls await the adventurous plaintiff, he in due course, on presenting his plaint note (which he has been careful to keep) at the county court office, reaps his reward.

There is another way of making a debtor pay, more commonly used in the case of a debt ordered to be paid by instalments, but equally applicable to either form of judgment. The plaintiff may issue what is known as a judgment summons. He must, of course, pay fees for this, as for other summonses, but fortunately on a lower scale. The plaintiff fills up the necessary forms at the county court office. A day is appointed for the hearing, and the summons is in due course heard, after payment of a hearing fee. A judgment summons, be it observed, is never called on in the registrar's room, the judge only having power to hear it. Upon the hearing the defendant is not allowed to dispute the debt, and the plaintiff has only to show that the defendant has had the means of paying the instalments or whole debt in arrear, as the case may be. The defendant usually sends his wife to represent him. She, wise woman, carries a baby—either her own or borrowed for the purpose—and wears her "court dress"; not that this "court dress" has

any close kinship with the dress in which, under happier circumstances, women are wont to be presented to Her Majesty. The name alone is the same. This "court dress" consists of just the very oldest clothes in which it is decent to appear in public. The wife repeats the old story of slackness of work, sickness, many children, and so on. The judge, if he believes her, makes no order. If, on the other hand, the judge believes that the defendant could have paid if he would, he orders a warrant to issue for the defendant's arrest and committal to prison. In making this order, the judge usually gives the defendant a few days' grace—a short time within which he may pay the amount in question into court, and so keep out of prison. The common term of imprisonment ordered is ten days, and the oracular form of the usual order is—"Ten days; suspended for a fortnight." "Suspended," be it understood, refers to the warrant, and not to the luckless defendant.

If after taking all this trouble, spending his money as freely as a suitor must, experiencing in his own proper person some little of the law's delays and its glorious uncertainty, any of my readers, in technical phrase, "takes nothing by his action," why, I am not to blame. What did I advise at the beginning of this article?

HOW WE GOT OUR TENNIS LAWN.

BY AN AMATEUR GARDENER.

"TENNIS WAS AT LAST ESTABLISHED AT HOLLY-BUSH MANOR" (*p.* 594).

THOUGH we occasionally, perhaps, had our little differences, yet, on the other hand, we certainly could not be called a quarrelsome quartette. Our party—in so far as the juveniles were concerned—was made up of four brothers and sisters, all of them fairly good gardeners, under the able tuition of the head of the household, old Uncle John. But though kind at heart and somewhat indulgent in most things to his nephews and nieces, he was a regular old Martinet in any matter concerning the garden: woe be unto poor gentle Amy, if she were caught by the old gentleman even gathering too many flowers from one particular spot! Alas for Tom and George when last week they were taken in cold blood racing with the mowing-machine, only an hour after the unhappy Nelly had been detected watering some plants in a boiling hot sun.

But it was this very mowing-machine disgrace which occasioned the next morning the following short discussion in the library, during the hour that uncle was in the greenhouse, making a minute inspection of everything inside, and, according to custom, humming all the while some snatches from *Il Trovatore*, for, be it observed, whenever this suppressed musical solo was heard, the occasion was always regarded as a favourable one for what the merry four used to call a council of war.

"I tell you, Amy, there's almost room enough as it is," said Tom, "all we have got to do is to sacrifice those two beds at the end of the lawn, for there are plenty of smaller ones near the house, while the farther from the house, the better for tennis, and the less risk of damaging flowers and perhaps windows."

"And I'm certain," put in Nelly here, "that only last Monday I heard uncle telling Bailey that the roses on those very beds were regularly worn-out old things, and that he would like something fresh in their place altogether."

"There we agree with him," said George, bringing his hand down smartly on poor Amy's back, and making her jump up, "and I vote that the new plant be called Tennis."

"Oh, I don't believe uncle will consent to it for a moment," said Amy, who generally took the timid view of most things, whether in discussions with uncle or with cook—for Amy was housekeeper, as uncle was a bachelor—or with Bailey, the gardener, or as to the prudence of crossing a field with cows in it.

"All the same, you've got to ask him presently, you know, Amy," said Tom; for Amy was so gentle, and her uncle was so fond of her, that she was always deputed by the other and more mischievous three, as advocate with the old gentleman.

Tom, George, and Nelly had so thoroughly "coached up" Amy in the line she was to take, that her gentle diplomacy carried the day, "for, of course," concluded Amy to her uncle, "we should not have thought of such a thing, if you had not already told Bailey, uncle, that all those roses were to come down."

"Something very like a fib, that last, was it not, Amy?" whispered Nelly, who chanced to come into the greenhouse, just at the conclusion of the interview.

The next day there was a general meeting on the lawn, in which Bailey, of course, was present, and we had better give at once the observations that the cautious old gardener had to offer.

"Now, you know, young genelum," began Bailey, "it's a good thing that most of this here lawn is pretty well drained, for you know, it would be quite useless to attempt to play tennis on land little better than a bog."

"That's true enough, Bailey," put in Tom, "for the court at the Rectory never seems dry, and the ground was awfully cut up the other day, after the tournament there."

"Do you mean, Tom," said Amy, "that the tournament cut it up?"

"No, baby, I don't; but——"

Bailey here intervened, for like all old gardeners, he was a little jealous of having his province interfered with, even though the question but indirectly concerned gardening. "If Mr. Tom will excuse me, miss, I can tell you, I dare say, pretty well what he means; you see, Miss Amy, if you *will* play on the court when the ground's very soft after two or three days' rain, you sinks in a bit every step you take, and simply spoils the turf."

"Don't you see, Amy child," put in George, "and then as the ball won't play true, there's no fun in the game."

But as Tom did not like to have himself set down entirely by the old gardener, favourite though Bailey was with them all, he had his little revenge for being so silenced as he had just been, and added, "there's another thing, Bailey, that keeps the ball from playing true, and that is bad turfing."

"Right you are, sir," said Bailey at once, "for if I was not to put the turfs down quite level, or if I didn't press each close again the next, so that you couldn't see where the division was, you would find, especially after a drought, that the court would not only be full of cracks and unsightly, but that the ball would often kick back and start aside, and in fact quite spoil your game."

In less than no time, need it be added, the worn-out old standard roses were the same morning taken away, not, however, without a pang being visible on the face of poor Uncle John, who stood looking on. "Look sharp about it," whispered Tom to George, "in case uncle revokes the edict at the last moment." But it was a relief to them, all four, when their uncle turned round with a suppressed sigh, and entered the house.

"It's all right, now," said Nelly, whose eyes were dancing with delight at the thoughts of tennis in their own garden, and on a full-sized court, "but——"

Bailey once more intervened with, "And now you young gentlemen can give me a hand at taking away all this here top soil off the beds, for I musn't lose all this good stuff for the greenhouse potting."

Some of the party, however, flagged somewhat when the work got a little laborious, and old Bailey, with a most amused grin, found himself before long working alone. In two or three days' time, however, the court was complete, but a slight shower the following morning put the patience of the whole party sadly to the test.

"I ain't a bit sorry," said Bailey, however, to whom George and Tom had been grumbling at their bad luck, "we shall now be able to give the ground a good rolling, but you know, sir, if we was to roll the court immediately after a very heavy or a long rain, we should do more harm than good, and it ain't of no good at all rolling the grass in a drought."

Tennis, then, was at last established at "Holly-bush Manor," for such was Uncle John's pretty old country house called. Later on we may, perhaps, learn what it resulted in; but October was approaching, and as the old gentleman was intending to send some chrysanthemums to the flower-show in the adjoining town, it is of them that we shall first have to speak, and of all the excitement that their cultivation and preparation entailed.

THE ONLY RESOURCE.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN, AUTHOR OF "JUDITH," "RET," ETC.

"IF you were only a little older, and—and more sedate, it would not trouble me so to leave you, Reenie," said Clifton Daryll to his *fiancée*, in a half tender, half resentful tone, as he discussed with her his plans for the immediate future.

Irene's lovely child face flushed, and the dewy eyes uplifted to his were full of pleading and reproach.

"How can I help being young and gay, Cliff dear? Besides, you wouldn't have loved me had I been different from what I am. Surely youth is no crime, that people should speak of it as though it were a culpable thing; and as for a light heart, why, you know that even your favourite Shakespeare declares that it goes all the way, while a heavy one tires in a mile."

Clifton Daryll kissed the pretty mouth that was uplifted to his own, but his heart was heavy within him, all the same.

Surely no man was ever obliged to go to the other side of the world at a moment's notice, and leave behind him just two such helpless creatures as did he in the persons of his paralysed and bed-ridden mother, and the girl he meant to marry some day. But his fortunes were at stake, and all the success of his future depended upon the way he carried out this business in Australia, upon which the firm of merchants, in whose employment he had been for years, were sending him.

It was a delicate and intricate mission, and if he managed to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion, a partnership was hinted at as a reward. And a partnership—even a junior one—in the flourishing firm of Egdell & Co., of Fenchurch Street, was a golden chance, for which he might wait in vain all his life long, did he neglect this opportunity. Nevertheless, it was with more sorrow than gladness that he made his preparations for departure.

Irene Semple was the orphan daughter of a dear friend of his mother's early days; and when her father—a dreamy, unsuccessful artist—died, Mrs. Daryll had taken the child home and brought her up to girlhood, at which time Clifton had suddenly found out that his hopes of happiness were all centred in her.

It was not without considerable misgivings that he had arrived at this conclusion. He was a young man who took serious views of life; and Irene, to all appearance, was incapable of thinking of anything graver than the fit of a dress or the flutter of a ribbon.

But she was exquisitely lovely, with a rare, unusual delicacy of feature and complexion, and a laughing careless grace in every gesture; reason and common sense went up in the scale when weighed against these same feminine charms.

"And my mother—poor helpless mother—who will take care of her when I am away?" went on the young man despondently.

Reenie put her hand on his arm to arrest his attention.

"*I* will, Cliff! Just you trust to me, and you shall see how carefully I will tend her."

Once more Clifton looked at her doubtfully.

"My darling, you don't understand. You will do your best, I know, but you have no knowledge, no judgment, nothing but—" here he hesitated.

"But what, Cliff?" asked Reenie, with a pout.

"Nothing but a sweet face, and that is a poor protection against the wickedness of the world."

"I declare it is too bad! You won't believe me capable of doing anything but amusing myself. How can you love me, if you think me a mere doll, heartless and soulless?"

Clifton Daryll was surprised at the unusual intensity of feeling Reenie displayed. But it was only a momentary gleam, for ere long she was laughing and chattering as usual; teasing Bagatelle, her toy spaniel, and to all appearance quite indifferent to the fact that upon the next day Clifton was to start for Australia.

She cried a little on parting with him, but even then she could not resist the amusement caused by some trivial ludicrous incident passing in the street; and he wondered a trifle bitterly whether she was in truth a woman, or a lovely soulless creature like a naiad or a dryad, aloof alike from the common joys and sorrows of humanity.

For months after his departure Reenie was, however, at her best; waiting upon poor paralysed, querulous Mrs. Daryll with unremitting care and gentleness; bearing with wondrous patience her never-ceasing complaints; and keeping a smiling cheerful face under every trial. The invalid grew worse every day, and could not become reconciled to Clifton's absence. The fact was that her brain was becoming to some extent affected by the stroke she had suffered from, and she was at times childish and weak-minded.

It was a great responsibility for the young creature, and one for which she appeared totally unfitted. And yet, strange to say, it developed certain capabilities latent within her, and she rose to the emergency in a wonderful manner.

Clifton should have no reason to think she had failed in her promise to guard and tend his mother.

Meanwhile, certain contingencies arose, totally unforeseen by the young man. At the most he had feared that the two he left behind might get into some muddle over business matters, or make acquaintances whom he would not approve. But that there should be any real troubles, any pressure of financial difficulties, this would have appeared impossible to Clifton Daryll; and yet this was what actually happened, and before he had been away quite three months. A succession of unfortunate speculations—foreign, it must be confessed, to their legitimate business—brought the well-known firm of Egdell & Co. into serious involvements, and they were forced to

make a declaration to the effect that they could not meet their liabilities.

With the bankruptcy of the firm the salaries of the clerks ceased ; and in place of receiving a substantial cheque at the termination of three months, as Clifton had arranged they should do, Mrs. Daryll and Reenie found themselves in want. The money, even for household expenses, was running short ; for illness is always a heavy drag on the purse, and Mrs. Daryll required many little luxuries of a costly nature.

It was always Reenie now who had to do the thinking : who read and answered the letters, made all arrangements, and transacted all business ; for Mrs. Daryll lived but in the past, and was totally unfitted to use her brains in any manner whatever. When the announcement of the bankruptcy came, it was Reenie who received it, and who had to face the heavy blow alone.

For a few minutes it simply crushed her. Never in all her happy ignorant life had she known the meaning of poverty ; never had she required to consider the problem of ways and means. Although not rich, Clifton had a good salary ; and being a careful, economical man, it had always sufficed to keep them in comfort, if not luxury.

No money, and no means of procuring any. What on earth could she do ?

Now she felt the truth of those words of Clifton's, which she had resented hotly at the time they were spoken—

"You have no knowledge—no judgment ; nothing but a sweet face, and that is a poor protection against——" Stop ! She had it. Nothing but a sweet face ? Why, that very "sweet face" should serve her now in good stead.

She was an artist's daughter, and the reminiscences of her childhood rose before her. She ran across the room, and gazed anxiously into a mirror that hung between the windows.

The reflection that met her there was a very pleasing one. The pure clear outline of feature, the hazel eyes, where the soul was beginning to awaken, the rose-leaf tints of complexion, the rippling glory of golden hair, the indescribable grace of the throat and shoulders—all were calculated to reassure her of their value from the point of view she was considering. She laughed with sudden delight, and nodded to herself in the mirror.

"You'll do, little girl, I think ! After all, a sweet face is of use in the world sometimes, though people do scorn it."

She ran upstairs to see that her invalid was comfortable, and then across to her own room for hat and jacket. She could not wait a minute longer, she was so anxious to carry out her project. It was a convenient time, because Mrs. Daryll had fallen into her after-dinner doze, from which she would not, in all probability, awake before a couple of hours had elapsed.

Reenie sped away on her errand. She remembered the names of a few of her father's friends, although after a few years of her different life she had not kept up their acquaintance. They were all busy men, and the little girl was in good hands and well cared for, so it did not occur to any of them to trouble themselves about her ; and as Mrs. Daryll did not approve of the atmosphere of Bohemia, and made them aware of this, it was the more necessary for them to leave "poor Semple's little girl" to those who would do well by her.

Rolph Mellim, R.A., was a very different man now from what he had been in the days when Steve Semple and he shared a big unfurnished garret in Fitzroy Street ; where they slept, cooked their scanty meals, and painted all day long ; as careless and merry as two of the dingy London sparrows that frequented the roof of their lofty domicile. Mr. Mellim was now a successful Academician, and could command his own prices, and paint what landscape subjects he chose. Nevertheless, a man always looks back with pleasure to the days when he toiled and struggled ; and to Rolph Mellim those early times—when he used to hawk his sketches about from dealer to dealer, and be in the seventh heaven of exultation when he landed home with the month's rent and the price of a dinner in his pocket—took on a rose-coloured glow ; as he glanced back to them retrospectively through the vista of years. True, he had then suffered many privations, but he had the compensating quality of youth. The world was all before him : its possibilities infinite, its delights untried.

Anyone associated, therefore, with that pleasant period was welcomed with effusion ; and he did not keep Irene waiting, but desired that she might be shown at once into the studio where he was at work.

"Poor Semple's little girl is free of my house, of course," he said to himself, while he waited for her advent. "I wonder what she has developed into ? She promised to be pretty. Ah ! She has more than fulfilled that promise. My dear child, you don't know what a pleasure it is to your father's old friend to see you again," he went on, as he took both the girl's hands in his own, and shook them cordially.

Irene was rather dismayed by the grandeur of the place. The studios she had been accustomed to in her childhood were shabby, half-empty, dingy affairs, while in this lofty, charmingly-decorated one, beauty and luxury appeared to be combined : the walls were hung with old tapestry, and enriched here and there with pictures and statues and bits of armour ; the china and bric-à-brac scattered about in a careless, yet picturesque fashion ; the great vases full of hot-house flowers—all impressed her with wonder, and a degree of awe.

But one look into the kindly wrinkled face of the artist dispelled any shyness she might have felt. Before many minutes had elapsed she found herself chattering away to him in the frankest manner : telling him of her girlish hopes and ambitions, her pretty love dreams, and last of all the trouble pressing heavily upon her young mind.

Mr. Mellim listened, charmed with the artless simplicity of the pretty creature. But when she ventured to broach the subject nearest to her heart his face grew grave.

Poor little girl! How unfitted she was by nature for any such position—save only in the one qualification, that of a beautiful face! There was something that touched him in her entire ignorance of an evil world.

only looked up at Mr. Mellim with tearful pleading eyes, and said she did not know what to do if he would not help her.

"But I *will* help you, child! Why should I not lend you the money until Mr. Daryll comes back? I

"SHE FOUND HERSELF CHATTERING AWAY TO HIM IN THE FRANKEST MANNER" (*p.* 596).

"But, my dear Reenie, you do not know, you do not understand," he exclaimed impatiently. "All artists are not gentlemen, like your father and—and I hope, myself. And your lover—what will he say when he comes to hear of such a wild project?"

Irene was too set on one idea to be able to enter into this subject at that time, although it troubled her later. All she thought of then was that it was her only way of earning money, and money was needed to keep things going, until Clifton came to the rescue. So she

am surely in the position to do that to the little girl whom I nursed on my knee in bygone days?"

"You are very good to me," said Reenie; and then, to his great discomfiture, she burst into tears.

"Whatever is it? Reenie, you must not cry like that! Tut, tut! What strange creatures girls are, to be sure!" cried the old bachelor, feeling helpless and miserable at sight of feminine woe.

He rushed about, and produced sal volatile, and a feather fan, with which he proceeded to fan the girl

violently, and altogether made such a fuss, as to change the girl's tears into hysterical laughter. Then when she became to some extent composed, the reason of the tears came out.

"I wanted to do it all myself," she said, with a sob. "I wanted to prove that I was worth something—was more than a mere doll to laugh with, and to amuse a man's leisure moments. And this was my chance; and—and I may never have another! And—and he will just go on all his life long looking down upon me, and loving me, in a contemptuous sort of way. I thought you would have helped me—instead of that, you've gone and spoilt it all!"

Mr. Mellim paced the floor of the studio in a perplexed mood. He was very tender-hearted; and the distress of the girl, while it had an element of comedy in it, had also considerable pathos.

"If you were only older and more sedate," he murmured.

Irene jumped up indignantly.

"If those are not the very words Cliff used when he went away! I hate them! They are both cruel and unjust! I don't want to be older, and when I choose I can be sedate enough for a Quakeress."

Mr. Mellim wavered.

"Well, certainly such a lovely face is sufficiently rare to be valuable," he mused, "and it isn't as though anything else were in question—of course not—the figure is too *petite*. It is the very face Mark Staines has been in despair of ever obtaining for his Academy picture. Staines is a quiet, steady-going, old married man—hum—yes—perhaps that might do! Reenie, since you are so determined, I will give you a letter of introduction to Mr. Staines, who lives two doors off. I wish I could have kept you here myself, but you know I'm a landscape man."

He sat down, and wrote a line to the figure painter.

"DEAR STAINES,—I have found you a head for your 'Undine.' She is the daughter of Steve Semple—you remember him?—and has some pressing need for money. Keep her to yourself, and pay her double the price of an ordinary model, and I will settle up with you. She is a mere child, and knows nothing of the world, so take care of her. She has just the wondering, lovely, innocent look of the water-sprite, and you ought to be grateful to me for discovering her.

"Yours truly,

"ROLPH MELLIM."

Mr. Staines was delighted. In vain had he searched for his ideal face. How was it possible for the hackneyed professional model to combine the innocence and ignorance of a water-nymph? Eyes which are used to looking upon the seamy side of life, and are kept steadily fixed upon the main chance besides, have no possibility of retaining any divine expression of wondering innocence within their depths.

Then the fashionable ladies of his acquaintance, alas! failed to satisfy his ideal. They were soulless, certainly—many of them— but more so from choice than from nature. They did not wish any evolution of a troublesome soul to take place within them, because in the frivolous world wherein they lived and delighted, it would be apt to become a nuisance. But this new model was exactly what he required. In those clear eyes lay no shadow, no reflection of even a passing trouble. They were joyous without being gay, pensive without being too thoughtful.

Day by day Reenie sat to him, and the great picture grew apace.

It was pretty to witness the delight of the girl, when the first money she had ever earned was placed within her hand. It never occurred to her that the sum was a large one. She had forgotten—if, indeed, she had ever known—the usual price paid to models; and now all she thought of was how nice it was to be able to buy the luxuries Mrs. Daryll required, and to keep the household going until Cliff came back.

She told no one of her occupation. Even when the invalid grumbled at being left so much alone, while Reenie went out pleasuring, the girl held her tongue, and laughed merrily. But for the most part Mrs. Daryll slept away the time; and was seldom conscious, either of her presence or her absence. The old servant Madge looked at her suspiciously sometimes. Madge had her own ideas on the subject, but she kept a grim silence. The girl had in all probability got a new sweetheart; and thrown the young master over in his absence. Reenie was no favourite with Madge, whom she laughed at sometimes for her old-fashioned notions.

Meanwhile Clifton Daryll was away in the bush, far from any postal town, and out of the possibility of hearing what was going on at home in England. Before he started upon his journey, he had asked leave to go prospecting on his own account, after the completion of his Melbourne business; and this was what he was doing at the time when troubles had thickened around his poor little Reenie.

A friend of his had been very successful as a speculator in land in the colony, and had promised to put Clifton in the way for a good investment in that line. Clifton had saved a little money, and was not averse to a prospect of doubling it at an early date, and with small trouble and risk.

He returned to Melbourne in the best of health and spirits, to be met on arrival with the startling news of the failure of the house of Egdell & Co. The agony of mind he underwent in consequence of these disagreeable tidings was greatly augmented by anxiety about his mother and Irene. He grasped the nature of their situation in a moment. They had no intimate friends to whom they could apply, for as a family the Darylls had been strangely isolated and unsocial.

This thought was too much for him. It maddened him to imagine that while he had been wasting time riding over miles and miles of new country the two dear ones at home might have been actually suffering want and privation. And yet no one could possibly have foreseen and provided for such an emergency.

He tried to console himself with vague hopes and suggestions: based, as he well knew, upon extremely improbable premises. They would have applied to his solicitor—Reenie's old friends—surely anyone would be glad to tide them over a temporary difficulty? He did not know to what a condition of childishness the disease from which she suffered had reduced the once

powerful mind of his mother, or his anxiety would have been increased tenfold.

There was one pleasurable drop in his cup of bitterness: he was not going back to an uncertainty about the means of livelihood. The firm in Melbourne with whom his business there was principally connected, were so impressed by his clear-headedness, and the ability he had displayed in the carrying out of the affair on which he was engaged, that they offered him a position as London agent to their house. It was a very good offer, the salary was a liberal one, and the commissions would increase it considerably; and this, with the lucky investment in land made under his friend's advice, placed him at once in an independent position.

His heart beat quickly when he thought of his pretty little Reenie. He would never leave her again: on that point he was quite determined. The most sensible plan would be for him to marry her at once, and obviate any necessity for future separations. She was such a foolish, sweet, ignorant, unworldly creature; not fit to be left alone, even for a month or two.

* * * * *

"You used to be so fond of pictures, Reenie! I can't think why you should have been so unwilling to come here with me to-day!"

The speaker—a tall, grave, fine-looking young man—looked in rather an astonished manner at the young girl who accompanied him. They were making the round of the rooms of the Royal Academy, which had only been opened on the previous week, and was, of course, crowded with visitors.

The young lady whom he addressed blushed vividly, and appeared distressed and confused by his remark.

"I don't care for them now—I hate such a crowd of people! It is all very stupid and tiresome, I think!"

The tone was querulous and impatient, and Clifton Daryll was puzzled.

"I am sorry, Reenie. I meant to give you pleasure, not to bore you, dear. We will not go on, if you really don't care about it."

Reenie gave a sigh of intense relief, and put her little hand within his arm, as he turned to retrace his steps.

At one point, however, progress was extremely difficult. A crowd of well-dressed persons pushed and jostled each other, in their eagerness to get a sight of one of the celebrated pictures of the year. Reenie and her lover were stopped momentarily, and obliged to fall into the ranks of those waiting their turns. "They say that Staines has surpassed himself this year," remarked one gentleman to another; "his 'Undine' is beyond question the finest work he has ever produced. Did you see what the *Dogmatiser* had to say about it last Saturday?"

"Really it is too much to expect one to read notices of pictures," returned the other laughingly; "one does enough when one gets 'Academy headache' by looking at them. Besides, I know Brown, the art critic of the *Dogmatiser*, and his conceit is only equalled by one thing.'

"And that?"

"His ignorance. However, in praising Staines' 'Undine,' he has but followed in the steps of other men, and is consequently safe for once. I have seen the picture, and now I want to see it again. Where the artist managed to raise such a delightfully poetic model as he must needs have had——why, gracious goodness! there is the very face itself close behind us," he whispered eagerly, and they both looked back at Reenie.

Reenie, for her part, would have given the world to get away from the place. She had overheard their comments, and knew that in another minute Clifton would discover her poor little secret. But it was inevitable. The throng behind pressed them forward, and they must needs go. Clifton Daryll had been too busily employed in using his eyes to pay much attention to the remarks around him, and they had for him no special significance.

So the revelation of the picture came upon him with all the force of the unexpected.

It was certainly a master-piece, both in conception and *technique*. Upon the banks of a stream sat the exquisite, modestly-draped figure, gazing out with that wondering innocent look Clifton knew so well, into a new world which was evidently opening before her. There was no meretricious charm, no vulgar trickery about the work: it was as pure as it was possible for a picture to be.

Nevertheless, when the eyes of Clifton Daryll fell upon it, he staggered, as though someone had struck him a blow on the face. Then he turned to his companion, and saw that her eyes were downcast, and her cheeks pale as death.

The people behind pushed harder. It was not fair to others to monopolise the picture, as these two were doing. In a second or so they had left it behind them, and were walking rapidly along in the direction of the entrance.

Clifton hailed a hansom, and without a word spoken on either side, they were whirled homeward. When they were alone, he spoke in a cold, grave voice.

"I am waiting to hear your explanation, Reenie. Was there no way but this?"

The girl sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

Clifton stood waiting silently, but his soul was hot within him.

Could anything be a greater blow to his pride and his love than this—that the girl he loved should have condescended to sell the beauty of her face so that the public might gaze upon it unchecked and openly? He had paid no heed to the hints of sour-faced old Madge when she grumbled at "some folks being always away when they were needed at home," or asked him "whether he thought it modest and maidenly in a young girl to go gadding about the streets of London alone, while those who had the right to look after her were kept busy or bedridden?" Even his mother's complaints of long hours of loneliness passed for the mere querulousness of an invalid.

But all these took on a new significance in the light of the present.

"MR. STAINES SENT A PRETTY SKETCH OF REENIE'S HEAD" (*p.* 601).

"Have you nothing to say to me, Reenie?" he asked at length, in a bitter sort of way.

Reenie tried to force herself to speak, but the effort proved at first a failure. Her little hands laced and interlaced themselves on her knee, in a nervous, frightened manner. At last she looked up in desperation, and met his cold, severe gaze.

"Oh, Cliff, Cliff, don't look at me like that! I cannot bear it. I shall die if you cast me off. Why are you so angry?"

"It is scarcely probable that I should be delighted with what I saw yonder!"

His tone stung her to the quick. She stood up and faced him proudly.

"What is there so very wrong in it, after all? You have asked me how I got money to keep things going while you were away, and I said I would tell you some day soon——"

"I thought, of course, that you had borrowed it from some of your father's friends, and was content to await your time, but now——"

"Well, now I tell you the truth, and you may scorn me for it or not, as you choose! I wanted to prove to you that I had something in me; some force of character, some resources of my own. I went to Mr. Mellim because I had known him from childhood, and he—he offered to lend me the money himself, and tried to dissuade me from my project. But I had set my heart upon it — I had set my heart upon it." Here she faltered, and almost broke down. She looked so pathetically helpless and forlorn that Clifton's resentment began to die within him.

"It was a mistake," he said, more gently; "but I see now you meant it for the best."

"I only sat for one picture, Cliff, and that was to Mr. Staines. He wouldn't allow anyone to come into the studio while I was there, and always sent me home in a cab; so you see I didn't run much risk, any way. In fact, I used to feel as though I were turning into a lay figure, because Mr. Staines was so engrossed by his work that he never spoke to, or noticed me at all, sometimes. And it was very hard work keeping my head in one position for hours together, I can assure you! Once I fainted outright. Mr. Staines told me afterwards that this is not at all unusual, when one is new to it."

"Poor little Reenie!" exclaimed Clifton, with remorseful tenderness; "and while you were making such an effort I knew nothing of your troubles!"

Reenie nestled close up to him at the kind words.

"I do not care, so that you are not angry with me. But, indeed, I did not realise what I had done, or what it meant, until one day when the picture was nearly completed, and Mr. Staines called to me to come and look at it. I had never taken the trouble before. What did I care for the picture? It was only the independence of the money I wanted. But when he asked me for my opinion, I had to go and look; and then—oh! then, Cliff!"

"What then, dear?"

"I felt so ashamed when I saw what he had made of me. They say that it is very beautiful, and sweet and pure, and all that; but in this first moment I could not appreciate this. I only recognised that the girl whom you meant to make your wife should never have made her face the world's property in such a fashion."

Clifton was amazed at the passion of her words. The childish creature he had loved had developed into a woman all at once, with a woman's capacity for pain.

"Do not think of it again, Reenie," he said earnestly. "I love and honour you more than ever for the effort you made. The vexation I felt was but momentary, and utterly unworthy of my better nature."

"And you do not think me degraded?" asked Reenie plaintively. "Indeed, I never went back after I had recognised that it was a wrong to you. He had to finish the picture without me."

"Degraded? No, indeed, my darling, there was nothing in what you did that was not purely womanly and modest. Come, Reenie, give me a kiss, and forgive me that I ever seemed to doubt you for a moment."

Reenie smiled through her tears, as she obeyed.

Mr. Mellim insisted upon acting a father's part to the girl and giving her away when the time should come for the wedding. And Mr. Staines sent a pretty sketch of Reenie's head for a wedding-present. Reenie did not particularly care for this: it reminded her too keenly of certain trying passages in her life. But Clifton told her that he prized it above all other gifts, and so she became reconciled in time to its presence.

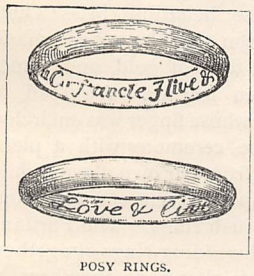
Mrs. Daryll lingered a year longer, but soon ceased to suffer either pain or irritation. As for Madge, she took herself off in a huff, because her young master showed small appreciation of her tale-bearing propensities.

Clifton Daryll is now a prosperous man, and has a fine house, and can afford to buy pictures; but the one he most values amongst the gems of art in his collection is the little sketch of Reenie's head by the great artist, Mark Staines.

A GOSSIP ON RINGS AND WEDDING RINGS.

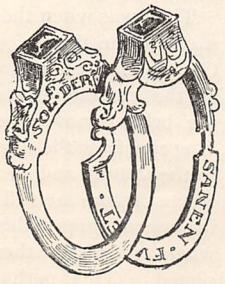
BY ARDERN HOLT.

"'Tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round."

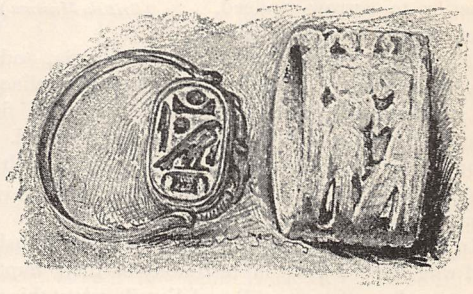


POSY RINGS.

LOVE and wedding rings are, we hope, intimately associated; yet Colley Cibber exclaims: "Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring." Do you know why this gold circlet is placed on the left hand? Opinions differ. On the one side, it is affirmed that a vein proceeding from the heart to that finger is the cause; on the other, that it denotes that the wife is subject to her husband. Napoleon I., when he married his second Empress, whispered in M. Pradt's ear: "The Roman law ordains that all slaves should wear rings, and as the women are our slaves, they ought to wear this badge of servitude." The Little Corporal and the Great Emperor was not given to weighing his words as far as politeness was concerned. It is more grateful to women to know that men in a thousand graceful ways have demonstrated the tenderness of their passion by "the giving and receiving of a ring." Herrick sings—



GIMMAL RING.
(*Londesborough Collection.*)



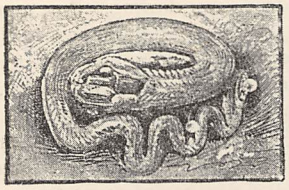
EGYPTIAN RINGS. (SCARAB ON LEFT, PORCELAIN ON RIGHT.)

"And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever."

It was more the fashion in old days than now to engrave a verse within the ring. Many such have been handed down to us; for example—

"Thus may our lives be one perpetual round,
Nor care, nor sorrow, ever shall be found."

Other mottoes, or posies as they were called—such as "Let likings last;" "United hearts, death only parts;" "Let us share in joy and care;" "As God decreed, so we agreed;" and "Love and live happily"—characterised wedding and betrothal rings alike. The following were chiefly confined to marriage rings:—"A virtuous wife preserveth life;" "By God alone we two are one;" "Christ for me hath chosen thee;" "Hearts united live contented;" "God's blessing be on thee and me;" and "God did foresee we should agree." Lady Cathcart, who, as the Scotchman once said, "was "unco' wastefu' o' husbands," on her fourth wedding ring had inscribed, "If I survive, I will have five." Whether she had the opportunity of carrying out her threat history sayeth not. William III was hardly the kind of man to display any sentimental weakness openly, and yet when he died a gold ring was found tied to his left arm by a ribbon—the ring containing the Queen's hair. During their courtship he had presented the Princess Mary with one in the form of a gold strap and buckle, set with diamonds and the posy, "I will win and wear thee if I can."

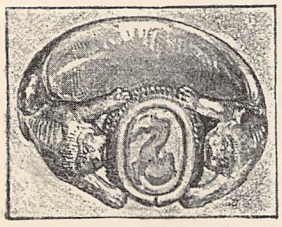


EGYPTIAN SNAKE RING.
(*British Museum.*)

BABYLONIAN ENGRAVED CYLINDER.
(*British Museum.*)

Love has ever proved superior to sorrow—indeed, grief strengthens affection—and a certain Baron Rosen sent to Siberia, and deprived of all his personal trinkets, refused to relinquish his wedding ring, declaring that if it went his finger should go with it, and his wishes were respected. Dr. Johnson preserved his wife's wedding ring, with this inscription: "Eheu! Eliza Johnson, nupta Jul. 9, 1736; mortua, eheu! March 17, 1752."

In Russia, as in many other countries, both husband and wife have a ring in testimony of their nuptials. The members of our own Royal Family adopt this plan. The Duke of Connaught wears on his fourth finger a plain gold hoop with "Marguerite" engraved inside; his wife's ring bearing the name of "Arthur." And at the present moment a well-known London firm advertises gentlemen's wedding rings as a specialty.



ETRUSCAN GOLD RING.
(*British Museum.*)

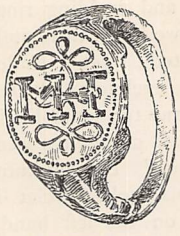
GREEK GOLD RING.
(*British Museum.*)

The Prince of Wales gave his bride a hoop with six stones: beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth, and emerald; the initial forming his own pet name, "Bertie." It has always been recognised among lovers that there is a special stone for each month in love's calendar. January is represented by the garnet (constancy); February, by the amethyst (sincerity); March, by the bloodstone (courage); April, by the diamond (innocence); May, by the emerald (success in love); June, the agate (long life); July, the chameleon (contented mind); August, the sardonyx (married happiness); September, the chrysote (clearness of intellect); October, opal (fortunate); November, topaz (fidelity); December, turquoise (prosperity).

When our Queen was married she distributed in remembrance of the event, gold rings enclosing her likeness, but so exceedingly small that they were invisible except by means of a magnifying glass: they are highly treasured amongst many members of the aristocracy to this day.

ROMAN IRON RING.
(*Engraved Stone*)
(*British Museum.*)

A wedding ring need not of necessity be gold. Ere this many loving couples have been married, and legally married too, with a curtain ring, and among these were people of no less note than the then Duke of Hamilton and one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings. Iron rings have been made to do the duty of gold, and sometimes even leather. We read of one bride whose finger was encircled during the ceremony with a piece of kid cut from her own glove; while the very poorest classes were content with rush rings. The Puritans abolished wedding rings altogether, and to this day some members of the Society of Friends object to their use on account of their heathen origin.



DARNLEY RING.
(*South Kensington Museum.*)

Time was when they were worn on the thumb. When George I. was King, as soon as the ceremony was over, the bride removed her wedding ring from the ring finger to the thumb, and the traces of the custom are still visible in some pictures of the period where they are there depicted. This perhaps accounts for the saying, "Wear

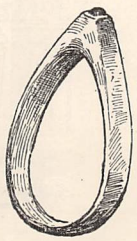
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' SIGNET RING. (*British Museum.*)

my husband on my thumb." Another class of thumb ring was ecclesiastical.

RING SAID TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY CHARLES I. TO JUXON. (*South Kensington Museum.*)

Brides of our day would hardly object to the old custom that, after the bridegroom had placed the wedding ring on the wife's finger, he should supplement it by several others with gems. In early days the espousal circlet was placed first on one finger, then on another, before its final resting place, with the words: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." Interesting relics of old days are the gimmal rings, used both for marriage and betrothal. They were made of two or three movable hoops, one of which was worn by each of the lovers during the betrothal; but at the marriage the completed ring was united again, and served for a keeper or wedding ring, the hoops being kept together by clasped hands, and sometimes attached to a heart. In the north of Europe the wedding ring opened in the centre, so that there was room for the finger to enlarge with age, but in this case it was not of plain gold, but chased and engraved. No doubt the double and triple gimmal rings originated in the old idea of a betrothed couple dividing a coin, each keeping half. But there are other rings for us to consider, and I will dismiss this part of my subject with Douglas Jerrold's view of the question: "Alack! the wedding ring, like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil, it circles the whole world."

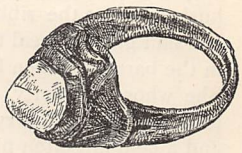
THUMB RING OF POPE INNOCENT VIII. (*British Museum.*)



BISHOP'S RING. (*South Kensington Museum.*)

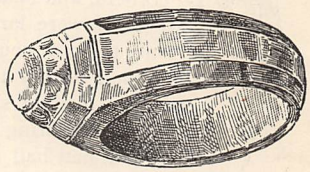
When rings were first worn it was not so much for ornament as a sign of power and authority. They were mostly signet rings bearing a distinguishing badge. Many seal rings are found in Egyptian and other ancient tombs.

Very beautiful relics of the kind have been handed down to us—the Egyptian, of pure gold, heavy but simple in design, and some of glass and pottery; the Babylonian, cylindrical, cut from some hard substance like crystal, and perforated from end to end, so that they could be hung about the neck. The Egyptian snake rings are more quaint and curious than beautiful. The Greeks have left us iron and gold rings of exquisite workmanship. One from Etruria, now in the British Museum, has the hoop formed of the bodies of two lions, their paws supporting an engraving of a lion in heraldic colours. Among the Romans, iron rings were worn, save by ambassadors, senators, and persons of high degree; and Tiberius made a property qualification for wearing rings.



CRAMP RING.

It would take a long chapter to give even a brief summary of the many romances and thrilling incidents with which rings are associated. History is full of them. Before the date of the sign manual, and long after, the sovereign's will was signified by his or her ring, as in the days of Mary Queen of Scots, when her messenger arrived in hot haste, armed with the Queen's ring for the Provost, to reprieve two luckless citizens at the foot of the gallows. Many of that ill-fated Queen's rings still remain to us. Just before the birth of her son James, she made a will specially bequeathing her espousal ring of diamonds enamelled red to "the King who gave it me." "Mary Queen of Scots' ring" is an heirloom in Sir J. Stuart's family. It has a centre heart-shaped stone, three stones set in an ancient crown on each side, and beyond a gold fleur-de-lis. Her signet ring is at the British Museum, and at South Kensington is another ring of hers showing the cipher of the Queen and Darnley. The ring with the portrait of Charles I., given by him to Juxon before his execution, was among the most prized treasures in the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery, 1889.



TOADSTONE RING. (*South Kensington Museum.*)

Episcopal rings are too long a subject for me to enter upon here. There is scarcely an ancient clerical tomb which does not boast of some. Many curious virtues have been from time to time ascribed to rings. The cramp rings of the middle ages, sometimes made of the handles of coffins, were blessed by the King, and originated in one given to Edward the Confessor, supposed to cure epilepsy. Gyges, King of Lydia, possessed one which, he claimed, rendered him invisible. In the fourth century a gold circlet depicting Hercules

strangling the Nemæan lion cured colic in the true believer; and others bearing the names of the three Kings of Cologne were supposed to possess innumerable virtues. Even now a sty on the eyelid is supposed to be cured by rubbing with a wedding ring. The toadstone rings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were silver, with a jewel supposed to be taken from the head of a very old toad. Their owners could detect poison by its means, for it changed colour. Shakespeare alludes to this in *As You Like It*, act ii., scene 1:—

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

In Sweden, maidens anxious to foretell the future place a ring, a coin, and a piece of black ribbon each under a separate cup. If the ring is first exposed, they marry within the year; the coin secures a rich husband; but the ribbon denotes an old maid. The Russian girls conceal their finger-rings amid the corn in the barn, and then bring in a hen to peck the grain. She whose property is first unearthed is supposed to be the first to marry. In England, a ring, a button, and a coin are often placed in the wedding cake. She who secures the ring is to be the next bride; the button, the old maid; the coin secures a wealthy suitor. A ring put in posset "infuses magic power," and "will tell the fair if haply she will wed."

Rings did not always encircle the finger. In the fifteenth century and later they were frequently hung by a ribbon round the neck; and a ring in the bandstring in the seventeenth century was mentioned as an essential of good dressing. The dandies of an earlier period cut holes in their gloves that the gems on their fingers might be seen.

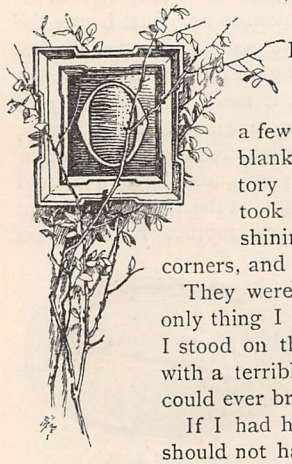
KINGS OF COLOGNE RING. (*South Kensington Museum.*)

There is a comic side to the history of rings. Addison, in the *Spectator*, alludes to "a gold ring to be grinned for by men," which the writer considers should bear the posy, "The frightful grinner be the winner."

John Heywood, in the sixteenth century, alludes to "Him that hoppeth best, at last to have the ring"; and in an old church at Bury St. Edmund's a record is kept of a certain bride who, having no arms, had the ring placed on the fourth toe of her left foot, and signed the register with her right foot.

THE BRIGHTENING OF THREE DREARY BACK ROOMS.

FIRST PAPER.



OF the dull cold dreariness of their aspect, there could be no question. Outside, a few yards from the windows, the blank walls of a great manufactory shut out light and air, and took away all chance of the sun shining into those dark bogie-like corners, and chasing the spiders away.

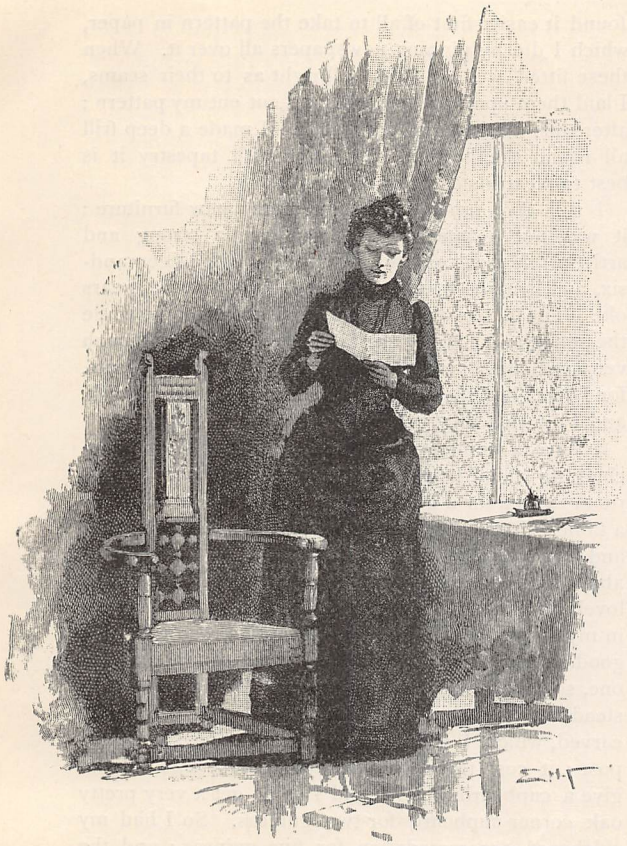
They were large rooms: that was the only thing I could say in their praise as I stood on the threshold, and wondered, with a terrible sinking of the heart, if I could ever bring myself to live in them.

If I had had one particle of choice I should not have gone there, but as it was, circumstances had ordained that it was to be my home, and I had to give myself up to making the best of it.

Now, had I possessed plenty of money, this "making the best" would not have been so very difficult; beautiful painted glass and Morris papers would have wrought wonders, and I should soon have had a pretty room; but money was not very plentiful with me just then, and I was obliged to count the cost of everything that I ordered.

The first room was papered with an old-fashioned flock paper, dreadfully dark, in colours of brown and purple; it was very ugly, but, like many ugly things, was in wonderful preservation. I hardly liked to tear it down and have the walls scraped and another put up; I ought not to begin with an unnecessary expense. Then I remembered that I could paint it—the expense

MY POLISHED PINE MANTEL-PIECE.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

would be much less than a new paper, and the effect gained by painting on flock is exceedingly good : the pattern shows up under the paint in bold relief. Before we began to paint I bought some yards of Japanese gold paper at eighteenpence the yard, and some of the Lincustra bordering. This bordering was nailed round the top of the room, just below the ceiling. The gold paper was cut into panels and was pasted upon the wall, great care having been first taken to tear off the flock paper beneath it ; had this not been removed, the surface of the wall would have been unequal. When the paper was thoroughly dry the painting began, the great question of the colour having first been settled.

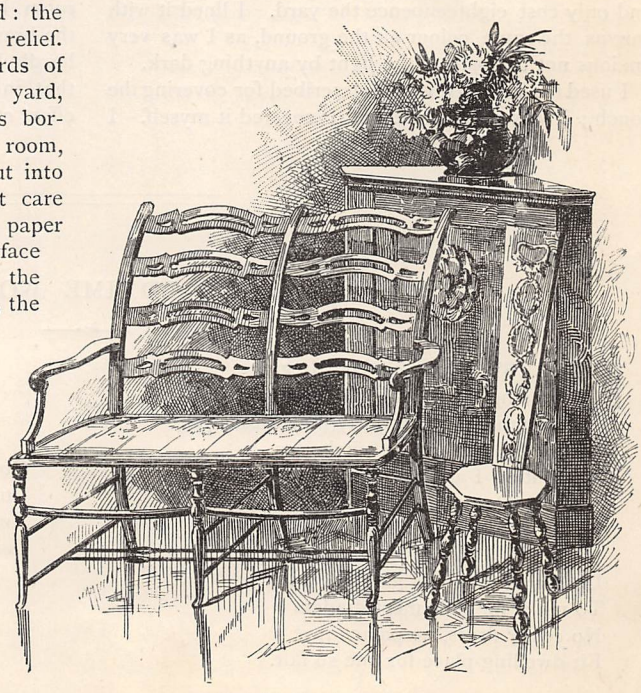
The colour depended more upon the character of the room than upon individual taste and inclination. Had the room been less cold and sunless, white walls and gold panels would have been beautiful, but under present circumstances I felt warmth must be the first consideration, so we fixed on a red, or rather a crimson lake, and when finished, the choice was quite justified. The first coat was of white paint; it is always well in painting flock papers to use white for the first coat, as it prevents the colours of the flock taking away the brightness of the paint, and it gives substance also to the Lincustra border. Two coats of the crimson lake completed the work, and when some etchings in black and white frames were hung, the walls looked wonderfully well. The mantel-piece was a dreadful wooden one, painted to represent marble. I could have had it scraped and re-painted, but I was extravagant enough to take it down and to put up one of polished pine, which I illustrate here. The mantel-piece and overmantel are all made in one, a little mirror of bevelled glass is let into the centre, while a motto is carved over the brass fireplace.

I bought a pierced brass fender for this room, costing nineteen and sixpence. The walls being finished, the carpet had to be considered, and this was an anxious question. A carpet to cover the floor was a difficult thing, and yet the boards were too old and worm-eaten for polish and staining, and even could they be stained the colour would not look well with my polished pine.

After a great deal of thought, I ended by having no carpet at all. I had the floor covered with parquet flooring. This was laid upon the old boards and fitted tightly over the floor ; it made a great difference to the warmth of the room, as it kept out the draughts which used to rush up between the cracks.

The parquet we had was of the thin kind and in light polished wood. A large Turkey rug, costing thirty-one and sixpence, was put down in front of the fireplace, and looked very well.

But though all this was an improvement, the black walls of the manufactory still stared in at the



THE OAK SPINNING-CHAIR.

windows in hopeless ugliness. What could be done? Fine silk inner curtains would have been pretty, but on trying a piece of silk against the pane I found that it darkened the already dark room too much to be a possibility. At last I remembered a device that I had once seen in a friend's house.

I hunted the shops through till I found some very fine muslin with a very large pattern. I succeeded in getting exactly what I wanted—a pale cream ground with a faded-looking pattern of crimson flowers and leaves, edged, as in coloured glass, with olive green: it was fifty inches wide, at tenpence-halfpenny the yard. This I pasted on all the lower part of the window; I had to exercise great care in keeping it quite straight. I used fish glue, as I found it whiter and much stronger than gum.

The effect of muslin used in this way is wonderful. As it is pasted tightly on the glass, there are no folds, as in curtains, to obstruct the light; it does not soil for a very long time, and then it can easily be washed off with very hot water and a hard nail-brush, and the glass can be re-covered. Over the top panes of these windows I pasted some dried fronds of ferns: the Royal and Bracken. I made them come from each side, and did not let them quite meet in the middle. They must be fastened on very carefully; each leaf should be lightly gummed down to the glass.

My windows looked very well when they were finished; but I have always found the top panes very difficult to keep clean, as it is so hard not to rub the dried ferns off.

For curtains I chose a very pretty "Art Tapestry." The ground was something the same colour as my floor, and it was worked in stripes of gold, with flowers in crimson and pale pink: it was a very nice material and exceedingly cheap, as it was fifty-two inches wide, and only cost eighteenpence the yard. I lined it with canvas the same colour as the ground, as I was very anxious not to obstruct the light by anything dark.

I used the tapestry I have described for covering the couch; it was an old one, and I covered it myself. I found it easier first of all to take the pattern in paper, which I did by pinning newspapers all over it. When these fitted well, and were all right as to their seams, I laid them upon the material and cut out my pattern; after this, the rest was easy work. I made a deep frill all round the bottom, but I find with tapestry it is best to pleat instead of gathering it.

I will give some description of my new furniture; it was not expensive, but wonderfully strong and artistic. My oak spinning-chair only cost fifteen-and-six, and is made from an old model two hundred years old. The Shakespeare oak chair is also a copy, while the settee and smaller chairs are quite modern, though very well designed. I am very proud of their seats, for I modelled them myself in the raised leather-work, and I am told they will never wear out.

I have a comfortable Indian rattan-cane rocking-chair, for which I paid nineteen-and-sixpence. As the room is used for a dining-room, I had of course to buy a table. I ordered a deal one with polished pine legs, and had to have it made. It has a round top, and cost about four pounds. I use for a table-cloth one of the lovely Indian quilts, the colours of which look very well in my room. I could not pay the price required for a good sideboard, and would not have a common cheap one, so I had to go without one at all, and bought instead an oak table with two drawers, and beautifully carved, which I thought would serve the same purpose; it cost three guineas. Of course this did not give a cupboard, but I found I could get a very pretty oak corner cupboard for two guineas. So I had my sideboard accommodation for five guineas; and the corner cupboard, having three large roomy shelves, was useful for many things. The walls being so bright, the dark oak furniture in no sense served to make the room look gloomy. The light polished boards and the brass fireplace all gave colour; and though I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes, it was true that, in spite of its dreary surroundings, the whole effect of the room when finished was one of brightness.

AN OLD TIME WOOING.

DEAREST, I have no courtly grace
To sing the beauties of thy face,
To praise thy hair, thy matchless eyes,
And all thy gentle witcheries.
But all I am, and fain would be,
Dearest, my dearest,
Is for thee!

Dearest, I have no gold or gem
To make for thee meet diadem;
No costly dress, no palace rare,
Fit dwelling-place for one so fair.
But what I have, and all that's mine,
Dearest, my dearest,
All is thine!

Good-night! the stars are in the skies,
But all my light is in thine eyes;
And every rose in this sweet land
Is nought compared to thy dear hand;
Because I know, because I see,
Dearest, my dearest,
Thou lovest me!

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

(*Drawn by the late* ALICE HAVERS.)

AN OLD-TIME WOOING.

(*See p.* 606.)

THAT LITTLE WOMAN.

By IDA J. LEMON.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

SHE ACTS AS NURSE.

"WELL, Mr. Briscoe," said the doctor, who had a slightly professional manner; "I am sorry to hear of this casualty."

"Ah, Meredith," the other replied, and his tone showed relief. "I'm remarkably glad to see you. I've only had the womankind to bungle with me at present, and goodness only knows what harm has been done."

The ingratitude of man!

"Poor fellow." The doctor smiled, and his face gained immeasurably. "Don't tell me you have been doctored by some one who has been to an ambulance class."

"I don't know whether she has been to any sort of class, but she seemed to have plenty of confidence in herself."

"They always do have, that is the worst of it." The doctor examined him carefully, noted the position of the arm and so forth, and looked relieved.

"That is all right," he said. "I am glad of that, for you alarmed me at first. The number of simple fractures that have been converted into compound and complicated by the people who 'thought they knew' is something quite appalling. You will do. Now go to bed, and leave your work to your head clerk till I give you permission to resume it. It's a shock to the system, this sort of thing; and we mustn't let the gout suffer, as it may if we are not careful."

"You always tell one what to expect, Meredith."

"Of course I do," rejoined the other. "They call me an alarmist, you know, because I treat my patients like rational creatures as long as they are rational. The diseased mind we must humour. It is just as well people should know possible consequences, and then they avoid indiscretions. Now, about a nurse. I shall send you one round."

"I don't want one. I hate strange people about me."

Meredith laughed.

"You can't attend to your injuries yourself, can you?"

"Surely the women in this house can manage."

"One can't very well ask them," said the doctor with an almost imperceptible shrug of his shoulders. "I expect they would say it was not in the agreement. Besides you need proper care, and probably they know nothing about nursing even if they would be willing to devote all their time to you."

"That little woman does."

"Who is 'that little woman'? The lady who looked to your bone? I should put confidence in her."

"So should I, and I believe she would undertake it. What's become of her? Didn't you meet her, Meredith?"

"I saw someone hastening up the stairs, was that she?"

"Yes, Miss Loveridge."

"Who?" The doctor started.

"Miss Loveridge. She lives upstairs, and is a kind-hearted soul."

"Ah! Well, can't you produce her? Shall I ring?"

He did so, and Mary appearing was dispatched with a message to the lady, who was awaiting it on the top stair with a beating heart.

"I have an appointment in half an hour, there's an operation to attend," said the doctor. "We had better lose no time in getting you to bed. Your room is through here, I think."

It was evident that Dr. Meredith was a man who did not let the grass grow under his feet.

"Hark," said Briscoe. "Here she comes."

The door opened and Miss Loveridge appeared. Meredith looked eagerly at her and made a step forward.

"Do you want me, Mr. Briscoe?" said Miss Loveridge who had not even glanced at his companion.

"Yes. What on earth did you run away for? I want to introduce you to Dr. Meredith."

The doctor came up to her and held out his hand. She put hers in it and looking up, her lips formed the word "hush."

He moved away again but his glance was still fixed on her face.

"You have had some experience in nursing I believe, Miss Loveridge?" Mr. Briscoe said.

"A good deal, yes."

"I want to know—ahem—you are not particularly engaged, I think—could you—could you perhaps undertake, of course professionally, to—"

"Mr. Briscoe thinks from the capital way in which you attended to his fracture, that, if you would be so good, you would be eminently fitted to continue looking after it."

"I should be delighted to nurse Mr. Briscoe as a friend," said Miss Loveridge in her usual pleasant voice; "but as nursing is not my profession, I must refuse to act as if it were."

Briscoe muttered unintelligible thanks.

"That is right," said the doctor. "Then suppose, nurse, we put your patient to bed at once."

It was some little time before they emerged together from the bed-room, Meredith giving her orders. He closed the door softly behind him, glanced to see the other one was shut, then took both her hands.

"Marion," he said with emotion, "who would have thought of seeing you in this room of all places?"

"Not I, three months ago. I think that Providence has placed me here."

"You have not lost your old belief in Providence."

"I have had no reason to. God has never forsaken me."

"And you can say that whose life has been blighted?"

"It has not been blighted, Talbot. I am a better woman than I ever should have been without sorrow."

"H'm! Most people thrive better on joy, I think. I don't find in my profession that sorrow does much good."

"You attend to bodies, not souls, Talbot. Yet you are a standing witness of its power. You have been denied something you once wished," she looked down, "and you are a better man for it."

"What makes you say that?" he asked hastily. "How can you know?"

"I see it in your face, my friend. These ten years have changed you."

"If anything has changed me, I refuse to give the credit of it either to sorrow or to time, but to you. Even as a girl you were always so brave and strong-minded and full of hope. When I was morbid, when I entertained harsh views of people and the world, when I was wont to consider life a burden and immortality a threat, you by your words and example influenced and cheered me more than you know. I have always tried to come nearer to what I thought Marion Loveridge would wish."

"It is good of you to say that, Talbot, it makes me happy to hear it. I do not think you were morbid. All thinking men and women go through such times; it is partly a matter of temperament how they come out of them, and no doubt God makes allowances. It is no credit to me that I was brave through belief. I lack your critical faculty, you know, and faith comes easy to me."

"You are unchanged, Marion."

She looked up eagerly.

"You think that? In looks too? You recognised me at once!"

"At once, my dear."

"I am glad of that, very glad. When you knew me I was a girl, and, I may say now, a pretty one. Now I am a girl no longer, and such charms as youth gave me are fled."

"Are you asking for compliments, Marion?"

"If that were so, I should not come to Dr. Talbot Meredith. He was not prodigal of them even in the old days."

"Yet he loved you very sincerely."

"I know it. I am glad you say '*loved*,' Talbot."

"You mean—"

They were standing side by side. She laid her hand on his arm and looked at him earnestly, and very sweetly.

"Now we have met again, let us resume the frank, free intercourse we had when you were my friend and not my lover. It was that which separated us. Let it not do so again. We shall probably see much of each other in the next few weeks. Meeting me to-day so unexpectedly has recalled the past to you, and made you, perhaps, confound it with the present. But in your heart, Talbot, it is not—it is right that it should not be—the same. Do not mislead yourself into thinking it is."

"Naturally," he began, somewhat awkwardly, and stopped.

"Well."

"Naturally time has made a change. You bade me forget you, and I did my best to do so. I have had my work to occupy my thoughts, and many interests and——"

"Do not seek to excuse yourself, Talbot. It is as it should be."

Yet there was a shade of sadness in her tone.

"But," he said, eagerly, "you will always be to me the first and best of women."

"No, rash man," she laughed, "some day some other woman will be, ought to be, first and best. Let us talk of something else."

"Of you, then. How comes it you are here? Does he know who you are?"

"No, he never knew anything about me. I saw him once only, years ago; but when I heard his name and his occupation from Mrs. Greenlow on his arrival as a boarder at this house, where I have been for a year, when I saw him—above all, when I saw that"—pointing to the picture—"is it not a wonderful likeness?—I knew I had not made a mistake."

"And you have wished to become friends with him?"

"Naturally. I want him to be fond of me, as I was of him, even at first; though then, not as now, for his own sake."

"You like him?"

"Like the rest of us, Talbot, he is compounded of good and bad. The older I grow, the less I believe—save in exceptional cases—in either saints or villains."

"And, may I ask, do you still——"

"Still?"

He hesitated.

"I know what you would ask," she said, with a very bright smile. "My feelings are the same as they always have been—as they always will be. They can never change, and there is no reason why they should. I am one of those whose root is in the past. Next time I see you, perhaps I will tell you what I have taken upon myself to do."

"Which reminds me," said Meredith, glancing at his watch, "that I must go. Well, it is very true that it is only the unexpected that happens."

"That is the delightful part of life," said Miss Loveridge. "It is so remarkably interesting. There are times when its dreariness is appalling, and we think we can never go on; and then we turn the page and are enthralled."

"If you become philosophical, I shall forget my appointment."

"I will see you downstairs."

As they went out, there was a knock at the street door. Miss Loveridge paused for a moment on the landing.

"I don't feel I have said half that I meant to. But I am very glad to have met you again. Believe always, Talbot, that it is best as it is. You see now that whatever might once have been is not desirable any longer. Women age sooner than men, and I am—well, an old woman compared with you. Indeed, sometimes I fear"—she paused and sighed—"but no, I will not even think of that. Well, I hope some day to hear you love a girl, young, beautiful, and suitable."

"I think that will never be," said Meredith, rashly.

The door below was opened. A voice was heard asking for Mr. Briscoe: a clear, fresh, girlish voice. The servant's answer was inaudible, but those above heard an expression of dismay. They went down the stairs, Miss Loveridge first and the doctor following. Suddenly the former started violently. She stopped and turned round to Meredith, whose eyes were cast downward.

"'TALBOT,' SHE SAID IN A WHISPER, 'LOOK!'"

"Talbot," she said in a whisper, "look!"

Meredith raised his eyes. Framed in the doorway, the morning sunlight behind her making an aureole of her fair hair, was a young girl dressed in mourning. He caught a glimpse of a pure, frank, charming face, and of a pair of ravishing eyes. It was only a minute's picture. The girl observed them, and moved inward and to one side.

"This lady is inquiring for Mr. Briscoe, miss," said the "general."

"May I ask who you are?" said Miss Loveridge, and her voice trembled.

"I am Evelyn Gaytherne, Mr. Briscoe's niece," was the ready answer; "and I have come all the way from America to see him."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"WELL, I never," ejaculated Miss Loveridge, and she felt with the doctor that it was only the unexpected that happened.

That gentleman, the victim of duty, checked his desires and his curiosity and departed, leaving the two ladies regarding each other helplessly.

Not only had Miss Evelyn Gaytherne come all the way from America, but outside, behind the doctor's carriage, was a cab containing Miss Evelyn Gaytherne's boxes, and a good many of them. It was evident she had come with intent to stay. Such indeed was the case, as Miss Loveridge learnt when she explained the state of affairs to the poor little visitor, and ventured to inquire if Mr. Briscoe had expected her arrival.

"Dear me, no," said the young lady calmly. "I could not go fussing about arrangements. When six months ago my dearest mother died"—she glanced at her mourning—"she told me to come to England and seek out Uncle Thomas. I have sought him out. I went to Italy first, and to Paris. When I came to this country, I went to his lawyer, whose name and address we had. So it was all quite simple, you see."

Miss Loveridge felt somewhat overwhelmed, in spite of the simplicity Miss Gaytherne commended.

"And you expected your uncle to put you up while you were here. Is that it?"

"Well, it seems the most natural thing, doesn't it? I thought I would give him the chance, at any rate. Still, if he can't, of course, I must go to an hotel and look round me."

"And are you all by yourself?" asked Miss Loveridge, just a little bit scandalised.

The young girl gave a merry laugh.

"Oh, you are shocked. Of course, you would be with English notions, though I hope you are better than the French, who seem to think an unmarried woman must be kept under lock and key. We Americans are very independent, you know. Still, to comfort you, I will tell you that I came over with a dear old English lady; but we parted company when we reached these shores, because her home is in Devonshire."

With every word she said, Miss Loveridge's liking for this young person deepened. Although her manner was impulsive and confiding, there was nothing in the least fast about it; and there was a certain breeziness that Americans possess in an astonishing degree. Her voice had a slight twang, but not enough to be disagreeable; she was undeniably beautiful, and Miss Loveridge had a reason of her own for being drawn to her. She felt as if she understood her perfectly.

"My dear," she said, "your uncle's illness will prevent his making any arrangements about putting you up just yet. He only lives in lodgings, you see. Besides, he is not exactly—well, I don't think he is altogether the sort of person to enjoy an emergency, even of so pleasing a kind; though I am sure he will be—he must be—glad to see you."

"So you think I had better go somewhere else for the present."

"No," said Miss Loveridge smiling. "That is exactly what I do not think. I live in this house too, and I am going to attend to your uncle, so I shall be very little in my own rooms. I want you to use them."

"The idea!" cried Miss Gaytherne. "I wouldn't think of such a thing for a moment. But it is very hospitable of you. They told me the English were not as hospitable as we Americans. I shall write and tell my friends over there that they are mistaken. But I am not going to presume on your kindness, I, a stranger too."

"I beg you not to use that word," said Miss Loveridge, hastily. "It is one I particularly dislike. I never let anybody use it if I can help it, besides we ought none of us to be 'strangers' to one another."

"That is a nice idea," said Evelyn, dimpling. "I like it. But suppose," she laughed, "suppose that I am not what I pretend to be, but an impostor, and that I have come here to see what I can take!"

"*That* is a nice idea too," said Miss Loveridge. "Well, you won't find very much in my apartments that is of any intrinsic value. It is more likely that I may be impelled to help myself to the contents of those," pointing to the boxes. "Which reminds me that you are keeping your cabman waiting, and that we had better have them brought in. Besides Mr. Briscoe will be wondering what has become of me. Mary," turning to the "general" who had been standing by the whole time in an attitude well adapted for fly-catching, "will you tell the cabman to bring in Miss—"

"Gaytherne."

"Miss Gaytherne's boxes and to take them up to my room as quietly as he can. Show the lady the way up. I know you will excuse me, my dear, I must run and see if I am wanted."

But before Miss Loveridge went to her patient, she fell on her knees in his sitting-room and hid her face in her hands.

"My God," she murmured. "Thou art the only one to whom I can come Who knowest all. So much has happened of late, and especially this day, which I cannot take to be chance, that I believe it, my Father, to be the working of Thy will towards me. If all shall yet be well I thank Thee, oh I thank Thee, but in any case teach me to say as Thou hast helped me to say hitherto: 'Thy will be done.'"

Miss Gaytherne was somewhat taken by surprise, and, as she said, found herself established before she knew what she was about. But she was evidently used to making herself at home, and was quite without embarrassment. She found plenty wherewith to occupy herself. She surveyed Miss Loveridge's room

with satisfaction and flattered herself that she was coming to conclusions as to the owner's character. The books in the hanging bookcase and on the tables, the pictures on the walls, the wall-paper, the knick-knacks scattered about, all came under her scrutiny. Over the mantel-piece was a scroll with the words :

"WAIT ON THE LORD : BE OF GOOD COURAGE AND HE SHALL STRENGTHEN THINE HEART : WAIT, I SAY, ON THE LORD."

On a small table in the corner was a wooden box, locked, by the side of it the faded photograph of a young man, and a little worn Testament.

"Ah," remarked Miss Gaytherne. "I should say she was a woman with a history, that these were her love-letters and this her sweetheart or her husband, but no, she has hardly the air of a married woman. Is he dead, I wonder? What was he like?"

She put out her hand to take and examine the photograph, then suddenly drew it back, blushing.

"What a wretch I am! What right have I to pry? I shouldn't like anyone to do it to my things. Still it *is* interesting. However, I don't suppose I should be edified if I did look. Old photographs are always ghastly. And it may only be her father after all."

Then she took up a copy of Mrs. Browning's poems which lay on the table and began to read.

Before very long Miss Loveridge knocked at her own door and came in.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "Ah, that's right, you have been amusing yourself."

"What a pretty room it is," said Evelyn.

"You think so? I am glad. It is only an old maid's quarters. It is certainly prettier at the present moment than I have ever seen it."

There is nothing a woman enjoys more than a compliment from one of her own sex. Evelyn smiled. Then she came forward and took the elder woman's hand.

"How kind you are! You really make one feel one isn't an utter intruder. Yet, as a matter of fact, the way in which I have quartered myself upon you is, to say the least of it——"

"Perfectly right and very friendly of you. I am as glad to come across people who are not stiff as you are. Besides hospitality is in some places regarded as a religious duty, you know. And so it ought to be. Now take off your hat, and I will get you some lunch."

"Let me help you. Do."

"Certainly not. No, my visitor must sit down and be comfortable. Try this chair, that is what I patronise when I am especially lazy."

Miss Loveridge began to lay the cloth. In her journeys between the table and the cupboard she often paused to look at the girl as she reclined gracefully in the easy chair, her daintily clad feet resting on the footstool which the hostess had placed, and her hands crossed in her lap. Miss Gaytherne was not at all a silent person and chattered gaily about the voyage and the people she had come across, and praised the kindness of everyone whom she had met. It was evident she took a rose-coloured view of life, had had unbounded satisfaction in the past and expected it in the future. There is something touchingly pathetic to older people about this fragrance of youth which brings back to them a subtle recollection. Those who have been soured sometimes resent it, but those who have been saddened only by their contact with life, find it very refreshing and very beautiful. Yet Miss Loveridge, looking meditatively at the girl, sighed involuntarily.

The look or the sigh attracted Miss Gaytherne's attention. She raised her eyes and smiled inquiry.

"What is it?"

"Nothing. You must forgive my staring at you, only you remind me so much of—of someone I used to know."

"Do I? I am a common enough type, I suppose. People are always finding me like some relation, but I have never met myself yet, except once in a shop, and then it was in a looking-glass."

"Are you supposed to be like the members of your own family?"

"Very much. My mother used to say I was the living image of my grandmother."

"Yes, you are very like her," Miss Loveridge said contemplatively. Evelyn looked up in surprise.

"No, I did not know her," said Miss Loveridge answering the look, "but I have seen her likeness. There is a beautiful painting of her as a girl in your uncle's room."

"Is there? She died quite young. She was not thirty, I think."

"No, I have heard so."

"I have always felt a great interest in my grandmother, partly because they say that I resemble her in other ways than in looks, partly because I am naturally clanny and feel drawn to my family, much in the same way as all Americans feel drawn to England. I am fond of them all—dead or living, known or unknown. It is very true that blood is thicker than water, though people with many relations generally make a point of quarrelling with them, I believe. I wish my grandmother were alive. I should love a little old granny to lecture me, and tell me how good everybody was when she was young, and how nobody ever flirted or did anything for anyone to disapprove of. But my grandmother was not flighty at all, at least, not after her childhood."

"Was she so serious, then?"

"She was unhappy. Why does one always take so much more interest in the sad than in the happy people, I wonder? Those who have known sorrow seem always sacred, I think."

Miss Loveridge came over to the fireside and stood there. She contemplated the girl with kindly eyes.

"Why was your grandmother unhappy?" she asked.

"Why are half the people in the world unhappy? It is generally the same reason : because of love. She was an impulsive little creature, with more heart than intellect, and she had always been spoiled, so that perhaps she was capricious. When she was fifteen, my grandfather, who was a sailor, saw her and fell

madly in love with her; but he was starting on a voyage, and she was such a child, so he said nothing. But on this voyage he picked up jewels and shawls and other lovely things for her; and he always prayed that she might be his wife, and he dreamed of the time when he should see her again. It was all very romantic. He came home in six months, saw her again, proposed for her, and gained her love. She was married at seventeen, and adored and spoilt more than ever; but after three years he was drowned at sea."

"How sad."

"Very. But the worst of it was, my grandmother, who was very high-spirited and self-willed, had quarrelled with him just before he sailed. I think from the time of his death she never smiled."

"But I have heard—did she not marry again?"

"Yes, before long. The doctor who attended her was a widower, more than double her age, and with a son almost grown up; that son is Uncle Thomas, though, of course, he is really no relation to me. This doctor fell in love with her. She did not care for him in that way, of course, but she was so lonely and wretched and wanted to be taken care of, and he was very kind to her. Perhaps, too, she could not bear the thought of making anyone else unhappy for her sake. She was quite changed, so sad and grave and self-reproachful. My mother had her diary, and it made me cry to read how she envied the women who did not know the meaning of regret."

"The doctor was kind to her?"

"Oh, very. He simply worshipped her; and he was good to her children, too; but he did not survive her many years."

"Children? There was another child besides your mother?"

"Yes," answered Miss Gaytherne a little awkwardly. There was a slight pause, and then she said: "But here I am chattering about my affairs as if they could possibly interest a stranger."

Miss Loveridge withdrew her gaze from the glowing coals. The heat of the fire had brought the tears to her eyes.

"I thought," she said gently, "I had forbidden you to use that word. And all you say does interest me very much. You see, I am a friend—of Mr. Briscoe. But here we are, as you say, chattering and forgetting all about luncheon, and before long I shall be wanted downstairs. Do you mind my opening the door a little, so that I shall be sure to hear your uncle's bell?"

She moved briskly away.

"Now let me see what there is for lunch. You must excuse my not having things better or grander; I certainly should have had if I had expected so charming a guest. Cold fowl? Yes, that will do. Bread and butter. Do you like home-made jam? I had some given me at Christmas, which I haven't touched yet. Ah! here is some veal broth. I always keep a little handy for my poor people. We will warm that up. Nonsense, my dear child, of course you must have some."

In a minute it was warming over the fire in the brightest of small saucepans. Miss Gaytherne took upon herself to watch it while Miss Loveridge made toast.

"Do you visit the poor, then?" she asked.

"I like to as much as possible. I have time to, you see."

"I am sure you are very good," said Evelyn, lifting the saucepan lid and peeping in. "No, I mean you; I'm not addressing the broth," she laughed, "though that is good too, judging by the smell. Good people always have a sort of look in their eyes, and you have—they shine——"

"Nonsense, it's the fire in them." She rose and took the toast to the table.

"No, no, no," Evelyn said, or rather sang. "You mustn't contradict me. I have always been spoilt, and I am used to having my own way. This is hot enough, I think, or else I shall burn my tongue and not be able to talk."

They sat down to the table. Miss Loveridge ate little, but attended to her guest, who praised and enjoyed everything.

"I can't pretend not to have a good appetite," said Evelyn, as she received her second helping of fowl, "it is so long since breakfast; besides, I've had rather an exciting morning, and excitement always makes me hungry. I shall have to write to Mrs. Gordon and tell her what became of me; I promised to. Mrs. Gordon is the old lady I came over with."

"Yes, my dear, you can write here. You will find pens and paper in that desk."

"Oh, thank you. What a pretty little desk that is; I noticed it. Do you have much writing to do?"

"A good deal. Besides, there are always letters."

"Besides! Do you do other writing? You don't mean—why, now I come to look at you, you are just the sort of person to write books. Are you literary? I love literary people."

"I don't claim such a grand name as that," said Miss Loveridge, and she blushed, "but I own I write a little, my dear. It adds to one's resources."

"Fancy! I should like to read some things you have written. Tell me the names of them."

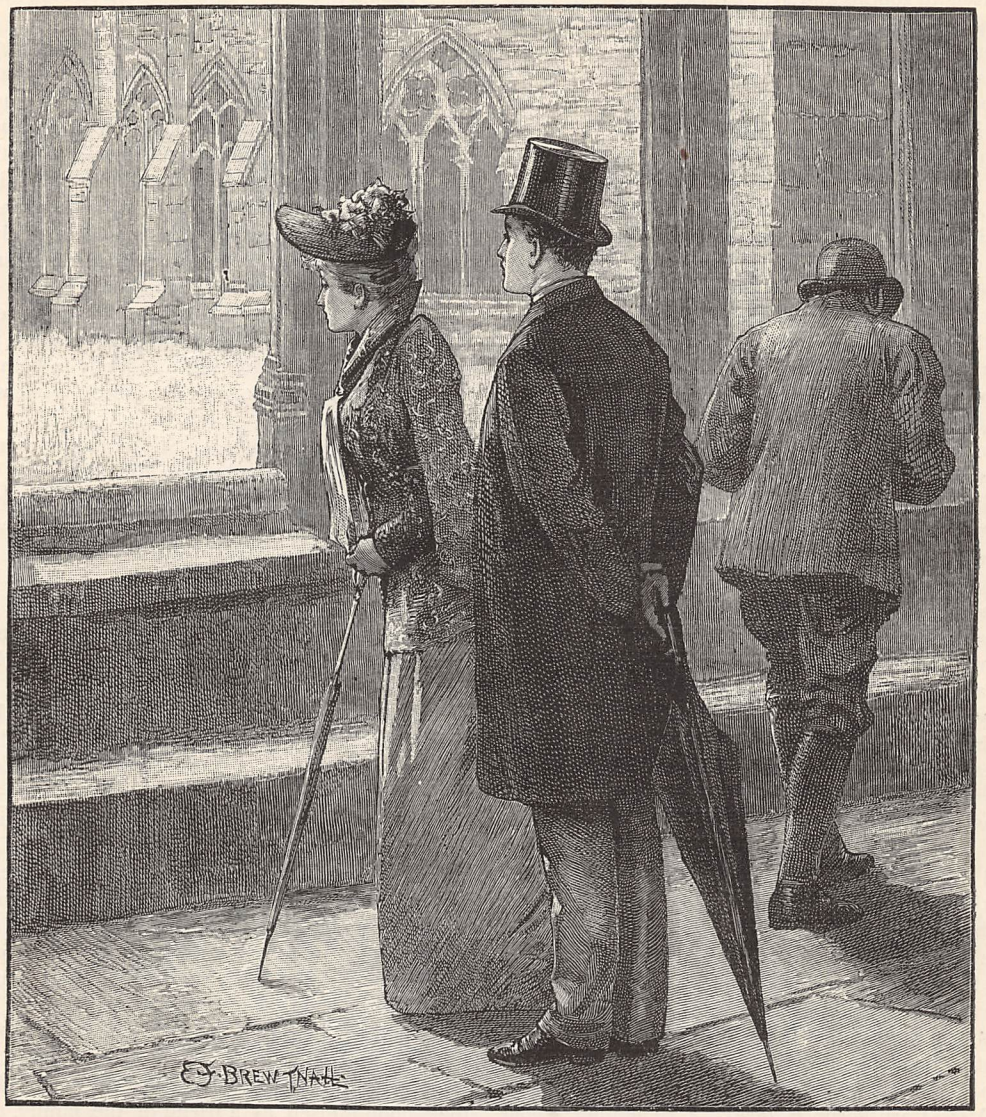
"They are not worth your reading, even if I could get hold of them. They are most of them fugitive pieces in magazines, and so on. I'm afraid if you want to see anyone famous you must go elsewhere. I am not in the least distinguished."

"Well, I'm sure you deserve to be. Yes, I am. No, you're going to contradict me again!" She pouted charmingly.

Miss Loveridge smiled.

"Now you shall write to your friend," she said, as she rose from the table; "and tell her I think you are much too young and much too—shall I make you conceited if I say too pretty?—to go about alone, even if you are an American; and say you have come across an old-fashioned woman who means to look after you till your uncle or someone else is able to."

"Do you, really? I wish I had the strength of mind to refuse. No, I don't. I am glad I haven't. Do you know I like you *very* much, and when I like people at first I do always."



"THE DOCTOR WAS ONLY TOO READY TO PLAY THE GUIDE" (*p.* 614).

"Do you, my dear? God bless you."

"How sweetly you said that."

Miss Loveridge touched the girl's hair. "So like," she said to herself, "so like." She moved to the door, then came back.

"I wonder," she said, "if you would think me very gushing if I asked you to give me a kiss?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Gaytherne, and she put her fresh young lips to the old maid's cheek.

———

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IT seemed quite natural for Evelyn to stay after that, neither was there any question of a change of quarters, at any rate, till after Briscoe's recovery; and Miss Loveridge, who continued to regard the girl as an invited guest, to whom she delighted to do honour, placed all she possessed entirely at her disposal. Indeed that genial and large-hearted person found her greatest pleasure in inconveniencing herself, and would doubtless have given away her head with great readiness had that member been loose. And she went about beaming upon all the world, until, as Meredith said, to look upon her was a cure for cynicism. Little as she paraded it, it could not but be evident what was the guiding principle of Marion Loveridge's life; her love to her neighbour was inspired by love of God, and her faith in both kept her cheerful, hopeful, and free from bitterness. Having given herself and her life into God's keeping, there was no need for her to worry about either, and so she had time to appreciate a great many things, and managed to have "a heart at leisure

from itself to soothe and sympathise." And thus she lived quietly and bravely, that little woman, of whom the world knew nothing and made no account, but who yet was among those who help to bring about the great time for which the whole of creation groans.

Mr. Briscoe was not apprised of what had happened till some days had elapsed. Independently of the accident itself, the shock had affected him so much, that Miss Loveridge judged it wiser, even before consulting Meredith, not to give him any news that might disturb or excite him. She did not for a moment imagine that he would be so delighted to see the charming little visitor as she was, nor that he would welcome her so heartily, and she was rather curious to know in what manner he would take the information.

He was not, it must be confessed, all that one might have desired as a patient. He was known to swear pretty frequently, he was not particularly obedient, he was very bad at bearing pain, very irritable, and, considering the relations between himself and his nurse, inclined to grumble more than politeness permitted. But as for her, nothing seemed to disturb her: kindly and willing, unruffled and bright always, patient and considerate, she was a model nurse. She was skilful, too, and showed her hand was not unpractised, and indeed not only the brother to whom she had alluded, but many a poor creature who had no claim upon her but the claim of a common humanity, had had cause to bless her gentle ministrations. She wrote Briscoe's business letters to his clerk, amused her patient, saw to his food, was careful to neglect nothing, yet to whatever she did, she seemed to bring an undivided mind. Indeed, as he noted the little neat figure, which moved so quickly, the bright, calm face, the womanly ways, the complete unselfishness, he could not withhold his admiration, and perhaps he, too, guessed at a motive and sustaining power in her life, of which he understood little, and which played no part in his.

The morning after the accident, when the doctor had seen him, she consulted the former as to what would be best to do, explaining matters to him.

"So that pretty girl is Miss Carnthorpe's daughter? And Miss Carnthorpe is dead. I remember seeing her once just before she married. I was a hobbledehoy then, and she a beautiful young woman."

"Was she like Evelyn?"

"So that is her name! It suits her. I don't remember exactly what she looked like, except that she resembled Geoffrey, only not so much as this girl does."

"No; is she not the image of him?" said Miss Loveridge eagerly, "allowing for difference of sex, although I always thought Geoffrey's face like a girl's. And he looked so young for his age."

"Yes," said the doctor meditatively, "I wonder if——"

"If what?"

"I was going to say I wonder if we should recognise him as easily as we recognised her likeness to him."

"*I* should," said Miss Loveridge, and there was a sort of triumph in her voice and on her face. "There is no need to wonder. His image is so constantly before me. I could not——" She paused, a sudden mistiness quenching the light in her eyes.

There was silence between them for a minute, and Talbot did not say that which had been his true meaning, and which she in her woman's eagerness had overleapt. But I think in the pity he felt for her, and in his recognition of her feeling towards another, all thoughts of self were excluded, and he was willing and ready to be what she wished him to be—a friend.

"And would you explain to Mr. Briscoe what has happened?" asked Miss Loveridge, "or would you keep him in ignorance a little longer?"

"I think," said Meredith, "that the news of Mrs. Gaytherne's death would probably be a shock to him, especially as he is ill himself and likely to be nervous. I would advise you to wait a while. What will the young lady do?"

"She will stay with me. She is in my room now. Come and be introduced to her."

Miss Loveridge took him upstairs. Evelyn was reading. "Miss Gaytherne," said Miss Loveridge, "this gentleman is your uncle's doctor and an old family friend. He knew your mother."

The girl held out her hand.

"Then I am very glad to make your acquaintance," she said. "And you knew my mother as a girl?"

"I saw her once only."

"Ah, but once was enough to remember her by. Was she not sweet? Was she not charming?"

"You remind me of her," said Talbot Meredith. "All your family are strangely alike."

"That was prettily answered by Talbot," said Miss Loveridge to herself as she went downstairs leaving them together. "He was not always so ready. I wish,"—and she smiled. Was there ever a woman who was not a matchmaker at heart?

Indeed the more she thought the matter over, the more reason she saw for throwing these two together. The young American girl had very different notions from her English cousins, and was used to being on terms of natural intimacy with men, so that it became more or less a matter of course that when Meredith took upon himself, as a friend of the family, to be of use to her, she should not refuse his advances. And considering that he was not by any means a lady's man, Dr. Meredith showed a surprising willingness to minister to Miss Gaytherne's comfort, although he adopted paternal airs which amused that very independent young person not a little. It grew to be a settled thing that Evelyn should defer her shopping expeditions and so forth till the doctor had paid his morning visit to her uncle, when he was always either about to drive exactly where she wanted to go, or was in such need of a walk, that there was nothing which suited him better than to place his carriage at her disposal. A great deal of his profit must have gone in hansoms just at that time. Then, too, it seemed a pity that when Evelyn was in London, she should not see something of the great town with which she was familiar only by name, and, busy as he was, the doctor was only too ready to play the guide, to show her St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey and the

Tower of London, and all those things which seem so very wonderful to the true American. He enjoyed the sight-seeing as much as Evelyn, and wondered at his own blindness when the enthusiastic girl called upon him to admire something which he had had an opportunity of seeing and admiring a thousand times, if he had wished to do so.

He was in that frame of mind with which those are familiar who have cherished an ideal for many years, and whose love for that ideal has become rather a memory than a reality, a fact of which they are not aware, till suddenly they have come face to face with the person who inspired the ideal originally. Then there comes, as it were, an after-math. The doctor saw very clearly that his feeling for Miss Loveridge, though very warm and true, was no longer the passion of his youth; but he felt, nevertheless, a desire to experience again that warmth, that fulness of existence, that glow which love alone can give. He was still quite a young man, and if his busy life had left him little time for dreaming, it had not destroyed the romance which lurks at the bottom of every honest heart. Perhaps for the very reason that it was at the bottom and not on the surface, he was the more ready to admire the evident sentiment of the young girl who, if she had never thought very deeply, had yet never had any thought of which she need be ashamed, and who saw in the world something more than a book in which to study the "ologies." Then, too, she was still saddened by the death of her mother, and although she did not brood upon it, yet the loss was not so far in the background of her mind but that it threw a mist of pathos about her occasionally which clouded her gaiety. At such times, and especially when she alluded to her grief, the doctor felt irresistibly impelled to comfort her; and if he was not in love with her on such occasions, he came perilously near to being so.

As to Evelyn, she was by no means unused to attention, and she was very far from possessing that species of mind which makes marriage appear the end and aim of a woman's existence. She had never been in love, and was not in a particular hurry to be; but she liked the doctor, thought him clever and not uninteresting, and was very glad of his society. Neither did she lend a deaf ear when Miss Loveridge was in a mood to talk about him, and to tell her how much she admired him, and what a lofty order of mind he possessed. And altogether she was quite happy and not at all lonely, though she had not yet been introduced to her uncle; and she wrote very enthusiastic letters to her friends in Canada, and told them she thought the English character quite admirable.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

WHEN she had been in London about a fortnight, Miss Loveridge enlightened Mr. Briscoé as to her arrival. He was feeling a little better one morning, and as he appeared pretty comfortable she had been talking longer than usual with the doctor, from whom she obtained permission to speak about Evelyn if she found an opportunity. She sent Meredith upstairs to have a chat with the latter and to see what were that lady's commands, and went back to her patient's room.

"I thought you were never coming," said he when she appeared. "I am thirsty."

"I am sorry if you have wanted me," said Miss Loveridge, as she poured out the barley water.

"What were you and Meredith talking about in that room? Does he think I have any bad symptoms?"

The poor man was always in a state of great nervousness about himself.

"No; oh, dear, no," Miss Loveridge said reassuringly. "He thinks you are getting on capitally."

"H'm! You are sure you are not keeping anything back? You know I hate to be treated like a baby."

"I am quite sure. You are really much better."

"Some people," muttered Briscoe, handing her the empty glass, "have that mistaken notion of keeping things back. But I don't think Meredith would. He understands me, and knows I am not a nervous man. I like to know exactly how a thing stands, do you see?"

He began, as was his wont, to get quite angry about nothing, and struck his hand against the pillow violently.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Loveridge, who understood him very well by this time, "I see what you mean. But I assure you there is nothing of that kind to tell. I have some news for you, though; two bits of news: one to make you glad——"

"And the other?" (There is human nature!)

"We won't trouble about the other just yet." (There is wisdom!)

"Well, come, out with them! Women always beat about the bush."

"Do you remember telling me, a long time ago it seems now, when we began this friendship—this pleasant friendship of ours—that you had a sister—you called her a sister—in Canada?"

"Did I?"

"Yes, on Christmas morning."

"Well, what of that?"

"She had a little daughter."

"Bless me, is that your news? I could have told you that. The child was born a year after they went out. How do you know anything about it? Did Meredith tell you? I hope you haven't been prying into my affairs with Meredith."

"You mustn't snap me up so," said Miss Loveridge, laughing and smoothing his pillow. "If you are disagreeable I shan't go on."

He had the grace to beg her pardon.

"Poor thing! I know pain does not make one feel kindly disposed to people. Well, this little girl is grown up into a sweet woman, and she has come to England."

"To England?"

"And to see you."

"Me! what on earth for? What does she want of me?"

"Nothing that I am aware of, except, perhaps, your love."

"Sentiment. Nieces don't trouble about their uncles' love, especially unknown uncles. And is this your good news?"

"Don't you consider it so? Don't you want to see her?"

"See her? Where is she?"

"She is here."

Miss Loveridge explained what had happened.

"Well, you're a strange woman," he said, "giving up your place to a stranger. How do you know she isn't an adventuress?"

For answer Miss Loveridge laughed aloud—a ringing laugh.

"The idea," she said. Then with a sudden gravity, and looking away from him, "You will understand when you see her."

"You surely don't expect me to see her—now—in bed?"

"Why not? Of course, if you prefer to wait till you are up and about, why——"

"But what does she wait like this for? She doesn't imagine she's going to live with me, does she?"

"I don't—know," stammered Miss Loveridge.

"But where's her mother? What does she mean by letting the girl rampage about by herself!"

"Hush!"

"What is it?"

"That is my bad news. Her mother is dead."

"Never!"

Briscoe rose up in bed, oblivious for the moment of his injury, which the suddenness of his movement by its ensuing pain, recalled to his mind. He sank back again groaning. Miss Loveridge attended to him with gentle hands. He lay for some time silent, his lips set, his hard old face white and drawn. At last he said: "Put me on my side."

She did so, and he lay with his face to the wall.

Miss Loveridge took up her knitting and for some minutes nothing was heard but the clicking of the needles. But presently the old fellow began to mutter to himself disjointed words; Miss Loveridge caught them occasionally and followed the tenor of his thoughts.

"Dead! Molly! I was fond of that girl—a pretty girl—and so young! How many years is it?"

She saw him counting on the fingers of his disengaged hand which he tapped against the wall, and presently he stopped tapping and laid the hand across his eyes.

Gradually he resumed his former position and then he began to stare at Miss Loveridge who was steadily continuing her work, although she could not see it any longer.

"I know what you think," he said fiercely. "You think I am unnatural. You think I haven't any heart."

"I never said so. I hope I have not thought so."

"Humph."

Presently he said with his former suddenness: "Fetch the girl."

Miss Loveridge accordingly went to fetch Evelyn, and found her busily engaged in writing down something which the doctor was to buy for her. She told the result of her interview with Briscoe, and Miss Gaytherne popped into the adjoining room to inspect the state of her appearance, being desirous of making a good impression on the aged relative with whom she might perhaps pass some years of her life. She was however, totally free from any embarrassment or shyness.

Not so, poor Mr. Briscoe who was in a tremor of nervous agitation. To those whose past and whose present stand as far apart as if the one had not grown out of the other there is something painful in being recalled to the former, especially when one has cut one's self off from it of one's own accord. Briscoe had done so. He had thought it possible for a man to live alone and he had tried the experiment, and because he was not altogether unhappy, he had thought that he was happy; a mistake many make, this of confounding the negative state with the positive. Now there came upon him a rush of memories, and they crowded into that great hollow which he had mistaken for a heart and it seemed that it must burst. Before now they had threatened him when he lay there idle, and unable to battle with them as he had done in the old days when his business, and politics, and literature, and the things which he ate and drank afforded him occupation, but never had he allowed them to master him as they did at this time. Not only the doctor and Miss Loveridge but even this dry old prosy man had recollections of a time when there was a glamour on this workaday world, and now across a yawning chasm he looked and saw that the light was very far away indeed.

And another thought was there. Someone who was younger and brighter and more full of life than he had passed away into the silent land, whither some day he must follow. Who knew then how soon that day might be? And what awaited him there? Was it all darkness and stillness? If so, would that he had made the best of this one life! And he had not made the best of it. But suppose it was not darkness and it was not stillness. He could not imagine that all was over with "Molly" whose voice he seemed to hear now ringing through the air; no, she must live still in some other world than this, and in that world would there be any place for him? Could he ever hope to speak to her, to commune with her again?

Thoughts are more swift than the lightning, more arbitrary than the tempest, more uncontrollable than the waves of the sea. Those brief minutes were sufficient to weaken and unnerve him and to make him long and dread for someone to approach.

Then he heard the sound of voices and there came a knock at the door. He looked up and there, with outstretched hands stood a young woman in a black dress, with a delicate colour in her fair cheeks, and blue, clear, heavenly eyes. She ran up to the bed.

"I am sorry to find you ill, Uncle Thomas," she

said, as if she were in the habit of seeing him frequently, and there was a great deal of sympathetic interest in her voice. "Are you better to-day?"

Briscoe's lips moved, but no words came. His eyes were fixed on the fair little face and his own wore an almost frightened expression.

"I hope my arrival wasn't an unpleasant surprise. Miss Loveridge and the doctor wouldn't let me come and see you before, so you musn't think that I did not want to."

"I have often heard my mother speak of you," Evelyn went on. "It was her wish that I should come to you. Miss Loveridge will have told you that she is dead, and I am sure you must be very sorry. Everybody who knew her loved her. She said you were very kind to her when she was a girl. She never forgot anybody who was kind to her. She was grateful and so am I."

She stooped and kissed his forehead.

"I hope," she resumed. "You will let me help Miss Loveridge to nurse you. I don't know much about it certainly but I might be of some use. Anyhow I can read to you, unless you mind a twang. Do you notice a twang? Miss Loveridge does. She has been so kind to me, but there!" with a glance at Meredith, "my impression of English people is that they are all kind."

"Is it?" He spoke at last and his voice sounded older than the listeners had ever heard it, older and more broken. "Yes, yes, yes. Perhap—later on—you will come and see me again. I am not very strong."

"Of course I will. Then you don't want me to go away?"

"No—no."

"I am very glad. I expect we shall get on very well. I always do with old gentlemen, *much better* than with young ones. But if I talk so much, you will dread my coming in. I will come back presently and bring you some flowers."

She kissed him again and left the room, turning at the door to smile another farewell. He would not have been a creature of flesh and blood if he could have resisted that smile, and he could not. He felt the stirring of a new life, that of affection. It was but a tiny, tiny shoot at present, but there it was and it testified to the fact that the soil whereon it grew was not altogether barren.

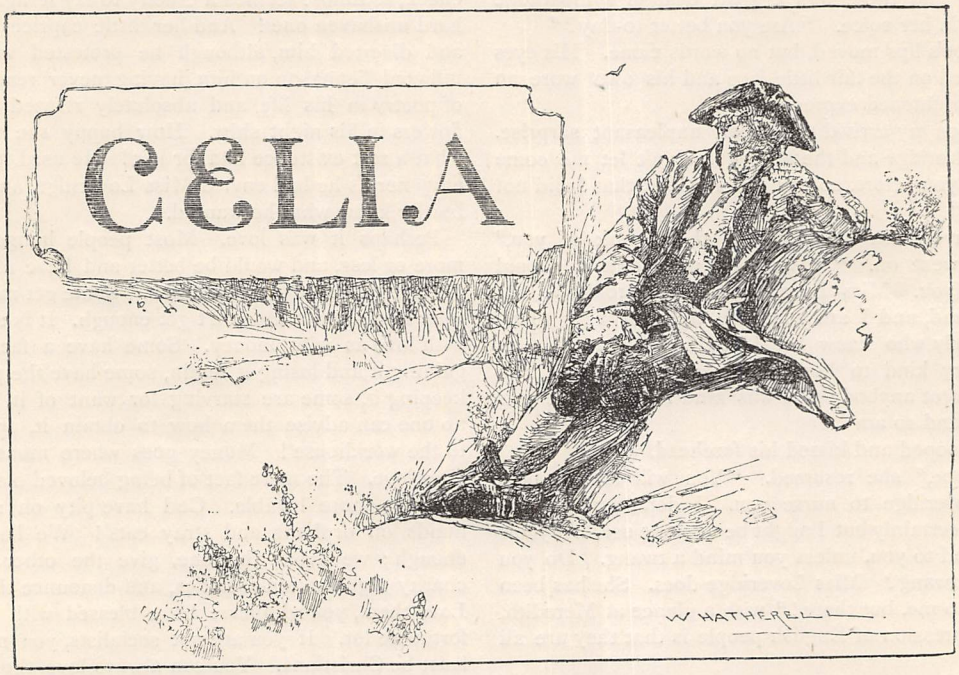
He was glad when she came in again. Miss Loveridge left them alone, and Evelyn, taking it for granted that he would be interested, chattered to him about her mother and their life in America, and asked him questions about himself till he was ashamed that he could not give her fuller answers, and only realised how narrow and selfish his life had been. He was not shy of her as he had been at first with Miss Loveridge, and though he did not always feel amiable he was sorry that she should see him otherwise. He was anxious to gain her good opinion and it pleased him when she smiled at him or patted his hand with her little soft one, or kissed him—how long it was since anyone had kissed him! How smooth was that girlish cheek, it almost seemed a cruelty to lay it against his hard unshaven one! And her little caprices pleased and diverted him, although he protested when she inflicted Tennyson on him, having never read a line of poetry in his life, and absolutely refused to wear flowers in his night shirt. How happy she was, and what a zest existence had for her! He used to lie and envy her as he had envied Miss Loveridge, and yet he hardly knew what he wanted.

Perhaps it was love. Most people hunger for it more or less, and would be better and have more self-respect if it were given to them. Some get more than their share and some don't get enough. It is the same with love as with money. Some have a faculty for gaining it and losing it again, some have the power of keeping it, some are starving for want of it, and yet no one can advise them how to obtain it, and point to the workhouse! Money goes where money is, so does love. The mere fact of being beloved makes one so much more lovable. God have pity on sour old maids, on orphans, and stray cats! We have little enough; we avoid the one, give the other over to charity organisation societies, and denounce the third. Love them, you who have been blessed with a more fortunate lot. If you are not socialists, you might at least be Christians. You can always love, though you be paupers of lucre, and though those who do not follow your example condemn you as a fool.

Anyway there was something poor Mr. Briscoe was in want of, something he could not give and which he had not received, and if he had been in the habit of saying his prayers, which he was not, he would probably have asked to have his life coloured instead of plain. There it was, that life of his, not altogether unlike the lives of other people, but it was monotonous, uninteresting, unvaried. It was aimless in fact. It was hanging loose in this world though from the heaven above him hands were stretched to draw it up and link it to the ladder of love, at the top of which, when one has climbed up, is the world of glory, illumined by that great sun which gives such beautiful tints to the souls that draw near to it. He did want love, this poor Mr. Briscoe, human love, but still more, divine. I suppose there are people who are content without God; it seems so, but if there be they are fast asleep. Those who are awake feel pain if they believe He does not exist and exult when they feel Him near. And you have only to nip the sleepers and they wake. Mr. Briscoe was beginning to wake, and to yawn and stretch out his hands, which we all know is a sign that one has been asleep, even if one denies the fact one's self as one generally does at first.

Evelyn did not know that Mr. Briscoe was asleep, but Miss Loveridge did and she was very anxious for more reasons than one that he should awaken and very glad for Evelyn to be with him and help him to see how things looked to hearts that were not absorbed in self. Perhaps she prayed for him. Who knows?

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

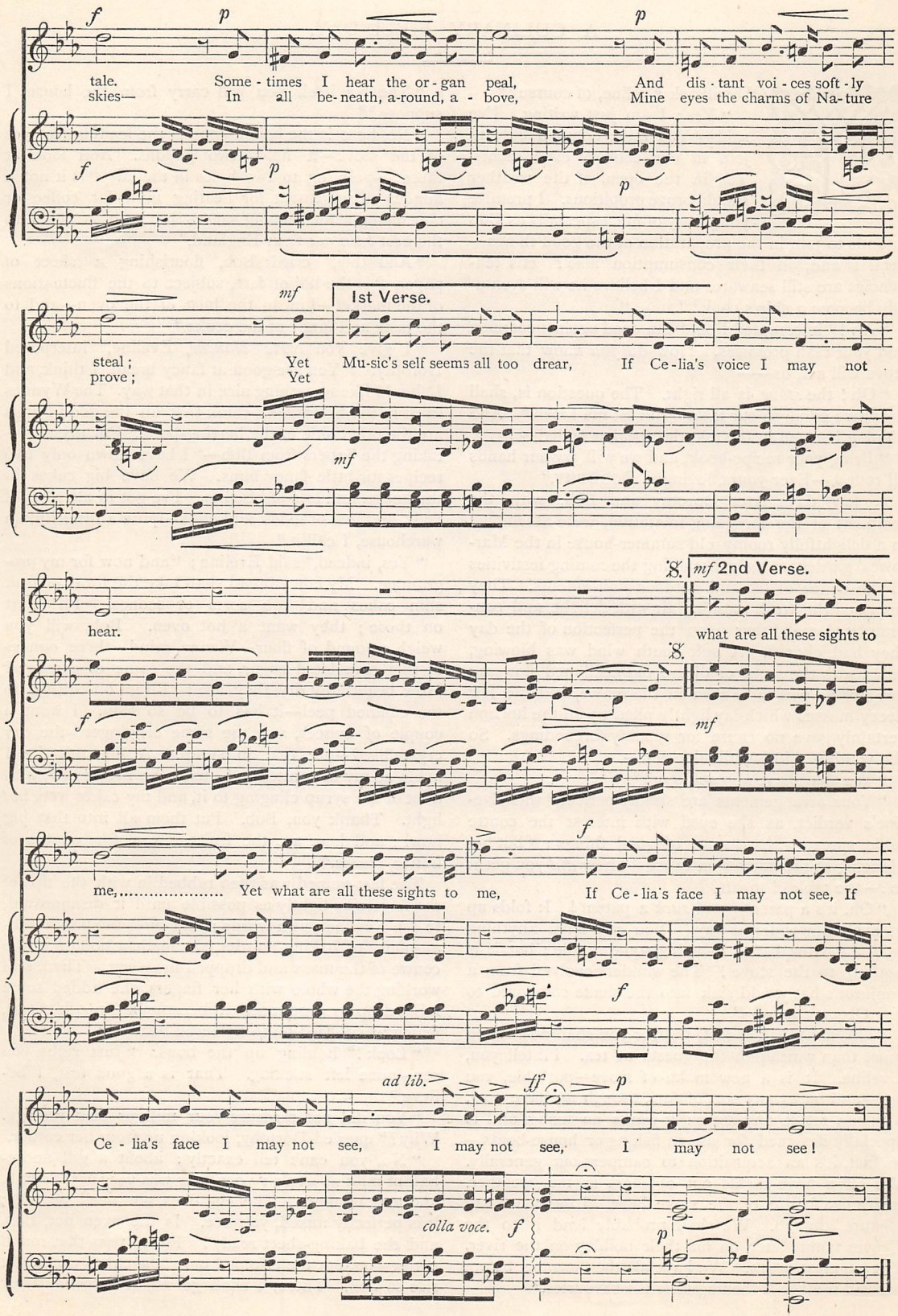


Allegretto, cantabile. *Words and Music by* W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus. (Lond.).

PIANO.

1. At morn I hear the lark on high At - tune his ai - ry min - - strel -
2. And from the hill - - top oft I look On leaf - y wood and bab - - bling

- - sy; At eve I hear..... the night-in - gale Me - lo-dious tell her mourn - - - ful
brook; And where the pur - - ple hea-ther lies In hue to shame the glow - - - ing


tale. Some - times I hear the or - gan peal, And dis - tant voi - ces soft - ly
skies— In all be-neath, a-round, a - bove, Mine eyes the charms of Na-ture
1st Verse.
steal; Yet Mu-sic's self seems all too drear, If Ce-lia's voice I may not
prove; Yet
hear.
2nd Verse.
what are all these sights to
me,..... Yet what are all these sights to me, If Ce-lia's face I may not see, If
Ce - lia's face I may not see, I may not see, I may not see!
ad lib.
colla voce.

A CULINARY FIELD-DAY.

"YOU will ask Eveline, of course?"

"Yes; I am just writing. I've said—'You must come, if only to join in our cookery experiments. Tea in the open, if the weather should prove propitious. I promise you plenty of fun, especially as Bob intends to join in the preparation of the good things—need I add, in their consumption also? His tendencies are still seaward, and I believe he will eventually become a ship's cook.'"

"Ah!" interrupted Bob, "I'm dead against coercion and your rash promises. How do *you* know that the stove will act, or——"

"Oh! the *stove* is all right. The question is, shall *we* prove equal to our task. But let me finish." And dipping her pen in the ink, the speaker ended—

"Bring your recipe-book, and we will try our hands all round.—Ever yours, lovingly, DOROTHY."

A few days later Dorothy and Bob, with the recipient of the foregoing invitation, were assembled in a delightfully roomy old summer-house in the Marlowes' garden, eagerly discussing the coming festivities in the shape of tea and outdoor amusements. They breathed the fresh morning air with delight, and congratulated each other upon the perfection of the day they had chosen. A soft south wind was blowing, laden with the scent of divers old-fashioned flowers; not a cloud was to be seen in the zenith, and the few fleecy masses which lay lightly piled up on the horizon certainly gave no cause for gloomy forebodings. So the youthful trio joyfully decided—

"We shall have a *grand* day!"

"Your arrangements are simply perfect," was Eveline's verdict, as she eyed with interest the centre table, spread with all sorts of good things; "but"—glancing at the narrow entrance—"how *did* you get it in?—the table, I mean?"

"Oh, it's a patent—and *such* a patent! It folds up in such a wonderful way! You can have anything from a narrow bench to a big square table; but it is nothing to the stove! The wonders evolved from a conjuror's hat would sink into the shade compared to it. Observe its——"

"Oh, don't talk so fast, Bob, or you shall do nothing more than wait upon the guests at tea. I'll tell you, Eveline. It is a new make of stove—portable, you see—and burns any sort of fuel, though *we* have coal. You can set it anywhere: it wants no fixing, and is specially designed for use in fishing or house-boats—in fact, it's an acquisition to campers-out generally. We often have meals out of doors in this weather, hence the fixture of the stove here. I must not say 'fixture,' though. We shall probably lend it to the Groves family later on for their holiday on the river. But we must begin. We have all the morning before us, and mother is looking after the savouries."

"The tea itself you will carry from the house, I suppose?"

"No, here is the boiler—one of the leading features of the stove—it holds two gallons. And look at these"—pointing to two holes in the lid—"is it not a famous arrangement for heating milk for coffee or chocolate, or for keeping sauces hot? It is equal to the best *bain-marie* in England."

"And this," cried Bob, flourishing a sheet of paper, "is the bill of fare, subject to the fluctuations of the market—I mean the heat of the oven—and to the taste and fancy of the cooks."

"I give you *carte blanche*, Eveline," interposed Dorothy. "You are good at fancy bread, I think, and I should like something nice in that way. The Wynnes lived in the States, and think that all the good things are the other side of the herring-pond. For myself"—taking the papers from Bob—"I have down only two recipes for little fancy buns. We have big cakes in the house, and lots of biscuits. I've got in all sorts of flour, and lots of odds and ends—quite a little Italian warehouse, I call it."

"Yes, indeed," said Eveline; "and now for my programme. My fancy bread shall take the form of fruit slim cakes and two sorts of scones. I'll start on those; they want a hot oven. Bob, will you weigh a pound of flour—Vienna, mind—three ounces of this granulated sugar, and the same of currants? How beautifully dry they are! I'll go on cutting up the candied peel—it has to be so thin. I want a couple of ounces, and the same of ginger—the dry crystallised—not that in syrup. A fine mistake I made at my first attempt!—used the wrong sort, with a lot of the syrup clinging to it, and my cakes were *not* light. Thank you, Bob. Put them all into that big bowl; and here are the fruits. Now, four ounces of butter, please."

The last-named was then rubbed in with the tips of the fingers as lightly as possible until it disappeared, to use Eveline's own words; and after mixing in half-an-ounce of baking-powder, she made a hollow in the centre of the mass and dropped in an egg. Then, still working the whole with her fingers, she added some milk, drop by drop, until it became a smooth paste, which was turned on to a floured board.

"Look!" holding up the bowl. "Just right, you see—none left sticking. That is a good test, I believe."

"You did not measure your milk or beat the egg. Why?" queried Dorothy, looking up from her corner.

"No, you can't tell exactly: about a gill and-a-half of milk as a rule; your flour was very dry, though, and took up more. The egg does not need beating; it is perfectly mixed, you see. Is the oven hot, Bob, and the baking-sheet ready? Please pass that round cutter—no, not the crimped one; the cakes would not rise so well. There, I shall get about sixteen. They

are only half-an-inch thick before baking, but you'll see what they will be after."

A quick transferrence to the oven followed, and preparations were made for the scones.

"Another pound of flour, please, Bob—the same sort as before, and a teaspoonful each of salt and cream of tartar."

"And how much sugar? We like sweet things."

"None for these; there will be two sorts, remember, so don't be impatient. Now, can you find me a fine sieve? There must not be a lump in, so I'll rub these all through together."

"Is there any soda?" asked Dorothy, who was watching operations.

"Yes, but that is mixed with the milk. Buttermilk I should like—it makes such light scones. Will you measure half-a-pint, and stir in a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda while I rub the butter in? Three ounces will make them *very* good. Should you like to mix them?"

"Please; must I pour all the milk in at once?"

"Not quite, but you will find it about right. If you were making *very* plain scones, with, say, an ounce of butter, you'd require more milk, whereas if you increase the fat you need less. Bravo!" as Dorothy turned out *her* dough clear from the basin. "Divide it into three parts; now shape it with your hands. No, not so; you must not flatten it yet. Keep it round, and just work it a little with your hands, like this. Now flatten it slightly with your rolling-pin. Let me cut them; each round will make four. The sharpest knife you can find, please, Bob; they want a 'clean cut.' Now, a fork to prick the tops. I dare say the slim cakes are ready; it is twenty minutes since we put them in. These are thicker, and will want rather longer."

"Oh! won't you glaze them?" in a plaintive tone from Dorothy.

"Yes, when they come out. They rise ever so much better if you bake them first."

"How *is* that? I think I have heard it before."

"Well, you see, they must have a hot oven, so, supposing you use an egg for the purpose, they often get too dark. Besides, the egg, by coating the surface, prevents their expansion; or if you use a 'sugar wash'—that is, a mixture of milk, butter, and sugar—it is apt to burn. We will use an egg. Will you beat it up while I mix the second lot? I shall use just the same quantities, excepting the cream of tartar—*that* must be doubled; and I want thin cream in place of buttermilk, and also two ounces of sugar. Being rich, they must be made very small, and we will have half-circles instead of triangles. That same round cutter I used at first will do, then once cutting through will finish them."

"Why is there more cream of tartar in these?" asked Dorothy.

"Because in buttermilk, or sour milk, or cream, an acid has already formed, but with sweet cream or milk you must use two parts of cream of tartar to one of soda."

"Oh, what a smell of burn!" cried Bob.

"Ah! I've been talking too much, and neglecting my scones. The fact is, I was anxious not to open the oven door until these were ready to go in."

"Are they much too brown?" asked Dorothy.

"The tops won't hurt, but we must be prepared for a burnt bottom crust. See, they *won't* move."

"Are they not presentable? What shall we do? I don't believe Bob greased your tin, Eveline"—all in a breath from Dorothy.

"I don't think I asked him. A case of too many cooks, I fear. Never mind; we will 'rasp' them when they are cool."

"Rasp them!—how? We have no rasp. I *am* sorry," said Bob, looking crestfallen. "Will a big grater do?"

"The very thing, and——"

But off like the wind sped Bob for the grater, without waiting for the conclusion of the sentence.

"Should you not have turned them?" asked Dorothy, in a confidential tone. "I wish they looked as nice as the slim cakes."

"No; that would have flattened them. The tin was too hot as well as ungreased, and they should have been moved to a cooler part of the oven to finish them; but these," peeping at the second batch, "give promise of perfection!"

In came Bob, breathless, bearing not only the grater, but a large sieve, which he began to fill with the scones.

"You're too impatient. They must be brushed over with the egg while they are hot, and go back into the oven to set; but it must be for a second or two only, as they are so brown now. The cream scones must be dredged with castor sugar. And now"—turning to Dorothy—"what have you prepared? I see you have two bowls nearly ready."

"Yes; I have not been idle. One contains my almond rocks, all but the milk and eggs. They are very easy to make: just equal weights of potato flour, rice flour, white sugar, ground almonds, and butter—fifteen ounces altogether. Now I must put in the milk and the whites of two eggs. I wish you would separate them from the yolks for me. I am nervous, I suppose, for I generally manage to mix them."

"You ought not to be, with such fresh eggs as these. It *is* difficult to divide them if they are stale. See: just tap the centre of the shell with a knife, then pull it apart carefully"—suiting the action to the word—"and let the white drop on to a plate—so!"

"Now, may I beat them?" asked Bob; and on receiving permission, he seized a broad-bladed knife and set off down the garden, returning soon with what looked like a pile of snow, shouting—"Look, girls—here's a success! I did not forget the pinch of salt, and the wind is getting up, so there's lots of air in."

"Thank you, Bob. Oh! are you waiting to see these finished, Eveline? I have to add the beaten whites, and about a wineglassful of milk, then drop the mixture on to a tin, and bake in a sharp oven."

"Thanks! but it's my opinion that you don't require so much milk if the buns are intended to look rocky."

"I *am* glad you named it. I remember now that this quantity is for cakes baked in patty-pans. I see I have a foot-note, 'less milk if dropped in tins.'"

"Ah!" said Eveline, "I have a lively recollection of some I once made. I used so much milk that they emerged from the oven more like a pancake than buns, so I just cut them into fingers and made the best of it. Here are your patty-pans; I have greased them; now, 'Sharp!' is the word. All Bob's labour in beating will be wasted if we let them stand before baking."

The girls rapidly dropped portions of the mixture into the little tins, taking care to only half-fill them, and after a quarter of an hour's baking they were as delicately browned as the most fastidious cook could desire. Meanwhile, the contents of Dorothy's second bowl (consisting of the same weight of flour, sugar, and butter as for the almond buns) were added to two ounces of chocolate of Bob's grating, and mixed with the yolks of two eggs, with which a teaspoonful of vanilla essence had been beaten.

"There, that is stiff enough, is it not?" asked Dorothy, holding up a portion on a fork, to which it firmly adhered.

"Oh yes; they will keep their shape. I should put them in smaller heaps than your recipe says—about as large as a walnut will do—on this baking-sheet, and they will be done to a turn in about ten minutes. I make some similarly, and sometimes serve them in a dish with various kinds of sweet biscuits. Now, dear, as we have concocted five dishes, and you'll have a good show of preserves and fruit, we may rest upon our laurels so far as our culinary labours are concerned. What shall we do next?"

"I vote we go to inspect mother's productions," said Bob. "I wonder if she has turned out as tempting a lot of things as these?" casting fond glances upon the heaps of dainties, to which the girls were now adding the rock buns.

The trio went merrily off to the kitchen, and there admired the various appetising savouries exhibited by Mrs. Marlowe. Bob gave it as his firm conviction that the fancy sandwiches and patties (of which there were many varieties) would "go down like fun!" After *that* verdict, the girls agreed solemnly they could say nothing, so they carried Bob off to render active service in "tidying up" the summer-house.

This task achieved, they went into the house to enjoy their well-earned dinner, during which meal Bob engaged in much self-glorification on the help he had given to the girls, and was thereupon soundly rated by Dorothy on his conceit, which, she declared, increased daily.

"Now, this afternoon you *will* have a chance to make yourself useful," she said; "for we mustn't think, Eveline," turning to her friend, "that our labours are at an end."

"Of course not," replied Eveline. "I imagine that the best part has yet to come. I *love* helping to decorate the tables, and I suppose that's what you mean."

"Got it first guess!" exclaimed the irrepressible Bob.

"Robert!" said his sister, with a severe glance. He should have been quelled by it, but wasn't.

The girls were soon hard at work arranging flowers and ferns on the pretty tables, which were placed in the shadiest and most convenient parts of the garden. Under their tasteful fingers the gay blooms and fresh foliage soon stood out in charming relief against the snowy napery, while the bright glass on every table added not a little to the general effect. They graciously allowed that Bob *was* useful in carrying plants from the greenhouse as they required them; but when he attempted to further distinguish himself by arranging flowers in a vase they declared that the effect was "too ludicrous for anything."

"Well, it's a perfectly delightful day," said Dorothy; "and I do believe that everything will go off well. Now, Eveline, we have barely time to change our dresses. Don't try to improve that bowl, dear; you'll only spoil it. We *must* hurry, or our guests will be here before we are ready to support mother."

So hurry they did, and so effectually that when their visitors arrived the girls were standing by Mrs. Marlowe's side, as fresh and fair as the flowers they wore.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

MY LOST LOVE.

WHEN on the deep the sunset dies,
And twilight lingers in the west,
I see, amid the distant skies,
The lovely islands of the blest.

With trembling heart and longing eyes
I watch their meadows gleam like gold,
And snow-capped mountains slowly rise
Above their valleys grey and cold.

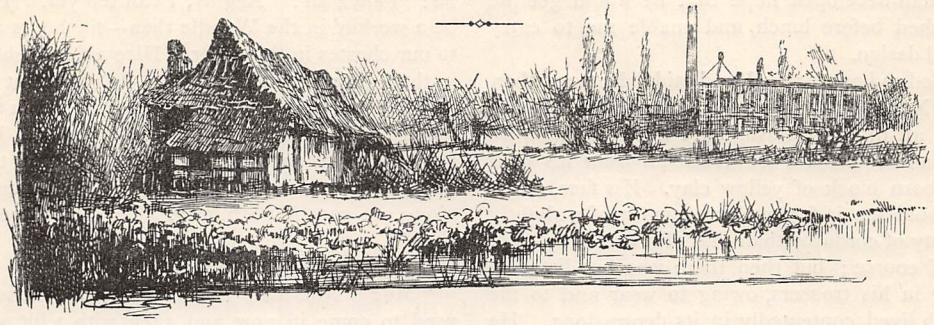
I sadly gaze and fondly dream
Of those who pace the shining ways,
Or rest beside the shadowed stream
Through all the happy summer days.

For 'mid the throng, with nameless grace,
My lost love walks with lingering feet,
Heaven's glory on her fair pale face,
And in her eyes so true and sweet.

And soon, amid the angel band,
I know that I shall meet her there,
A lily in her little hand,
The rose I gave her, in her hair.

JAMES BOWKER.

OLD RUDDLES.



I FELT worse than ever that morning. I was standing with my back rounded and my head drooping, with the corners of my mouth drawn down, and the inner ends of my eye-brows drawn up, with drooping eyelids and bent knees, the picture of misery. I knew I was the picture of misery, and this was my one consolation: for my liver was worse than ever.

"East wind again, of course!" I murmured. "And at least ten thousand sparrows eating up the new grass-seed—the little beasts! They never eat anyone else's grass-seed—only eat maggots in Wippin's garden next door: in fact, I'm not sure they don't pick the seed out of my lawn and put it into Wippin's. They hate *me*. There's Wippin's smoke again, blowing straight down into *my* garden. No letters again this morning?

"It's very strange no letters ever come for *me*—eh? There *are* some for me? Ah—bills, of course; or letters from editors saying my latest verses won't do. Um—here's one, saying the verses I sent to the *Isle of Dogs Magazine* are admirable, and just what they wanted: humbug, of course—no doubt intended to take the edge off another letter coming by next post to say they've made up the next fifty numbers, and regret want of space. Why does *my* back always ache? There's that Murrikle going to town: I wouldn't mind risking ten pounds *his* back never aches. *Why* can't she make toast that a person can eat?

"I hate crisp, chippy toast; it makes such a crashing in one's head: I like soft toast. There, never mind, Pippie; I don't want to be cross: but the outlook *is* black and hopeless, isn't it? Look at the mass of work I have on hand for those horrible editors! How *can* I get it all done? And then nobody *likes* my work! Seriously, it's a bad look-out: it'll be the workhouse one day, you mark my words! I shan't work to-day, anyhow."

No doubt I was funny to read about; but I did not feel funny; nor was I funny to those about me. Natural irritability, morbidness, and dyspepsia had joined hands around me, and were ever pressing more closely; and on this particular morning I felt absolutely suicidal.

As my eye wandered gloomily round, it fell on a queer figure at work in my garden. There were a good many tons of heavy clay to be dug out, and old Ruddles had been called in to do it.

Old Ruddles was like a tortoise: he had a very long back with a ridge down the middle, and so bent that when he stood what he considered upright the top of it nearly concealed his head from behind. The corduroys he wore, too, were of the same cut as those worn by the tortoise—very old and loose, and fallen into ineradicable creases from long wearing. The elephant and rhinoceros get their corduroys at the same shop; but, as far as I can remember, it is the rhinoceros who wears them as loose as old Ruddles's; and he who has seen the rhinoceros walking away from him has practically seen old Ruddles walking away—so far as the legs are concerned.

Old Ruddles was wallowing at present; his trousers, his hands, his hat, and most other parts of him were caked with blue and yellow mud; the weather being very wet, he was soaked with rain from head to foot, and was sliding about contentedly in the soaked and slippery clay. For, like the rhinoceros, he delighted in swampy and marshy places, and chose for his *habitat* the banks of lakes and rivers; and now he was thoroughly in his element, and whistling a slow but peaceful tune.

Now old Ruddles was making me a pond; and I am convinced that I had a vague and embryonic resolve within me to drown myself in that pond as soon as it should be finished, and nicely planted with bulrushes and water-lilies. I decided—the day being a "soaker," and in conformity with my state of

mind—to go and smoke my cigar in company with old Ruddles, and instil a little of my gloom into him. I had a half-developed hope that he would get the pond finished before lunch, and enable me to carry out my fell design.

He smiled as I approached, and said, "Rum weather, ain't it? Never know where to 'ave the weather—takes you all of a nonplush, don't it?" and then he chuckled, and squirted a brown stream from his quid at a stubborn block of yellow clay. His face, so far as one could see it for mud, was made of a slightly finer quality of corduroy than that of his trousers—not ribbed, of course; but then there was but little rib remaining in his trousers, owing to wear and to the mud which lived contentedly in its depressions. He had pale, filmy, blue eyes, in which the pupil faded gently into the white, without any sharp and disturbing outline; and his mouth, when in repose, presented a continual gentle smile, which generally broadened out when he spoke—on whatever subject—into an expression of lively satisfaction. In the corners of the smile were brown tobacco stains, never more to be washed out.

"*You* don't seem to mind the weather, anyhow. You seem to like getting your feet soaked, as you make a point of standing in the pools."

"Bless you," said old Ruddles, "I don't never git my feet wet—good boots: ye see the tongues is sewed in, and that stops it." And he drew a foot out of a puddle to show me, and the water oozed out of the top of the boot; and Ruddles chuckled triumphantly.

"Ah—you'll be sorry for it some day," said I. "When you *do* get rheumatic fever, and ague, and can't move for rheumatism, you'll wish you had—"

"Roomatic fever," said old Ruddles, beaming with delight. "He! he! I did 'ave it once crool! Ten weeks I 'ad of it, and nobody to see me neether—He! he! Pain? ah! Agginy, I can tell yer. I used to be a workin' in the Wandle then—six hours a day up to our chestes in the water. Nice an' refreshin' it was in the summer: used to love it, I did! Put yer 'and in a 'ole and git a fine old nip, 'specially wen there was young 'uns—water-rats, you know; and a bad 'and from it more'n once, as you might say. 'Ad to keep it in a zinc bath one time for a matter o' two months—let alone not earnin' no money. They give me up that time."

"HE WAS SLIDING ABOUT CONTENTEDLY" (*p.* 623).

"You must have been very miserable?"

"Me? Not me; *I* didn't mind. Parson's wife used to come in now and agen with a bit o' tobacco and a loaf, as I used to do a bit o' clearin' up for in the autumn; so I didn't want for nothink; besides my paper to look at once and agen—he! he! Them was rum times. Eels, too, and trout an' that! Why, w'en we had to drain out a bit o' water for to clear it out — Lor' love yer, 'andfuls of 'em. W'y, you'd see 'em there of a mornin', jest like—are yer goin' to 'ave this dug enny deeper 'ere?"

I felt ill-used. I had realised by this time that my principal object in coming out had been to reduce old Ruddles's contentment a little—to induce him to see things in a less optimistic light. But I did not seem to be making any headway; in fact, on the contrary, *I* caught myself wondering whether it would not be better to postpone drowning myself in the pond until I had enjoyed the sight of it for a little while after completion—say until the autumn. But I struggled with this new and startling way of looking at things, for it distinctly clashed with my doctrine—with which I always enlivened my friends when we had one of our little festive gatherings—that life was not worth living, and that the grave was really the most desirable place to be in, especially during unfavourable weather. I overcame the new ideas, and decided that, on the morning of the planting of the last root of forget-me-not by the pond, I would be found, peaceful, at the bottom.

"I suppose you will be past work in a few years, eh, Ruddles; and then it will be a bad look-out for you?" I said, with a deep sigh of dyspeptic satisfaction at finding a really gloomy prospect. Ruddles looked up out of the well he had dug himself into, grinned with unalloyed joy, and said, gaily: "I s'pose it'll have to be the 'ouse then, an' no mistake. I *did* 'ave a matter of two or three pound by me last fall; but these 'ere weeks and weeks o' frost in the winter made that look silly. Couldn't git 'alf enough to eat for the last week or so; and I did grin when I thinks wot I was a-going to do if it didn't give over soon!" And old Ruddles's amusement was so great that he left off digging to chuckle for quite a minute.

"You must find it dull when you get home of an evening. Don't read, I suppose?"

"W'y, no. My sight ain't what yer might say too good. This 'ere eye ain't bin o' no good to *me* this menny a year, through 'avin' lost the sight of him with a catarack; and t'other kind o' plays tricks now and

agen; and the chemist he *do* say as I'd better be careful or I'll lose *him*. No, I goes to bed when I gits 'ome—he! he!" and he took a new fragment of loose shag from a corner of his waistcoat-pocket, placed it in his mouth, and softly whistled "Queen of my Heart" in an intensity of internal enjoyment.

I felt that it was bad for me to be too much with Ruddles; for he was beginning to have an influence upon me which was unfavourable to my cherished mood and theories; so I arose hastily and went indoors—soaked, of course.

I had to change my clothes to avoid catching a bad cold—why was *I* always under a disadvantage? Why must *I* change my clothes? Old Ruddles was not compelled to change *his*: *he* kept his wet things on until he went to bed, and had no bother.

I could not get to work; old Ruddles haunted me: I went every few minutes to the window to peep at him as he worked and whistled. I sent him out some hot coffee, then some tobacco, and, finally, after lunch, I came upon myself upon the edge of the mud, talking to him again. I wormed out of him everything about himself. He had made a little money once, in a small way, as a market gardener; and had been advised to invest it in a shady company, and lost it. Then he had lost a good berth through his eyesight failing, and had been shipwrecked, and had seen all his friends and relations die in the course of years, and was not quite sure that he had not heart-disease.

I could not tear myself away from old Ruddles, he was beginning to exercise a fascination over me against which I struggled in vain; and when half-past five came, and he put away his tools, and departed, like a tortoise who has just come into a fortune, through the garden gate, there fell upon me a sudden darkness and an aching void. We had a pet tortoise in the garden, and I went and found it, and placed it on the clay, and asked it all sorts of questions, until I had almost made myself believe it was old Ruddles.

All that evening I stared at the fire and thought of Ruddles. There were letters of some importance

"HE PLODDED OUT OF THE GATE."

to be written, but I left them, in order to ponder uninterruptedly upon him; and I was glad when bedtime came, for the hours that intervened before his arrival in the morning would pass quickly in sleep. Next morning I actually woke, of my own accord, at six, three-quarters of an hour before Ruddles's usual time for arriving; and I dressed and went down into the garden to catch the first glimpse of him as he entered the gate.

For the next six weeks, whenever I could get away from my work, I was talking to Ruddles; and at times I found myself actually laughing—not a hollow laugh of gloomy derision, but a proper laugh of wholesome amusement. And when, at last, the final lumps of clay had been moved, and the final bit of concrete uncovered, and old Ruddles stood, as far as he knew how, upright, with his head on one side, and a broad grin of satisfaction on his face, and remarked: "When it's all planted with this and that, quite spruce, and a bit of andigalooshin, as yer might say, for to finish it off, w'y there you'll be, an' no mistake," a pang of impending separation went through me. And when he actually plodded out at the gate, there came a dreadful yawning blank which nothing could

"WE BECAME AWARE OF A FIGURE FEELING ITS WAY" (*p.* 626).

fill. It was on the first morning after he had gone out of my life that I stood again at the window at breakfast time, and remarked—

"There's Wippin's smoke blowing into the garden. I suppose Wippin can't help it; and, after all, soot is a good manure. No letters this morning? Well, I'm not sorry for that—it's quite a relief. Eh? There *are* some letters? Oh, well—let's hope there's good news in them. . . . . Hum—here's the editor of the *Embankment Magazine* sent back those verses because they're a little too satirical for his readers. Well, I suppose other people get things rejected sometimes!"

My wife was gazing at me across the table with a queer little expression of surprise; and there was the smallest possible tear at the corner of her eye as she nodded to herself and seemed to purr. She looked quite happy—a thing which (as it now suddenly flashed across me with a sort of shock) I had not seen her do for a long time.

Somehow I kept putting off the incident of my being found lying peacefully at the bottom of the pond. I put it off all that summer, and played tennis instead; and I had old Ruddles to come one day a week and do odd jobs—not that there were any odd jobs which the gardener and the house-boy could not do.

I forgave Wippin for letting his smoke come into my garden, and took down the high fence of unpainted boards which I had put up close to his study window to shut off his view of my garden; and I called and warmly invited Wippin to come in and play tennis: and, to my surprise, I found that he was *not* the sort of man who would deliberately tear his old mother into small pieces; in fact, he seemed to be a really nice fellow, and we became such chums that we took down the low fence between the gardens. I forgave Murrikle's enjoying the privilege, denied to me, of getting up at half-past seven on winter mornings to catch his train to the City, and asked him in to smoke. He was not actually a fiend either! When the birds took my seeds, and the tops of my young plants, and my cherries, because they hated me, I mentioned it to old Ruddles; and old Ruddles grinned jovially, and chuckled, and said: "Ah, used to let me know, a treat, when I had my bit of a market garden. Clear a 'ole cherry tree afore breakfast if you wasn't up pretty early. Them blessed goldfinches! Give me a good doin' from first to last, I tell yer!" And then I felt that it was rather an advantage for the birds to take one's fruit, than otherwise.

The autumn came, and with it the time for me to be found at the bottom of the pond, but I still put it off. My wife and myself were both ten years younger than we had been the spring before; and my friends were always covertly examining me to find out what had come to me. And winter came, and still I had not carried out my pet design.

But one week old Ruddles did not arrive. I concluded that he was not well, and would come another day instead. But the next week he did not come, nor the next; so I decided that he must have obtained constant work somewhere. At the same time I thought it rather strange that he should not have let me know. However, he was a strange character; and so I forgave it. But after three months I got uneasy about old Ruddles, and wrote to him. I got no reply, so I hunted out the cottage which he had given as his address, and found it empty and deserted, with the roof nearly fallen in, and all the windows broken. It must have been a terribly depressing place for anyone to live in, even in its palmiest days, for it stood all alone on a swamp of the Wandle, with the skeleton of a dead factory looming drearily in the distance. No one knew where old Ruddles had gone. He had been the only tenant the proprietor of that cottage could find; and he had gone away three months ago.

One spring day, shortly after, my wife and I went for a stroll, and we turned along by the Wandle, and came to old Ruddles's cottage. The roof was all holes now, and the place looked as if it had not been inhabited for years. As we stood by the door of it, we became aware of a figure feeling its way, by means of a stick, into the gateway of the wretched cabbage garden in front—or at the rear—of the shanty; for which was front, and which back, formed a problem difficult to solve. It was a bent figure, and its face wore a continual smile.

Old Ruddles stopped and listened as he became aware of the presence of somebody, and he nodded and said "Good-day."

"Why, Ruddles," I said, "where on earth have you been all this time?"

"'Orspital," said Ruddles. "Ye see that there chemist warn't so fur wrong as he might ha' bin. That there other eye as use to play tricks now and agen as I spoke of, he give out. The verry next mornin' it were, arter I come to you last—Sunday it were—I seemed to feel as it were time to git up, cos you see I always do wake pretty regular about half-past seven a-Sundays; but, thinks I, I must ha' got a bit ahead this mornin' somehow, and I must ha' made a mistake about that there church clock as I goes by, a-strikin', 'cos, you see, it was still pitch dark. So I turned over, and lays a bit more—ah, a goodish bit more, maybe a hour or more—but it didn't seem to git no lighter. Then I was sure I heerd that clock strike nine, certin sure I was. But it didn't git no lighter—nor yet it ain't got no lighter ever sinst—nor won't; leastways, not in *this* world." And old Ruddles shook his head slowly, and smiled.

"And how are you living?"

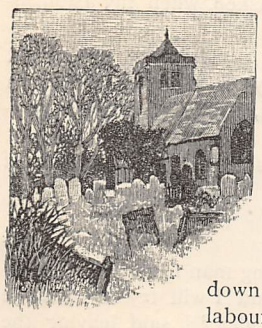
"Well, I ain't hardly, as you might say. I 'ad fifteen shillin' or so, but—— I thought I'd jest come and see the cottage once more—leastways, as to seein' it—and then go to the 'ouse."

Ruddles hasn't arrived at the 'ouse yet. It's quite wonderful what a lot of "odd jobs" have sprung up in our vicinity, odd jobs which nobody but Ruddles could possibly do. There's Wippin—a capital fellow, Wippin, with his heart in the right place—his household couldn't go on if Ruddles didn't come for half a day twice a week to sift the cinders. And there's

Murrikle who declares he couldn't catch his train to the City if Ruddles failed to spend one day a fortnight in rolling the grass plot. And then there's my water to be pumped up out of the pond—that is absolutely necessary, and takes two whole days a week, and does no harm to anybody, as the water, having been pumped up, runs harmlessly back again down a drain to the place whence it came, and enjoys itself much more than if it were idle. And to see old Ruddles's smile at the day's achievement, and to count the brown splashes all round him in the yard, that alone is worth the money!

J. F. SULLIVAN.

A STRANGE WEDDING.



IN the year 1852, I, Mark Anthony Chirgwin, clerk in holy orders, was presented by my college to the living of Penbury, in the county of Lincoln. It was not a great piece of preferment, but beggars cannot be choosers, and I was a poor man. I went down to the seat of my future labours—if labours they could be called—with very mixed feelings. I was glad that my future was secured from the chill blasts of fortune; yet I could not forbear some emotions of regret at the thought of passing the remainder of my life in the unbroken repose of a secluded country village.

Penbury was, I found, in all essential particulars, exactly the sort of place I had pictured to myself. The church and the parsonage were old, and in some degree interesting; the village was a mere collection of cottages. The only large house in the neighbourhood was The Grange, and it had been empty for several years. It belonged, I was told, to Lord Roystone, an old man, who (so far as I could gather) had little save his rank and his wealth to recommend him. He was said to be a hard liver—in other words, a man given up to vice and self-indulgence. And yet he did not ruin himself by his debaucheries, as many do. On the contrary, he was fortunate in his racing ventures, and at all kinds of games his luck was extraordinary. It was commonly said that Lord Roystone lived upon his winnings and laid by his rents; but this may have been mere idle talk.

This much, at least, was certain: that his lordship had not come nigh Penbury Grange for many years and the house and grounds were sadly neglected. Nominally, he lived at another country seat he had, somewhere within the Welsh border; and there his daughter (an only child) also resided; but most of his time was spent in London. As I have already hinted, there was not much society at Penbury. Besides the farmers, the cottagers, and their families, there was only the doctor, and he lived five miles off. One other, indeed, there was, who was neither farmer nor labourer. Old Dan was a pensioner, who lived in a tiny cottage on the border of a wood not far from The Grange. He was generally called "the sergeant," though I doubt whether he ever really attained the rank of a non-commissioned officer. Often I used to stop at old Merrywether's cottage and sit half-an-hour with him, less for the purpose of listening to his interminable and sometimes (I fear) apocryphal stories of Peninsular campaigns, than for the sake of linking myself, as it were, to a former generation, by holding converse with this relic of another century. "The sergeant" was extremely old and very infirm, but always smart and clean, while the gleam in his bright blue eye was as keen as it had been sixty years before.

Soon, very soon, I slipped into the uneventful round of easy duties and harmless pleasures which usually occupy the time of a country parson. We were as secluded as if we had lived on the banks of a Norwegian fiord or in the depths of a Canadian forest.

Time passed, and after I had been some years at Penbury news came to us that Lord Roystone was no more, and that the estates, being strictly entailed, passed to a cousin of the late viscount.

There were rumours that The Grange was to be repaired and inhabited, but these rumours never came to anything. The crown had passed from one head to another, but there was no change in the administration. Things went on in Penbury as they had always done.

It was very late, past ten o'clock, one Saturday night, when a knock came to the door of the Rectory. Wondering who could be abroad at such an hour—for it was mid-winter, a high wind was raging outside, and the snow was on the ground—I took one of the candles from my study table, and went into the hall.

As I did so, the knock was repeated, as if the visitor were either impatient or afraid that his summons would not be heeded. I quickly opened the door, and without any parley (for the wind seemed as if it would take the door off its hinges) I admitted a tall young fellow, who shook the snow from his shaggy coat exactly after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I demanded.

"I came to ask you to publish some banns of marriage," said the stranger, in a voice so gentle as to contrast strongly with his impatience in knocking.

"You ought to have gone to the parish clerk about that," said I rather impatiently.

"I beg a thousand pardons," returned the young

man; "but it is late, and I might have a difficulty in finding the cottage in this snowstorm."

"Have you the names and addresses of the parties?" I asked.

For answer he produced a sheet of note-paper.

"You can leave it on the hall-table, and I will tell the clerk about it in the morning," said I. "Are you one of the persons who are to be married?"

The young man turned pale, and I could see that he checked a heavy sigh as he shortly answered, "No."

I opened the door for him, and closed it behind him, returned to my study, and thought no more about the matter.

Next morning, however, I forgot to mention the incident till I was just leaving the vestry to begin the morning service, and then, in a hurried whisper, I gave my faithful attendant the necessary instructions. It thus happened that I was as surprised as anyone in the church when I read out the banns of "Daniel Merrywether, of this parish, Bachelor, and Rose Muriel Denham, of the parish of Llandys, in the County of Brecknock, Spinster." The thought of the sergeant getting married so tickled some of the younger members of the congregation that semi-hysterical giggles were heard at intervals, I am sorry to say, down to the opening of the Communion Service.

It was, indeed, sufficiently curious that a man long past seventy should be able to persuade someone to marry him, and I took an early opportunity of visiting old Dan for the purpose of eliciting some further particulars. To my surprise, however, I found that the sergeant was in no way disposed to be communicative. He disregarded my hints in a manner which I could not mistake, so I retired, feeling a little ashamed of my curiosity.

It was only natural that the septuagenarian bridegroom should wish the day and hour kept secret, so I was not surprised that I was asked to perform the ceremony on the Monday following the third publication of banns at a very early hour.

Strange and ghostly the church seemed on that dark winter morning. Two-thirds of the building were hidden in the deepest gloom; the remainder was faintly illumined by two or three candles which Hopkins, the clerk, had placed here and there. I put on my surplice, took my book, and placed myself within the communion rails. Dan was there, ready, waiting, standing, by the help of his stick, nearly as upright as if he had been on parade.

The hour had just struck when three figures advanced out of the darkness, coming up the nave of the church—one man and two women. The man I thought I had seen before. He was the person who had brought me notice of the banns. One of the two women was a stout, comfortable-looking person, well dressed for her station in life, which was apparently that of an upper servant. She seemed to me to be making a sacrifice in marrying old Dan. Her companion wore a veil so thick that I could not see her features, but I observed that she was young, and that she carried herself like a lady. Suddenly she threw back her veil, revealing a face of quite extraordinary beauty. Even in that dimly-lit chancel I could not help seeing that the girl was a lady, and one whose loveliness would win her homage wherever she went.

Saying to myself that it was a good-natured thing of this delicately-nurtured girl to come out before light on a winter's morning to be present at the marriage of an old servant, I rose and beckoned to the bride and bridegroom to take their places before the altar rails.

What was my amazement when the young, highly-bred, and beautiful girl calmly took her place at the sergeant's left hand.

"Are you the bride?" I asked, when my astonishment suffered me to speak.

"Yes," she answered, with a look in which suffering and resolution were strangely mingled.

"This cannot be," I said, shutting up my prayer-book.

"I beg you to go on," she said, with a look of anxiety in her eyes.

"Do you really mean it?"

"I do," she replied.

"We do," echoed the young man from behind.

"Come into the vestry, and I will try to persuade you to give up this foolish idea," I said, leaving the chancel as I spoke. "Now," said I, turning to the bride, when she and her friends were assembled in the vestry, "I do not inquire into the motives which have prompted you to entertain this preposterous notion. I ask no questions, I pry into no secrets; but you must know that if the ceremony is performed you will become this man's wife. No power on earth can break the tie. Are you doing this thing of your own free will?"

"Yes, I am."

"You are not acting under the influence or compulsion of any third person?"

"No."

"Have you told your friends what you are about to do?"

"I have no friends: none—at least, except these two;" and she pointed to the two persons at her side.

"What relation are you to this lady?" I asked the young man sharply.

"None whatever. I have the privilege of calling myself her friend, nothing more," he replied.

"Then you count for nothing," I returned. "But I have made up my mind: I shall take no part in sacrificing this young lady, with her will or against it, to an illiterate, poverty-stricken old man. I will not do it."

The girl, to my amazement, clasped her hands with every token of despair; and the young man, who had hitherto stood in the background, stepped forward. Very courteously, but, at the same time, very clearly and firmly, he pointed out to me that a clergyman has no right to refuse to marry a parishioner after the banns had been duly published, unless some legal impediment existed, of which there was no hint in the present case.

"Legal impediment there may be none," I retorted; "but there is such a thing as a moral impediment. Every instinct of one's nature revolts against such an outrage."

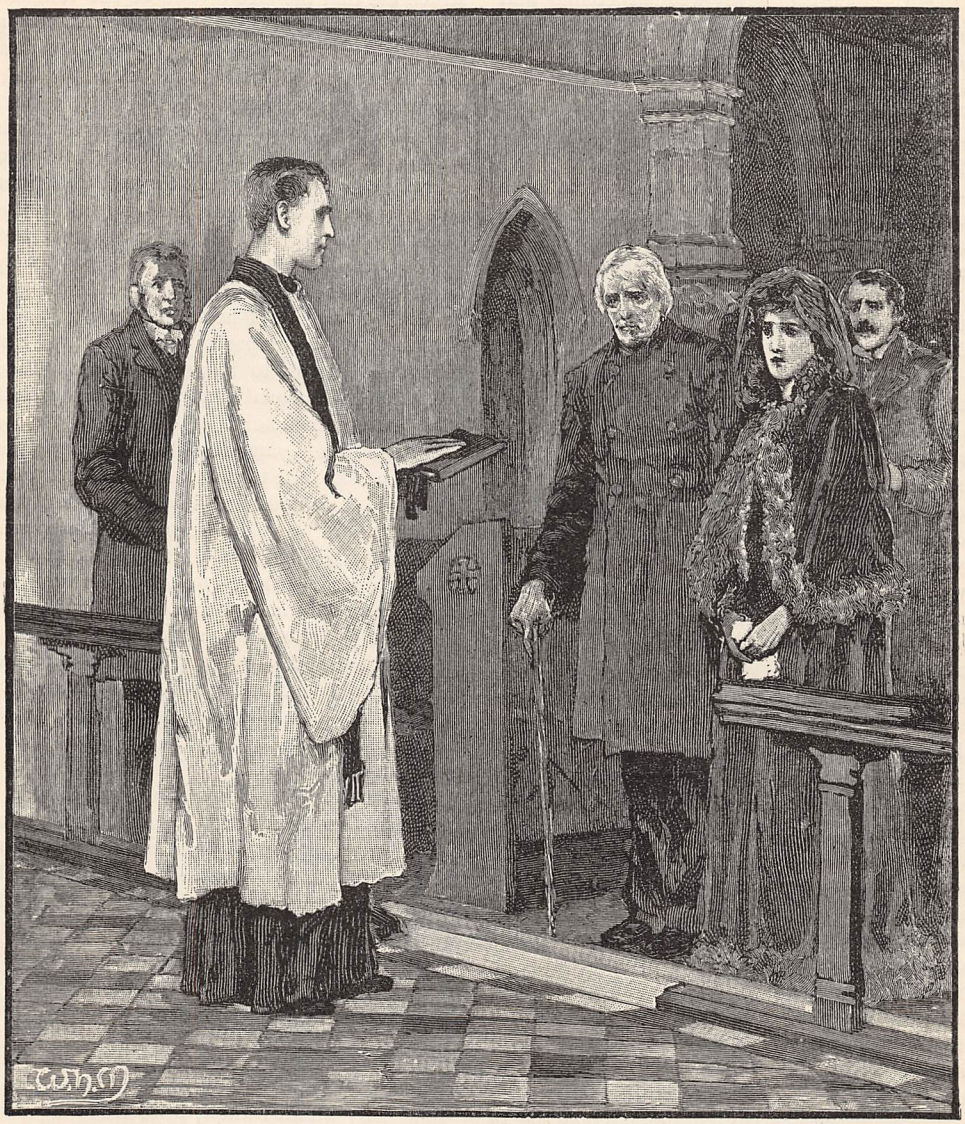
"The law only regards certain well-defined circumstances as impediments," calmly rejoined the stranger. "Here there are none."

The law, I knew, was on his side, but I thought I would temporise.

"I do not absolutely refuse to perform the ceremony," I said, "only I must have time to communicate with the young lady's friends."

"Good gracious! and this is the last day!" exclaimed the girl. "Why—oh, why, Arthur, did you make me put it off to the last? Oh, sir," she continued, turning to me, "do not, I beg you, do not delay any longer. If the marriage does not take place to-day we are lost. Nothing can remedy it."

Completely mystified, and not unwilling to obtain some clue to the meaning of this strange appeal,



"'THIS CANNOT BE,' I SAID, SHUTTING UP MY PRAYER-BOOK" (*p.* 628).

I went back into the church, where old Dan was still standing. But I could neither shake him by my arguments nor elicit anything which would help to explain the mystery. The lady was willing to have him, and he was willing to have her, he said; and the rest was nobody's business but their own. No, he had no means of compelling her, he said, with an angry look, in answer to a question from me. How could he, a poor, friendless, half-educated, common soldier, have the power of compelling a lady to marry

him against her will? He was right, and, strange as it seemed, I could not say that the girl was an unwilling bride.

I gave way at last. I performed the ceremony in a very hurried and ungracious manner, I dare say; and, after seeing that all the formalities were properly gone through, I let the newly-wedded couple and their friends depart.

Three days after the celebration of this strange wedding, Hopkins came to me and told me that two strangers wished to inspect the parish register. They declined to give their names, and he wanted to know if he ought to accede to their wish.

Telling the clerk that he had done right in coming to me, I accompanied him to the church, where the two strangers were waiting.

There I found a tall, well-bred, but dissipated-looking man, of perhaps fifty years of age, and with him a stout old gentleman, with a pink face and bushy white whiskers. I declined to show them the register till I knew who they were; and though they disputed my right to the information, eventually the old gentleman handed me his card, from which I learned that his name was Cornelius Strange, and that he was a solicitor. This was enough for me. I bade Hopkins take down the ponderous volume and lay it on the vestry table.

The younger of the two men pounced on it, and turned with an agitation which he could not conceal to the last entry in the registry of marriages.

"Done, by all——!" he exclaimed.

"Remember, sir, where you are!" I cried sternly.

The stranger gave me a look of haughty indifference, burst into a mocking laugh, and walked out of the vestry, his companion following him.

It will readily be believed that I took an early opportunity of walking over to old Dan's cottage. I did not expect that I should find his wife there; probably, I thought, he had himself left the neighbourhood. In this surmise, however, I was mistaken. The sergeant was at home, busying himself about his household affairs, and trying to look as if his marriage had never taken place.

As time went on I saw plainly, by the absence of the remarks which would otherwise have been made to me, that Old Dan's marriage had been kept a profound secret. Hopkins had probably been bribed to hold his tongue. I held mine, as I could not perceive that talking about the ill-assorted union could be of the least avail. Dan came and went as usual, but it struck me that there was an air of sadness about his face which was not there formerly. There was not about him that buoyancy, that gallant light-heartedness, which had been peculiar to him. He was now in reality what he had never hitherto seemed to be—an old man. At the same time, there were not wanting signs that his material well-being was now looked after in a fashion to which he had before been a stranger.

In the course of the following summer I found the interminable dulness, the absence of all life and motion, which characterised my parish to be absolutely unbearable. I therefore sought for and obtained an exchange of livings. My new charge was at Redbourne, a small town within twenty miles of London.

It was some years after I left Penbury that I had occasion to attend a court of petty sessions, held a few miles from Redbourne. As I sat in court, waiting for the case in which I was interested to be called, it struck me that the face of one of the magistrates on the bench was familiar to me. I had no very pleasant association connected with it, and yet—"I have it!" I silently exclaimed. "He is the friend of the lady of the mysterious wedding."

So strong was my curiosity to know the truth of that affair, that I waited until the business of the court was over, and having ascertained that the gentleman's name was Arthur Mayne, I sent him my card, and asked for an interview. On my being presented to him, I asked him if he remembered me; as he only smiled and shook his head, I recalled the facts to his remembrance, adding that if he felt at liberty, now that so long a time had elapsed, to indulge my curiosity, I should be happy to know the reasons which had prompted the unequal match, and whether in the result it had been satisfactory.

Instead of replying directly, Mr. Mayne hesitated, and then asked me to dine with him that evening. I promptly accepted the invitation; and in a few minutes more we were seated in his carriage, and were being carried rapidly into the country.

After a drive of three-quarters of an hour, we turned into an avenue, and approached a mansion of moderate size, but of charming appearance. The carriage stopped at the hall-door, and as soon as I had crossed the threshold I beheld the lady who had become the wife of Old Dan, the pensioner! She was now a blooming matron, a baby in her arms, and another infant at her skirts.

Her memory was better than Mr. Mayne's. As she recognised me she started, blushed vividly, and finally turned away without speaking. My companion followed her, and then returning to me, he led me into a small room near at hand, and begging me to sit down, he told me the following story:—

"When I was a young man," he said, "I spent a great part of my time with my uncle, who was my nearest living relative. He lived in Herefordshire, just on the Welsh border, and the house nearest to ours was Lord Roystone's place, Denham Castle. By chance I met one day in the woods, walking with a young lady whom I knew, Miss Denham, the old lord's daughter. My friend introduced me to Miss Denham, and I need only say that I strove with all my might to improve the acquaintance, for I had fallen desperately in love with her at first sight.

"I managed to meet her, and at last I confessed my passion, and had the happiness of knowing that it was returned. You can imagine the rest. In due time our meetings were discovered. Lord Roystone was furious. He called on my uncle, and gave vent to his wrath in a way which made my relative first turn his lordship out of doors, and then send for me, and command me to break off all relations with the Honourable Miss Denham, or leave his house at once.

"I chose the latter alternative; and really I hardly know how I lived for the next eighteen months.

"Miss Denham, however, would not abandon me. Neither commands, threats, nor entreaties would make her promise not to see me again. The old peer was deeply incensed, and he swore a terrible oath that he would tie her down so that she could not marry me, even after his death, without becoming a pauper like myself.

"When his lordship departed this life, it was found that he had left his personal estate, which was very considerable, to his daughter, on condition that she married, within twelve months after his decease, *some person other than Arthur Mayne.* If she remained unmarried, or chose me for her husband, the wealth destined for her was to pass to her cousin, the new Viscount Roystone.

"You will see that it was essential for our happiness that we should not be condemned to extreme poverty—as would have been the case had we married at that time; and as I had forfeited all hopes of regaining my uncle's favour, it was absolutely necessary that we should not let Rose's fortune slip through our fingers. It seemed impossible to retain a penny of it; for the conditions were that she must marry within a few months, and must not marry me. We were literally in despair, when Rose conceived the idea which extricated us from the difficulty. She resolved to go through the ceremony of marriage within the appointed period with an aged man of humble circumstances, who would, of course, not require her to live with him. Such a person she knew already, for she had been a great favourite with Old Dan in the early days of her girlhood, when Lord Roystone lived at The Grange.

"Owing to my absurd scruples, the ceremony was postponed until the last available day, and was only not too late to save my wife's fortune. We made Dan as comfortable as we could, but the devoted fellow could not rid his mind of the thought that his life stood between us and the consummation of our happiness. I have sometimes feared that the reflection helped to weaken his hold on life. He died about fifteen months after that day when you married him to the lady who is now my wife. And now, will you come into the drawing-room?"

The mystery was solved; and I also understood that the distinguished-looking stranger who came to inspect the register must have been the new peer, whose hopes of a fortune were destroyed by the celebration of that strange wedding.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

Our Mistress of Arts.

THE household gave her this degree,
Our brown-eyed Mistress of the Arts!
Poor Bas Bleu! laughed at well—although
We're proud, too, in our heart of hearts.

Proud of her Latin and her Greek,
Her mathematics' mysteries;
Proudest of all, that still she keeps
Her woman's truest art—to please.

WHAT TO WEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

IT is not a difficult matter to make a bonnet in 1891, and the one I have specially selected, which is illustrated in the initial, may be a guide to the home milliner. Women living in London, and taking advantage of the sales, might, for a few pence, or sometimes for one or two shillings, have purchased a fashionably shaped straw bonnet as here depicted. Note that the brim is crinkled, and for this style it is necessary that the hair of the wearer be dressed in curls over the forehead. Sometimes, in lieu of fancy straw, the bonnet is composed of jet, but in either case all that is needed is a large bunch of flowers placed in the rear, or else feathers (which, in the present instance, are supplemented by a frilling of lace), or often by the new lace feathers. Strings of narrow velvet ribbon make the whole complete; these should be tied under the chin in a flat bow. This style of bonnet was repeated in many varieties over and over again in London during the season. The Princess of Wales, who never wears anything outré, but always appears to select what exactly suits the form of her head, was generally to be seen in a fancy straw bonnet with flowers carried round the outside of the brim as well as at the back, and she gave the preference to black or very dark velvet strings.

Quite the prettiest millinery I have seen since the latest fashions came over from Paris, was that destined for the trousseau of the Princess Aribert of Anhalt, the Queen's granddaughter. Her Highness went away from Windsor Castle to Clieveden in a white chip hat trimmed with white feathers and Brussels lace, and she entered Berlin in a bonnet with pink drawn chiffon beneath the brim, and dove-coloured velvet outside, the edge being bent to the face. At the back there was a plume of tips intermixed with osprey. It was really quite simple, but most becoming, and was repeated in black. Her Highness mostly wears hats, as the majority of young people do nowadays, so these were in the majority in her trousseau. A black felt one was delightfully trimmed with a yellow and heliotrope handkerchief tied over the crown, forming a knot in front, and having black wings at the side. Another in the same material, trimmed with black velvet and wings, was tied down on either side like the Paysanne headgear of centuries ago. Gold appeared, as it does now in all millinery more or less, and was employed on a black crinkled straw hat to tie the cluster of feather tips. Jewelled passementerie—another popular addendum to hats and bonnets—formed the crown of a large velvet hat having ostrich tips at the back. Toques often serve a double purpose, and a beaver one made to be worn with a lovely plush mantle had shaded wings. One in black lace had a passementerie crown and pink roses beneath, with a huge osprey plume at the top.

The two figures in our next illustration show a really fashionable way of trimming and making a summer and autumn dress, and a useful cloak to match the latter. Coats have been quite the most fashionable style of bodices, and they will be worn in England during the winter, but I do not advise those who contemplate having a gown to last some long time to invest in one, for they are sure ere long to be superseded. The dress in the sketch is a most simple and elegant one. The skirt is narrow—but not too narrow—for it is arranged with four gigantic box pleats, which cling closely to the figure, but open slightly as the wearer moves. The dress is made of one of the many fancy woollens which combine checks and spots, and it is trimmed with embroidered silk, which is introduced in one box pleat in front just at the hem, and again at the back, while the cuffs, the single revers, the collar and the centre flaps at the back of the bodice, are all adorned with it. The sleeves are quite new in idea. All the season they have been made with one puff to the elbow, and then a gauntlet piece, but in this model the cuff is only the depth of an ordinary linen one. The mode of putting on the basque adapts itself to most figures, and suggests an easy alteration for a frock of last year, as it is sewn in at the waist line; and where sufficient material to match is not forthcoming, either lace or cambric embroidery would serve the purpose. A deep basque of some kind is the particular fashion of the moment. This bodice fastens under the revers, and is slightly full at the waist. The sleeves are not exorbitantly high. The colouring of the particular dress from which the illustration is drawn was cornflower-blue, the embroidery gold and multicoloured on a white silk foundation.

The cloak and dress are of fine heliotrope ladies' cloth, trimmed with cabochons of jet of a diamond form. The cloak is three-quarter length, with a pointed yoke and high collar, and is puffed on the shoulders with rows of jet: this is *à la* François Premier, and for slender figures is most becoming. The cabochons are carried in a double row down and round the cloak, and appear at the hem of the skirt above the broad band of velvet encircling it. The bodice is laced at the back, and comes just below the waist line, where it is outlined with velvet which also forms the fulness in front. The hat has a broad brim, is of fancy straw, surmounted by a large feather aigrette of the two shades, for the velvet is darker than the cloth and is intermixed with jet cabochons mounted on jetted stems. The bonnet on the accompanying figure is of fancy straw, the brim pointed over the face, an

aigrette quite at the back, and a wreath of roses in the front of the lace: it is, as most fashionable bonnets are, of infinitesimal size.

For country wear, and most of us English folk are in the country now, I recommend either Italian chevrette Suède gloves for daily use, or the four-button real Russian ones. Those ladies who drive should have a pair of the new waterproof driving gloves, which are quite worth buying; for they do not spoil in the rain, and as no one can hold up an umbrella when driving, ordinary driving-gloves last half the time they ought. For slipping on to go into the garden, soft doeskin gloves are as good as washleather ones, which is saying a great deal. They fulfil the great need of such gloves: they slip on and off easily, and leave free play to the muscles.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

OUR century loves glitter; and when we do not wear diamonds, we wear jet. Have you ever noticed how closely jet produces the effect of diamonds if made of the best kind and cut very finely?

The pretty satin gown in the illustration on the next page is worked in jet. The seams are outlined with jet in the narrow skirt, which boasts of a small back and front breadth, and two narrow gores on each side. The bodice has every seam fastened in the same way. It is really rather more of an elongated jacket-bodice than a coat, and has a full all-round basque, as it is called, though in the front it ends at the waist line, and is finished off with jet fringe matching the deep graduated fringe at the throat. The back is cut in the new French style, with a centre seam and side seams, and there is a high collar. The sleeves are covered with jet florets, that is, the material which constitutes the sleeves is embroidered all over with a flower in jet. There is a jabot of black lace down the front. This is the kind of gown which a Frenchwoman wears in the evening for demi-toilette. A jet circlet is introduced on one side of the hair. The other gown is of black lace over light yellow silk. The skirt is the exact depth of the lace, which has a scalloped border at the hem. The close-fitting bodice is made with a V-shaped vest, outlined with jet, and is very full. The sleeves are formed with three full puffs. There is a full lace basque covering a yellow silk flounce, and this is gathered and carried *en jabot* down the skirt, with dainty bows on the hips. The hat is of black lace, with yellow plovers' feathers, and a black aigrette; and the parasol is covered with lace. The style is more generally useful than black lace over a colour, for it serves for a summer and autumn fête dress, and a winter demi-toilette gown.

That "We always come back to our first love" may be doubtful, but there is no doubt whatever that sooner or later we come back to the fashions of the past, not in their entirety but approximately. I never remember one revival where the old cut of gown, if preserved for years, could be resuscitated and re-worn. We are in Paris beginning to revive the gored skirts, lined and without foundations. We wore them thus twenty years ago, but not exactly; now front breadths and sides are both gored, and with advantage. But most frequently the backs are gored too, and the cross-cut breadths are joined down the centre, giving the appearance of a duck's tail. I prefer the straight full breadth between the gores gathered at the waist, but it is not so new, and is better suited to the skirts, which only touch the ground, whereas the others trail on the ground. They will grow longer as the months roll on. I fear that in Paris short gowns are a fashion of the past. This latest cut of skirt needs little trimming. Most of them have the inevitable gathered flounces, which are from six to eight inches deep, and nothing more. There must be some substance and firmness in the material of stuffs thus used. This style is bringing back the wearing of silk, as nothing looks so well thus arranged, and rich brocades for dinner and evening wear are far too handsome to be draped and tortured into bouillons and ruches. Plain silks are coming

ON THE LEES—FOLKESTONE.

in again, for which we may be thankful, for practically they last for years without getting dingy and shabby as thinner fabrics will and do.

In Paris, the Princess style is coming in and the coats are going out. Many of the fashionable bodices are ended with ribbon, and very pretty it is; ribbon seems a natural ending. In England fashionable women have accepted for the present time the back of skirts and bodices cut in one, the front distinct with the coat flaps or deep pockets. Coloured silk fronts, different from the rest of the gown, brighten up vastly the new cut of dress, and in France we are contented now to accept vivid contrasts, not the inevitable black and a colour only, which has become wearisome from its monotony.

Crépon is *the* fabric of the summer of 1891, and next to it wool corduroy. Possibly the manufacturers will continue this by bringing out the same class of goods thicker and more suited to cold weather.

LISTENING TO THE BAND.

Real lace is now used in preference to any other, and the current fashions enable us to utilise any morsel of any shape or description. Full collars fall downwards from the neck, three bands of narrower width come from beneath the arm to the waist in a diagonal form, and lessen the apparent size of the waist. Epaulettes, or pointed pieces which are let in and heighten the sleeves, are contrived of any small pieces at hand, and even scraps, that are worn and worse for wear, can be pleated into folds for stay bodices and Swiss corselets. Some few industrious women lay morsels of old lace on net foundations, and outline the patterns with gold cord of the finest description, thereby creating a most effective trimming. The Bolero jackets imported from Cairo, and made of pieces of lace, are utilised in the same form. Guipure of every sort and kind, silk and metal, is employed to trim and cover bodices, and a make of écru crochet modelled on circlets, and another kind like Venetian point, are much worn as epaulettes, and to cover the bodice from the throat to the waist. A comfortable way of clothing the throat is with the new necklet, which has now taken the place of both Medicis collars and ruffs. These necklets are formed of folds of velvet or any contrasting material and colour, with a row of gold or silver braid, a large loose rosette at the back. They are often made of soft chiffon, and are movable, so that they can be passed from one dress to another.

Ribbon is coming greatly into favour for trimming. It is applied in flat bands of many kinds and in long ends; the kind most in demand is one inch wide. Sometimes the new necklaces are made of this, then the ends are frequently brought from the back and looped across the bodice.

Full low fronts are kept in place by ribbons. Sleeves of quite a distinct material and colour from the bodice are in fashion, many are richly embroidered, and sometimes costly brocades are used for them.

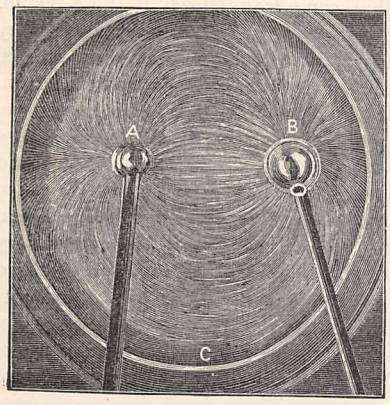
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Electrical Images.

It is well known that the "lines of magnetic force," or induction, between the poles of a magnet can be rendered visible to the eye by strewing iron filings on the poles and in the space between them; but, although similar lines of electric force have been supposed to exist between the poles of an electric machine or a voltaic battery, they have not been shown to the eye until recently. A method of exhibiting them, proposed by Mr. Chapman, of Adelaide University, South Australia, has been successfully practised by M. Hospitalier, a French electrician of note. It consists in mixing acicular crystals of sulphate of quinine in the pure essence of terebinthine until the latter becomes milky to the view. A thin layer of the liquid is then placed in a glass vessel, and the poles of a Wimshurst electrical machine are brought to the sides of the vessel, as shown in the figure, where A and B are the poles and C the vessel. The electric forces between these poles arrange the crystals into curving lines, very similar to the curving lines of the iron filings between the poles of a magnet. These lines are visible in our illustration, which is taken from a photograph. Powdered talc and coffer-dam, mixed with benzine, will also show them; and M. Mascart, the celebrated French electrician, is able to produce them by placing a sheet of glass between the two poles, A, B, of the machine, and dropping very small pieces of fine wire upon it. In this case the wire corresponds to the iron filings used in the experiment with the magnet. It is believed that the ether between the poles is under a strain which reveals itself to the eye by these arrangements.



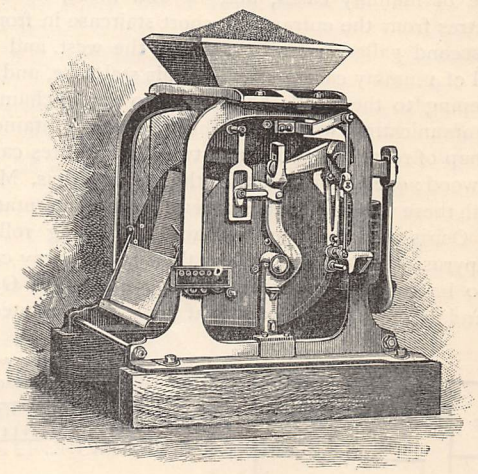
A Jointed Diving-dress.

Colonel W. Carey, C.B., late of the Royal Artillery, has devised a new diving-dress on the model of the crustacean, or in homelier phrase, the crab and lobster. These animals can either lie or crawl on the bottom of the sea, and if they are closely observed, it will be seen that in crawling they put out one claw after another, a mode of progression which enables them to keep close to the ground and not to rise in the water. The new dress is made in plates of rigid material jointed together so as to be watertight, and as the diver in wearing it will be relieved of the heavy load of the ordinary dress as well as the water pressure, he will be able to work far better under water.

A Cure for Snake-bites.

Dr. Mueller, of Yackandandah, Victoria, has been highly successful in administering nitrate of strychnine in cases of snake-bite. One part of nitrate is dissolved in 240 parts of water containing a little glycerine, and 20 minims of the solution are injected hypodermically at intervals of from 10 to 20 minutes according to the violence of the attack. Almost any part of the patient's body will serve, but Dr. Mueller chooses a spot near the bite itself. The strychnine is antagonistic to the poison and its own virulence is neutralised until the venom is killed. In some instances a grain of strychnine has been administered by Dr. Mueller within a few hours. The first independent action of the drug is evinced by slight spasms of the muscles, and the injections under the skin should then be discontinued unless after a time the snake poison re-asserts its power. Out of a hundred patients treated in this way, Dr. Mueller had only one failure due to premature stoppage of the injections.

A Grain Scale.



The "Chronos" Grain Scale, which is illustrated herewith, is automatic in its action, and weighs the grain led to it without the aid of a workman or driving

power while registering the result on a dial, so that the total quantity weighed can be read off at any time. It has the properties of the ordinary scale beam with equal arms, and balances when empty as well as full. Should it require adjustment, a sliding weight is provided for the purpose. Moreover it adapts itself to a quicker or slower feed of the unweighed grain, and to a free or hindered flow of the weighed grain.

Weldless Chains.

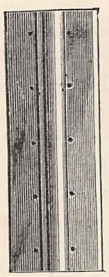


FIG. 1.

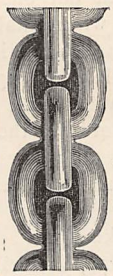


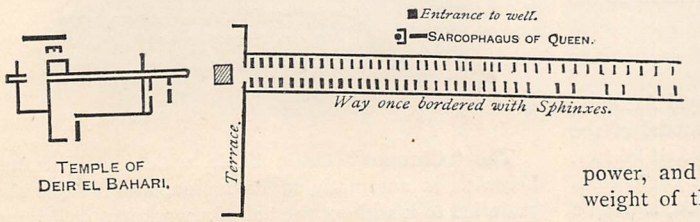
FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Chains of steel without a weld in the links are now produced by a very ingenious process. The links are stamped out of steel bars having a cross-section such as is shown in Fig. 1, which illustrates this form of metal with holes punched in it to determine the size of the links. After a series of punching operations we have a form shown in Fig. 2, and after a continuance of the process the finished chain, as shown at Fig. 3. These links are of great strength, being capable of standing a stress of twenty tons on the square inch of their cross-section.

New Discoveries in Egypt.

Our diagram illustrates the recent discovery of M. Grébaut at the temple of Deir el Bahari, Thebes. Some 40 metres north of the long causeway leading to that temple, M. Grébaut found the sarcophagus of a queen, and beside it, the opening of a square well filled with stones, and on removing these he came upon a straight passage at a depth of 15 metres. This passage led towards the north, and was about 2 metres high. Proceeding along it, the explorer came upon a pile of mummy cases, and beyond these, about 90 metres from the entrance, a short staircase in front of a second gallery running towards the west, and also full of mummy cases. Beyond this staircase, and still keeping to the north, he found two small chambers communicating with each other. These contained a group of royal mummies, and two large figures carved in wood; one of Isis, and the other of Nephthys. Mixed with these were mortuary statuettes and representations of Osiris in wood, hollow, and containing rolls of papyrus. There were no less than 163 mummy cases, 110 boxes with statuettes, and 77 effigies of Osiris. Sandals, play-balls, palm-leaf fans, one painted to resemble the lotus earthenware plates, with remnants of a funeral feast, dry dates and seeds, fruits of the doum palm, and morsels of bread were also found; and in the chambers, withered garlands of delphinium, lotus flowers, and bouquets were lying on the floors. According to M. Maspero, the great Egyptologist, most of the remains date from the tenth and seventh centuries before our era. We may add that during the past season the great temple of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, at Luxor, has been all but cleared, and a fine sculptured head of the monarch laid bare. But the most interesting of recent Egyptian discoveries is one due to Mr. Flinders Petrie. Examining the mummy cases that came from Gurob, in the Fayoum, he noticed that, instead of being made of wood, they were constructed of a kind of papier-maché of papyrus, much of which had evidently been written upon. Patience and ingenuity enabled Mr. Petrie, and the scholars who worked with him, to separate and cleanse the fragments of papyrus. Professors Mahaffy and Sayce were the leaders of the band of experts to whom the fragments thus rescued were submitted. Eaten away by age and lime as they were, they were very difficult to piece together. But at length they proved to be made up largely of legal and official documents which served to fix the age of the manuscripts. From internal evidence they were assigned to the reigns of the earlier Ptolemies, or about the middle of the third century before our era. These legal documents were of themselves valuable for the flood of light they shed on the social life of that distant age. But with them were found literary fragments, evidently of even greater age, and disclosing parts of a lost play by Euripides and the Phaedo of Plato. Their interest to scholars may be gathered from the fact that our received texts of Plato and Euripides are based upon manuscripts that are at best only Post-Alexandrian (*i.e.*, at least 600 years later), when they are not, as is the rule, late mediæval, whereas these fragments are almost contemporaneous with the authors.

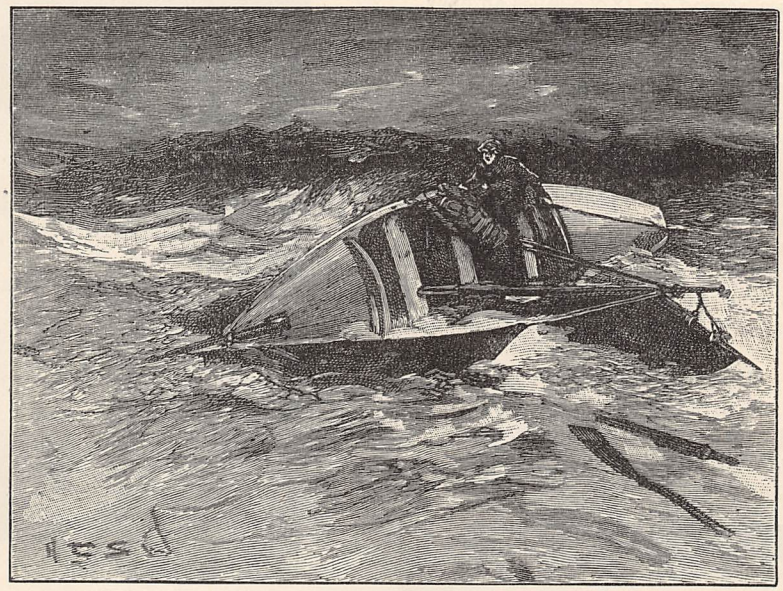


TEMPLE OF DEIR EL BAHARI.

A Steam Kite.

Mr. Hiram Maxim, who is well known as the inventor of a system of electric lighting, and a destructive machine gun, has turned his attention to the questions of aerial navigation, and constructed a flying machine which is best described as a steam kite. His experimental model is 13 feet long by 4 feet wide, and is propelled through the air by means of a revolving fan, or screw, making 2,500 turns a minute. When the kite is properly slanted and the screw going at normal speed, the machine flies through the atmosphere at one level. With a higher speed of the propeller it ascends, and with a lower it descends. Encouraged by his trials Mr. Maxim is now building a kite large enough for practical use. It is to be 110 feet long and 40 feet wide, and will be driven by a screw about 18 feet in diameter. A small petroleum motor weighing 1,800 lb. will supply the power, and is capable of raising 40,000 lb. As the weight of the entire machine with two engineers is

estimated at 11,800 lb., the inventor hopes to be able to transport some 10 or 12 tons in freight or passengers through the air. In this connection we may add that M. André Duboin, a French aeronaut, has recently found that the air-pressure gauge or differential manometer of M. Kretz is exceedingly useful in ballooning for measuring the height of the balloon above the ground by the pressure of the atmosphere. It is over a hundred times more sensitive than the aneroid or mercurial barometers now employed for the purpose.



A SELF-RIGHTING BOAT.—FIG. 2.

The Phonometer.

Stanley's phonometer or chronograph is a new apparatus for enabling a person to measure distances by observing the time between the flash and the report of a gun. Sound travels at a speed of something over 1,000 feet a second (333 metres) in air and hence the distance is readily calculated if the time is known. The device will also be useful in telling how far off a flash of lightning is by noting the time between the flash and the thunderclap which follows.

A Self-Righting Boat.

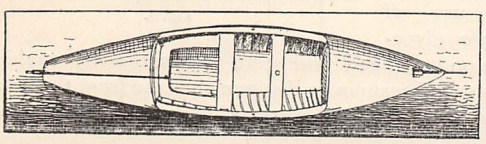
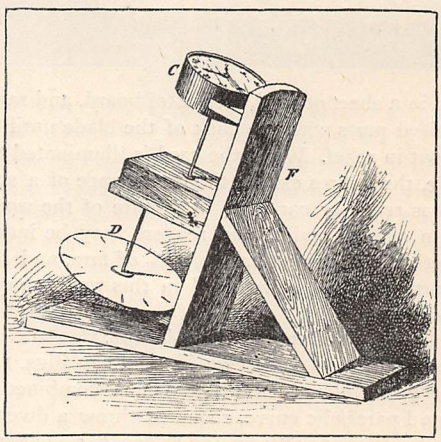


FIG. 1.

The new boat, seen in plan and elevation in our Figs. 1 and 2, is stated to be unsinkable, and to right itself instantly. The fore and after parts, Fig. 1, are hollow cones, both air and water-tight, which give a remarkable buoyancy to the craft. Looped lines, Fig. 2, run along the sides to enable persons in the water to hold on and scramble on board. Such boats will be peculiarly serviceable to novices afloat, and are well fitted for pleasure trips. They are also very promising as lifeboats at sea, for they can be thrown overboard from a large vessel without the loss of time and risk involved in the use of a lowering apparatus. They are exceedingly light; one twelve feet long and three wide, only weighing three cwt. We understand that they have undergone severe tests on the Firth of Forth.



A Clock to Show the Direction of the Earth's Motion.

A point on the earth's surface moves to the west at a velocity of 700 miles an hour owing to the daily rotation of the earth around its own axis. At the same time this point is moving along the plane of the ecliptic in a direction at right angles to the direction of the sun at a velocity of nineteen miles a second, or

68,400 miles an hour, by virtue of the revolution of the earth in its orbit round the sun. Moreover, the entire solar system, that is to say, the sun and planets with their moons, is supposed to be moving towards a point in the constellation of Hercules at a velocity of about five miles a second, or 18,000 miles an hour. To show the true motion of the earth in space, or, as he prefers to call it, through the ether, Dr. Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., a well-known physicist, has devised a clock which we illustrate in the figure. It consists of a framework F supporting a disc D, which rotates on a spindle once in twenty-four hours, and is graduated to show the dates throughout the year. It is rotated by the clock C, which keeps solar time, and its motion is such, that, on any given date the radius of the disc corresponding to that date points out the direction in which the earth is moving. By a simple modification the clock is also made to indicate the direction of the sun.

Castrography.

A pretty art, to which the name of castrography, or the art of writing by incision has been given, has been introduced by Mr. Mills, an American. It consists in cutting with the blade of a penknife the drawing or

writing in a sheet of card, or Bristol board, and raising the incised parts with the back of the blade until they stand out in relief. When the card is illuminated from the side, the figures exhibit the appearance of a sculptured bas-relief or carving. A picture of the work is given in our engraving, and readers may be induced to practise it. Visiting-cards, bills of fare, and other fancy articles can be produced in this way as rapidly as by drawing.

Reflecting Hand-lamps.

The hand-lamps which we illustrate in Figs. 1 and 2 have powerful reflectors made in a combined circular and parabolic curve, so as to throw a diverging beam to a distance of from 100 to 200 feet. They are useful for night work, especially that shown in Fig. 2, which is made double. The reflectors are plated with silver or nickel, and are cleaned by first washing them with soap and water, and then polishing them. For use at sea, each lamp is fitted with a rubber ring at the base, to prevent it sliding. The inventor states that with these lamps print can be read by the naked eye at a distance of 140 feet, and that they give off no smell, while consuming but a pennyworth of petroleum oil in twelve hours. Captain Loftus has also devised a reflecting screen for the sidelights of ships; and he has

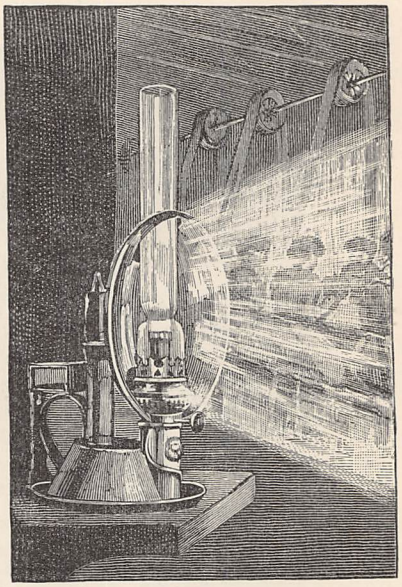


FIG. 1.

applied coloured glycerine to tinge the light of lamps used in land and marine signalling. Glycerine is unaffected by changes of temperature, and is readily coloured. When confined between curving glasses and tinted, it permits from 50 to 80 per cent. more light to pass than coloured glass. Captain Loftus is an advocate for the use of yellow glycerine on masthead and stern lamps, thereby enabling pilots and seamen to distinguish these from the phosphorescence on the crests of high waves.

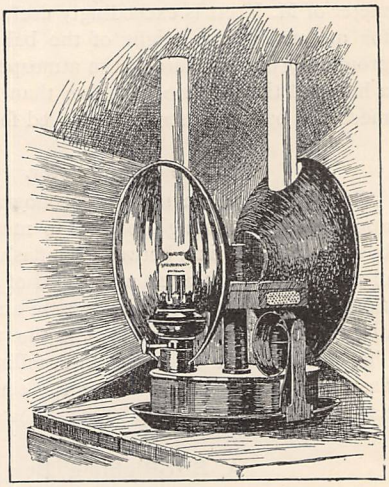


FIG. 2.

A Steam Steriliser.

Mothers' milk is sterile, that is, free from germs, and hence it is desirable to sterilise any other milk substituted for it in the feeding-bottle. Cows' milk, as sold in cities, is usually from twelve to twenty-four hours' old, and has absorbed various impurities from the air, not to speak of water which may have been

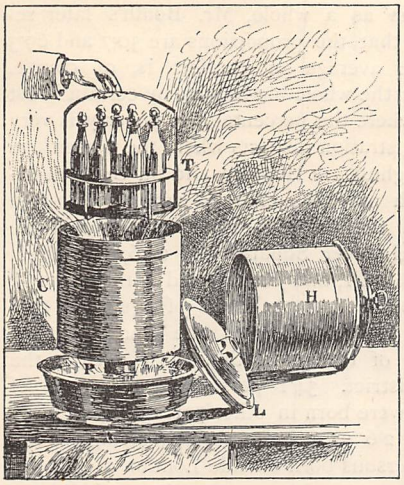


FIG. 1.

used in adulterating it, or the germs of some disease from the cow. It has been strongly recommended by the French Academy of Sciences, and many leading physicians, that all milk given to infants, or used as milk by adults, should be sterilised, a process which not only kills the germs in it, but allows it to be kept for weeks even in warm weather unchanged. Milk is sterilised in a simple manner by heating it to a temperature which destroys any germs of fermentation and disease it may contain. Mere boiling is not always effectual, and the milk thus treated is apt to produce constipation. The Arnold steam steriliser, which we illustrate, has been very successful in America, and may be recommended for the purpose.

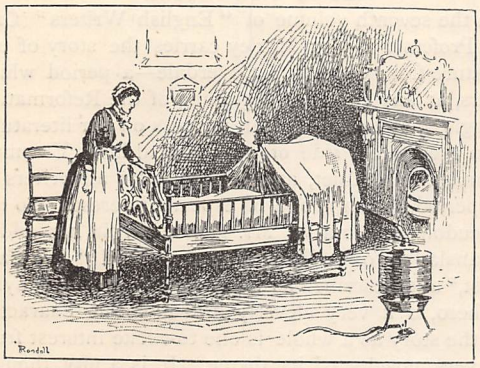
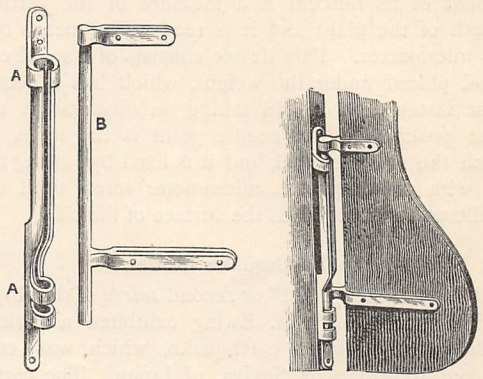


FIG. 2.

It consists of a steam chamber, C, into which a number of nursery bottles containing the milk are placed on a tray, T, then covered with the lid, L, and hood, H, as shown in Fig. 1. The reservoir or pan, P, underneath is filled with water, and the whole is then placed on a fire, or stove, or above a lamp. The steam rises from the water and circulates in the chamber, heating the milk to a temperature of 212° Fahr. After an hour of this treatment the milk is freed from germs. The steriliser can also be used for several other purposes. When the hood is fitted with an inhaler or pipe, it can be employed in cases of croup, diphtheria, and bronchial affections, as shown in Fig. 2. Moreover, it is serviceable in warming cloths for local application, heating poultices, disinfecting garments, and so forth.

A Safety Rudder.

Mr. Nixon, a retired naval officer, has invented a safety rudder, which is shown in our illustration. The details of the fittings, which are the novelty, will be understood from the first block, where A A is the slide, which is screwed to the stern-post of the boat, and B is the pintle-rod, which is screwed to the rudder. The



arrangement permits the rudder to be unshipped by hand on the darkest night and in the roughest weather, and it is next to impossible for the rudder to become unshipped accidentally, as the fittings allow it to rise and fall when the boat touches the ground, or, as in the case of river boats, passes over the rollers. Another advantage is that the rudder can be left unshipped when the boat is on deck or hanging from the davits, and when it is being towed astern.

A New Heater.

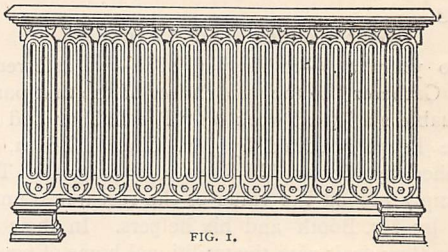


FIG. 1.

The heater shown in our engraving (Fig. 1) is not only of a good appearance but very effective, and can be used with either steam or hot water. The top and base are hollow, as will be seen from the sections, Figs. 2 and 3, and the steam or hot water circulates through the whole series of pipes and passages, while the heat radiates from an extensive surface. As shown in Fig. 3, the vertical pipes can be arranged in a double set if desired. Moreover, the heater can be used to ventilate a room like a fireplace, by running an ornamental casing (A, Fig. 2), along one side, and admitting fresh air by a pipe, B, at its bottom from the outside of the building.

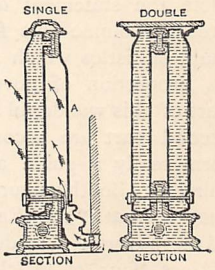


FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

Measuring the Growth of Plants.

Mr. H. Darwin, a son of the well known naturalist, has devised a simple apparatus for measuring the rate of growth of a plant. A thread is attached to the upper end of the plant, and passes over a light pulley. A weight is fastened to the lower end of the thread so that as the plant rises the weight sinks. The amount of its descent is a measure of the vertical growth of the plant and it is read off by means of a cup micrometer. This device consists of a small cup of oil placed under the weight, which has a needle point fastened to it. In taking an observation the exact position of the needle point is the index by which the scale is read, and it is fixed by raising the cup with the help of a micrometer screw until the needle point just touches the surface of the oil.

An Earthquake Model.

At the "Ladies' night" or second *soirée* of the Royal Society, Professor J. A. Ewing exhibited a curious model of a Japanese earthquake, which was constructed by Professor Sekiya, of Japan. The earthquake in question took place at Tokio and the motions of the ground were recorded by Professor Ewing's seismograph. By means of a bent wire Professor Sekiya has represented the peculiar motions of a particular point of the ground, but magnified about fifty times. Labels attached to the wire at intervals mark the successive seconds during which the shock lasted. The wire is bent and tangled into an object like a crow's nest: it is difficult to realise that the movements of the ground can be so complicated and on viewing the model it becomes easier to understand the sickening sensation produced by the unsteady footing.

About London and Londoners.

Two years ago—in August, 1889—we referred in "The Gatherer" to the publication of the first part of a valuable statistical work on "The Labour and Life of the People," edited by Mr. Charles Booth, and published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. Time has amply proved the value of the researches undertaken by Mr. Booth and his helpers. In their first volume they dealt with the traditional home of poverty and misery—East London. The second volume, which is now before us, contains the results of the same principles of investigation applied to the metropolis as a whole. Still another volume is promised to complete the statement of London questions, but this present volume sets forth in sufficient fulness the main statistics which affect London as a whole, and its proportion of poverty. As it was in the first part of this wonderful work, the maps (which in this second part are accommodated in a separate case) form really a guide and index to the whole. One thing Mr. Booth's figures show most conclusively, and that is that "the East End" has not a monopoly of the poverty. He divides the population into eight classes, four of which represent varying degrees of poverty, and four similarly varying degrees of comfort. In the East End these two groups comprise 38·3 and 61·7 per cent. of the population respectively. Taking London as a whole, Mr. Booth's later researches show that the proportions are 30·7 and 69·3 per cent. The average of comfort is, of course, brought up for the whole metropolis by certain West End parishes where the percentage of poverty is very small. The registration districts where the percentage of poverty is highest are Holborn and St. George's-in-the-East, which are both credited with 48·9 in the hundred. And the three in which it is lowest are St. George's, Hanover Square, with 21·6, Lewisham and Penge with 18·1, and Hampstead with only 13·5 per cent. Another valuable series of figures is that in which Mr. Booth tabulates the particulars of the proportion of the population born outside the metropolitan district. 34·1 persons in each 100 of the population were born in other parts of the United Kingdom, and 2·6 were born abroad, giving a total proportion of persons born outside London of 36·7 per cent., or rather more than one in three of the residents. Scotland sends 1·3 in each 100 of London's population, Ireland 2·1. The counties nearest London naturally show the highest percentage, but Yorkshire sends ·8, and Lancashire ·7. It is very interesting to follow these immigrants further in Mr. Booth's pages, and note the different localities in which they settle. But for this, and hundreds of other interesting and useful bits of information, we can only refer our readers to Mr. Booth's book, for which philanthropic workers cannot be too grateful.

Some New Books.

In the seventh volume of "English Writers" (Cassell) Professor Henry Morley carries the story of our literature from Caxton to Coverdale—a period which covers, at any rate, the beginning of the Reformation struggle, that left so keen an impress on our literature, as on every other side of our national life. Erasmus, Thomas More, Colet, and Grocyn, were all writers of this period, which is one of especial interest. To the "Pseudonym Library" Mr. Fisher Unwin has added a translation of a Russian story called "A Village Priest," and described as being by Potapenko. Cyril, the hero, is a very cleverly drawn, strong character, and the story as a whole is one to excite interest from the very novelty of its theme. It is a pity, though, that the last chapter was not differently planned. "Drinks *à la Mode*" (Longmans), is Mrs. de Salis's latest contribution to her series of household manuals. It deals with beverages of every kind and degree of strength, and no reader need put it aside because he has a distaste for a particular class of liquid. The chapters on "Cooling Drinks" and "Invalid Drinks" are especially good. From the same publishers we have received "A Guide for Pianoforte Students" by Professor F. Davenport, and Mr. J. Percy Baker, of the Royal Academy of Music, and we commend it to the attention of both teachers and students.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

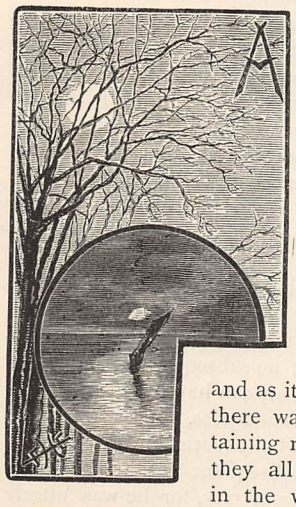
About two hundred and fifty MSS. have been received by the Editor, and are now under consideration. The award will be published as early as possible.

THAT LITTLE WOMAN.

By IDA J. LEMON.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

SHE HEARS A CONFESSION.



AN attack of gout following upon his accident, and being probably a consequence thereof, Briscoe's illness was protracted until towards the end of April, and then Meredith advised that he should go away for a little while. After much consideration, Birchington, in the Isle of Thanet, was selected as a desirable place, and as it was not yet the season, there was little difficulty in obtaining rooms in an hotel which they all voted such a curiosity in the way of hotels as to deserve a visit on its own account.

Evelyn, who was on capital terms with him still, of course accompanied her uncle, and after a great deal of persuasion Miss Loveridge was induced to go with them. It had been Evelyn's suggestion: not that a nurse was any longer indispensable, but she represented to Mr. Briscoe that it would be a slight, a very slight, return for all her kindness, and that probably she stood as much in need of a change as he did—certainly more than she herself.

Miss Loveridge, however, manifested an extraordinary eagerness to remain in London; she did not seem at all desirous of going to the seaside, and only yielded when Evelyn poutingly remarked that she was sure Miss Loveridge was tired both of her and her uncle, and would be glad to be rid of them for a little while. The little woman gave in then, stipulating, however, that she should only stay a week, because a great friend of hers would probably be arriving in London before long, and that friend would never forgive her for being away.

As to Meredith, he declared he was not going to be an outsider altogether in this family party. If he could not be with them the whole time, which was utterly impossible, he should yet pay Briscoe a visit to see how he was getting on, and he stated his intention of running down to Birchington from Saturday to Monday if he could get away.

Birchington is a delightful place to stay at for those who wish for quiet, and perhaps there is no better or more bracing air in England. Those who are apt to feel dull without the seaside perquisites of a brass band and niggers are within easy distance of pretty little Westgate and of Margate, beloved of cockneys; while for those with a historical, ecclesiastical, or archæological bias, what more interesting spot could there be than the Isle of Thanet and the surrounding country?

The weather on their arrival was very fine and bright, and the sea was as blue and placid as it might be in July. Evelyn flew out of the hotel on the earliest opportunity, and found her way on to the sands, where she stood within an inch of the waves, going back step by step as the tide came in, with a childish delight.

She went into ecstasies over everything, the place, the hotel, the sea, the cliffs; she was even discovered the morning after their arrival seeking for winkles on the sands, and collecting them in her handkerchief. She only regretted that she was too old to paddle and that it was too early to bathe. She certainly managed to get a great deal of enjoyment out of trifles, and was altogether such a delightful companion that Miss Loveridge could not but regret she saw so little of her, for although it had been at her express wish that that lady had come to the seaside, she took every opportunity of leaving her alone with Briscoe, and betook herself for long walks, partly in order to work off a strange restlessness which had taken possession of her, and which made sitting still or her uncle's slow pace intolerable: it was out of the question that he should be left alone, and so Miss Loveridge was the one on whom it devolved to be his constant companion.

But indeed not only Miss Gaytherne, but Miss Loveridge and Mr. Briscoe seemed to be not quite their usual selves; they were prone to absent-mindedness and to answering irrelevantly when spoken to, and they manifested more than once a strange inability to converse freely with one another. Briscoe was restless, given to walking up and down the room in a way that was eminently trying to the nerves, and in the matter of conversation he was undoubtedly dull. At mealtimes he started when he was spoken to, and in spite of the sea-air his appetite was not what it should have been. Evelyn occasionally could not refrain from smiling when she saw him like this, and would glance wickedly across the table at Miss Loveridge, who, maybe, would be discovered in the act of liberally salting her tart, or, albeit she was a staunch teetotaler, helping herself to wine. She thought herself very wise, this young lady, and in part she guessed the truth. If Miss Loveridge had not been pre-occupied, she would have noticed that Mr. Briscoe was anxious to initiate himself into her good graces, that in a sort of way he was even gallant, but she did *not* notice it.

One day, however, at Evelyn's desire, they all made a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and it was after this occasion that she was enlightened.

In the morning they visited St. Martin's, the little church where King Ethelbert was baptised after he had been converted by the preaching of Augustine, and where, tradition says, is the tomb of Bertha, his wife, who had this chapel for her own special use. After a hasty luncheon they went up to the cathedral,

which is a place to inspire the most ordinary mind with awe and wonder and reverence, and even Briscoe, usually the least enthusiastic of men, could not forbear an exclamation when he beheld the majestic building standing out against the blue sky. Neither was this impression eradicated by the guide devoid of "h's," who insisted upon hurrying them round in company with sundry others, as though he were paid by piece-work, pointing out objects of beauty, giving them information in automatic fashion, and hurling dates at their heads with startling rapidity and doubtful accuracy.

But presently he left them alone to contemplate at their leisure the wonderful architecture, and to marvel at that which the mind of man could conceive and execute, and at the spiritual significance of the work. Miss Loveridge, who knew something about architecture, waxed eloquent on her beloved subject, and Evelyn, rushing out to buy photographs, left the other two to talk Ruskin while she did what seemed to her more practical.

But she came back in time for the afternoon service. This was not so sleepy as is usual with week-day cathedral services; the congregation was, for some reason—perhaps because it was Lent—a good one, and that may have inspired the reverend gentleman, who did not, to quote Sydney Smith, "call in the aid of paralysis to piety," nor consider that sin was "to be taken from man, as Eve was from Adam, by casting him into a deep slumber." He read as if he understood what he was reading, and as if it did not depress him beyond the power of endurance. And then came the singing of the *De Profundis*, that wonderful outpouring of the Psalmist: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications."

As Briscoe listened and watched Miss Loveridge, whose eyes were full of tears, he recalled the last time he had been to church with her, how long ago it seemed, and he knew that he was changed since then.

"Your England is a glorious place," said Evelyn, when they were outside once more. "I should be proud of my nationality if I were you. I feel proud as it is, but I can't and don't want to discard the American in me."

"You needn't," said Miss Loveridge. "All who go to worship God in such a place have a part in its associations. Isn't it queer to realise that Anselm and Lanfranc and A'Becket are something more than worrying historical characters, but had exactly the same aims as we have?"

Evelyn smiled acknowledgment.

"I mean to be just as good as possible," she said, with bright eyes. "When I knelt in that place and heard the organ roll, and looked up and saw the boundlessness of it all, I felt so unworthy and insignificant, and then—I thought," she added shyly, "if such beauty overcame one, how would one feel at the sight of God in His holiness and the kingdom of heaven?"

Briscoe said nothing, but his face looked sad. Miss Loveridge asked him if he were tired.

"No," he said, "not tired."

But when they got back to Birchington, and the indefatigable Evelyn had betaken herself off somewhere, he and his nurse were left alone in the dusky drawing-room: the latter with her eternal knitting, Briscoe reclining in the easiest of the many easy-chairs, and looking absently before him.

He was reviewing the past, and that is not to all of us a pleasing nor a cheering employment. Since the arrival of Evelyn, and since, too, he had had Miss Loveridge for an almost constant companion, he had begun to realise that there was something in family life preferable to a solitary one. Looking back, he could remember what it was to have others to consider besides himself, to have more interests, more hopes, perhaps more anxieties. He tried to realise how he had felt then, and he knew that now there was an aching want. He began to count up his years: they were not few; it seemed that there were not many left.

It is a sad feeling, that of being cut off from those with whom your youth has been passed, whether it be by their fault or by yours; no subsequent ties, however dear, can be quite the same, can have the same associations nor the same tenderness, unless they are those of intensest and wholly satisfying love. But Briscoe had formed no subsequent ties, and there he stood, an object deserving of pity, for he was utterly isolated. And so it was he had come to plan a new life; he would begin again, and now he would have a companion who should guide him to something better than he had ever known before. He had no doubt in his mind as to her consenting to do so. He could offer her things which she could not otherwise obtain, her position would be assured, and she was not so young that she would be likely to have many other chances, as he said in his snobbish old mind, having a man's inability to realise that a woman does not of necessity gain by being married, and that many of them prefer a state of independence, especially when dependence means the constant society of a rather irritable old gentleman, with pompous manners and stereotyped habits.

She thought he had gone to sleep, when he startled her by suddenly speaking.

"Miss Loveridge," he said, "I feel—I cannot help feeling—that I have missed something out of my life which you women have—yes, even that child Evelyn. It is not age, I think, which makes this want. I wish I could have that warmth and brightness and gladness which is seen upon your faces. I wish I could rejoice more."

Miss Loveridge looked at him kindly, but she schooled herself to speak what she felt to be the truth.

"Mr. Briscoe," she said, "I think I know the cause of this want of which you complain. Have you not closed your heart to gentle influences by worldly cares? Have you not lived entirely to yourself? Oh, my friend, forgive me if I pain you. Throughout these months that I have known you, I have seen no friends visit you, no children run to you, no women bless you. You have stood apart from your kind."

"That is true." The words came like a groan. "I seem to have shut myself away from them. I have

been a hard man. I see it now; I might have seen it before, but I blinded my sight. I seem to have lost the power of caring. Meredith would tell you," he laughed grimly, "it is want of use."

"The power will come back."

"And with it suffering," he said gruffly, yet wistfully.

"Perhaps. There is no love without pain, but are we for that to forego it, and with it a joy beyond the pain? If I could show you my life, you would see that its greatest sorrow has come through love, yet that love has been the crown of my life. None of us can live without love. It is as the blood of our souls. We cease to be human when we deny our relationship to humankind, and we so deny it when we keep ourselves aloof. We were made for each other: to live, to rejoice, to mourn, to pray for others, as well as for ourselves."

"The world has gone against me," said poor Briscoe. "I have been groping back in the past to-day, and I think I once had a heart."

"Had?"

"Yes, yes, yes. I seem to have been different once. But I think even in the past God didn't act fairly by me. I had a loveless youth. My mother died when I was a baby. It's hard to imagine I ever was a baby, isn't it? My father did his duty by me always, but he didn't think my affections needed educating, I suppose. Late in life he married again, and my stepmother was the sweetest woman that ever breathed. You have seen her picture. She was the first person who cared for me, the first for whom I cared. It was she who charged me to remember what some people, I not long ago among them, would call a sentimentality, that there is only one thing to make life bearable, and that thing—love."

"She told you rightly."

"For her sake I loved her children, the girl and the boy."

Miss Loveridge dropped her knitting. She did not stoop to pick it up, but clasped her hands tightly together.

"Yes," she repeated, "yes; the girl and the boy."

"When she died she asked me to be a guardian to them. My father was old. I took the charge."

He paused, his thoughts wandering back. Miss Loveridge recalled them.

"You took charge of them?"

"It does not tire you, all this?"

"No; oh no."

"I was many years older than they were, you see, and they had no claim upon me. But I was good to them."

"And they cared for you?"

"No."

"Did not Evelyn say her mother spoke kindly of you?"

"That was not so much. I was good to that girl. I did all I could for her, and I grew to need her. But like the rest of the world, she had no gratitude. All I had done went for nothing—nothing. She had a foolish fancy for a young fellow, Gaytherne; she married him against my wish. They went to Canada. As you know, I have never seen her since."

"And the boy?"

"The boy and I were left alone. *I* had educated him since my father's death, *I* had fed him, *I* had clothed him. We lived together, but I do not know that I ever had his confidence. I was grave and reticent, and he was bright and popular. I think all men liked Geoffrey."

"What—what was he like?"

"In Evelyn you see him again. He had a handsome face. But for all his charming ways, he was unprincipled. He was reckless and extravagant. When I rebuked him he rebelled. We quarrelled frequently."

"Perhaps—forgive me—you may have been both to blame."

"He owed me obedience, and I had a right to look for it. At a certain age I took him into my office. He ran into debt. At last——"

"Well?" Her voice came tremblingly.

"He forged my name. Then I had done with him. He was the son of a stranger. Why should I regard him? I myself gave him up to justice. I had had no reward for all my kindness. Why should I not be harsh? There is no sin like ingratitude, and I acted justly when I let him be punished. I have neither loved nor trusted since."

"And you know nothing—nothing of what became of him?"

"He was sent into penal servitude. I know nothing more."

There was a long silence. Then Briscoe said somewhat awkwardly: "Are you not sorry for me?"

"I was thinking of him," said Miss Loveridge.

"Of him?"

"Oh, Mr. Briscoe!" she spoke as one who wept, "perhaps he was not so bad as you thought him. Perhaps he was sorely tempted. Punishment he deserved, but if—supposing he loved you, was it not too much that you should cast him off for ever? Who knows but that he would gladly retrieve the past?"

"What is that to me?"

"It is this to you: that you undertook to be a father to him. Would you so have cast off your own son? It is this to you: that however you may have hardened your heart it is still soft enough to be impressed by the old memories, to be remodelled into what it once was. It is this to you: that as you sit there you know that you would not have God so deal with you as you have dealt with your brother."

Briscoe's lips quivered.

"So you've got those old-fashioned notions about God's dealings with us. You're a good woman. I'd as soon take your word as another's. Do you think when—when we die—we shall be judged?"

"I believe so most implicitly," said Miss Loveridge solemnly. "If I did not, I should despair to see the triumph of the wicked in this world. Yes, I believe that God will deal with us individually, but that His judgment will be far different from any judgment of ours. We judge as sinners, He as the hater of all sin; we as those who care not much for their fellow men, He as one who has loved, and loves us even unto the

cross; we as seeing in part and through mists of delusion, He as one who knoweth all things, and to whom our inmost souls are as an open book."

"Then it will not go well with me," said Briscoe slowly.

"Ah!" and the woman's voice was gentle and sweet. "But it is given to us all to turn aside when we have wandered into a wrong path. It is never too late for us to turn to the light. What though you have made a mistake? There is time still to act rightly. Nothing but love can heal the wounds of love, nothing but kindness can be the balm for the smarts unkindness has left. If when men pay us back love by neglect, kindness by scorn, we cling to God, we shall be saved from bitterness; if when we are dissatisfied with our lives, with each other, with the world, we look to Him, He can still give us content and gladness."

"You speak eloquently. I have missed the best of life. I want to attain to it before I die. I was satisfied once; I am satisfied no longer. You are surprised that I should talk so? I too am surprised. It is you who——"

"No, no; why should I be surprised? All our hearts are the same. I believe none of us are incapable of the right feelings of humanity. You have never been conscious of it, only you have perverted them. But you may have yet many years of life; you have wealth; use them for God, thanking Him for this little pause which has made you look back through the past and find it barren. Go to Him, as we all must go at the last, not empty-handed."

"One cannot undo the past," said Briscoe.

"Alas! no; but there is always the future. And it is something to wish to atone for wrong-doing. If you could live your life over again, would it be different?"

"It would."

"If—if your brother should ever seek you out, would you forgive him? would you try him over again?"

"I would."

Miss Loveridge rose and came to his side. "I think," she said, "you will yet know much happiness." Her voice trembled. "When we have the will, God gives us the means sooner or later. To begin with, there is that bright young life for which you can do so much."

"Evelyn?"

"Yes."

"But—but," he stammered, emboldened by her kindness to say that which it had been his desire to tell her lately every day that had passed, "there is something—something—which——"

"Well?" said Miss Loveridge, little imagining that which was coming.

"I am no longer young, and such words may not seem fitting in me—but——"

"I do not understand," said poor Miss Loveridge, beginning to feel very uncomfortable as the idea of what he meant presented itself.

"The disparity would not be so great. Such things have been known. Will you——"

"What is this? Hush! I have never thought——"

Her surprise and grief were genuine.

"You have been very kind to me. I think you do not dislike me?" said Mr. Briscoe, misunderstanding the meaning of her words.

"No, oh, no," Miss Loveridge answered.

"You are poor, I am rich; give me the right to save you from anxiety, to enable you to do good. Be my wife."

"Mr. Briscoe," said Miss Loveridge—and in her concern and sorrow it did not occur to her that there was anything ludicrous in this offer—"I can never express to you my gratitude."

"Yes—yes——"

"But what you ask is impossible."

He flashed round upon her amazed.

"You do not mean that you do not care—that——"

"I mean that I can never be your wife."

"Why not?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Because——" her voice shook.

"Your reason?" he said impatiently.

"Must I tell you? Because, Mr. Briscoe, the love of my life is given to another. I am engaged to be married."

The door was flung open, greatly to the relief of the last speaker, who dreaded what the next question would be.

"May I come in, if you please?" cried a mischievous voice.

"Ah, Evelyn! is that you?" said Miss Loveridge. "Yes, come in, my dear, come in."

"Oh, how dark it is!" said the girl as she entered.

"Yes," said Miss Loveridge, "but it will be light soon."

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CHAPTER THE TENTH.

SHE crept away as soon as possible, and went off to the room which she shared with Evelyn. She was somewhat overcome by this, to her, unexpected offer of Briscoe's, and extremely sorry for it. She did not want the old fellow to suffer through her, and had never even for an instant contemplated this event; she had thought him, at any rate, proof against the tender passion, even if she had imagined herself capable of inspiring it. But even now she reflected that the wound was not likely to be a very deep one, and that in all probability his proposal meant nothing more than that he had learnt to rely upon her, and that he needed to lean upon her still. If she continued to be his friend he would be fully satisfied before many months had elapsed; and it was well in some ways that he should have a genuine affection for her. She had been anxious for that.

Yet that talk of theirs had been an interesting and a moving one to her. She was more than pleased that Briscoe was learning that his life had not been all it ought to have been, and she was assured that its future would in all probability be more noble and less self-centred. She had great hopes of Evelyn's unconscious influence over him, for the young girl, though without a vestige of the prig in her constitution, yet took it for granted that virtue was to be admired and unselfishness sought for: had never had a moment's doubt as to the existence of the love of God: and was

indeed one of those bright, natural, healthy characters who invigorate and aid others, neither by doing nor preaching, but simply by being.

But there was that which had interested her more than this part of their conversation, and that was what

"GOING BACK STEP BY STEP AS THE TIDE CAME IN" (*p.* 641).

he had told her about his brother Geoffrey. For this she had been waiting all the time she had known him, and she had often imagined the interview in which he would relate to her those facts which she already knew as well as he, and the knowledge of which had made her seek to gain his friendship and his affection. Yet hitherto he had not even mentioned the name of this Geoffrey to whom she had given her heart years ago, when he was her favourite brother's friend and her own constant companion, and when he had come to her for reproof and consolation and sympathy. After he had been arrested for the crime of which Briscoe spoke, she had learnt the true state of her feelings, and, full of pity and grief, had written to him, telling him that she loved and would always love him, even if they should never meet again, and she had kept up a regular correspondence with him since. She had known when he came out of prison, and she knew where he was now; no, not now, for directly after the night when she had bearded Briscoe in his den, she had written the letter which she posted on Christmas Day, telling him she would undertake to get him work in England, and when Briscoe began to soften she had written again to advise him to come home. She had determined to confide in Briscoe if he did not speak to her,

for poor Geoffrey had vainly tried to make a living, since work is not plentiful even in other countries than ours for a man who starts handicapped, at middle age, and without money.

And now, what could she do? It often happens with our wishes that they are granted either too late or with that superfluity which makes them undesirable.

She *had* gained Briscoe's affections, and she had an influence over him, but perhaps for the very reason that he did care for her he would be the more angry with Geoffrey for taking from him the only thing he desired in his old age. And yet the truth would have to be known, and before very long the two would meet.

They did meet, and in a manner that she had not imagined: but it is true in this world that things usually happen in a way we should not think of planning.

That night Miss Loveridge could not sleep. She had had a tiring day, but her mind was so wide-awake that it completely refused to make concessions to her fatigued body. It was a wild night, and the wind howled round the house and shook the window-panes till they rattled again. Somehow the wind suited her mood. She felt restless, and excited, and apprehensive. To calm and ease her brain, she took pen and paper and began to write; she was in that state when one writes rapidly, and, as it seems, brilliantly, but when one reads the effusion in the morning it appears incoherent and exaggerated, and one is surprised to find that one has written as one has. The closely-written sheets were strewn around her like leaves when she paused and pushed the lamp back in order to make room for them on the table.

This movement of the lamp caused the light to fall on Evelyn's face. The girl was sleeping as calmly as a child, and looked very beautiful and peaceful. She woke with a little start, opened her blue eyes, and gazed at Miss Loveridge, vacantly at first, then with intelligence, and she smiled.

"You naughty woman," she said, "to wake me up. You ought to be in bed yourself. It is late, isn't it?"

"I don't know." She glanced at her watch. "It is two o'clock."

"What do you mean by being up to this time in the morning? You look tired, too."

"I am tired—a little." She laid her head on the pillow and sighed. "I feel worried, I suppose. I could cry, and yet there is no reason. I am nervous, or something."

"You are not going the way to cure it," said Evelyn, patting her cheek. "I believe you've got something on your mind. Won't you confide in me? I am not a baby, you know, and I am not always happy myself."

"I thought you were."

"A good part of the time, yes; but lately I have had that restless feeling too. That is why I have careered off. When I have tried to read I have occasionally held my book upside down, or said the same thing over to myself a thousand times without the least idea what it was all about; when I have tried to write a letter, I have not had the patience to do more than a word or two; and as to doing needlework: well, I have hated the needle because it was so 'fiddling,' and wished that it were a thousand times its size, that I might *slash* into the stuff. Walking is my sole resource, and, as you know, I am becoming a champion."

Miss Loveridge laughed cheerily.

"Oh, you will be quite calm presently," she said.

"When?"

"When? Oh, to-morrow, perhaps. This is Friday, is it not? I know quite well what is the matter with *you*." She pinched the girl's cheek.

"Perhaps, since you are so wise——" Evelyn began; then stopped suddenly, and held up her hand. "Hark! What was that?"

"What?"

"Listen! There it is again. Do you hear it?"

"Yes. It is a ship signalling."

The two women looked at each other. Evelyn's face was pale, but Miss Loveridge was in a mood to be excited by anything that offered a chance of employing her energies. She went to the door and opened it.

Others beside themselves had heard the signal. Already the servants were coming into the long passage in varied and, for the most part, somewhat scant attire. Somebody opened the door of the hotel, and in swept a rush of cold air. Even the most sleepy were wide awake by this time. A man running along the road called out, in answer to their questions, that there was a ship in distress, and he thought it was near land.

Various ejaculations were heard.

"What a night! How the wind is howling! Has she run on a rock, do you think? The coast-guards will go out, I suppose?"

Miss Loveridge stepped back into her room.

"I can't bear this," she said, putting on her bonnet and cloak hastily. "I am going out."

"Not by yourself?" remonstrated Evelyn.

"Yes. Why not? What harm can come to me? I might be of some use."

"Let me come too, then," she pleaded.

"Certainly not. You will catch your death of cold. You had much better stay comfortably in bed."

"I can't. Wait; do wait!" She sprang up.

"Hurry, then, spoilt child. Oh, how awful the wind is! God, have mercy on those poor souls on board. I hope there are no children. I shall run and speak to the landlady about bringing them here; there is room enough and to spare, and it is not far."

When they got outside, they took arms, and walked with bent heads, for the wind was so strong that it was well-nigh impossible to stand against it, and they made no attempt at conversation. The tide was high, and the roar of the sea, as the waves broke on the cliffs, was like thunder. In spite of the hour, many people were assembled there, some perilously near the edge, and the excitement which prevailed was intense. Women cried merely as a relief to their overwrought feelings, men ran to and fro with lanterns, for the night was dark, and the moon only looked fitfully now and then out of the driving clouds.

The lifeboat had been launched, and indeed no craft less strong could have lived in such a sea as

that with which the rowers wrestled. Would it be in time to do its work? Who could say? Those who waited in an agony of wondering sympathy envied the men of action. To do is always easier than to stand idle in a time of suspense.

Miss Loveridge, still with her arm round Evelyn, was trembling with excitement and emotion.

"Oh," she said, "if we could only do something! This is awful! Fancy being in such a sea! Perhaps at this moment men are drowning, and there are people who love them. For all we know——" She stopped. "Friends!" a woman's voice rang out in a pause of the wind, "pray to God. Let us pray for those at sea."

In that solemn moment no one was found to jeer, although Miss Loveridge was a great deal too much in earnest to have cared if they did; she fell on her knees, and simply and in faith called upon the Ruler of the waves to rescue these poor human creatures who were struggling with them, or if they must perish, to be with them and solace them at the moment of their death. After a momentary hesitation Evelyn summoned courage to kneel too; some others, chiefly women, but one rough old man, with a kindly weather-beaten face, followed their example.

Presently a cheer was heard. The lifeboat was coming back, and in it were many who had been saved from the wreck. And now, in spite of the awfulness of it all, there was something glorious and stimulating in the scene. Evelyn, tossing her hair from her eyes, felt the rapture of life thrill through her, and her fresh voice joined in the cheers which greeted the approach of the men who had battled with the elements in so grand a cause. It was into her arms that someone put a little baby whose mother had fallen fainting to the ground when she was lifted from the lifeboat.

Miss Loveridge was in her right place now that there was practical work to be done, and that she could be of use. She took the shawl from her own shoulders to wrap round a young, slender, frightened girl; she comforted little crying children, and herself led the way back to the hotel, that they might as soon as possible be put under shelter. Many of the arrivals, however, preferred to remain where they were, among the lookers-on, for they had left some of their number behind, and the lifeboat was starting again to try and rescue these: the captain, some sailors, and one gentleman, who had put off in a frail boat which could surely never reach the land.

When Miss Loveridge got back she found the excitement greater than before, as once more the lifeboat came back to the friendly shore.

But this time it was not laden.

There was only one passenger besides the crew.

The people crowded round, and questions and answers went from mouth to mouth. The ship, they said, had gone down, and the little boat was nowhere to be seen.

And the passenger? Who said there was someone saved?

Yes, there was one who had been rescued from the waves, but whether he were living or dead, who could say? It seemed, indeed, that they had only taken him from one grave to lay him in another.

He was borne in the arms of two men to the shore, and laid there. The light of the lanterns showed him to be a haggard, thin-faced man, clean-shaven, and with snow-white hair. His clothes were soaked by the sea, and his eyes were closed.

They gave him restoratives, and artificial respiration was resorted to, but it was so long before he showed any signs of life that they began to think their efforts were in vain. He was still senseless when Miss Loveridge and Evelyn came back from the hotel, and the little group of sympathetic lookers-on had begun to dwindle. He had been removed to a sheltered place, to be out of the way of the wind.

"Is it no use?" asked Miss Loveridge, to whom some of those whom she had met recounted the fact that a man had been taken from the sea.

"It seems not, ma'am," said one of the men, who nevertheless made way for her respectfully. It was strange how willing people always were to make way for that little woman, even when she did not appear to expect it.

She looked at the stranger curiously by the light of the lamp, laid her fingers on his pulse, and listened for his breathing.

"Go on a little longer, my men," she said then, cheerily. "Let me lend a hand if you are tired. We won't give up till we are *sure*."

She had quite forgotten that she was tired herself, and her manner acted like an inspiration on the others, and gave them renewed hope. They would not let her help because she was a woman, and they were great, strong, chivalrous men, who had kind hearts despite their rough exteriors. But she stood by and cheered them on, and even raked up old anecdotes of how people had been brought back to life after wonderfully protracted periods of unconsciousness.

"It is worth trying," she said. "Suppose it was one of you? There would be a wife maybe, or a sweetheart, or perhaps even some little ones who would bless him that gave you back to them."

"That's so, ma'am," said the men, and they went on with renewed vigour.

"Who knows," said Miss Loveridge, looking pensively at the unconscious man—"who knows whose life is bound up with that of this poor fellow? Perhaps he has left someone across the sea who longs to hear of his safe arrival. Surely there is someone in this England of ours who shudders to hear the roaring of the wind to-night?"

One of the men who had a young wife shook his head sagely. He thought of the girl who could not sleep when the wind was blowing, and who wept with joy when the morning brought him home in safety.

But Miss Loveridge's thoughts had gone off in another direction. The face of the drowned man was a thin, sad, weary one, and even in the uncertain light she could see that it bore the marks of suffering. Who knew if he would be glad to be brought back from peace and rest into this world of bitter woe? Maybe

"THE MOON ONLY LOOKED FITFULLY NOW AND THEN OUT OF THE DRIVING CLOUDS" (*p.* 646).

it would be kinder to let him alone. Death was not always a foe. There were those who sought it as a friend, and there were very many who prayed for it as the greatest of boons. Who could tell whether this man were among the number? whether sorrow, and not joy, awaited him? whether he looked back with remorse or regret to his past? whether he would grieve some day that he had been taken from the arms of death, seeing that now his pangs were over?

She felt her heart go out with a sort of yearning to this poor fellow who was so helpless, and who, like an infant, was unable to speak to them, and enlighten them as to what thoughts or what desires were his. There is something so pathetic in unconsciousness, which, though it has the stillness, lacks the dignity of death.

At last one of the men muttered something, and the others stopped for an instant, and looked at each other meaningly.

"What is it?" asked Miss Loveridge.

"I think he's a-coming round, mum," said the man who had first spoken.

They expected her to congratulate them on the result of their patience and their exertions, but to her own astonishment and theirs she said nothing, but began to weep. With the strange inconsistency of human beings, she who had spurred them on to persevere felt more sorrowful than glad when she saw their success. She dreaded lest they had done a cruelty to a fellow creature.

But she did not give way to a weakness which seemed morbid, and of which she was partially ashamed.

Perhaps it was only the reaction of an overwrought mind which caused those tears to fall. With an involuntary movement she stretched out her hand and laid it on that of the man.

They lifted him up then, and began to walk slowly to the hotel. They bore him on a stretcher; behind went those who had stayed from interest in the fate of this fellow passenger of theirs, and by the side walked Miss Loveridge, whose shawl, put to many uses that night, was now laid across the feet of the rescued man.

It was a strange little procession which wound almost silently along the cliffs. The moon was shining now more steadily than before, and there was a temporary lull in the wind, although the sea, the wrath whereof is not easily curbed, was still heard roaring in the impotence of rage as it dashed in vain against the barriers of the land. The air was keen and fresh, and left on the lips the taste of the salt of the ocean. The clouds of the sky had been torn into shreds and scattered. There was something at once weird and romantic about the scene, which lacked the deadening element of the commonplace. Even the minds and thoughts of all present had been lifted by personal danger and elevating sympathy into a higher region, and for the time, at least, were something nobler than their wont. Perhaps there were some who mused on those great problems which must constantly present themselves, and to which reason can give no answer, and who wondered where was the exact barrier between unconsciousness and death, and whither did the spirit wander which could be recalled by human agency. Such questions must present themselves, and the inability to answer them has driven men to despair. Faith only, which laughs at reason and soars beyond the intellect, can grasp the fact that to an omnipresent, omnipotent Being, who is closer to a man than his own breath, the issues of life and death may safely be trusted. How He works we know not, why all is enshrouded in mystery we cannot guess, wherefore love should be robed and almost hidden in darkness we cannot tell, but the conviction in the soul of its own immortality, the witness of history to the death of saints and martyrs, above all, the resurrection of Him who had called others back from the silence, who, living amidst sin and leprosy and poverty, could yet bear witness that there was a God, and that that God was with Him and was accessible to all His creatures —all these cause the heart to leap triumphantly over doubt, and shout aloud that all is well.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

WHEN they arrived at the hotel it presented a very animated appearance. There were lights in the hall, and people were seated about in little groups, discussing the events of the evening, and drinking coffee. No one seemed to have any inclination to go to bed except the children, and through the half-opened doors of one of the bedrooms several of them were seen curled up, and happily oblivious of all that had occurred. The servants and the landlady, whose remarkable energy was only equalled by her extreme goodness of heart, flew round with plates and bottles; in the dining-room supper was laid, but most of the unexpected guests, although pressed to do so, were unable to eat. One has to be very young or very phlegmatic to enjoy food when one has gone through an adventure.

Briscoe had for some time remained in his bedroom. A wreck was an exciting thing, certainly, but he was old and not quite himself, and he had had enough exercise for one day. Moreover, he did not feel as if he took much interest in anything or anybody just then. He was greatly disappointed at the manner in which Miss Loveridge had taken his proposal, and was discontented with her in consequence. He felt injured, as if she had not acted quite fairly by him, and he considered, or would have if he had been a younger man, that she had given him encouragement. She had always made so much fuss of him, and had so deliberately sought his acquaintance, that it was excusable for him to think she would be willing, if she had the opportunity, to become his wife. And to think of her being engaged all the time, and keeping it secret in that manner! Never had she given the slightest indication of the fact: never had she said a word that could lead him to imagine the state of affairs: and this lover, to the best of his belief, had never been to the house. In all probability, then, he was abroad.

But she wore no engagement ring. She must, then, have wished to keep her engagement a secret. And if so, why?

Well, at any rate, there was no hope for him. It was very hard just when one meant to be good and affectionate to have one's love cast back at one like that. Still, there was the child. She cared for him, or she appeared to. But then, she would be getting engaged before long, he supposed, and he would be left alone again.

Was there no one to whom he could turn for companionship? Yes, there was one—one whom by a revulsion of feeling he longed for with a yearning that was almost pain. He lay and thought of the time when his hopes had been centred in Geoffrey, and his heavy sighs attested that his heart was full of grief. He remembered how the young fellow would run whistling up the stairs, how he would pat him on the back in passing with an overpowering heartiness, how after their not infrequent quarrels he would come with his hand held out, and say that the fault was his, and beg him to forget the words he had said. But Briscoe could not forget, and they would rankle afterwards. And what names Geoffrey invented for him—names without any sense, that were made up on the spur of the moment to suit some special occasion. No one dared to invent names for him now. Whoever called out to him "Hullo, Ragbones!" "Come along, Snout!" "Now then, old Pharmacopœia!" as Geoffrey had done. What if they had had stormy times? What if the boy had not been all that he desired? Had he found many in his pilgrimage who were? He had been happier then than he had ever been since, he had been more human; if he had been cross, he had been loving too; if he had been stern, it was from a sense of duty. And

Geoffrey was the son of the woman who had been dearer to him than sister or mother, having been both in one.

Ah ! he wanted back the past. He wanted the pain and the gladness and the pride of it: he wanted the fellowship and the anxieties and the quarrels of it, and the cold, still, uneventful, peaceful years seemed tame by the side thereof. He was lonely, lonely ! He felt like some mother who goes into a deserted nursery, and realises that her children have grown up and got beyond the need of her, and who wants them back again, naughty and noisy and quarrelsome : who longs for the headache which is so much easier to bear than heartache, and to whom the burden and the heat of the day were better than this twilight calm.

The yearning grew insupportable. He struck a light and looked at his watch. There were yet some hours before dawn. He would get up, though : he could not stay here any longer ; he must find something wherewith to occupy himself.

" Oh," he thought, as he dressed, " if only I knew where he was, I would write to him : I would ask him to be friends with me : I would forgive him the wrong he has done me : I would beg him to come home, and I would provide for all his needs. Oh, if only I knew where he was ! We would go out for walks together, we two, and talk about the old times ; we would have the game of chess that we always had after dinner before he took to gadding off ; he should come back into the office and sit on the old stool, and we would go out to luncheon together somewhere, and I should not be lonely any more."

By this time the first batch of arrivals was in the hall, and when he emerged he saw Miss Loveridge with, as it seemed to him, her arms full of children, and her face glowing from the wind ; and there was Evelyn holding the hand of a woman who was weeping, and leading her towards her own room with soothing words.

He avoided meeting the eyes of either, but when they had gone again he slunk back into his room and got from his cupboard a bottle of particularly good cordial, which he had brought with him in case of accidents, mistrusting that which he might find in the hotel. He took it into the hall, and going up to an old fellow who was sitting alone and looking sick and faint, he said in a voice that might have made the other distrust his intentions, so ashamed did it sound : " Drink some of this. It will do you good."

He was surprised at the comfortable feeling he experienced after doing this kind little action. Unfortunately, there are a good many people who miss the best happiness earth can give, and go to the grave without having ever experienced the thrill of pleasure which accompanies the performance of an act of self-sacrifice. So agreeable did Briscoe find the sensation that he looked out for an opportunity of repeating it.

He walked up and down the hall, his hands in the pockets of his short coat, and exchanged a few words with one and another, asking and obtaining such details as they could give about the wreck, and even sharing in the interest that was felt about those who had been left behind when the boat was full. The captain had refused to stir, they said, and some of the sailors had stuck to him, also one gentleman who had been the most popular man on board. There wasn't a woman or a child but knew him and liked him, and he had helped to get the little ones off the ship as fast as possible. "And," someone added meditatively, "if he's dead, and the captain and those brave fellows, the world's poorer for the want of them." " Then you may bet," added a cynic, " they're gone, for the cream is generally taken for the other world, and we are left with the skim milk."

Presently the sound of footsteps was heard, and several of those in the hall rushed out, returning with the little procession. Some one started a cheer, but it died feebly away, for it transpired at once that though the man on the stretcher had been brought back to life, the captain and his gallant sailors would be seen no more till the sea gave up its dead.

" Where shall we put him ? " asked the men.

" Here, here," said Briscoe, pushing his way through the crowd to have a peep at the still face, for the rescued man had again relapsed into unconsciousness. Others wished to do the same, for they pressed closer and closer, with expressions of awe and pity and gladness.

" Here," said Briscoe excitedly, feeling almost envious of all the affection that was showered on this man, and remembering that it had been gained by acts of kindness. He led the way to his own room and flung open the door. It was very comfortable in there, for he had had the best room in the place.

" That is right," said Miss Loveridge, and she gave him such a sweet and serious smile that the old fellow felt a lump rising in his throat.

" Pshaw ! " he said huskily, wishing to stand on his own dignity with her. " It's nearly morning. I shan't want it myself. You're going to be *his* nurse now, I suppose ? "

" Yes," said she, and going into the room with the landlady, they closed the door.

Briscoe strolled into the dining-room, where the lifeboat men were already making an impression on the supper, wandered aimlessly up and down for a few minutes, making a grunting sound that was peculiar to him, and pausing now and then to listen to what they had to say ; then he sauntered into the hall again, and knocked at his door. The landlady appeared.

" Make use of anything you want," he said to her. " All my things are at your disposal."

He felt an interest in this rescued man, and he was longing to be of use. It seemed to him that even in this, as in all other things, he had been only an outsider.

The landlady thanked him, reproaching herself for having considered him a selfish old man, and delivered his message to Miss Loveridge. They took him at his word. And indeed, already the stranger was lying in Briscoe's bed, comfortably wrapped in that gentleman's warm dressing-gown. Before long a fire crackled merrily in the grate ; by the bedside was a

table on which were warm soup and other comforts, and Briscoe's hot-water bottle and travelling rug were brought into requisition.

All the usual restoratives and stimulants had been given to him, for the two women knew what they were about, before the doctor, who had been at once sent for, arrived. When he did so, there was no further need of him. The man was, as he said, doing as well as could be expected.

And now he had left again, and the day was breaking. The landlady, having manifold duties, had gone to perform them, and Miss Loveridge was left in sole charge of the patient, who was calmly sleeping. The many events of the long day had taxed all her powers. By-and-by she fell into a half doze, and in that state there came to her a dream.

She thought that she was sitting in a cathedral which was very grand and vast, but that she was looking less at it than at something she had in her lap, and that something was a little grey bundle, made up of various valueless things. It seemed so mean and paltry that she wondered whatever she kept it for, and indeed, she was rather ashamed to be seen with it, because she noticed that the other people who were walking about, and who carried heavy, and apparently valuable, things, regarded her scornfully. But presently something whispered to her: "Go and put it on the altar-step." So she lifted up the bundle, and went to do as she was told. And the other people pointed to her, and nudged each other and laughed, and as they did so the bundle seemed to grow heavier and heavier, until she was quite relieved to put it down on the altar-step, so as to get rid of it. And directly she laid it down the light from one of the windows fell on it in all sorts of colours, red, and purple, and gold, so that it did not any longer look quite so worthless a thing. Then the great organ began to play very gloriously, and its strains grew louder and deeper, and she recognised that it was playing the *De Profundis*, and a great calm filled her heart. But suddenly the tune changed, and as she listened and listened, lo! it was no longer the organ which was making the rushing sound, but the waves of the sea. And all the people, being terrified, began to run hither and thither, and they clambered on to the pews or clung to the pillars, and they called out to her to do the same, and they jeered still, and said "Fool!" to her because she did not stir, but kept watching her burden to see what would come to it. And the waves rose and rose, and at last she could not stand, but was swept away. Then she began to be a little afraid, certainly, but the others were in a worse case than she, for they were encumbered with the bundles they were carrying, and of which they would not loose their hold, because the contents were so precious to them.

And by-and-by she saw one who was struggling also with the rising waves; and when she observed him more closely she discovered that it was the same man whom she had seen that evening brought back in the lifeboat, and immediately she longed to help him. So she said to him: "Let me help you with your burden, for you see I have nothing to carry." And he thanked her, but pointed out that the burden was of that shape that two could not carry it more easily than one alone. So she said: "If you could but lay it down safely where mine is, since you may not shift it on anyone else, you would be greatly eased." Then he answered: "Ah, but you put yours there before the waves came in. How am I to get so far?" And the voice whispered to her: "Tell him to sympathise with each one whom he passes, and to help them if he can." And she did so. Then she took his hand, and they struggled on together. And whenever he came to anyone who was in difficulties, he stopped to utter words of hope and consolation, and to give him help as far as was in his power. But the strange part of it was that the more often they stopped the quicker they seemed to go, until at last they stood safely side by side on the altar-steps. Then he slipped off his burden without difficulty and laid it by hers. But was it hers? She had left a commonplace little bundle, but the sun had been shining on it so long through the coloured window that the grey was grey no more. The bundle was all transformed and beautified till it was hardly recognisable. And when she lifted it up she found it was heavy no longer, but quite light and easy to carry. And now the sun was shining on that of her companion also, and he smiled as he pointed to it.

And when he smiled it seemed that he was changed too. And she looked at him eagerly, and lo! it was no more the shipwrecked man who was gazing at her with such a glad expression, but a young bright-faced boy, and the light in his eyes was the light of love. And she knew then who it was.

And she awoke. The morning sun was stealing through the window, and it fell on the face of the sleeping man. But was he asleep? No; his eyes were opened and they were fixed intently on her, and he wore the smile that he had worn in her dream, and he was the same, yet not the same. And as she met his gaze a bewildered feeling came over her, and she wondered if she slept still, until his lips moved and he whispered one word——

"Marion!"

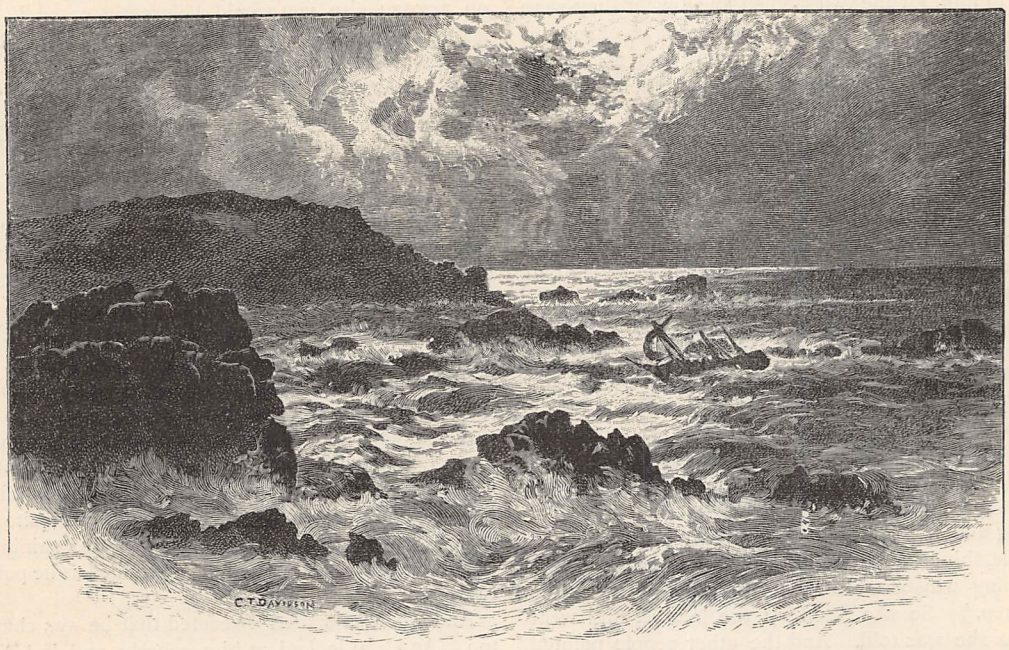
Then there came an exceeding great cry: a cry of awe and of rapture and of wonder.

Miss Loveridge had fallen on her knees by the bedside of Geoffrey Carnthorpe. In an abandonment of joy and sorrow she was kissing the still wet hair and the face and the hands of the lover she had loved in the days of her girlhood, and whom, through these years of separation, she had remembered as he was when they were young together. He was young no longer, but haggard and worn with trouble rather than with years. She who had seemed to herself to be so old, and who had grudged each sign of departing youth for his sake, was far less changed than he, and Talbot Meredith was right in the surmise which he would not utter for fear of paining her.

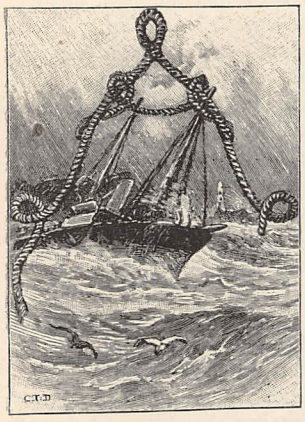
"Oh," she sobbed, "my dear, my dear! To think that you have come back to me, and that I did not know you—I did not know you!"

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

AMONG THE SCILLIES.



PORTH HELLICK BAY.



"THE LADY OF THE ISLES."

A VISIT to the Scilly Isles has but one drawback: that is, the voyage!

So at least we thought when, one autumn day, having arranged to transfer ourselves by the *Lady of the Isles* from the mainland to St. Mary's, we stepped on board the little boat at Penzance, fondly trusting that the light breeze sweeping Mount's Bay would soon lull, and its companion shower would soon abate. But they did neither one nor the other.

It required some effort—very hard make-believing—to fancy we were enjoying ourselves even as far as Newlyn (N.B.—Place beloved of artists, but to the ordinary mortal pleasantest when observed from sea: it *is* so smelly!). By pretty St. Loy we began to feel that we could take observations best—with our eyes closed, for the waters went up and down in such an objectionable manner. By the time we had passed the Bell Buoy seven-eighths of the passengers had succumbed. The swell of the Atlantic meeting a half gale from the North-East was rolling and pitching us about at its own sweet will. Valiantly we tried our level best to preserve our dignity. We assured ourselves the sensation only resembled waltzing—or switch-backing, or—yes—very like tearing across country on a rampant steed, and taking a lot of ugly ditches, or—ugh!

An unusually bad "ditch" put a sudden end to our pretending. We collapsed. A pitying steward conducted us below. There, for two dreadful hours, surrounded by fellow-sufferers, we almost wished we had never been born. We quite wished we had never come to Scilly!

But, happily, that state of mortal misery lasts only till our foot is firmly planted on St. Mary's grey granite quay. We revive as we traverse the short distance thence to—say "Tregarthen's." There we have two delicious hours of calm in a delightful white bed that *stands quite still*, and we awake to acknowledge existence bearable in general, and charming among the Scillies.

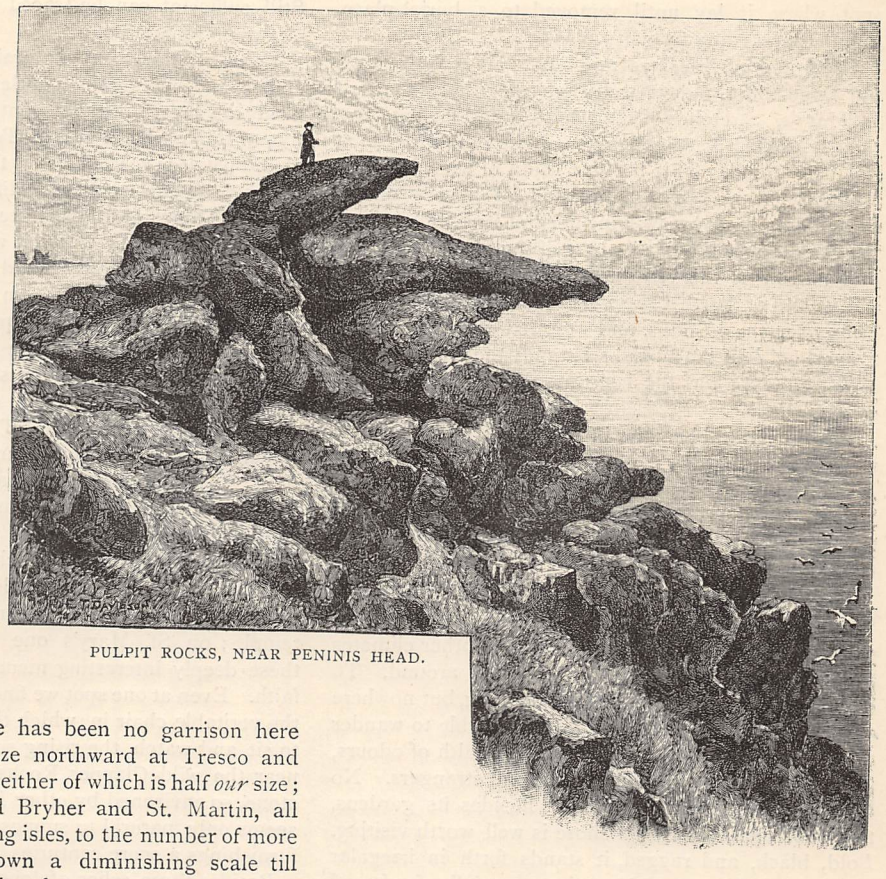
For just outside our little hostel door is a group of the loveliest pink lilies, "Bella Donna" most rightly called. A pair of tall dracænas guard the path. A giant fuchsia peeps over the boundary. Across the road is a wall clothed with mesembryanthemum, among whose waxen foliage linger still, in October, a few pale starry blossoms. A glossy-leaved aurelia, a dozen feet high, peeps at us from a little distance. A dozen steps in any direction bring us in sight of the sparkling ocean, and ozone enough is wafted from

shore to shore to make us feel each breath of the elastic air a veritable draught of health.

With these surroundings and conditions one hears without surprise from another visitor, "Yes, I am here still. I came for a fortnight, and have stopped two years."

However, now to look about us.

Our haven, St. Mary's, is the largest of the isles, for it is actually nearly nine miles round. We feel ourselves upon a small continent, comparatively speaking, as we stand upon the rocky height of the Garrison — still so called, though there has been no garrison here for many years—and gaze northward at Tresco and southward at St. Agnes, neither of which is half *our* size; while after Samson and Bryher and St. Martin, all smaller still, the remaining isles, to the number of more than a hundred, run down a diminishing scale till they become mere jagged rocks.



PULPIT ROCKS, NEAR PENINIS HEAD.

But, even as such, each fitly fills a place in a most beautiful scene. A sunset hour on the Garrison heights is one not readily forgotten. Sheets of foam surge ceaselessly at the base of the huge granite carns. You see a silver fringe edging St. Agnes' shore. Myriads of snowy jets play about the brown islets between and beyond. Distant points of dazzling silver bespeak the Western Isles. And in a few fleet moments all this brilliant whiteness changes: the restless waters are a flood of gold; a copper-tinted cloud glides from before the face of the big sinking sun, and almost every moment now shows some new and glorious transformation. From softest primrose to superbest crimson the dancing waves reflect a thousand tints. One watches, simply speechless, till, with a pang, one sees the fiery globe just touch the far-off ocean line and all too quickly vanish. Then the vast sea turns grey and chill. St. Agnes grows dim save for its beacon light. A bright spot shows from the distant "Bishop." Perhaps, if it be clear, you may get a glimpse of the "Wolf" or the "Longships" lighthouses too, and the warning gleam from the terrible "Seven Stones" reef off St. Martin's. But by the time you have noted all these, darkness is closing round. The sunset off St. Mary's is ended: to be added surely to one's list of those beautiful things which are "a joy for ever." But to tell of more material objects one has to see at Scilly.

Days might be spent in exploring the rugged coast of St. Mary's alone; for almost every turn gives a fresh combination of tall, towering carn and blue-green waves, and there are picturesque bits enough about it to gladden the heart of a whole Royal Academy. "Peninis," for instance, is a glorious headland, its enormous masses of rock piled in such weird confusion one feels as if some tremendous convulsion of Nature must have so flung them all in times unknown. Not grander, but fully as wild, are the Blue Carns. And much observed are these of geologists by reason of the veins of quartz that run through the blocks of granite. One tiny bay follows another in quick succession. By one only must we linger, Porth Hellick Bay. There, getting on for two centuries ago, the ill-fated Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed ashore, his life lost—so runs tradition in the Scillies—through his not having hearkened to the warning of a sailor. "We're near the Scillies, sir," this man, a native of the isles, is reported to have said; "if our ship's course isn't altered we shall be on the rocks before night." But the admiral refused the counsel of a common man, hanged his adviser at the yard-arm, and—sailed his fleet right on the Scillies! Four good ships and many score brave men went down with their chief. In the sunny little cove of Porth Hellick his body was cast up by the waves, and there an upright headstone and grave roughly shaped of granite boulders marks the

spot where it lay until removed to a burial-place, grander, according to man's devising.

Gaps and porths, bays and coves, all meaning just the same thing, indent well nigh the whole coast of St. Mary's. Stretches of sand are few and far between, though Porth Cressa has a pretty, shining sweep of which it is very proud. This lies just south of what is called "Hugh Town," an accumulation of houses on an exceedingly narrow, low-lying neck of land, which joins the Garrison to the larger part of the island. So low and narrow is this strip that, with a southerly wind, the waters of Porth Cressa Bay have actually washed clean over the isthmus, and emptied themselves into "The Pool" on the north! Happily these experiences are rare. 1771 was the last time this occurred to any extent.

But the natural beauties of St. Mary's must not keep us from the other isles.

Of these, Tresco is invariably the one first visited, for the lovely gardens of the Governor of the Isles, Mr. Dorrien-Smith, are worth a long journey to see.

Here it seems almost incredible that we are only seven-and-twenty miles from England, for in magnificent luxuriance, trees, flowers, plants of other climates and other continents, are growing all around. To name a tithe of them would take too long, but nowhere else in or near England would it be possible to wander among such a blaze of colour, such a wealth of odours, such a charming maze of horticultural strangers. No one must miss seeing Tresco! Besides its gardens, too, this island's northern shore is well worth visiting. Bold, black, and rugged, it stands forth in irregular outline, and the sea at this point, especially freshened by a north-west wind, is grand indeed.

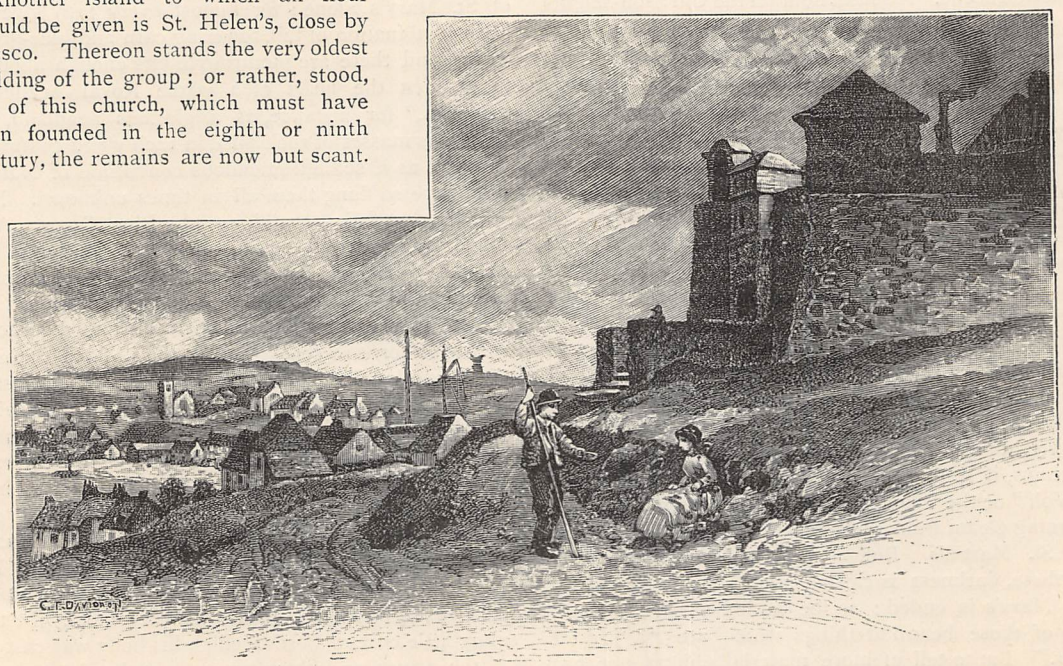
Another island to which an hour should be given is St. Helen's, close by Tresco. Thereon stands the very oldest building of the group; or rather, stood, for of this church, which must have been founded in the eighth or ninth century, the remains are now but scant. Still, sufficient can be traced to repay the inspection of any antiquarian spirit.

From St. Mary's one naturally voyages across to St. Agnes, and here again countless carns and bays repay richly any length of time spent among them. A *curio*, too, of this island is "Troy Town," or a space so enclosed between rows of stones that a stranger once in at its single opening can with difficulty find his way out again. This "maze" is of great age. No one appears to know when or by whom it was constructed.

St. Martin's, too, one should not fail to explore; and this, if less rugged and stern in outline, yet boasts a broad beach at low tide, and pretty, undulating sweeps of grass, in parts down to the very water's edge.

Grass, sand, granite, and rush, some on one, some on another, all take their place on the coast-line of the many other eastern isles. The differing shapes and colours make hours spent among them pass all too soon. To land and make acquaintance with their varied interests would take a long summer holiday indeed. But let those who care for such things revel in the rich Druidical remains with which so many abound. By St. Martin's *Day Mark* they cluster; Bryher has many; on St. Agnes are the well-defined circles of a Druidical temple; on St. Mary's one is in the very thick of these deeply interesting memorials of our forefathers' faith. Even at one spot we find (according to tradition) the veritable chair in which the Arch-Druid was wont to sit and watch the rising sun. There, at any rate, near the wild Clapper Rocks, is a big chair-shaped stone, so environed by other Druidical remains that it seems only natural to suppose it part of their sacred furnishings a score centuries ago.

Besides these relics of long remote ages are others



STAR CASTLE, AND PART OF TOWN OF ST. MARY'S.

of origin less buried in the remote past. Barrows are numerous on several of the isles, Samson in particular. Immense sepulchral caves, finely preserved, are there. Bryher, too, has many such. Evidently the islands, at some period of their history, were inhabited by people of wealth and position, though not the shadow of a name attached to a single burial mound is left to tell who they were.

Then in St. Mary's we come across our old Roman masters, who have bequeathed us a bit of road which runs through the flower farm at Rocky Hill. These Romans visited our little islands, taught the people much, and used the sea-girt spots as prisons or places of banishment for their political criminals.

Names linger on St. Mary's which point to monastic settlements there. It has a "Holy Vale," and "Carn Friars," but not a trace of ecclesiastical building is there earlier or other than the tiny old church by Old Town Bay. This, lately undergoing restoration, reveals Norman work; but a church it evidently always was, and probably the only monastery on the islands was that at Tresco, granted by Saxon Athelstan in 936. Of this monastery—or cell of the Benedictines at Tavistock—nothing remains, though two arches of its later-built church (c. 1250) still stand in the beautiful abbey gardens.

Next, on St. Mary's we have the "Giant's Castle," where Nature and (probably) Danish art combined to form a fortress all but impregnable against the attacks of rude invaders. Time, however, has laid low the artificial part of this stronghold. Rampart, wall, and ditch are overthrown and decayed. Only the eye of an antiquarian can detect that art has ever been at work there.

By Old Town, too, are vestiges of a castle called "Ennor," evidently built many, many centuries back. Time, however, has been assisted in the demolition of this by active and comparatively modern hands. It was dismembered and carted off to help in the erection of "Star Castle," in 1593, by a Godolphin, first Governor of the Isles, and, with a hiatus of half a century, successor in power to those abbots who had ruled there from 981 to 1539.

ST AGNES' LIGHTHOUSE.

Of Star Castle, an insignificant building to own such a fine name, little need be said. It has entertained royalty; with the rest of the isles, had its share in the revolutionary troubles of our land. Charles II., when Prince of Wales, took refuge there for six weeks in 1645, and, indeed, all the Scillies made good fight for the Stuarts, though at last reduced by the powerful Parliamentarians.

More recently, the islands were used as a handy sort of Botany Bay. Thither, among others, a certain John Bastwick, a doctor of Colchester, was banished for treasonable writing, and, after cruel punishment, imprisoned for life in Star Castle.

From early in the eighteenth century to some sixty years ago, we fear our islands had best say little of

their history. Smuggling—and worse—fill a good many of its pages. *Since* sixty years ago, however, its record is better reading. Under the care of the family who from then have leased them, the islands appear to be growing as healthy in industry and morality as they are in position and temperature. The delightful labour of flower-farming is steadily on the increase among them, the astonishing quantity of forty tons of cut blossoms, chiefly narcissus, being sent over to England weekly during the winter season. The farms, which employ many hands and much capital, are excessively interesting, and the sight of them in February or March is worth even the risk of a rough voyage. Literally millions of white and yellow blooms, richly fragrant, nestle between tall hedges of euonymus and veronica, and form a fragrant picture—exquisite as it is unique.

But, fair as these garden islands are, sober, courteous, and friendly as we found their people without exception, the Scillies have their dark side still. The grandeur of their coast costs much. Cruel are their picturesque rocks and reefs; terribly dangerous those wave-washed headlands.

In the little churchyard between Carn Lea and Tolman are records of many a gallant man "drowned" off one point or other: wrecked among those bright, dancing waters close by. And here in one long grave, guarded by tall, superb aloes, lie over six score dead, "lost in the *Schiller*," a grand American liner that ran on the Retarrier Ledges in May, 1875, and of her freight of 350 souls but forty were saved.

Pretty, peaceful God's Acre, your terraces brilliant with mesembryanthemums, sweet-scented dracænas standing sentinel-like in graceful lines! The tale of your tombs is more than commonly sad. Remembering your chronicle, we shall, though far away, think often of you when the west winds blow, for now we realise too well the meaning of the line one too often reads "and in a fog the ill-fated vessel went ashore among the Scillies."

UNCLE JOHN'S PRIZE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

IT was getting on for Michaelmas, and the youthful members of the family at Hollybush Manor were conscious that the days on which tennis was possible on the newly-made court were nearly numbered for the season, and that before very long the first frost would spread its melancholy table-cloth over the green square that had given them so much happiness.

Yet, somehow, this year, if summer had seemed an unusually long time in coming, so now it appeared proportionately loth to depart; and here, when the Michaelmas geese were cackling in the lane hard by, the tennis-balls were flying over the net just as if it were July. Amy and Nelly Singleton had often during the hot weather over-fatigued themselves, and, as their Uncle John had insisted upon it, they now never played more than two consecutive "sets" without a good rest before playing again. It was, at one of the after-breakfast "councils of war," decided that at least two fresh players should, when possible, be imported, so as to make the party at no time less than six.

"Who more handy," suggested Tom, "than Mr. Haredale and the plump Sophia?"

A general laugh of approval ensued, which was, however, slightly suppressed by the sudden appearance of Uncle John upon the scene, trowel in his garden-stained hands, and with a face red with the exertion of which he never seemed tired.

"Boys," said he, pleasantly enough, "I shall want you to give me a hand this morning. You know the Dunchester Flower Show takes place in ten days' time, and there is a good deal to do to the chrysanthemums yet before they will be ready for exhibition."

For a moment, the countenances of both Tom and George fell; but one gentle look from the quiet and diplomatic Amy put matters right, and the next minute Uncle John had two under-gardeners at work in the greenhouse, in the shape of his nephews, while, as a reward for their good conduct, Amy and Nelly at once volunteered to go round to the Haredales' to ask them for tennis the same afternoon.

"See, my laddies," said their uncle gaily, "here they are. First of all the white ones, *Fleur de Marie* and *Formosa alba;* then there is *Cassandra*, a white one with a rosy tip to it; then there are the yellow ones, *gloria mundi* and *aurea multiflora*, and——"

"Uncle John," interposed Tom, "how in the world do you remember all the names of the plants? Is there one whose name you *don't* know?"

This, of course, was a little gratifying to the horticultural pride of old Mr. Singleton; while George was not without a suspicion that his brother Tom was trying to get on the blind side of his uncle, and whispered in Tom's ear, "Butter—butter!" The irrepressible Tom merely replied by a wink that more than admitted his guilt.

"Nelly's the one for names, uncle," continued he. "Only fancy, the other day, George made her go and ask Bailey whether the *aurora borealis* was in bloom yet!"

A general laugh, broken immediately by the old gentleman asking, with a touch of amused sarcasm on his face—

"And did she really go?"

"Rather!" said Tom; "and we heard old Bailey

say, 'Lor' bless you, Miss Nelly, the Roryboralis ain't no flower at all! You be a-thinking of that there sort of 'lectric light in the sky, which master says is a sign of a hard winter a-coming. 'Spects Mas'r George has been a-making game of you.'"

Now, whatever Master George had been doing, Bailey, who at that moment put in his appearance at the greenhouse door, thought directly that *he* was "being made game of," and accordingly looked a little cross and confused; but Mr. Singleton at once undeceived him, for under no circumstances would the old gentleman allow either the boys or girls to be guilty of such an ill-bred habit as making game of a servant—an unkindness in which, indeed, they were never now detected.

"I suppose, sir," said Bailey, as soon as he found his authority had been in no sense questioned, "you'll be for showing some cut blooms as well as plants of chrysanthemums at Dunchester?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Singleton.

"Because," added Bailey, "I've had my eye on a few all along for some cut specimens; and I'll tell ye, Master George" (turning to him as he spoke), "how I've gone about this. You see, sir, I first made a good selection of six different and good sorts and colours,

"*FIRST PRIZE.*—SIX CUT CHRYSANTHEMUMS" (*p.* 658).

and gave 'em good rich stuff to grow in, and then, when the buds were showing themselves for bloom, I pinched off all but the two best-looking buds, and at last made my choice of *one* bud only on each of the six plants, and then pinched off the other bud, so that at last the whole strength of the plant is thrown into *one* flower only; and" (turning again to his master), "if you wouldn't mind stepping this way, sir, I'll just show you what I'm a-getting ready for the Show."

Bailey had been for some little time preparing this surprise for Mr. Singleton; for it should be added that a five-shilling prize was given at Dunchester, among other things, for the six finest cut chrysanthemums,

and, as Mr. Singleton always allowed Bailey to pocket the prize, and added a half-crown to it himself if satisfied with the pains the gardener had taken, it was certainly to his advantage to do his very best for the coming Show; and the whole party having followed Bailey to a pit or smaller greenhouse, Mr. Singleton was charmed with the now rapidly expanding blooms that Bailey was so proud to show him.

The two boys—young men we should rather call them—were now employed in washing a few flower-pots that held some other choice chrysanthemums, tying a few a little more carefully to their supports, and stirring very slightly the surface-soil on others.

"When the blooming buds appear, give them some manure-water, Master George," said Bailey.

Thus the morning quickly passed, and the girls arrived from the Haredales' just before lunch—Nelly, in particular, being brimful of mirth.

Something here must be said of the Rev. James Haredale, curate of Fieldfair, the parish in which Hollybush Manor was, and of his sister Sophia, who lived with him in a pretty, rose-crowned cottage ten minutes' walk from the Singletons'.

Admirable in his parish duties, yet his presence at Hollybush almost invariably inspired laughter—not to say even the mention of his name, as we have seen already. A good scholar, kind of heart, but not good-looking, was Mr. Haredale. Straight up went his comical hair, there was a funny twinkle in his eye, and his laugh was that of a negro. Nearly thirty-two summers had passed over him, and Sophia, his sister and junior by four years, was as popular with the Hollybush party as he was himself.

"Yes, they are coming," called out Nelly to George on the staircase, "and they will be here at three."

"Very well, Nell," said George; "you and I will play Haredale and his sister."

And an hour or two afterwards the mirth became so great that Mr. Singleton made his appearance, and suggested to his niece Nelly that she should moderate her transports.

"Oh, but uncle," said she quietly, "if you *had* but seen Mr. Haredale just now cannon against his sister, and both crashing down into the net, you would have laughed as much as I have."

"Perhaps so, my dear," said he; "but now, as they both appear to have recovered their equilibrium, suppose you do the same."

But the Flower Show!—the Flower Show!

In due course the day arrived—almost a summer's day, and in the first week of October. Bailey himself had gone into Dunchester in the cart, taking the Manor chrysanthemums with him, and by twelve o'clock the whole party drove up and were walking through the tents, a band from the neighbouring barracks enlivening the scene outside.

And, at last, the judges and stewards of the Show were seen walking about, and tickets were being here and there placed upon the best of the flowers; while Nelly found it hard to suppress a scream when, as turning a corner of the tent, she suddenly read these words—

"*First Prize.*—Six cut chrysanthemums: J. Bailey, gardener to John Singleton, Esq., Hollybush Manor."

THE LEAST FREQUENTED WAY.

IN the golden autumn weather,
Once a couple walked together;
And, where woodland boughs were burning,
Crimson-dyed, they, homeward turning,
Sauntered where the village lay
By the least frequented way.

And the path their steps had taken,
Save by them, seemed quite forsak
Only her light laughter's riot,
His low tones, disturbed the quiet
Where the blithe birds carolled gay
Down the least frequented way.

Autumn-tinted leaves were flushing;
Brighter still her cheek was blushing
As she paced beside her lover,
And the breeze, around, above her,
Kissed her curls' sweet disarray
On the least frequented way.

Happy lover, happy maiden,
Life for you with joy is laden!
We, whom age assails, may borrow
Past delight to vanquish sorrow,
While, in memory, we stray
Down the least frequented way!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

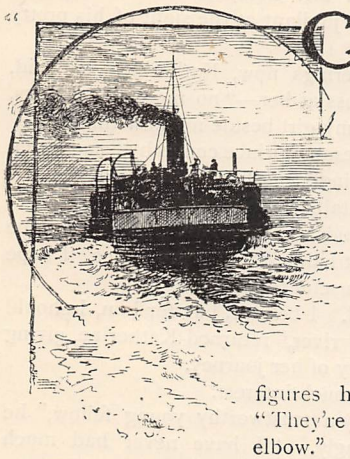
(*Drawn by* MARGARET I. DICKSEE.)

THE LEAST FREQUENTED WAY.

(*See p.* 658.)

A FORLORN HOPE.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.



"GOSS, are those papers not finished yet? It's barely ten minutes to post time."

"The papers were finished a while ago," returned a tall, plain, hard-featured young fellow, without lifting his eyes from the labyrinth of figures he was adding up. "They're lying there, at your elbow."

"Then why the mischief could you not have said so before?" was Mr. Bateson's acknowledgment. "Take them down to the pillar, and when you come back you are to go in to Mr. Gresham; he wants you."

Peter Goss leisurely got down from his stool, brushed his felt hat with his sleeve, put it on, and in silence gathered up the documents and departed. Mr. Bateson impatiently watched the process over his desk rail.

"Of all the exasperating people I ever had the privilege of meeting, commend me to our junior clerk," he remarked to himself, with a sigh of commiseration; "it's like sitting beside an oyster."

If the junior clerk held similar sentiments about his colleague, he was not in the habit of mentioning them even to himself. There were but two of them, of widely different temperaments, and in the wear and tear of daily work, some amount of friction was inevitable, though both agreed upon one point—to keep the peace in Mr. Gresham's presence. Gresham and Gresham was the firm, and Mr. Gresham was its only present representative: a ponderous and dignified personage, who occupied a higher atmosphere altogether, and was not to be criticised by the ordinary rules of mankind. Life held no higher possibility for either of his clerks than the idea of one day reigning in that private sanctum, and being in turn looked up to after the same fashion.

Peter knocked at the door of it when he came in from the post. He was a little perplexed what this message might mean, but Bateson was watching him, so he was careful not to look in any way perturbed.

Mr. Gresham sat in his big leather chair, writing. He glanced round as his clerk entered.

"Goss, I want you to go down and meet the 5.20 London train: my daughter is coming by it. Tell her I am sorry I cannot meet her myself, as I intended, and see her across the river, into a cab on the other side. You had better take one up to the station yourself; there is no time to lose."

Peter coloured to the roots of his sandy hair. The stiffest column in the ledger would have been child's play in comparison with having to go up and introduce himself to a strange lady. A lady of any kind would have been a trial, but when she was Miss Gresham in addition, his heart sank within him at the prospect.

"Well, what was wrong?" demanded Mr. Bateson, as Peter began mechanically to squeeze himself into his overcoat.

"There was nothing wrong, but I've got to go and find Miss Gresham and see her over the ferry," announced Peter, with a composure he was far from feeling.

"Phew!" Mr. Bateson gave a long whistle of astonishment. "What's making him send you, I wonder? Peter, my boy, you had better have bought that coat the other week, as I suggested; that thing's beastly shabby."

"The coat is as good as there's any need for," retorted Peter. "If Mr. Gresham wanted fine clothes, he could have sent you."

That was quite true, and why he had not puzzled Mr. Bateson considerably as he sat in peaceful solitude after Peter's exit.

Take a cab to the station! Peter was capable of no such extravagance. He knew the exact amount of grace to allow for the London train, and the exact speed of his own legs. No cabman on the ranks understood the value of a shilling better than Peter himself, and it lay safe and untouched in his pocket when he landed, panting and breathless, on the platform, in time to see the long black train emerging from the tunnel, and inspect the travellers as they descended from the carriages.

Miss Gresham was one of the last—a fair-haired girl, wrapped in rich furs, and with a lovelier face than had ever entered into Peter's wildest day-dream to imagine—in truth, his day-dreams did not usually set in the direction of beauty and chivalry. He was a sedate, matter-of-fact Scotchman, who had followed on the track of a goodly number of his countrymen in coming to seek their fortunes on the banks of the Mersey.

"Mr. Gresham couldna come himself," he stammered, when, in some graceful manner peculiarly his own, he had communicated the fact to Miss Gresham that he was to be her protector for the time being: "that was why he sent me to see after you."

"Indeed!" The young lady looked at him from head to foot in some surprise. "Are you from his office, then?"

"Yes, I'm the junior clerk—Peter Goss," boldly stating his name in all its integrity, though he could have wished it had a less antiquated sound.

"Then will you be kind enough to find my trunks, Mr. Goss?" she said, with the air of one accustomed to issue orders.

Eloquence was not Peter's strongest point—doing was. He promptly collected the whole paraphernalia from the clutches of porters and touts, selected the

most respectable vehicle on the stand, and as soon as Miss Gresham had ensconced herself inside, he took up his position on the box, where he saw that the driver took the most direct route to the pierhead, and disbursed the precise fare by law required : neither one halfpenny more nor less than was strictly due.

Down the floating bridge to the landing place Miss Gresham walked beside him, and there chanced to make some casual remark about the stormy sunset dying out up the river. Peter had never consciously noticed sunsets before, but for weeks afterwards, about that hour, he made a point of looking out over the wire office blinds to where a strip of western sky was visible through a forest of masts.

There was a minute or two to wait for the boat to draw up, and during that minute a heavily-laden barrow of luggage came lumbering down the bridge behind. The tide was far out, consequently the descent almost perpendicular. Half-way the man lost control over his load. He made a frantic effort to regain it, but to little purpose. The pile came rattling and tearing down—down over the very spot where Miss Gresham had taken her stand, Peter beside her.

It was good for Peter then that his *forte* was doing. He flung himself right in front of her—there was no time for politeness. She was thrust violently away against the closed gangway, out of the track of danger, while Peter received a stunning blow on the shoulder from one of the flying trunks as it shot over the chain rails right into the river. Miss Gresham looked after it with startled eyes.

"But for you, I suppose, that would have been my fate?" she cried. "Are you badly hurt?"

Peter was hardly in a plight to answer for a brief space; the faces about him were oddly jumbled together. Then the surroundings cleared up; he gave himself a little shake to find out that no bones were missing, and suggested the propriety of getting on board before any more disasters occurred.

"I am afraid you are scarcely fit to go," she said, regarding him anxiously.

"There's nothing ails me," said Peter, realising with a proud thrill that he had risen to the occasion for once. "I've had harder knocks than that when I was a wee laddie."

Miss Gresham was not quite satisfied on that score. She looked at him now and again on her way across, and inquired how he was feeling, with an interest that Peter considered more than equivalent for the pain, though he responded with lamentable blushes that would have delighted Bateson's very soul to have seen. All too soon the boat grated against the other side, and Peter had to go and hunt up a second cab to bear her away from his sight. Miss Gresham leaned forward, and shook hands quite warmly.

"Good-bye. I hope you will not feel much worse for it. Do have your shoulder attended to at once."

And then the wheels rolled away into the darkness, and Peter was free to go home.

Katherine Gresham went home to her father's substantial old-fashioned house on the Cheshire side of the river, where she meant to reign in undisputed sovereignty till she quitted it for one of her own, that should be a good deal more modern and artistic. She had been away travelling with friends for a year or two past, and when Mr. Gresham came home that night he grew quite jubilant at the sight of his pretty daughter.

"No more wanderings now, Katherine," he said, looking proudly across at her—"no more wanderings. I am going to keep my girl beside me now till——"

"Till some troublesome prince comes by," suggested his daughter, laughingly. "I am afraid you will not make it very comfortable for him, papa."

"Possibly not," said Mr. Gresham. "There will be time enough for that half a dozen years hence. I hope Goss made himself useful to-night!"

"He certainly did. I believe, but for him, I should have landed in the river," returned Katherine, giving her father the history of her journey.

He listened with much interest.

"Goss is certainly a trustworthy young fellow," he remarked, approvingly. "I have never had much reason to complain of his conduct."

"More useful than ornamental, perhaps," put in his daughter, quickly; "it would certainly be an improvement if he could combine the two qualities."

The useful Peter likewise went home that evening. Home for him was a lodging in a dingy-looking house up an obscure back street. His stipend would have allowed something more pretentious, but Mr. Goss was of a frugal turn, and derived more solid satisfaction from the thought of the money laid by, than he would from present comfort. Moreover, the landlady was a countrywoman of his own, and that went a long way with Peter, who had a fair share of the clannish element in his composition. Her niece—a trim, pleasant-faced girl, with ends of cotton sprinkled over her gown—opened the door for him. It had never boasted a latch-key.

"You're late the night. The tea's been standing this half-hour," she said, as he entered.

"Aye," was the response; "business must be attended to."

He marched on into a tiny back sitting-room, where a spark of newly-kindled fire glimmered in the grate. A single cup and saucer adorned a battered japanned tray on the table; a loaf and a fragment of cheese kept it company. Mr. Goss's evening meal was a kind of composite between tea and supper, and did duty for both.

The girl lingered a moment to poke up the fire.

"Aunt Jean's gone across the river the night," she observed presently. "There's some fine scones in the house, if you'd like one with your tea."

"I'm no caring much about tea to-night," returned Peter, without looking at her.

"Are you no well?"

"I'm well enough. What should ail me?"

"Oh, nothing; only you seem quiet-like, and it's no often you say no to a scone."

And then Christian Blair went away without asking any more questions. She was a wise woman in her way, and saw something had disturbed him. Peter

"HE FLUNG HIMSELF RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER" (*p.* 660).

was generally ready enough to exchange remarks. "Something at the office must have put him out," she decided philosophically, as she went back to her professional duties at the sewing-machine.

Peter sat down before the tea equipage. He was quite right—scones had no charms for him to-night. The tea cooled down untasted in the chipped cup; the firelight flickered, and finally went out, unheeded. His sandy head propped between his clenched fists, Mr. Peter Goss—prudence and common sense scattered to the wide winds with a recklessness Bateson himself had never compassed—was busily constructing a veritable tower in Spain—an exceeding high tower, that was to be beautiful within and without, and wherein he and his master's daughter were to dwell after the good old story-book fashion. Such things had been. Many a young fellow beginning as far down as he, had aspired as high, and carried it out too; and if hard work and striving meant anything in this world—well, Peter in that hour felt himself equal to any mother's son of them all. A whole new world seemed opening up before him—the horizon was blue with fair possibilities never dreamed of hitherto Mr. Goss got up at length, stiff and cramped with his vigil, and tumbled into his cupboard bedroom, feeling as if years had gone over his head since he rose that morning.

Of course, there was the usual reaction the next day—one cannot go up the heights without having to trudge through the corresponding depths; but Peter was possessed of a certain dogged patience, and came through in due course. Bateson's witticisms passed harmlessly over his head. Fresh from the contemplation of that splendid future, he could afford to pity the miserable mortal who had no such hope to spur him on.

"You carried out your commission yesterday very thoroughly, Goss," said Mr. Gresham, with rather laboured affability, in the course of the morning. "I have to thank you, both for myself and my daughter, for your promptitude in averting what might have been a very ugly accident. Thoroughness is no small feature in any man's character, allow me to tell you."

Peter blushed—a warm, bricky tint—with satisfaction. He felt his foot fairly on the first round of the ladder now. Mr. Bateson put up an eye-glass and surveyed him curiously, after Mr. Gresham had closed the private door.

"You never mentioned that little occurrence. What was the 'ugly accident,' may I ask?"

"There was no accident," said Peter, curtly. "I just pushed her out of the way of a box that fell off a barrow."

"Ah! I thought it was something heroic. However, let us hope the lady shares her father's sentiments, but I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that unfortunate coat of yours would overshadow much bigger virtues. Did she ask for your address?"

"If she did, I'm no likely to tell you," retorted Peter, plunging into his pile of invoices.

That was October; at Christmas Mr. Goss advanced to another round: a liberal addition was added to his stipend, and that day he saw his faire ladye for the second time. Mr. Gresham invited his two clerks to be present at a small private concert his daughter was giving on the plea of benefiting some orphanage, for which he was chairman of committee.

It was the first time either of them had been out to Red Rocks, and for once the pair agreed to sink their differences and go in company. Mr. Bateson went resplendent in a new tie and waistcoat, Peter in his usual Sunday garments of sober grey, though possibly in the matter of hard cash he was the better endowed of the two.

"Have you eighteen-pence about you, Peter? we'd better take a cab up," said Mr. Bateson, as they came up from the ferry slip on the Birkenhead side.

"Why on earth need we do that when the bus passes the door?" demanded Peter, in genuine astonishment. "If the roads weren't so dirty, we might walk it easily enough."

Mr. Bateson gave an expressive shrug. What was the use of argument with such a person? He would have liked to step into a hansom and drive off by himself, but the funds were uncommonly low just then; he had so many expenses that Goss knew only by hearsay, and yet to think the fellow would not bring out the price of a cab, when that had been one of his chief reasons for coming together, it was pure niggardliness!

In the bus they went accordingly. Mr. Bateson held little converse with his companion, and meant to give him the slip as soon as convenient. Peter neither knew nor cared anything about that; his hard features looked as stolid and composed as usual, but underneath his heart was throbbing like a steam hammer, his hands felt damp and clammy even in their unaccustomed gloves.

Through the iron gates, up to the heavy stone porch from whence streamed out a glow of warm light, there a staid man-servant took their hats, and ushered them into a big drawing-room, where gaily-dressed ladies sat on rows of sofas and chairs, and the air was full of the furtive tuning of violins. Mr. Gresham was standing with his daughter just inside the door, and greeted them cordially—for him.

"Katherine, this is Mr. Bateson, and this is Mr. Goss: you will remember him very well. You must see that they get good seats."

Peter held out his hand with an overwhelming sense of its size, and a wretched hole right across the palm of his glove. Mercifully the lady seemed quite unconscious of any deficiencies. "I am very glad to see you," she said, with a friendly smile. "I hope you are fond of music."

Peter was not—had never been able to distinguish one air from another in his life, but he began contritely to express his earnest desire to cultivate the art forthwith. Miss Gresham did not appear to think it a matter of great consequence.

"There are two ladies I should like you to look after a little," she said, leading the way to a couple of damsels in faded green. "I am sure Mr. Bateson will try to make it pleasant for them."

Mr. Bateson did: he flirted energetically with them both, led the applause, and made himself generally a decided acquisition to the company. Mr. Goss did nothing: he neither listened to the music nor looked at the performers, it was all one whirl of sound and confusion in his ears, for just before him, under the full light of the chandelier, sat Miss Gresham, in the midst of a group of other ladies.

If she had been fair beyond measure in the dull, smoky railway station, what was she now, in shining silk, with flowers in her hair, and bracelets on her white arms? Was it any wonder if the music was lost upon him? And once or twice, as the night wore on, she spoke to him, courteously and with nothing of the half-scornful indifference some of the guests were not too careful to hide, at the sober aspect of the intruder in their midst. She even asked him to bring her some tea; how he carried that fragile steaming cup safely across that brilliant crowded room was a mystery to himself ever afterwards, but he did it, and stood by and watched her drink it. Was it strange if Peter finally went home feeling that he had verily entered into Paradise itself?

It was long past midnight when he got to Gower Street, but a dim light was still visible through the fanlight over the door, and almost before he had time to knock, it was noiselessly opened.

"I thought you would not be much longer," said Miss Blair in a hushed voice. "Aunt Jean went to bed hours ago, but I kept up a good fire in the kitchen to make you a cup of coffee."

Peter followed her into the kitchen: it was a much cheerier apartment than his own quarters; the hearth was bright as hands could make it, tins and covers shining like silver in the firelight. Christian's work-table stood at one side, piled up with some light fabric, and Christian herself, with her pretty face framed in soft brown hair, was worthy of a second look. Peter stood on the hearth, and ungratefully contrasted it with the scene he had left.

The kitchen, cheery though it was, was but a kitchen, and spoke of limited means, if not of absolute poverty. Christian was but a dressmaker, her fingers were seamed with needle marks. Peter stared at her thoughtfully, remembering how, not so many months ago, he used to think what a bonnie, sensible wife she would make for any rising young clerk. And so she would: he thought so still, only now he would never be that clerk.

"And did you enjoy yourself? Were the people very grand?" asked Christian, when the coffee had been declined.

"Yes, there were a great many there; of course I'd no much to do with them."

"Well, it wouldn't be quite like a regular party: you'd have to sit quiet and listen most of the time. What did they sing?"

"I don't know; I didn't pay much attention to it."

"Oh!" Christian opened her eyes a little. "What did

you do, then? I wish I'd been there two minutes, I could tell you all about it."

"There's no much to tell," said Peter absently. "Mr. Gresham was civil enough, but he'd lots of people about him all the time."

"Was Miss Gresham very fine?"

Peter looked up sharply; Christian had taken up her work again, and was stitching diligently. "How did you know there was a Miss Gresham?"

"Oh, somebody told me; and Aunt Jean saw you on the boat with her one night, looking after her luggage."

"And what did she say about her?" asked Peter, eagerly.

"Only that she was a fine-looking girl with a famous lot of yellow hair: that was all. What was she dressed in to-night?"

"I don't know," said Peter, and he spoke truth; all the details of that wonderful toilette counted for nothing. As well ask him to describe one of Guido's angels—what words could do it?

Christian pushed back her chair abruptly; some shadow had crept across her face, something of the brightness had vanished.

"Then it's no use waiting up any longer," she said, folding up her work. "It's a good thing concerts don't come every night."

They certainly did not. That was Peter's first and last glimpse of the gay world—for many a day, at any rate. It did not affect his peace of mind; he saw his divinity now and again without the necessity for such dissipation; he got an occasional glimpse of her fair face as she flashed through the outer office to her father's sanctum. Once, one blessed never-to-be-forgotten rainy afternoon, she lost her umbrella somewhere, and Peter was chartered to procure one for her. He got one—a ponderous battered alpaca—and she allowed him to hold it over her head down to the ferry. Peter splashed blindly back through the puddles, certain now that she must guess in some faint degree what were his feelings for her. And he was by no means an impatient or exacting worshipper at her shrine; he retained enough of his native common sense to know that the pecuniary gulf stretched wide between them—that it must be years at the earliest before he could hope to be in anything like a position to ask her to come down from her pedestal: all that would come—must come—in its own good time, and for the present—he had his work to do, and did it.

Of Bateson he took little notice in those days. He felt too far above him, and, in truth, the young fellow was going through a fining process. There was no room for small jealousies in a mind filled with a project like this. Mr. Gresham, albeit not given to unnecessary intercourse with his underlings, noted him approvingly, and trusted him with many a complicated dispatch, in preference to the more versatile Bateson.

And so went by two long years, spring, summer, and winter, spring, summer, and winter, and then, when feelings and circumstances seemed to have settled down together into a kind of unchangeable routine, Peter's castle suddenly collapsed into thin air. A tall handsome man—a stranger—came in with Mr. Gresham one morning, and the two went into the sanctum. An hour after Mr. Gresham rang for the books. Peter carried them in, and was beckoned forward to the rug.

"Come here, Goss," said Mr. Gresham, with ponderous civility. "I want to introduce you. This is Mr. Stephen Gresham, the new partner. There is to be some slight change in the firm, though not in the name—that will be Gresham and Gresham still, and in more senses than one. You may mention it to Bateson, if you please."

The new partner nodded affably, and Peter, who could not get his ideas into working order all at once, precipitately backed into the outer office, and took counsel with Bateson.

"You were here before me, Bateson; did you know anything about this Mr. Stephen Gresham?" he demanded.

"I've heard there was such a person. It was his family Miss Gresham was away with so long; but I don't see that it need make much difference to us if he does come into the firm. I've always said Mr. Gresham was too old-fogeyish."

Possibly; but Peter sat on at his desk with a vague feeling of uneasiness he could not account for. It was Saturday, and instead of going home for the afternoon when business was over, he wandered off for a long prowl round the docks and piers, trying to walk it off.

It was not to be done. A soft haze was creeping up from the river, the ships slipped silently past like ghosts, in the wake of the fussy little steam-tugs. The tide sobbed and soughed drearily through the girders, the grey afternoon was not inspiriting, and when the long rows of lamps began to glimmer out like yellow stars, Peter gave up the attempt, and resolved to go home, and leave the river alone till there came some wind or sunshine to set things going again.

"Do wait one minute," panted some one from behind; "are you walking for a wager?"

"I wasn't thinking about it," returned Peter. "I'd nothing to do just now. Are you going home, Christian?"

"Yes; I've been across to see after some work, and I saw you leaning over the chains from the boat. What is worrying you to-day?"

"It's nothing to speak of," answered Peter. He had somehow got into a habit of talking over any small grievances with Christian, who was quick to understand. She seemed to know intuitively exactly how he felt about things. "It's only that a new partner has cropped up, and I'm not quite sure what it means."

"It can't mean anything wrong for you," remarked Miss Blair, with calm conviction. "If it was that Mr. Bateson—well, he might walk about the docks and wonder."

They had arrived at the end of one of the bridges. A crowd of people were hurrying up from the ferry-boat—the Mersey tunnel was not in those days—a batch of grimy workmen from the opposite docks, half-a-dozen basket girls, with their freight of oranges

and apples, smartly-dressed youths and maidens on their way to different places of amusement; last of all, the tall handsome figure of the prospective partner, and beside him, with a light on her fair face that told its own story, Katherine Gresham.

It was all over in less than a minute. Miss Gresham had noticed the pair standing back by the railings, had given them a gracious little comprehensive smile and bow, and passed on up the bridge where Peter had valiantly defended her on that first evening that seemed already a whole lifetime ago.

"I heard," remarked Christian, breaking into the silence that had suddenly fallen between them—"I heard to-day that Miss Gresham is going to be married almost directly. Will it be to that new partner you were talking about?"

The workmen went home to their wives and children, the basket girls to their beats, the youths and maidens to their pleasures. Nobody knew or cared about the forlorn hope that had been swept away in ignorance of its very existence. Peter may, and probably will, live to meet with much more visible and tangible losses, but it is doubtful if he will feel about any of them, quite as he felt that grey afternoon beside the river.

"We shall have to close the office and take a holiday on the twenty-first," said Mr. Gresham, with a shadowy smile, the following Monday. He had paused by Bateson's desk on his way through the outer office. "My daughter is going to be married to Mr. Stephen Gresham that day, and you must both hold yourselves engaged for dinner at Red Rocks in the evening."

"'IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO YOU,' SAID CHRISTIAN, WITH A SOB" (*p.* 666).

"Shall be delighted, sir," responded Bateson affably. "I hope they will have every possible happiness."

"Thank you." Mr. Gresham bent his head in dignified acknowledgment. "You will remember, Goss?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter huskily. To save his life he could have uttered nothing further.

"You didn't accept in the most gentlemanly style," commented Bateson when their employer was out of hearing. "It's considered polite to say something

civil at such times, and it will be an uncommonly swell dinner, I can tell you. It's not every day we marry our only daughter."

Peter did not see that marriage, though he had a special invitation to the church from Mr. Gresham himself. He spent the time in a long solitary tramp up the flat Waterloo shore, where he had only the dim sea and dimmer sky for company. It was late when he got back—too late for the "swell" dinner, which was in full force by that time. He trailed into his little room and laid his head down on the table, tired out both in body and mind. He didn't know how long he sat there, or if he fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion. It was Christian Blair's hand softly touching his hair that roused him at last.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sitting up, and staring at her with dazed eyes.

"There is nothing the matter, only you have got a chill and want taking care of a bit; it's a bleak day for walking such a distance."

"It was bleak, and I think I've got cold," shivered Peter, grasping thankfully at the excuse.

Christian hovered about him like the good Samaritan of old. She broke up the fire into a warm blaze, brought him hot food and dry shoes, speaking quietly at times of safe general subjects, and keeping off everything connected with that day's doings. She had been travelling her own little *via dolorosa* too, all these past months, but thorns and briars faded out of sight and memory for to-night. Was it not happiness that she was doing something for him bodily, whether she could help him mentally or not?

After a storm, a calm—after the rocks, the plain. Life went on again much as usual—the sun did not forget to rise, nor the stars to shine. Gresham and Gresham transacted business as in the days of old, though sundry small alterations gradually crept into the management. As Bateson had predicted, the new partner brought some "go" into the concern, and he treated the sanctum as if it had been an ordinary office, rattling in and out with a lack of reverence that seemed almost shocking to Peter, who had been thoroughly grounded under the old *régime*, and did not take kindly to innovations. Still, if Mr. Stephen brought more stir into the place, he certainly took a good deal of hard cash out of it in return. Peter was stricken with amazement many times even in that first year, at the amounts drawn out for "personal expenses."

"My word! just look at that, Goss!" cried Mr. Bateson from the window one afternoon, his nose flattened against the glass in his effort to get a better view of the street below. "That's Mr. Stephen's turn-out—a carriage and pair. Our young people are going it: those greys would stand for a whole year's screw for you and me. She's coming up."

She was; a bright-hued vision of silks and flowers floated into the room, with a pleasant smile of recognition to the pair who sat spell-bound, gazing at her from their desks. "Good-morning. Is my father in, Mr. Goss?"

"No," stammered Peter, finding she looked at him for the answer. "He will be at the committee-rooms till four."

"How provoking! I cannot wait till then; I have a good deal of shopping to do yet. Tell him I shall come in to-morrow instead."

"Shopping!" echoed Bateson as the door closed upon her gleaming ladyship, "and with all that finery! She'll make the money fly. Let us be thankful it does not fall to our lot to pay the bills, my boy."

Peter hinted at something of this display to Christian one Sunday afternoon as they sauntered about the deserted docks for a constitutional.

"It must take a great deal of money," she remarked sagely; "and they've got a lovely house in the park. I came past it the other day. Such banks of flowers at all the windows! Rich people never seem to think of the cost of these things; if they had to buy twopennyworth at a time, as we do, they would understand it better."

"I'm no sure if it's not the happier way, Christian," observed Peter thoughtfully. "Even if I were a very rich man, I could not stand squandering money away in that fashion. It seems wasteful extravagance to me."

"And to me," echoed Christian softly. It was good to have some point of agreement in common.

Peter glanced down at her approvingly. Christian was looking very well in her Sunday bravery. She would make an uncommonly good wife for that coming clerk, whoever he might be, and a very sensible one; he only hoped the fellow would be worthy of her.

He took her out often after that. They wandered up the river-side together, threading their way over countless drawbridges and acres of solid masonry. He explained to her the mysteries of freightage and dock dues, and enlarged upon Custom-House eccentricities, and the infinite superiority of Glasgow-built vessels, and Christian listened to all with an absorbed countenance, that spoke volumes for his eloquence or the breadth of her sympathies.

"I should rather like to bring Bateson round to supper some night," remarked Peter on one of these tours. "There's no much in him, but he's a kindly sort of fellow, and he's asked me often enough to his place."

"Very well," agreed Christian. "You can have the front sitting-room any night, now there is no one in it: and he need not know that you don't always use it."

"I've been thinking perhaps I'll take that front room altogether," said Peter. "I'll speak to Mrs. Blair about it after a bit, and, anyhow, we'll have Bateson next week."

Bateson accepted the invitation with alacrity, and not without some inward comment upon the length of time it had been in coming. He knew absolutely nothing of Peter's domestic arrangements, and presented himself in Gower Street at the appointed time, prepared for a solitary *tête-à-tête*. Christian's presence was an agreeable surprise, and he judiciously proceeded to gain her aunt's good opinion by encomiums upon her good management, and openly expressed envy of Peter's good luck in being under it.

History repeats itself—it was the case of the camel over again. A week later Mr. Bateson repeated his visit unasked, and then one day, when Peter and he were alone in the office, he took the opportunity of solemnly requesting Peter's opinion as to the propriety of asking Christian Blair to become Mrs. Bateson. Peter looked at him in blank consternation.

"She's not at all that kind of girl. You'd better do nothing of the kind," he said curtly, but with noble candour; "it wouldn't do at all."

"And why wouldn't it?" demanded Bateson indignantly. "I've a good enough post here, and I'd make her a better husband than most of the young fellows of my acquaintance."

That was true, undoubtedly: Peter owned it to himself as he sat over his invoices, with a feeling of wrathful disgust that was out of all proportion to the character of the offence.

Mr. Bateson paid one more visit to Gower Street—only one. He put his fortunes to the test that visit, and pleaded his cause with considerable eloquence, but it availed him nothing, and as he came back mortified and discomfited, he wished with all his heart that he had taken Peter's advice and left her alone.

There was a party at Mr. Stephen Gresham's house that evening, and by way of diverting his attention from unprofitable reflections, Mr. Bateson decided to saunter round that way, and take an outside view of the affair. The house was one blaze of light from every window; a strip of carpet was laid across the pavement for the owners of the line of carriages drawn up in front; the strains of a band floated through the open doorway. In the outer darkness Mr. Bateson crossed his arms on the railings opposite, and surveyed the scene with very mingled sentiments.

He became conscious after a time that another watcher was sharing the prospect with him. Mr. Bateson moved up a little nearer, and gave a low whistle of astonishment as he recognised him.

"Why, Goss, I thought you had a soul above such frivolities. Have you come to take lessons? The Greshams are doing things in style."

"Gresham and Gresham will need to do it in style to pay for it all," returned Mr. Goss grimly. "I wonder how long the firm will stand this pace? That house costs more in one month than Mr. Gresham's in twelve—the thing's not right."

"Between you and me," remarked Mr. Bateson confidentially, "it's my belief Mrs. Stephen would ruin a millionaire if she got the chance. Her father kept her well in hand in his day, and now she's making up for lost time."

Peter stood looking across at the lights in silence. He was taking a lesson home to himself, though not of the kind Bateson had suggested. He was by no means the first person who has cried for the moon, and lived to find out that it would have been an exceedingly inconvenient possession.

"Peter"—Mr. Bateson broke the pause with a long sigh—"Peter, you were right enough about Christian Blair, after all."

"What about her?" demanded Peter, wheeling round sharply.

"That she was not the sort of girl to appreciate a good offer when she got one. I spoke to her to-night, but it was no use."

"Ah, she said 'No,' did she?" remarked Peter briskly.

"She did, and it will be some time before she gets a chance like it again," said Mr. Bateson, with an air of conviction. "We may as well go home now, Goss; it's cold hanging about here."

"So you have had Bateson here again, Christian?" said Mr. Goss a little later that same night. Christian was sitting by the hearth, doing absolutely nothing for once; she did not look round at the query. "He's not a bad fellow in his way," went on Mr. Goss argumentatively, "and though I could never see it myself, he's said to be clever and amusing."

"Very likely," was all the response forthcoming.

"Christian"—Peter's sandy locks were stooping nearer to her dark ones—"I've been in terror all the week that you might take him; it was a ship-load off my mind to-night when he told me."

"It makes no difference to you," said Christian, with a little sob; "you have never cared for anything but fine fashionable people."

That was the nearest reference to Peter's young dream she could bring herself to make.

"Christian, I'm telling you the truth. I saw those fine fashionable people to-night," said Peter, speaking in the same broad general terms, "and I thought if I could only get you, I would not envy any one in the world. Peacocks and barndoor fowls don't go together, and I'd be sorry for the fowl that tried it."

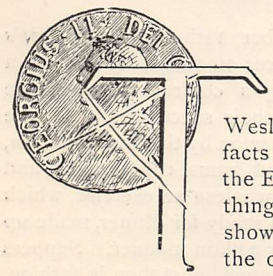
And so a few months later there was a quiet little wedding, at which Mr. Bateson had sufficiently recovered his equanimity to act as best man to his colleague, and make a very affecting peroration afterwards. There was special reference to the warm—he might almost say brotherly—regard that had existed between them from the first, and a fervent hope that they might long continue to watch over the interests of Gresham and Gresham in company.

Mrs. Goss and Mrs. Stephen Gresham are too far apart to have much in common, but when they do chance to meet, the great lady has always a gracious kindly smile for Peter's bright little wife.

"I do think you have been most fortunate in your marriage," Mrs. Stephen said to her once. "My father often says Mr. Goss is the steadiest, most dependable person he knows. I don't believe he has ever had an idea outside his home and his work."

And Mrs. Goss smiles serenely, and does not argue the point.

WHEN GEORGE THE SECOND WAS KING



THE recent celebration of the centenary of John Wesley's death has caused many facts to be disinterred concerning the England of George II. Many things have been adduced to show the low moral condition of the community; but apart from these, there is still the fact that the second quarter of the eighteenth century was an interesting time. At least a hundred years had to elapse before what has been to us the era of modern progress set in; but, dead as the times are supposed to have been, in a literary and artistic sense, there were already signs, sufficiently apparent to those who could discern them, that there was a movement among the dry bones which betokened the coming on of better times.

Take, for example, the year 1731, which we regard as having been the birthday of our modern periodical literature. It was then that that extraordinary adventurer, Daniel Defoe, went off the scenes, while Edward Cave came more prominently forward by establishing the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the still surviving St. John's Gate, in Clerkenwell. This gate, which was anciently the entrance to the monastery of the military monks who figured in the Crusades, is still one of the most striking relics of mediæval London to be found; and being attached to a tavern, the very rooms in which the indigent, and almost ragged, Samuel Johnson so often conferred with Cave, may still be seen. It would strike anyone in these days as being a more romantic than convenient rendezvous for a printer and publisher; but then, persons of this profession in Old London seem to have harboured a liking for gates. John Day, the printer of the Reformation, put up in Alder's Gate, with Foxe, the martyrologist, for a proof-reader, in the sixteenth century; and probably Cave's home in St. John's Street furnished more comfortable quarters than that grim fortress-like pile. It is evident that Cave did not really find his life work until he thought of the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and what strikes us very forcibly in regard to this enterprise is not only its immediate success, but the continuous demand for the earlier volumes, which went on into the present century, two generations after they were printed. Is there any other example on record of magazines being reprinted nearly eighty years after their original publication?

To the citizens of George the Second's time London was a new town—one that had risen over the ashes of the Great Fire; but elderly people preferred the old city to the new. According to the *London Journal* for February 13th, 1731, London was then as remarkable for its multitude of beggars as Paris was for their absence. We read of the great number of "villanies and robberies committed in the streets; the threats of incendiaries, and those threats actually executed; boys of seven or eight years old taken in robbing a shop; and some of thirteen or fourteen robbing in the streets." We find it added that, "a few years since London was as remarkable for the safety of its inhabitants as it is now notorious for the danger persons are exposed to who walk the streets after ten at night." Then, as now, those who were known as "the poor" were divided into two classes: those who were useless, and those who would not work. From the latter the criminal class was continually being recruited; and their descendants are still the despair of all social reformers.

In another weekly paper, the *Universal Spectator* for March 6th, 1731, we find the evil of giving to beggars in the streets enlarged upon. "Common beggars are

for the most part idle counterfeits, rogues, and profligates," it is remarked. These were the people in the London of that day who would not work; and although batches of the class to which they belonged were continually "turned off" at Tyburn, the aggregate in the town seemed never to be decreased. By way of illustration, the *Spectator* then tells a story of a gentleman being accosted "by a middle-aged shabby fellow" while crossing Moorfields. The beggar asked for sixpence, which was thought to be an odd demand, and the man walked along repeating his request, until seeing that success was becoming more remote, he adopted other tactics. At once assuming a look of melancholy and despair, the beggar exclaimed, "Well, sir, I shall trouble you no more; but that small matter would have saved me from doing what I shall now be forced to do!" The adventurer then sighed deeply, shook his head significantly, and walked dejectedly away. The gentleman was struck by the scene, and of course he relented. "This poor creature by want is grown desperate," he thought to himself; "and shall my refusal of such a trifle drive him to extremities?" Thereupon the man was called back. "Here, friend, is sixpence for thee," said the gentleman, "but tell me the meaning of what you said just now." The other thanked his benefactor, put the coin in his pocket, and then made an ingenuous confession. "Why, truly, master, I've been begging here this whole day to little purpose," he said, "and unless your charity had saved me from it, must have been forced to *work:* the thoughts of which gave me no small disquiet!"

Londoners were already addicted to good eating, which the *Spectator* thought to be a symptom of decline. Complaint is made of cruelties practised on living animals to make the meat of more delicate flavour. It is added: "The daintiness of our appetites has made cooking a science, and the expense of a petty tradesman's kitchen sufficient to have maintained the hospitality of an old English squire."

In that artificial age, when even the poets thought it beneath them to be observers of nature—because, as Johnson afterwards said, one blade of grass is just like another—all moral essays had to be enforced by classical references or anecdotes. Thus, we are reminded that "Lycurgus obliged all the citizens of Sparta to eat in public, forbade all seasonings and sauces, and did his utmost to prevent luxury." Overeating is shown to have been a chief cause of the decline of ancient Rome, where, in the time of its highest prestige, eating three times a day "was a thing prodigious." Then Seneca, and also Corano, a Venetian, are also quoted as examples of temperance. The first, "though worth millions, was content with a crust of bread and a draught of water"; while the latter "lived to an immense age" when he gave up habitual excess for healthful temperance.

In its issue for September 11th, 1731, *Appleby's Journal* gave some utterances on this same subject, a gentleman of ninety giving a contrast between the times of the Stuarts and their successors. In the good old times, looked back upon by the nonagenarian, "breakfast consisted of good hams, cold sirloins, and good beer, succeeded with wholesome exercise, which sent them home hungry and ready for dinner, made up of plain meats, dressed after a plain manner. Suppers were but slight meals; and good hours then in fashion.

MR. FLUTTERVILLE.

Men of quality were stirring at the same hour that raises a modern tradesman; and their ladies were better housewives than most of our farmers' daughters." An example of temperance quoted in those days was Mr. Waller, who sat in the Parliaments of James I. and James II.

According to the *Grub Street Journal* of 1732, the number of authors in London —who of course denounced the age "for not encouraging men of wit and genius" —may have numbered some 6,000, a large company indeed in proportion to the population, if it really existed. "Of these 6,000," it is added, "ten men, perhaps, may have a tolerable share of learning; the rest have taken up the trade of writing on different views."

These authors, not having homes to which persons could be invited, had to make use of the coffee-houses, which were far more convivial than their name would seem to imply. Thus, the London Coffee-house, on Ludgate Hill, may have supplied good coffee, but the rendezvous seems to have been equally famous for its punch, Dorchester beer, and Welch ale. Tobacco seems to have been as much in favour as the various drinks; and this was also indulged in by coteries of authors, who in such places formed their projects and discussed their grievances, and, alas! drank a great deal of what was not good for them.

AT THE COURT OF GEORGE II.

"There is no city in the world where so many books are to be found, and so few good ones," says a writer in the *Spectator* of 1734. "Here are authors who will undertake all subjects, and understand none: write politics without sense, and poetry without rhymes or measure." An examination of the prices in lists of books published in those days will show that the majority were small things, ranging in price from sixpence to two shillings or half-a-crown.

As regarded the general state of the people, we find the *Daily Gazetteer* of September 18th, 1736, discussing the question whether the country gentry had not done more to debauch the nation than the court. "The taxes are hard," it is remarked, "while every private family are undoing themselves by over-living." Then it is supposed that the waste of the common people was sufficient to meet all the requirements of the Government. It is calculated that at that time there were 1,200,000 families in England, and 120,000 public-houses, or at least 100,000 too many, and all owing to the rural justices not doing their duty. Honest labourers were not only impoverished by these places, they were "the nurseries and sanctuaries of highwaymen, footpads, pickpockets, gypsies, and strolling beggars, and of all sorts of rogues and villains, which, like State vermin, prey upon the public, and render all property and life precarious."

There were thus temperance advocates at least a hundred years before the beginning of these teetotal days.

They were days of drinking to a degree such as we can have little or no idea of; and yet the evils of excess were continually being shown in a hundred ways. Thus, news came to London from Bordeaux of forty monks who all died mysteriously after a carouse. The cause of the mishap was a viper, which had crept into the cask while emp and the reptile had turned the wine into a fatal drink.

The rural parts of England in those days, where what were called the good old country customs still prevailed, were visited with wonder. Thus *Read's Journal* for August 14th, 1731, tells of a youth who visited some of the more distant parts of England, and "fancied himself transported into the Arcadia of the poets." Of course there was "an old castle now in ruins," and other attractions; while the tourist's entertainers were charming people. "His peculiar satisfaction was in the family where he resided, which was in the house of a widow lady who had four children: two sons and two daughters. The income of her estate is £1,200 per annum. Her eldest son, near twenty-six, his brother two years younger, and the two ladies, twins about eighteen. Each studied what was suitable to the other's humour, and hence no moroseness appeared in the mother, nor levity in the children."

London had no police, in our sense of the word; but

there were the "peace officers," who were supposed to do their best to ensure the public safety. On Sunday mornings these officials were found "going their rounds to the public-houses, to prevent disorderly smoking and tippling in time of Divine Service"; and on February 23rd, 1735, while engaged in this duty, they actually "discovered a private mass-house at a little ale-house at the back of Shoreditch, where near a hundred people were got together in a garret, most of them miserably poor and ragged, and upon examination, appeared to be Irish. Some few were well-dressed." The priest seems to have had so little of the hero in him that he made a hasty retreat "out of a back door, leaving the rest to shift for themselves." A part of the little assembly disappeared through a trap-door, doubtless provided for the purpose, but others had to give their names and addresses. After all, the law does not appear to have been very rigorously enforced, however; for a meeting took place in the same room in the evening.

At this time the streets of London were not only exceedingly dangerous after nightfall; those who lived in the suburbs needed to have their houses as strong as little citadels in order to sleep in safety. Thus, we find it recorded of February, 1735: "A great number of robberies have been committed this month in the new way, by gangs of rogues rushing into houses, binding and abusing the people, and robbing them." That is to say, the thieves of the capital were becoming more audacious; and as the law dealt out the death penalty for mere robbery and murder alike, murders were really encouraged. What chiefly astonishes us is the almost magnanimous equanimity with which mail robberies were tolerated, without any effective means being taken to render such crimes impossible. The public would be cautioned in the matter of sending valuables by post, as it was impossible to construct a cart strong enough to resist the violence of thieves. Hence it was only a commonplace occurrence when, on September 17th, 1736, "the Glasgow mail, with several bags, and an Irish mail therein, were carried off by two rogues, who stabbed the postman in the thigh." It seemed to be quite impossible for the gallows to annihilate this class; for on one page of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1737, we have accounts of twelve felons being hanged at Tyburn, and of forty others being condemned to that fate in different parts of the country.

Things had really come to such a pass that a notorious robber might be the terror of the country on the one hand, and the hero of the hour on the other. It would seem to have been so with the notorious Dick Turpin, who in the fourth decade of the last century had his retreat in Epping Forest, whence he came forth apparently to rob with impunity. At that time Turpin was between twenty and thirty years of age; but although he was sufficiently well known for a particular description of his person to be given, the reward of £200 for his apprehension was offered in vain, for when taken and executed in 1739, it was for a minor offence. The fact was that criminals even made a jest of death; and the applause of the crowd drawn together by an execution became a coveted distinction. Through mistaken kindness, the authorities encouraged various kinds of degrading shows, planned by offenders who desired to be remembered. Thus, in March, 1735, one Philip Thomas, of Aylesbury, "was conveyed to the gallows on horseback, dressed in his shroud, with a pair of white gloves on, a crape hat-band tied with a white favour, and a nosegay in his hand. He was carried to his grave by six young men, and his pall supported by six young women dressed in white, chose out by him for that purpose."

People had their hobbies in those days, as in these; and apart from amassing wealth which they could never use, many of their hobbies were regarded as being exceedingly puerile to those who took notice of them. Thus one gentleman, who never read, had a magnificent collection of finely-bound books, which he was constantly arranging. One who gave his whole attention to the study of birds, and another who was as enthusiastic over butterflies, are put down as triflers, as if such branches of natural history did not open profitable avenues of inquiry to men of leisure.

Mr. Flutterville with his butterflies was thought to be an especially comical character by the *Universal Spectator*. He not only travelled himself in search of new specimens: he had his agents in all parts of the world. "The winter is taken up in arranging them according to their several tribes and colours, and in drying and preserving them," it is said; and then it is added: "He was abroad seven years, and knows what sort of butterfly each country produces. He rejoices at the coming of the spring, because then his beloved butterflies are hatched, and come abroad." The acme of absurdity is supposed to be reached in one of the specialist's every-day adventures: "A few days since he discovered a butterfly of an uncommon size and colour. Away he went over hedge and ditch, corn, pasture, and ploughed land, without his (outdoor) clothes, till a little before sunset; coming to a river-side, the butterfly went over and escaped. This put him into a violent passion. On a sudden he found himself in the hands of some country fellows, who had observed his behaviour, and believing him mad, put him into a cart and carried him home."

Though London is still far from being so healthy as it might be if unprincipled builders were better looked after, it is, after all, a healthy place when compared with great cities in foreign countries. In the days of George II., however, the ordinary bills of mortality would have been alarming if people had really seen their significance. A General Bill for the year ending with the beginning of December, 1737, shows that the christenings were 16,760, while the burials were 27,823. Of these 10,054 died under two years of age, while fevers and small-pox had between six and seven thousand victims, or something like 130 a week in a population of perhaps half a million. In other words, the average deaths from these diseases were what we should now regard as a severe epidemic.

The educated portion of the community appear to have been ardent politicians, and patriotically inquisitive about the proceedings in Parliament; but the days of liberty for newspapers and political writers had not

yet arrived. Instead of desiring to take the people into confidence, the Parliament seemed to get childishly petulant if its so-called privileges were invaded by the speeches of members being published, even though the names of the speakers were not fully spelt. A characteristic paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* which closes the volume for 1737 shows how genuine the dangers of printers really were : *e.g.*—

"The candid reader, who knows the difficulty, and sometimes danger, of publishing speeches in Parliament, will easily conceive that it is impossible to do it in the very words of the speakers. With regard to the major part, we pretend only to represent the sense, as near as may be expected, in a summary way; and therefore, as to any little expression being mistaken which does not affect the scope of the argument in general, we hope, as not being done with design, it will be favourably overlooked."

Such was the Parliament under George II., which thought that its privileges were invaded if the debates could not be carried on with closed doors.

There is one thing to be considered : if the House of Commons grew dull, if the debates were not to be had at all, the "authors" of newspapers, as the editors then called themselves, were not without other resources. In an age of general ignorance, the populace generally were far more credulous than now ; and only by bearing this in mind can we satisfactorily account for the extraordinary stories which from time to time appeared among the news. Occasionally a murder would be followed by some amazing supernatural appearance, or other adventures on sea or shore would be drawn upon in a way in which we, in these more commonplace days, cannot hope to rival. "A cabbage that weighed upwards of sixty pounds," made a respectable paragraph. Young rooks being hatched and "ready to fly" at Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, in November, is noted as something portentous, for "the same thing happened about eighty years ago, after which a great and fatal sickness spread through that and the adjacent villages." Then, about the same time, the *quidnuncs* of the London Coffee-house had a piece of news from Exeter for which their philosophy was hardly able to account :—

"Some fishermen near this city, drawing their net ashore, a creature of human shape, having two legs, leaped out, and ran away very swiftly. Not being able to overtake it, they knocked it down by throwing sticks after it. At their coming up to it, it was dying, and groaned like a human creature. Its feet were webbed like a duck's; it had eyes, nose, and mouth, resembling those of a man, only the nose somewhat depressed ; a tail not unlike a salmon's, turning up towards its back, and is four feet high. It was publicly shown here."

The Court of George II. and Queen Caroline maintained the prestige of the nation, but was not so decorous as that of the succeeding reign. Being a German, the king's tastes were hardly English ; but the queen's stronger sense enabled her to hold her own with a firmer hand, as well as to gain a large share of favour. Richard Savage—the most notable impostor of the times—sang her praises in return for a pension ; and Caroline's birthday celebrations were always on a grand scale. The dresses on such an occasion were a sight to see. The ladies would be arrayed "chiefly in stuffs of gold and silver, the gentlemen in cut and flowered velvets, and scarce any but of our own manufacture." In those days the good old custom was not yet obsolete of the king going to the House of Lords to give the Royal assent to Bills which the Parliament had passed.

G. HOLDEN PIKE.

A QUAKER GIRL.

By GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THERE is nothing more formidable than a low oaken fence to shut out Holcroft's house from the road.

So far, little has happened to Jiffkins except the cramp. He has watched night after night, sitting upon the limb of the bay-tree, his shoulders clad in a piece of old sacking, and making up for his lack of slumber by little naps in the stable in the early dawn. The nights are not very chilly. Through the branches of the tree he can see the stars, the great high-hanging moon, hear the ripple of the stream behind the shrubbery, the cry of the nightjar, the rustling of the leaves, feel the cool dews fall through the branches upon his upturned face, and, without knowing it, learns the great lesson that in doing something for others we often make ourselves happy.

It seems as if events will not progress ; but Jiffkins is not discouraged. He has studied wood-lore and men in the school of Nature herself. Even when he cannot see people, he has an instinct which tells him that they are about. To-night he has seen Miss Lapp walking homeward with her future husband. Jiffkins, for so young a being, has a keen sense of humour, but when he views Jinks drooping feebly along, he feels that humour should give place to pity. Miss Lapp and her Jinks pass onward. Once more Jiffkins is alone.

Hist ! What was that? Nothing ! There isn't anything about. It may perhaps be a cat from one of the neighbouring houses. There isn't even a shadow on the grass.

Jiffkins' hair begins to rise. Then he calls himself names. It doesn't help matters, for he knows that

someone is about—someone bent on doing evil. Once in his life, when he almost tumbled into a gamekeeper's arms, he had experienced a similar sensation. It is a warning not to be disregarded. Jiffkins does not disregard it. He nerves himself for action.

A broad belt of moonlight falls full on the laurels which fringe the edge of the shrubbery. Smooth, glossy, and compact, not a breath of air stirs their shining surfaces. Suddenly, the leaves are momentarily parted, and two fierce shining eyes glare furtively through the green screen. Only for a moment. The leaves fall back, and all is still.

There is nothing to be seen. Jiffkins shivers. It is evident that Courrian has been unable to prevail on his associates to frighten Holcroft, and is bent on doing so himself. Hate has got the better of cunning. The swarthy visage again peers forth, and Jiffkins knows that the Armenian means mischief.

What a blessed source of support that gun is, to be sure! Without it, Jiffkins would be at the mercy of the human snake in the shrubbery. With it, he is a match for him. Every button in it strengthens his resolution to stick to his post. At the same time, there is a look in the Armenian's eyes (they have narrowed to long slits in the moonlight—long slits, emitting baleful hate) which warns him that if Courrian discovers his hiding-place, the house of Jiffkins will know him no more, and that the bay horse will never again be bestridden by the "oilcake boy."

Fortunately for Jiffkins, the Armenian does not discover him. Fully a quarter of an hour passes, until the gun barrel shakes up and down. It seems impossible to Jiffkins to keep it still. Shall he blaze into the bushes and alarm the house? But no. He might miss, and have the Armenian do something desperate.

Presently, the eyes again appear a little lower down the shrubbery. They are followed by a head, shoulders, and body, and Courrian, snake-fashion, with face towards the ground, worms himself over the lawn, keeping the trunk of the big oak between himself and the house.

A passing cloud hides the moon. When it reappears, Courrian is nowhere to be seen. Stay, that uneven excrescence against the trunk of the tree is not natural. Jiffkins can scarcely restrain his admiration. Courrian has worked his way across the lawn with the skill of one of Buffalo Bill's Red Indians. That little cloud has done the mischief. He raises his arm as if to throw. But it is too uncertain. If he can only get close to the house, and throw his bomb into the porch, the shrubbery will have hidden him long before anyone has presence of mind enough to capture him—that is, if anyone survives.

The man's face is ablaze with hate. Forgetting all his precautions, he leaves the sheltering trunk and steps out from the shadow of the tree.

Suddenly, he catches sight of an inch of gun barrel projecting from the bay-tree. He tries to hurl the bomb through the window, but it is too late. A crash, a shout, a loud report; a rending as if the tall trees were being crushed and torn in twain; a noise as of falling timbers, of shattered glass; a dim blue haze through which the moonlight struggles in vain to penetrate. Then the smoke gradually clears away, and Courrian, supporting himself on one elbow, looks wildly round.

He is shot in the face; the lower jaw is completely shattered. Within a couple of yards of him is the body of Jiffkins, hurled out of the tree by the shock of the explosion.

Jiffkins opens his eyes, feeling as if there had been an earthquake. The old gun has nearly kicked him to pieces. He is so sore and stiff that he can scarcely move.

Courrian pulls a dagger from his breast, and winds over the grass painfully, slowly, towards the helpless boy.

Jiffkins does not attempt to move. He watches Courrian creeping towards him like a wounded viper, as if fascinated. In truth, he is almost stunned. He cannot move. If the wounded man can only endure his horrible pain for a minute longer, all will be over.

Nearer, nearer, nearer, Courrian drags his maimed form along. Within striking distance, he makes one last despairing effort, the dagger falls from his nerveless grasp, and Jiffkins knows no more. He has fainted for the first time in his life.

When Jiffkins opens his eyes, he is in another world. The sun shines cheerfully into the pleasant room. There are pictures on the walls; he is in a soft bed. He thinks he must be in heaven. But how did Jinks get there? And Jinks hasn't any wings. He is about to ask a question, when Jinks puts something to his lips, and all is a blank.

The next time he wakes, he can hear the cawing of the rooks as they fly homeward. What a funny thing that rooks should live in heaven! Miss Dorothy has never explained this side of the question. If there are rooks, why not birds'-nesting, and other kindred pursuits? He dimly wonders if he will be happy there. It will seem rather lonely without Miss Dorothy, though she did reprove him about taking that blackbird's nest. A fly settles on his nose. Jiffkins cannot help thinking that there is no necessity for flies in the regions to which he has been transplanted. He tries to lift his arm to brush it away, but his arm will not lift. What is the matter with it? Somebody has tied it down; he cannot lift his head to see. He cannot move his legs. He does manage to touch one with his skinny fingers, but it seems to him as if somebody has played a practical joke, and substituted pipe-stems for his erstwhile sturdy supporters. It is very uncomfortable and perplexing. He doesn't like it at all. Suddenly, he sees Courrian's bleeding face as he works his way towards him, dagger in hand, and gives a shriek of terror. A soft arm is placed round his neck, and lifts him more comfortably on the pillow. "Don't be frightened, Jiffkins," says Dorothy's sweet voice. "You will soon be well again." She bends down and kisses him.

Jiffkins cannot believe it. "I be main sorry about that blackbird's nest with the fower eggs," he says, reverting to the vernacular.

Dorothy thinks he is still wandering. "You must

be quiet," she says soothingly, "and then you will soon be well again."

"Don't you know me, old man?" says Holcroft's anxious voice. "You've been making our hair stand on end for the last fortnight."

"Where be I, master?" asks Jiffkins dubiously. "I thowt I'd gone under."

"Oh, no; you are not going under for a long time yet," says Holcroft. Jiffkins cannot understand why they should make such a fuss over a mere boy. No one ever kissed him before. Miss Dorothy must have made a mistake.

"You must make haste to get well, Jiffkins," says Dorothy, "and then we are going to send you to school, and you will learn all sorts of wonderful things; but keep quiet now and try to sleep."

"Miss Dorothy," says Jiffkins, shivering, "doan't leave me for a bit. Did I—did I—you know what I mean?"

Dorothy sorrowfully answers him. "Yes, Jiffkins, you accidentally took one life, but in order to save others. And you nearly lost your own, my poor boy. But you did what you thought right, and with a desire to save your master, and I—I cannot blame you. I did not think that man would be daring enough to attempt such desperate wickedness, but you were wiser about it than we were. When you are better you shall tell us all about it. Now go to sleep. The house was only damaged in front; and Miss Holcroft has given you her room; it was her wish."

Jiffkins' tired lips move faintly. Dorothy moistens them, and bends down.

"Poor old Cocky," he asks anxiously. "Were he blowed up, Miss?"

"We couldn't find a feather," says Holcroft. "He must have been blown away to the happy hunting-grounds, and is probably handing round imaginary glasses of water to phantom friends. The temperance cause has sustained a great loss."

Jiffkins bursts into tears, but at last drops asleep to dream of Cocky, sans beak, sans feathers, lacking everything. Truly his name is writ in water. The next time Jiffkins emerges from Shadowland he is hungry. After that, his recovery is rapid.

"HE HAS SEEN MISS LAPP WALKING HOMEWARD WITH HER FUTURE HUSBAND" (*p.* 671).

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

JONATHAN GEDDES found that Nature did not intend him to successfully play the part of a Roman parent. And yet, no other remained open to his perplexed seeking. Dorothy loved Holcroft; Holcroft loved Dorothy. In the natural course of events, they should wed, and live happily ever after. Still, there is that question of principle. He, as a Quaker, cannot conscientiously allow Dorothy to marry a "man-of-war."

The Peace Society would be up in arms about it. Miss Melmerby declares that she does not care one straw for the Society. She isn't afraid of it; in fact, there is very little she does fear, with the exception perhaps of gravel-pits. She shakes the little buckets in her ear-rings, and formally apologises to Jiffkins for her contumelious remarks with regard to his attire. Jiffkins accepts the apology in the spirit in which it is tendered, and has dreams about her ear-rings. Countless streams of water descend from the little buckets, and half drown him, until he wakes with a gasp and a shudder, as if cold water were running down his spine. He is too weak at present to take more than a passive part in existence. Dorothy explains to him that, owing to Farmer Gamble's testamentary dispositions, a certain sum is to be expended on his education, and on attaining his majority he will receive a further legacy. Dorothy is to have fifty pounds a year, which amount seems a small fortune to her modest ideas of wealth. She takes a shy pleasure in the fact that she will not go to Holcroft empty-handed. Holcroft, however, is moody and unhappy. The factory hands are in open revolt.

Miss Melmerby came to the tennis-ground one hot afternoon in June. She had no sunshade, and the heat was so great that even her little buckets appeared to feel its influence and wobble about in a very languid manner. Holcroft was not among the players. Miss Melmerby followed the course of the stream which winds about the tennis-ground, and crossed over to a little leafy island in the centre.

The foliage is so dense that for the moment she cannot see anything. Then she detects the aroma of a particularly good cigar.

"Humph!" says the old lady, bearing down on him, "you are a nice young man, aren't you?"

Holcroft brightens up tremendously. He throws away his good cigar. "You put my modesty to the test, Miss Melmerby," he says, rising, "but I believe the fact is admitted to be as you state—that is, in some quarters."

"Oh, in some quarters, is it?" said the old lady briskly. "Are you not ashamed of yourself to set me searching after you like this? I expected you at the house to-day." The old lady gave a shriek. "It's a green one. I will wager my ear-rings it is a green one."

Holcroft throws away the caterpillar which has fallen into one of her ear-rings. "Pardon me for contradicting you, but it is a yellow one. Now that the peace-pipe is lit, let us hold sweet converse together."

"Certainly. Dorothy has gone to Bettenham, and will not be back until this evening, so I thought it a good opportunity to catch you."

"Thank you," replied Holcroft rather ungratefully. "Do you know that I was just deliberating what to do with you?"

"Do with me! What do you mean? Am I dreaming, or is the sun altogether too much for me to-day?"

"You see, I found you in the gravel-pit," said Holcroft placidly. "You are a sort of treasure-trove, and belong to the finder. I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty in life to look after you. Will you be offended if I confess that I regard you in the light of—of a tonic?"

"Tonic!" said Miss Melmerby, in amazement. "Most people think me rather bitter, like the——"

"Narrow end of a cucumber," suggests Holcroft. "No, I didn't mean that. But I have been having the whole affair out with myself this afternoon. It is pretty clear to me that wherever Dorothy and I go, you will want to go also. There is no accounting for the fact otherwise than by that fatal fascination which drew us together, and led me to adventure into the gravel-pit for such merchandise, as the poet so beautifully puts it."

Miss Melmerby opens her eyes. "I didn't know Shakespeare was aware that I should tumble into a gravel-pit," she said. "Do you really mean to say that you want to bother yourself with an old woman like me?"

"You have arrived at the fact, but I should have put it more courteously. You want a mission in life. I will be that mission—a mission in which you will have Dorothy's help when we are married. Meantime, as I heard a man say in the pantomime last Christmas, I am going to 'chuck it.' Mind you, the expression is not mine, but it adequately sums up the situation. I have lived through the worst of the row at the factory. For a time, things are quieting down. A lot more orders are coming in, and, in short, I am about to give up my post."

"Has Dorothy told you anything about my affairs?" asked the old lady suspiciously.

"Dorothy is much too discreet to do anything of the sort. As soon as I am in a position to marry (when that will be I don't know), my idea is to ask you to share our humble roof. You see, you don't eat very much."

"I had two helpings of duck to-day. What do you think of that?"

"Happy duck!" said Holcroft, in that burlesque tone which he often used to conceal strong emotion. "You don't as a rule eat very much, and if I get on we shall be able to let you have a little money to play with—to dabble in stocks, or anything else you fancy."

"A little money to play with—to dabble in stocks, Master Impudence!" returned Miss Melmerby, with her mouth wide open. "Oh, yes, but I don't quite follow this simple scheme of yours, or see where I come into it."

"It is impossible to get anything to do in England," said Holcroft. "I have come to the conclusion it will be better for me to emigrate. It will be bitter suffering to part from Dorothy, and if it were not for her steadfast faith and courage I couldn't do it. Still, I think it will have to be done."

"I don't see where I come in," said the old lady, rattling her ear-rings.

"Oh yes, you will. Dorothy and I have talked it all over. We have selected Canada as a country of infinite possibilities. As at present arranged, Mr. Holcroft and Company will appear in the well-known tragi-comedy 'A Struggle for Life.' This is the caste:

Minnehaha.....Miss Dorothy Geddes.
Old Nokomis.....Miss Melmerby (with ear-rings).
Hiawatha.....Mr. Horace Holcroft.

Pardon my apparent rudeness. I will go there first, and get ready some pemmican for you. If you can keep out of gravel-pits for a year or two, you shall have the seat of honour beside Dorothy in our humble wigwam."

He spoke quite gravely, as if there were nothing incongruous in this extravagant proposal. The old lady was moved. All along she had been playing the patroness in imagination, only to be set aside by this absurd boy (she looked upon him as a boy), who was about to beggar himself for love's sake, and begin the world anew.

She affected to laugh. "You would never get on with such an Old Woman of the Sea. Nothing would dislodge me if I once took a fancy to your wampum."

"Wigwam, I think you mean."

"Wigwam or wampum, whichever it is, it does not matter. You know what I mean."

"Oh yes, Miss Melmerby. You seldom leave much doubt as to your meaning."

"Suppose I had a little surprise for you in my turn," said Miss Melmerby almost affectionately, and with a tremulous waggle of the little buckets.

Holcroft lighted another cigar. "I am accustomed to surprises," he said placidly. "Why, Miss Melmerby, I have quite talked away all my troubles. What do you think of these hands?" extending a pair of brown shapely ones. "Do you imagine there is any work in them?"

"I don't know," said the old lady, humouring him. "I don't think there has been much hitherto."

"You wrong me. Pardon me for remarking it, Miss Melmerby, but you have all that proneness to jumping at conclusions so suggestive of the feminine mind. Did you—did you ever taste the pemmican which I mentioned just now?"

"Is it a kind of potted meat?" asked Miss Melmerby.

"Yes, you have to pot it first. There is no doubt about that," said the whimsical Holcroft. "You will have a most varied diet in the backwoods.

"Should you ask me, I will tell you
How to cook the cassowary.
Catch him crouching in the forest,
And bereave him of his plumage,
Pluck away his curling feathers
Just to deck a Sunday bonnet,
Sunday bonnet of Nokomis."

"You don't deceive me," said Miss Melmerby. "I can see through your nonsense. You haven't asked me what my surprise is."

"I knew you would tell me," said Holcroft.

Miss Melmerby was too agitated to resent his remark. "Of course I am going to tell you," she said triumphantly. "I am not the poor old woman you think me. Guess how much I made over those Paramattas."

"A hundred or two," said Holcroft, humouring her.

"Forty-five thousand pounds," said the old lady. "What do you say to that?"

"Would you mind throwing a brick, or something heavy—very heavy—at me?" feebly asked Holcroft.

"What for?"

"I don't seem to be quite awake; perhaps that will help me to realise it. 'We shall be able to let you have a little money to play with—to dabble in stocks, or anything else you fancy.' I think those were the misguided words which I addressed to you a short time ago."

"They were. What of them?"

"Well, in view of this recent revelation of yours, they sound to me rather absurd."

"I appreciate them quite as much."

"You know you will be simply intolerable with all that money," suggested Holcroft. "You get your own way pretty freely as it is."

"I am going to give you half of it," said Miss Melmerby, with an affectionate glance in Holcroft's direction. "Dear me! my head is very bad to-day."

"So I should think. You haven't been out in the sun?" said Holcroft anxiously. "Have you eaten anything which has disagreed with you? You shouldn't have roast duck at your age, you know."

"What do you mean, you ungrateful boy?" asked the mortified old lady.

Holcroft sees that he has pained her. "Why, my dear Miss Melmerby, I am only joking."

"I don't like such joking."

Holcroft takes her hand.

"It is awfully kind of you, Miss Melmerby," he said, "and it quite restores one's belief in the goodness of human nature. Of course, I can't take your money. I always looked upon you as a friend, and now you appear in the guise of a temptation. I have always felt that you have the kindest heart of anyone I ever met, except Dorothy, and that is why I liked you so much. Of course people will say I am a fool for not taking your money: that I shall not get such a chance again. I can't help that. I probably shan't. Still, how do you think I could go up to the house to-night, and meet Dorothy's inquiring glance? She would see that something is wrong. 'What have you been doing?' she will ask. 'Robbing a dear old friend of twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds,' I shall reply; and then she will hand me over to the police, and I shall lose both of you. That is a pretty prospect, isn't it?"

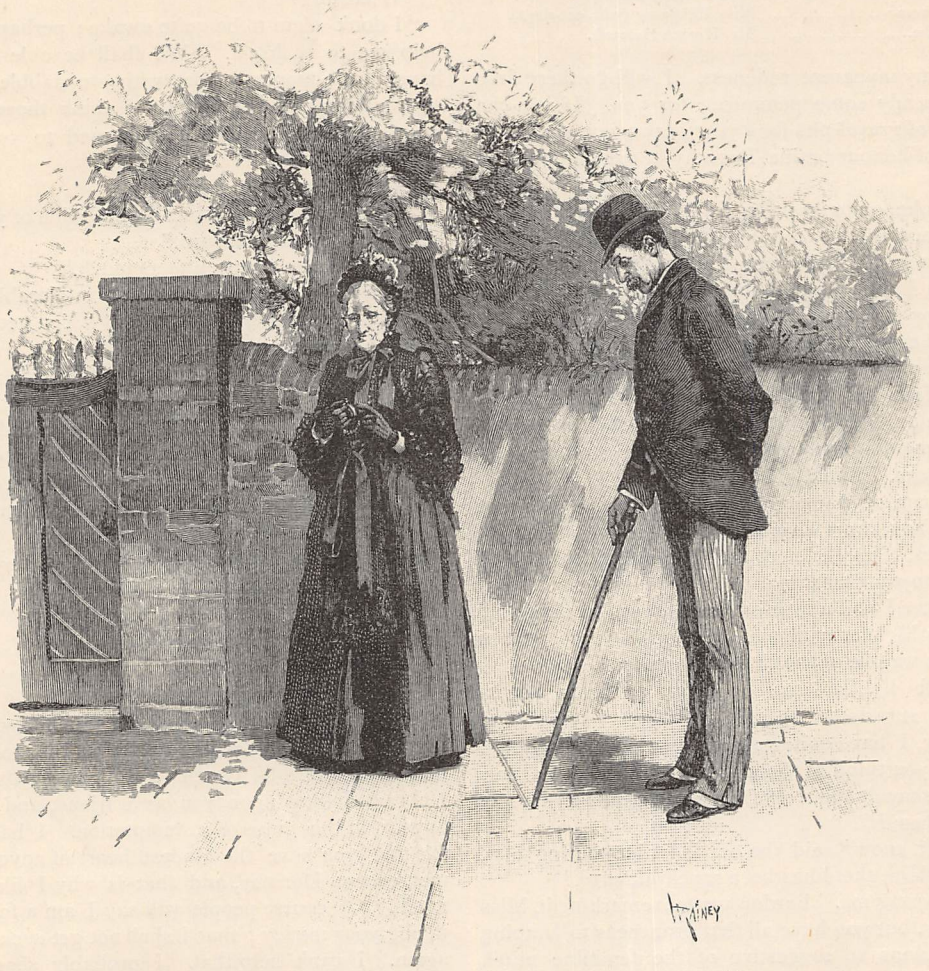
"I am afraid all men are alike," sighed the old lady. "You will never sacrifice your pride even when by so doing you can gain your heart's desire."

"It really is not that," said Holcroft affectionately. "You misunderstand me altogether. I have no pride where Dorothy is concerned. I would become a beggar and sweep the highway if it would bring me nearer to her."

"Brave words!" wearily said the old lady. "It is no use disguising it; I am disappointed with you."

All the defiance had gone out of her manner. There was only the weariness of old age in her features. Her face was contracted, as if by disappointment. She pressed her hand to her aching head.

"You do not think of my disappointment," said Miss Melmerby. "What right have you to take Dorothy away from me? She is all I have to love and care for



"'I WILL GIVE YOU SIXTY SECONDS WHEREIN TO DECIDE.'"

in my old age, and it would make her so happy. I knew she would not take the money, but I thought I might prevail on you to do so for my sake as well as hers. Is it 'yes' or 'no'?"

"I am afraid it must be 'no,' Miss Melmerby. You must remember, however, directly I have a home for Dorothy you shall share it with us."

"That may take years," she retorted sadly. "Now, if I died you could have the money at once. If I died!"

"Don't think of that," he said, struck by her despondent tone. "I never yet knew a blessing attend people who waited for dead men's shoes. You will have Dorothy near you until I send for you both, and then you shall share our wigwam."

"It is no use, Horace," said Miss Melmerby, shaking her diminutive buckets. "If you will not grant me this favour I may as well make up my mind to die. Think of the suspense and sorrow it means for Dorothy to have you go away in quest of fortune. Think of how she will miss you—nay, how I shall miss you."

He turned away, but she rose and took his hand, telling him with rugged eloquence how much she had set her heart on this thing. He dared not look at her sorrowful face. Holcroft could be stern with men, but with women, never.

"Is it to be 'no'?" asked the old lady, as they reached Jonathan's house. "Remember, this is the last time of asking. If we meet this evening I shall not refer to the question. Just think for a moment. Wealth—happiness—Dorothy. I will give you sixty seconds wherein to decide."

She pulled out her antiquated watch and gravely counted sixty.

They were standing under the tall trees at the gate. "It must be 'no,'" said Holcroft sorrowfully. He bent down and kissed Miss Melmerby's hand, but she stood on tip-toe and threw her arms around his neck. This could only be accomplished by Holcroft meeting her half-way. Then she came down to the ground again, and was the Miss Melmerby of every-day life. "Ah, well! perhaps I have been a foolish old woman, but you must always remember I meant it for the best."

"You are not well," he said, smitten with compunc-

tion. "What a brute I was to allow you to walk all this way up here! Let me take you into the house and make you comfortable."

"Thank you, no," she said in a quiet, subdued tone, very unlike her usual self. "Now, go back to the others, and don't mope about on the island. It is not good for you. It is meet that old age should be alone."

"We must not talk like this," he said cheerily. "We will have some backgammon if I get back in time to-night."

"If you get back in time. Now go, please."

She watched him walk swiftly down the road, and then went into the house. At the porch she looked round. One would almost think her glance had all the solemnity of a farewell.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

"YOU look tired, ma'am," says kind little Sylvia to Miss Melmerby, as she crosses the hall.

"Yes, child," replies Miss Melmerby, "I am very tired, and am going up to my room."

Miss Melmerby goes slowly up the stairs, halting at the various landings in order to rest. She seems to be very tired indeed. The rooks are coming homeward, and some of them have settled in the tall cedar-tops. They make the old lady angry. "I wonder people can bear to have them about," she cries. "They always remind me of winged mutes conducting aërial funerals—mutes who have dropped the hearse and cannot find it again, and then break out into clamorous protestations that it wasn't their fault. Ugh! I hate rooks."

It is evident that Miss Melmerby is not happy. Perhaps the heat has something to do with it, and the long walk back from the village. And yet she has never found the walk too long before. She has set her heart on this Utopian scheme of making Dorothy and Holcroft happy, and now that miserable man refuses to be happy—talks about his self-respect, and all that kind of rubbish. Why can't he pocket his absurd pride and a share of the Paramattas?

It is very hot, but the old lady shivers. Her room (Dorothy's room), which once seemed so gay with its pretty paper and bright furniture, now looks cold and chill. There is an air of depression about it for which she cannot account. What a miserable thing it is to be old and not able to have one's way.

Miss Melmerby dashes away the tears with an angry gesture. She goes to the door and calls Sylvia.

Sylvia promptly appears with a cup of tea, but the old lady waves it away. "I have a bad toothache, and must not be disturbed," she said. "Tea will only make it worse. Tell Miss Dorothy when she comes in that I do not wish to be disturbed."

She refuses all Sylvia's offers of assistance, and goes into the room, carefully closing the door behind her.

Of a verity, a strange old lady, for she kneels down by the side of the bed, and prays to be forgiven for all her sins. Somewhere from the recesses of her trunk she produces a bundle of yellow letters tied with a faded ribbon. There is an odour of lavender about these letters. Some of the words are blotted and stained. Dead leaves, the ghosts of flowers, slip out from the time-worn pages. And as she reads, the air is filled with ghosts—ghosts of bygone days—ghosts of happy times—ghosts of a dear dead love over whom the grass has grown for forty years. These ghosts throng out from every open letter. They fill the silent room, they come round her, they talk to her. Side by side with them she sees the phantom presentments of girlish forms as her tears fall thick and fast. She shakes her head mournfully at the silent crowd, and as she does so all the ghosts fade away but two. Were there only two all the time?—herself and one other.

These two come to her as if they were waiting for something. Miss Melmerby stretches out her arms to them with a pitiful sobbing cry. Then she ties up the letters and composes herself a little.

"I know I am a wicked old woman," she says grimly to those phantoms who still remain in the room. "It is all very well to make believe I am not, but it isn't true; I am. When have I thought of others instead of myself all these years? Very seldom. I have always fought for my own way, and have generally had it, and now I am about to have it again, but at what a cost! There is one comfort about this affair. No one will be able to find it out. I can't persuade that Quixotic fellow to keep his post; he will starve for years if he doesn't, and have to go away and struggle, and perhaps kill himself in the attempt. The sorrow and the anguish of waiting will cast a blight on Dorothy's life. She is one of those constant women who, having loved, love on to the end. Why should I not make them happy in spite of themselves? I think the sun must have turned my head to-day, for I do not seem to be able to reason things out clearly enough. There is something I wanted to do, and I cannot remember what it was. This band round my head grows tighter every minute."

Dorothy is a mile off, on her way home. The evening is so pleasant that she does not hurry. The cuckoo's wandering voice sounds in every direction. She strolls soberly along, hat in hand. Here is a little nook carpeted with flowers. She will sit down for a moment, and write a note for her lover, with strict injunctions on the cover that he is not to open it until he is alone. It is some trifling secret she wishes to impart, but he will treasure it the more if it is revealed to him after they have parted.

She sits down and takes a piece of paper from her pocket. The fading light warns her that she must be quick. She has scarcely written a word before a throbbing pain darts through her temples, and leaves her faint and bewildered.

"How very silly of me!" she says, partially recovering. "Whatever can be the matter? I thought something had stung me."

Just at this moment, Miss Melmerby has again fallen on her knees at the bedside. She cries aloud for Dorothy in the tone of one who is crushed, and has given up a bitter struggle whereof the end is bitterer still. But no Dorothy answers. Only the shadows grow greyer and greyer, and the melancholy cawing of the rooks drowns her cry.

It is strange to see this vigorous-minded old lady so utterly unnerved. Her hair has broken from its fastenings and streams down her back; her lips are dry and swollen. She is as one half-distraught. And all this time Dorothy is hurrying along the road, wondering at her own speed.

Miss Melmerby gets up from the bed, and walks with unsteady steps to the dressing-table. There is a bottle in her dressing-case, for which she searches eagerly. At first she cannot find it, and gives a little sigh of relief. But it is only hidden behind a handkerchief. It is a very pretty bottle, containing something quite colourless. There is one significant word on the bottle which does away with the apparent harmlessness of the contents, and that word is—POISON!

She holds the bottle up to the light, and then slowly withdraws the cork and sniffs at the contents. Apparently, she does not like the rather sickly odour which the liquid diffuses around, for she puts back the cork in an undecided way, as if she cannot reconcile herself to the perpetration of some act on which she has resolved.

She cannot help wondering with grim humour what Jinks will say when he is called in to see her after she has taken the poison. There will be Sylvia's evidence about the toothache; no one for a moment will imagine the whole affair is premeditated when they have once got the idea into their heads that she has taken laudanum to still the pain of her tooth. "Death by misadventure" will presumably be the verdict at the inquest. Probably Jinks will be censured for the nervous manner in which he gives his evidence.

There is something not wholly unpleasing in that. She again takes up the little bottle. "Let me see," she muses: "it will look more natural if I am lying down on the bed and the bottle is on the little side table. I shall have enough strength to return to the bed and lie down after swallowing this stuff. It will look more natural if I put it on this little table, so."

She takes a grim pleasure in these realistic details; they do not occupy her very long. If Dorothy could only know what Miss Melmerby is doing, would she not pray for wings in order to reach the house and stay this wicked old woman in her rash act? But Dorothy is hastening. She is only a hundred yards from the house, borne on by those mysterious forebodings which she cannot dissipate. She knows that something is wrong somewhere, and breathlessly enters the hall, only to be reassured by the sound of Sylvia's cheerful voice.

"Is that you, mistress?" asks Sylvia through the half-open kitchen door.

"Yes, Sylvia." Dorothy enters the kitchen. "I cannot think what is the matter with me, Sylvia," she said faintly. "A most mysterious pain shot through my temples just now, and I found myself running towards the house. Is there anyone in?"

"Nobody except Miss Melmerby, mistress," returns Sylvia, intent on her kitchen-work. "She came in some time ago, with a bad toothache. I think it must be very bad, for she wouldn't let me take her up any tea, and you know how fond she is of tea."

"I will go quietly up to her at once," said Dorothy. "Perhaps she is lying down, and may want something."

That mysterious pain again shoots through her temples. She turns away, sick and giddy, and walks wearily up the stairs.

Suddenly, Dorothy understands the meaning of those mysterious pains. Miss Melmerby is standing by the bed, her hair hanging loosely down her shoulders. In one hand she holds a bottle, as if about to drink; with the other she supports herself against the bed-rail. But it is the expression of wild despair on her features which startles Dorothy. Miss Melmerby's lips move. "Good-bye, Dorothy," she moans, and raises the bottle to her lips.

Dorothy rushes forward with an agonised cry, lest she should be too late. The next moment she has dashed the bottle to the floor. It lies shivered in a hundred pieces against the leg of the bedstead, whilst a sickly odour is diffused around.

"Auntie, auntie, what are you doing? What does this mean?" implores Dorothy.

"It means," says Miss Melmerby, with assumed composure, "that in another moment you would have been too late. That is all."

She bursts into a passion of tears. Dorothy puts her arms around the trembling old woman, and gently places her on the bed. This then was the meaning of that mysterious pain which induced her to return to the house with such unusual speed.

"Auntie, auntie, what is the matter with you?" she cries.

The old woman is still sobbing violently. "I don't know, child," she answers brokenly. "I—I had a disappointment, and I was tired, and the sun seemed to strike me, and then I don't remember much more."

She gazes wonderingly round the room. "Promise me not to move for a minute," asks Dorothy.

Miss Melmerby promises.

Dorothy goes to the door. "Sylvia!"

"Yes, mistress."

"Bring up some ice at once, please."

Sylvia brings the ice.

"Now get your hat, and run for Doctor Evans as fast as you can. Tell him Miss Melmerby has a touch of sunstroke."

All at once the pathetic tragedy of old age strikes Dorothy as she gazes at Miss Melmerby's tired face. This is what life means: so many hours wherein to sleep and eat and move about: so many ties to be broken one after the other: so many joys and sorrows and disappointments: so many givings up of all that is near and dear; and then—a little fatigue, a little trouble, and the mind, enfeebled by age, gives way, and the end comes. A few tears—horrible men in raven garb taking away something to be consigned to its kindred earth—and that is all. What is life worth if it is to end in so sorry a fashion as this? What good purpose can it serve to live at all? What——

A flood of tears comes to relieve her overwrought mind. She sinks by the bedside, weeping noiselessly, and prays that when old age descends upon her she

may not be alone—may not be left to go forth into the darkness with no hand to support her tottering steps, no Angel of Light to guide her through the dark mists and shadows of the Valley of Death. A feeble hand is placed upon her head.

"Dorothy, what is the matter?" Miss Melmerby asks. "I thought I had a horrible dream, and that I——"

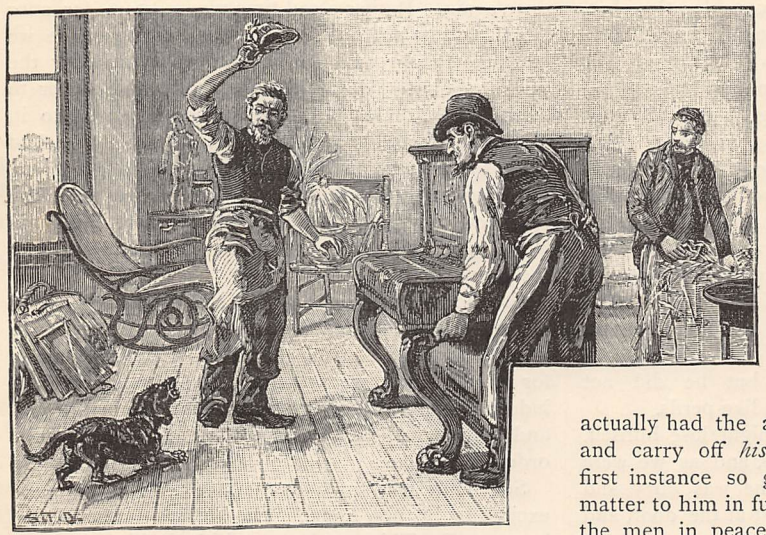
"Yes, auntie," says Dorothy, fondling the thin, worn hand; "let us call it a horrible dream. You have come back to me again your own dear self. Now try to sleep, and you will soon be well."

The old lady is not satisfied. "Dorothy, promise never to mention my—my *dream* to any living soul," she pleads; and Dorothy promises.

Then Miss Melmerby falls asleep. Asleep: to waken on the morrow, and regard the past as a horrible dream—a dream only to be talked of with bated breath, and to be put aside with thankfulness that it was nothing more. Only, sometimes Dorothy wakes up in the night, and prays to God such dreams may never chance again.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

"MR. SMITH" IN HIS NEW HOME.



"STRANGE MEN HAD THE AUDACITY TO COME INTO *HIS* HOUSE."

MR. SMITH (readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE will hardly need to be told who that gentleman is) was from his puppyhood a dog of many experiences of life and its phases; but there was one experience which he had yet to learn, and that was made when his mistresses definitely decided to change their place of abode.

The Hampshire house in which we had lived six years was too small and had many drawbacks, and we wanted to be within easier reach of town, and when we heard of a nice old-fashioned house in Essex, with a large garden, and many other things which we wanted in a new house, we decided upon moving with as little delay as possible, and Smith began to see that there was something very unusual going on.

At first he was rather unhappy at the bustle in the house. He missed the horses, who were sold off a month or two before we left, and the sight of constant packing up depressed him until he really was made to understand that he would not be left behind. He solaced himself by excavating huge holes in the now neglected garden—a thing he had not done for years—seeming to realise that he would now do no harm by his diggings; though how he first knew this is more than I can pretend to say, for there was no special change in the appearance of things, only that the crops were not put in as before.

But the greatest astonishment was in store for Smith when the great furniture vans arrived, and strange men actually had the audacity to come into *his* house, and carry off *his* furniture. His wrath was in the first instance so great that we had to explain the matter to him in full, and request his lordship to leave the men in peace to the discharge of their duties. But when he did grasp the situation his interest and excitement were great. Off he dashed to obscure haunts of his own, returning with sticks, old bones, and other useful and savoury treasures in which his heart delights, and laying them down at the entrance of the van, imperiously demanded of the men to put these in too. In fact, so masterful was he about it that they did put the sticks in for him, and I believe the old bones would have been packed too if we had not interposed. After that he and the men were great friends. He followed them about and superintended their labours, and whenever there was any difficulty with a cumbersome piece of furniture, Smith was always ready to lend a hand—or, to be more accurate, two sharp rows of teeth—to help them; and when they went away at meal-times, he took possession of the van, and curling himself up in the straw within, remained there on guard until they returned.

In fact, Smith quite won the hearts of the packers, as we had occasion to know, for on the last day, shortly before we ourselves were to go, the foreman approached us, with the rest of the men a little behind him, to say that—

"If so be as we didn't want to take the dawg away

"HOLDING ON LIKE GRIM DEATH TO THIS TREE" (*p.* 681).

with us" they would be very glad to have him, and would take great care of him and give him a good home.

We thanked them for their kind consideration, but, on the whole, we decided not to give Mr. Smith away to the furniture removers.

Smith's first journey was to London, where we remained a few days before going down to Essex. He had never lived in a town before, and had never been in any place larger than Winchester or Southampton. But although he must have been somewhat astonished by the traffic and tumult of the streets, his self-possession never deserted him, and one had not to look after him in crowded thoroughfares of the city any more than in country roads at home. It was he who looked after us, and was really anxious when we crossed roads to see us safe over. He was quite at home himself under horses' feet, but he did not think it right for us to be exposed to like perils.

Once we were rather afraid he might lose himself. We had taken him into a large shop, and as we were going to several departments, and he was dirty and muddy, we told him to sit on the mat at the door, and wait for us. We were so long gone that some shop-walker, not knowing how the dog came to be there, turned him out; and when we came back for him he was gone, and, to our surprise, was not outside in the street.

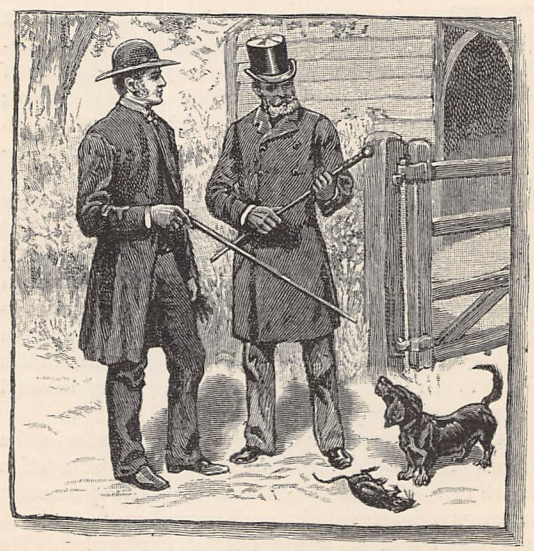
"He must have been offended, and have gone home," we said at length; for though Smith will wait any time for us if allowed to remain where we leave him (once he sat the whole night outside the door of a friend's conservatory when we had gone out at another door, and had forgotten to whistle him round), he is perplexed and affronted at being turned away, and if offended about anything when out, always goes home. But as he had only been three days in London, we rather wondered if he would be successful in finding his way back, and went home quickly ourselves in a little anxiety, although very confident that Mr. Smith was capable of taking very good care of himself. And sure enough, there he was at home, waiting on the door-mat for us, eager to explain that it was not his fault he had not stayed where we left him; but the puzzle which has never yet been solved is how he got into the house at all. None of the servants had let him in either by the front door or area, yet there he was indoors to speak for himself. It is always a saying with us that Smith will get into any place where he has a mind to—or out of it, either; but how he effected his entrance into a London house is one of the unexplained mysteries of his history.

We once took him to Rotten Row to see the riding, which he enjoyed very much, and pranced about before the horses in his own peculiar fashion, rather perplexed to know why *we* were not on them. He had a swim in the Serpentine, which pleased him greatly, though he did not think much of the London grass, and altogether held the great metropolis rather cheap.

We were all glad to find ourselves in the country once again. Rather a sad time was in store for poor Smith, but he did not know it then. The house we had taken was very much out of repair, and for the next three months would have to be given over to work-people. Our furniture had gone across to it, and our cook and groom (a married couple who had been some years in our service) were to live there, and look after the things and the garden until the house could be ready for us, and Smith was to remain with them whilst we went a round of visits all over the country.

For the present we were going into lodgings close at hand, but Smith had to live at the house, to grow used to it, and we spent the whole of each day there, for the fortnight we remained, looking after things indoors and out, interviewing builders and work-people, and getting one or two rooms, which were in good order, habitable.

So Smith was quite content at first, and greatly excited by his new home. The Hampshire house had been small. This new house of his is big and rambling, with queer little wings stuck on at each side,



"LOOKING UP WITH ONE OF HIS QUICK, SHARP BARKS" (*p.* 682).

and with five staircases in all. And how Smith did love to go clattering up and down those same staircases, with his claws rattling loudly on the bare boards! It took him a long time to learn all the ins and outs of the house, and he was very much excited to recognise his own furniture again, and

"NO FEAR FOR SMITH" (*p.* 682).

especially his kennel, a little barrel which had been brought packed with china.

But what really delighted Smith the most was the little river that runs at the bottom of our garden and meadow. That was a perfect joy to him. At first he was always in the water, morning, noon, and night, and as he has a slight tendency to rheumatism, we had to make it a rule that he only went in when we gave him leave by throwing in a stone. As he is very teachable, he quickly learnt this, and instead of going in, would, when alone, content himself by sitting at the extreme edge of the bank, staring longingly at the water, and the moment anyone appeared from the house, he would rush up to them, then back to the water, ears up, tail waving, every muscle quivering with anticipation, begging, as eloquently as dog could beg, to be allowed a plunge. And the moment one so much as stooped for a stone—flop! he was in, without waiting for it to be thrown. His nerve in the water is great, and his determination equal to it. One day some heavy rain-storms had brought a great quantity of water down. The river was full almost up to the top of its banks, and the current running tremendously fast. Smith, not in the least daunted, swam about merrily in the flood, liking best to jump in at the highest point up-stream, and swim down with the swift current to the landing-steps at the lower end. The river was swollen for several days, and once when we came down to swim Smith, a sapling tree was wedged across the stream from bank to bank, and when Smith got near to it, I said mockingly—

"Fetch stick, Smith."

Smith saw the young tree, and his eyes gleamed with joy. He swam up to it fast, and his jaws closed upon it. Of course he could not move it: it was tight-wedged, and double or treble his own weight. But he would not let go—not he, though the force of the stream carried him down, and there he lay on his back in the river, holding on like grim death to this tree, with the water pouring into his open mouth; yet I had to shout my loudest to him to let go before he would, and we were really half afraid that he would be drowned, so resolved was he not to give in.

Smith had a very happy time with the rats in the out-buildings of his new home. The first he caught under rather amusing circumstances. The house is college property, belonging to one of the universities, and one of our objects in going thus early to the neighbourhood was to meet the bursar of the college, and settle what was to be done for us. Of course, Smith was one of the party who made the round of the place, and as we reached the stables in due course, a large rat ran out, and Smith gave instant chase. The two ran under a small granary raised on legs from the ground. We could not see the end of the fray. We heard a squeak from the rat and another from Smith, and he came out with a bloody nose.

"Ah," said the bursar, shaking his head, "the rat bit him, and he let go."

Smith looked up at me as much as to say, "I didn't," and I nodded, and then we went to business again, without any farther thought of the rat. A few minutes later we were joined by a friend of the bursar, who had come to take him home to lunch. The two gentlemen stood just outside the yard talking together, and I saw Smith staring at them intently. I could almost read the thoughts passing in his head.

"He's telling him I let the rat go," thinks Smith, and the next moment he had dived under the granary again, and brought out with him the corpse of his

"SMITH LOOKS AFTER THE BOAT" (*p.* 683).

vanquished foe. He did not bring it to us, who, as he knew, would not have believed that he could play the coward, but, with his head very erect and his tail tightly curled, he trotted deliberately up to the pair, and laid down his treasure at their feet, looking up with one of his quick, sharp barks, as much as to say, "There, you see: I did kill him, after all."

It was sad for poor Smith when we left. It was his custom to sit on a mat at the hall door every morning till we arrived, and he never failed to be at his post watching for us. When we left and came no more on these daily visits, he still for over a week sat on his mat from daylight till dark, watching for us to come, and was very sad when it dawned upon him that for the present we had left him alone. The servants were very devoted to him always, and he was well looked after, and enjoyed games of play with the donkey who was kept to mow the lawns. But the rapture with which he welcomed us back whenever we appeared—as we had to do at intervals to see after things—and the delight with which he saw at last the house made habitable for us to take up our regular abode in, testified to his dulness in our absence, and he was not more glad to get us back than we were to settle down in a comfortable home of our own once more.

The house is a delightful one to live in, with big airy rooms and a large inner hall, with staircase and gallery running round it. This hall is my special domain for my writing, and Smith lies on the mat before the fire day after day with me whilst I work, in summer varying matters by going out to bask in the sun, and paying me regular visits to show that I am not forgotten. At night he sleeps in a box of his own under the stairs, and if we are wakeful we hear him patrolling the house regularly about twice in the course of the night. This is an old habit of his, whether he sleeps indoors or out. He always makes the round of the place once or twice, to assure himself all is going on well.

It was some months before we bought any horses. We had no social claims upon us just at first, and were very busy in the garden, where all the power of the establishment was concentrated. But as we were six miles from either station or town, we could not go on indefinitely without horse-power, and when the winter came we went up to the dealer's and picked up two nice bay horses, and very well they have turned out.

Smith was greatly gratified to run with his four-footed friends again, and swore an eternal friendship from the first. When we began to ride and drive again we found that the muzzle regulation was on in some localities we entered, though not in our own till later, and so it was our habit to take Smith without any muzzle as far as we could, and if we got into a region where the regulation was on, to send him home. It was amusing to watch him on these occasions. He did not know the country, and the winding Essex roads are proverbially puzzling. I should be very sorry to have to indicate accurately the position of our house from any given point: but Smith always knew exactly. He would stand with his head in the air, sniffing gently, and then over or through the hedge he would go, making a bee-line for home as straight across country as he could go. I believe this faculty is not uncommon in dogs, but it is certainly strongly developed in Smith.

Smith's old friend and playmate, the collie, had gone the way of all flesh before we left Hampshire, but soon after settling down here we got a collie puppy only a few weeks old, that we hoped would grow into a nice companion for him. He was a sweet little woolly ball, so small that he could run under Smith. Things are reversed now, and Smith can walk under him, and Monk has grown a very handsome dog, with all the collie's fond foolishness and sentimentality of disposition, engaging in its way, but very different from Smith's more robust fidelity and silent devotion.

Smith was very good to Monk when the collie was in his ungainly stages of development, and *would* pursue him morning, noon, and night, hanging on to his cheeks, boxing his ears, rolling over him or tripping him up, and going on generally in the inane fashion of a young puppy, who does not in the least know what to do either with his limbs or his spirits. He was a fearful nuisance to his sedate companion, but Smith never turned on him, whatever the provocation, and only showed how he hated it all by refusing to come out of doors when the ubiquitous puppy was about. As Monk grew older Smith tried to teach him to be brave and spirited, running up to him, and barking and making a feint of attacking him, not understanding the constitutional collie nervousness (from which *he* never suffered at any time), and wondering why Monk always put down his ears and tail and scuttled away. On the roads, however, he took the greatest care of him, never allowing other dogs to molest him in any way. It is most amusing to see the gleam in Smith's eye as he plants himself between Monk and any bully upon the road. We can never make out what it is that gives Smith such power over other dogs: but that he is always a little king amongst them cannot be denied for a moment.

He never takes the slightest interest in them for one thing. A dog may run out and follow him for quite a long distance, and Smith will not vouchsafe to take the smallest notice of him; whether he growls or invites friendly notice, it makes no difference, his advances are simply ignored. Smith seems absolutely unconscious of their existence. If, however, he is bored beyond a certain point, or if he has a young companion to protect, he has a way of turning a gleaming backward glance upon the aggressor which invariably sends him to the right-about. Why dogs stand in awe of him I cannot tell, for I suppose no dog has had fewer battles in the course of his life. Only once did I see Smith really set upon, and then he came off victor almost at once. It was in Hampshire, and we were riding along an unfamiliar road, and as we passed a house between great gates, two very large greyhounds dashed out and set upon Smith. We were really afraid our dog might suffer, as greyhounds have been known to tear other dogs to pieces if they set upon them running: but no fear for Smith.

The moment he saw a battle was inevitable he set his back against a post by the roadside, and turned upon the pair of huge adversaries, every hair on his small body standing erect, his eyes gleaming, his lips drawn back to show a row of shining teeth ; and the moment he had so turned, before he had even made a spring upon his assailants, they both turned tail in an instant and slunk away, Smith pursuing them to the very gates of their home, and driving them ignominiously before him.

But there was a new joy for Smith the spring following his arrival at his new home, and that was the purchase of a little boat, in which we now row to church and the village, or up-stream to a pretty old water-mill, where, of course, our progress is barred. The boat is a light in-rigged sculling skiff, holding three people only, and the excitement of Smith when he beheld us for the first time upon the water was immense. He first plunged in after us, and thought he should fancy to carry off the sculls. Finding them a trifle large and heavy for him, he stopped making grabs at the blades, and swam ashore, rushing along the bank, and plunging in every few moments to be sure that we were all right. Monk shared the excitement. He was by that time a good big dog, but he had never taken to the water at all, though he was excited to see Smith swim. But the boat was too much for him altogether, especially when Smith left him and ran along the other bank. He felt he *must* come in too, but was horribly afraid, and stood sobbing and screaming on the bank in the most absurd way possible. We encouraged him all we could, and at last he did take the fatal plunge, selecting a spot, as it chanced, where the water was deep, and where he had to swim from the first moment, for he could not get back up the bank again. That puppy's maiden essay at swimming was a sight not to be forgotten. We laughed so much that we were in danger of capsizing ourselves. He held himself in some mysterious way vertically upright in the water, his fore paws churning it like paddle wheels, his head well up, his nose in the air, and as he swam in this extraordinary fashion he emitted the most heartrending howls and cries, as though he thought every moment would be his last : and directly he reached the boat he made violent efforts to get in, and could not understand why we rejected his spasmodic overtures. But although he did seem so excessively unhappy in the water, he began from that day forward to take to it. Smith encouraged him nobly, and would invite him in and keep near at hand, despite the fact that Monk had a way of suddenly throwing his arms about his companion's neck, and sinking Smith for several seconds.

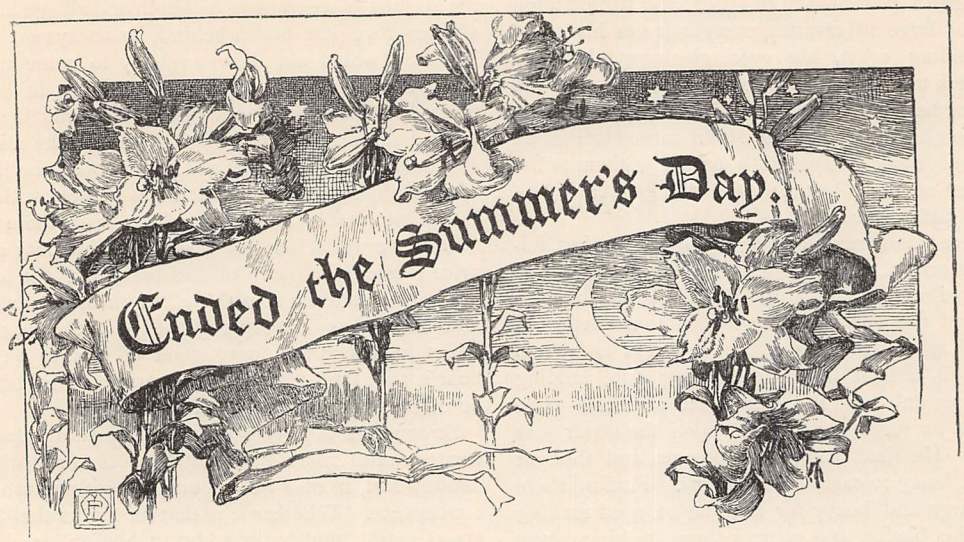
Smith looks after the boat when we leave him with it, just as he looks after cart or carriage if we put up at strange stables. When Sunday came, and we went to church by water, Smith did not immediately understand that it could be Sunday, and came with us. So when we landed, we simply told him to stay behind or go home, whichever he liked, whilst we went to church. When we returned he was sitting in the boat, and we heard later from our neighbours, in whose park the landing-place nearest to church and village lies, that whenever we left Smith behind, he always sat in the boat, and would not allow anybody to come near it. They themselves were rather interested in it, and wanted to see what it was like, and finding it tied up to the bank one day, had approached to take a survey. But before they could get near, up popped the head of Mr. Smith, and their approach was greeted with a low indignant growl ; and although he knew them as our friends, he would not let them touch his boat at any price ; and when one of the party put out an umbrella as if to draw it to shore, Smith bristled all over, and looked as if prepared to fly at the aggressor. What makes it the more good of him to sit in the boat is that the banks simply swarm with rabbits, and he might pass the time in happy hunting.

Strange as it may seem, but the thing that now excites Smith more than anything is to run with the donkey-cart, if ever we go out in that not too rapid conveyance. Whether it is that he thinks the donkey wants urging, and barks to bring him on, or what the fascination may be, is a mystery, but the fact remains that he shrieks and capers the whole time, and generally comes home as hoarse as a crow. Certainly it is a help in getting along to have Smith, for Jack becomes wroth at intervals with his noisy companion, lays back his ears, and goes for him at full gallop. We enjoy this very much, and so does Smith. It is quite exciting whilst it lasts, and helps us over the ground famously. There is also something very stylish in the feeling of being drawn by an angry donkey at a hard gallop. Smith would like to keep Jack to that pace all the time, but unfortunately he does not see things quite in the same light.

Poor dear Smith ! I am afraid it must be admitted that he is growing old. His muzzle has turned white, and he has got into some of the old-dog ways—lying by the fire almost all his time, unless the horses or boat are going out—though lacking no whit of energy and spirit when the call of duty or pleasure comes. We have to think of him sometimes in driving, and pull up at wayside ponds for him to drink, and to give him a breathing space after a hard run. When we ride he shows that he is no longer young by dropping behind when we go hard, knowing perfectly well that we shall walk again before very long, so that he can make up the pace at his leisure. Not that he does not often enjoy a breathless gallop under our very feet, after his manner, but in the main he has got into more deliberate ways, and takes life a shade more easily.

He had an illness not long ago, and we were afraid we might lose him, but he recovered, and seems to have taken out a new lease of life. We hope and trust that this may indeed be so, for Mr. Smith has a large circle of friends who would grieve to miss him, whilst the blank in the house would be greatly felt by all. But we trust that he will live many years yet, and possibly even renew acquaintance with his unknown friends, the readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.



Words by ESTHER KENTISH. *Music by* R. ERNEST BRYSON.

VOICE. PIANO.

Andante tranquillo (♩=69).

p

End - ed the summer's day,

mp *pp* *mp* *pp* *mf* *pp* *p*

mp *cres.* *pp*

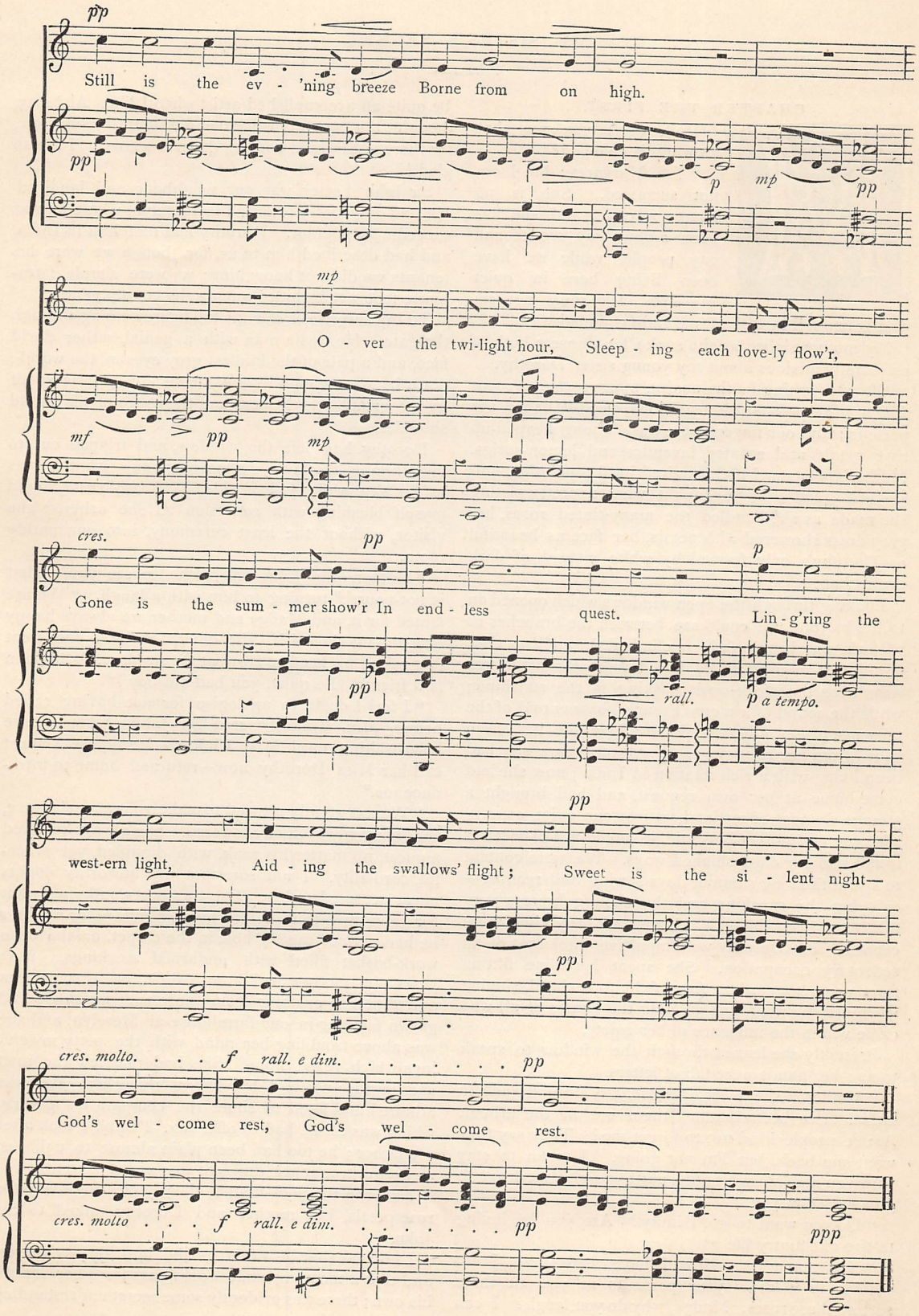
Fad - ed the sun - set ray, Hushed is the bird's sweet lay— Night draw - eth

pp

pp *cres.*

nigh. Si - lent the rust-ling trees, Spark - ling the dew - y leaves,

rall. *pp a tempo.*


pp
Still is the ev - 'ning breeze Borne from on high.
pp
p
mp
pp
mp
O - ver the twi-light hour, Sleep - ing each love-ly flow'r,
mf
pp
mp
cres.
pp
p
Gone is the sum - mer show'r In end - less quest. Lin - g'ring the
pp
rall.
p a tempo.
pp
west-ern light, Aid - ing the swallows' flight; Sweet is the si - lent night—
pp
cres. molto. . . . f rall. e dim. . . . . pp
God's wel - come rest, God's wel - come rest.
cres. molto . . . f rall. e dim. . . . . pp
ppp

MY SISTER'S SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"MOTHER, don't you see that Dorothy is changed?"

"Yes, Margaret; but I am not surprised. She is no longer a child, and she has been among gay scenes and gay people, while we have been living here in quiet Merelyn. We must not expect her to fall in with all our old-fashioned ways."

My mother sighed as she spoke, for we were both of us secretly anxious about my young sister Dorothy.

We were sitting in the quaint, many-cornered room which, in respect for old traditions, we still called the parlour; and our fingers were busy among heaped-up rose petals and scented lavender and lemon-sprigs. Mother's pot-pourri had acquired local reputation, and she was proud of it. I thought what a pretty picture she made as she handled the many-tinted roses, her grey dress showered with petals, her face as beautiful as Dorothy's, only framed by white instead of dark brown hair.

Looking through the open windows which opened on to the balcony, we could see between the branches of wistaria and jasmine which climbed the trellis a vista of a flower-laden garden. Leo, the great mastiff, was lying upon the stone-work basking in the sunshine; while the sound of a merry French *chanson* told of the presence of Dorothy, or "Beauty," as she had been called from her baby days. For three years she had been living with a rich relation in India; now she had come home at her own request, and had brought a strange element of restlessness into our quiet country life. As my mother had said, we could not expect her to fall into our old-fashioned ways. We were content to spend the long summer days sewing and reading—enjoying the sunshine and the cooling breezes very much as Leo did—not wishing for anything more eventful; but Dorothy was impulsive, intolerant of all sedentary occupation. She spent her time flitting from room to garden, from field to orchard, singing wherever she went, and winning the hearts of all who came within the influence of her gaiety.

Presently she leaned through the window to speak to us; her hands were full of letters.

"Mother," she cried, "these are from friends in India. I've been reading them out in the arbour. Aren't people kind not to forget me? They say they want me back, but I'm not going. I mean to stay with you and Madge until—until you give me leave to go away from you."

"Do you want to go, Beauty? Are you beginning to tire of country life?"

"No—not a bit. Now I have read these, I am coming in to draw your portraits as you sit there sorting those roses. Madge, why do you laugh? I can be quite an accomplished artist when I like. Ah! stay, though; the portraits will have to wait until to-morrow, for there is Sir John coming down the lane. I am so glad!"

Sir John Lester was our neighbour and landlord. He had only lately returned to Merelyn, where he was exceedingly popular. Dorothy had met him in India, and had described him to us, for though we were his tenants we did not know him; we were simple farmhouse folk, not included among the county gentry.

To my surprise, I saw his tall figure coming through the gate. He was a man with a genial, rather florid face, and a pair of the kindest grey eyes in the world; not a handsome man by any means, for he was spoilt by his square-cut whiskers and the stoop of his broad shoulders.

Dorothy had left the window, and tripped out to meet him on the lawn. She never knew what it was to be shy, while I, her elder by many years, found myself blushing with confusion as she ushered the visitor, without the least ceremony, into our untidy room.

"Mother, Sir John has come to see you. That is pot-pourri," turning to him with a laugh. "We are famed for it, and Madge and mother are always happy over the making of it. Be quiet, Leo"—as the great dog raised his head to growl at the stranger. "Sir John is a friend. Be quiet, you bad old boy!"

"I feel I ought to apologise for not having called before, Mrs. Clifford," said Sir John; "but I have been waiting until Miss Clifford—I suppose I must call her Miss Dorothy now—returned home to introduce me."

"We are greatly pleased to make your acquaintance, Sir John," my mother answered. She always received a guest, no matter his rank, with dignified, yet graceful, cordiality. I am sure that my unworthy doubts never occurred to her. She was not wondering what Sir John must think of the faded furniture, or whether he had noticed the big hole in the carpet, or the open work-basket filled with undarned stockings. No; years ago mother had known different surroundings and different customs from those with which we had grown familiar in our farmhouse at Merelyn, and she was above troubling her mind with the petty misgivings which vexed mine. She had married the man she loved, and had left the world where she was admired and fêted to share the comparative poverty which was all he had to offer her. I think I took after my father; he too had been plain almost to ugliness, awkward in manner, diffident in society.

I kept in the background, silently clearing away the rose petals, but mother and Dorothy talked to Sir John.

I noticed that he often looked into Beauty's eyes, and that a meaning smile would pass from her lips to his own; there was evidently some secret understanding

between them. I fancied that I had chanced upon the solution to the mystery of my sister's restless ways and alternating moods of elation and depression. Perhaps she and Sir John were more than friends, lovers—they might even be engaged; and she would tell us some day that they had agreed not to own their secret until he had gained her mother's liking.

If so, they need not have waited. Sir John was the county hero, the model landlord, the zealous philanthropist. Rumour had spoken of him long as a man whose character was beyond reproach.

He showed some of his good qualities in his conversation with my mother. He was telling her of his efforts on behalf of the factory workers in the nearest town. She was listening with the smile which I knew expressed approbation, and he in his turn listened attentively to her opinions and advice.

And what was Dorothy doing all the while? Throwing in a word here and there, sometimes a sly joke in the midst of serious discussion, standing just where the sunshine fell upon her upturned face, laughing, patting Leo's head as it rested against her knee, and sometimes meeting Sir John's glance with that meaning look and the slightest possible blush.

"I knew mother would like him," she said to me that evening, when we talked over the visit, "and I am so glad! Isn't he a dear, Madge?"

"You and he seem to be almost more than friends, Beauty," I answered. "What is the meaning of it all?"

"You mustn't ask. Say we are the very best of friends: that is quite true. Some day I will tell you everything, Madge darling, but I don't want mother even to guess that there is a secret yet."

"Not until you think the news will please her?"

"Oh, I hope it will—or what shall we both do?"

I thought there could be no harm in keeping silence, for, as I have said, we all in Merelyn looked upon Sir John as a veritable hero. I could only think how fortunate my merry flighty little sister had been to win the love of such a man.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MY opinions were confirmed during the following six weeks, for Sir John was constantly coming to the farm, or meeting us in the lanes and walking with us. I was amused to notice his discreet behaviour; he would scarcely speak to Beauty beyond a half-whispered—to me wholly incomprehensible—word or two, and devoted all his attention to mother or to myself.

It was very kind of him, I thought, but I had no wish to keep him from talking to Dorothy, and he need not have been at such pains to conciliate the elder members of her family.

The daily routine of our country life was altered, and unconsciously I began to delight in the change as much as I fancied Beauty must be doing. The few days which passed without bringing Sir John to cheer us seemed to have gained for me some of the restless discontent which they had always earned from her.

All at once I realised that I was letting myself live upon the excitements, the novelty, of the present—that I was forgetting the time must come when my gay younger sister would leave us for another home—that Sir John's visits would be discontinued—that I should have to accept him for a brother. Was it possible that I had let myself forget this even for a moment? If so, I must go back to the very beginning of my lesson, and learn it all over again.

On the plea of having work to do, I discontinued our long walks, but one evening Beauty pleaded so hard that I would come with her to gather poppies for the adornment of the house that I yielded to her request.

It was a sweet summer evening, and as we passed along the quiet lanes the balmy scent of myriads of flowers was borne to us, for the air was dormant, as though the power of the mid-day sun had been too much for it.

We reached the field where the poppies were growing among the hay, and I noticed that Dorothy was smiling to herself.

I was not surprised when I saw Sir John coming down the path towards us.

He was not alone; a stranger was with him, a young fellow, fair-haired and bronzed, whom he introduced to me by the name of Mr. Fairlie.

So this was the plan over which naughty Dorothy had been smiling and blushing all day long: the stranger was to be polite to me, so that she might have Sir John all to herself. Well, I was pleased to help in any way I could, so I tried to interest Sir John's friend by asking questions about London and its gaieties, of which I was profoundly ignorant. I was relieved when he said—

"I don't know much about all that is going on in town, Miss Clifford; I've been abroad with my ship."

"You are a sailor, then?" I asked. Certainly he looked it, and I perceived with amusement that he was very shy of me.

"Yes," he answered; "but I'm off duty now, so I've come down to stay with Sir John."

Before we reached home Mr. Fairlie had overcome his diffidence and become confidential.

He told me all about his people, his father the admiral, and his younger brothers; he gave me an account of his own career, apologising in nearly every other sentence for speaking so much about himself. "But Lester has promised to bring me to see you," he explained, "and I want to feel that we are friends, if you will have me for one, Miss Clifford."

He pressed my hand at parting and reiterated his hope that I "would let him come." Of course I gave the required permission, and then Sir John and Dorothy joined us, laughing over some joke of their own. They looked very happy, I thought; and when Beauty had bade good-bye to Mr. Fairlie, she turned again to Sir John to whisper some last parting word.

I did not ask her whether she had enjoyed her walk, nor did she question me, beyond asking in a demure voice—

"Mr Fairlie seems nice; don't you think so, Madge dear?"

"He appears to be a very good-natured boy, and has

a sailor's free-and-easy manner," I assented; "but I wonder that you can form any opinion of him, Dorothy; you scarcely spoke a word to him all the evening."

Beauty laughed suddenly, and ran into the house with her basket full of poppies.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

SIR JOHN did bring Mr. Fairlie again and again; the two gentlemen would come in the afternoon in time for our old-fashioned farmhouse tea. A regular meal it was, and there were always flowers of Beauty's gathering upon the table.

One day my mother came to me with a note in her hand. It was from Sir John, containing invitations for his annual dinner to his Merelyn friends. We had never been asked before, and I was inclined to advocate refusing, for I knew that new dresses would be necessary; but mother overruled my objections.

"I think we ought to accept, for Beauty's sake," she said; and that decided the matter.

Then we had a quiet half-hour's talk together, mother and I, and she told me one thing which surprised me greatly: that in her opinion Mr. Fairlie was very anxious to win my regard.

I had never had a lover in my life—I, who was plain almost to ugliness—and I was so confused by the suggestion that I could not find a word to say, but fell to stroking Leo's ears as he nestled against me.

Then mother told me more in her soft low voice: how she had guessed that Sir John came to the farm for the sake of Dorothy, how she was pleased to believe it was so.

"I think that you have been changing during these last two months almost as much as Beauty changed while she was away from us, Margaret," she said. "Has my sensible girl been losing her heart too?"

I did not know how to answer. I think I must have pulled Leo's ears so hard as to hurt him, but the dear old dog only looked up in my face, with eyes which seemed to sympathise with my trouble.

Then my mother asked another question.

"Do you care for Jack Fairlie?"

"No, no!" I cried. "I must let him know that I do not, if what you think is true. No—I shall never want to leave you; I shall stay to take care of you when Dorothy has gone."

Mother was very kind to me after that, but she asked no more questions.

Beauty's delight at the prospect of the dinner at Merelyn Hall was pretty to see. She, who had so disliked work, now sat stitching away at laces and ribbons with smiling perseverance. We did not talk to each other much in those days, but she told me that she did not mean to keep her secret much longer. "Mother knows him well enough now to be glad when she hears it."

Sir John was specially kind to us on the eventful evening; he had many guests to whom he was bound to show deference, but he behaved as cordially to mother as to anyone. I liked to see him leading her through the great rooms, and he managed to obtain a private conversation with Beauty, who came away from the conference blushing.

I determined that I would take the first opportunity of showing Mr. Fairlie that I could only care for him as a friend, and he soon gave me the chance I needed. I saw him coming out of the conservatory with some beautiful flowers; he paused to speak to Dorothy, then came across the room to me.

"Do have these flowers, Miss Clifford," he began in his outspoken way. "I've been getting them for you; and let me take you to see the picture-gallery."

I took the flowers with a cold word of thanks, and laid them aside on a table, answering—

"I would rather stay here, thank you, Mr. Fairlie."

He looked disappointed, but tried again.

"Won't you come in the garden, then? There is such a beautiful moon."

"I shall rejoin mother," I replied. "Do not let me detain you;" and moved away, leaving his carefully chosen flowers where I had laid them.

I felt sorry for him as I saw his boyish look of amazement. He had frank blue eyes, had Jack Fairlie, which always expressed his feelings.

Then followed the strangest event of that evening: indeed, of my whole life. I do not know how to tell it.

Sir John came and asked me the same question: "Will you let me take you into the garden, Miss Clifford?"

I laid my hand on his arm, and he led me over the smooth lawns where the long shadows lay, and along by the autumn roses and the many-coloured dahlias.

What did he say to me? Ah! the words themselves were too sweet for repetition, though I have not forgotten one of them. He told me that while he had been helping Jack and Dorothy to keep their secret he had fallen in love himself—and with me. With me: plain, almost ugly, Margaret Clifford!

And while I had been helping my little sister I, too, had lost my heart. Though I had denied it to myself over and over again, the truth remained, and was told out in the moonlight garden: I too had learned to love.

As we went back into the gay rooms together—John whispering such foolish compliments in my ear that I half believed myself to be not so plain, after all—we met Beauty, who was coming out to seek me. She was evidently in distress, and forgot to preserve her mystery.

"Oh, Madge!" she cried, "why were you so cross to Jack? He is quite unhappy about it."

"I was growing tired of secrets, dear," I answered. "So you and Jack got engaged out in India, and you made him agree to this long deception? What will mother say to you? And how can I forgive you for having persuaded John to keep your secret?"

"Madge! You called him *John!*"

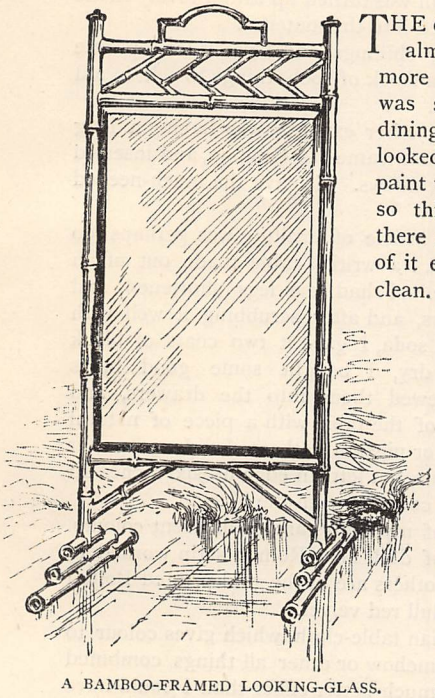
"Yes, Beauty," I whispered.

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed my flighty younger sister: "*your* John, and *my* Jack! And we are all going to be happy now, without even a secret to trouble us."

MARY HAMPDEN.

THE BRIGHTENING OF THREE DREARY BACK ROOMS.

SECOND PAPER.



A BAMBOO-FRAMED LOOKING-GLASS.

THE drawing-room was almost, if possible, a more difficult task. It was smaller than the dining-room, but it looked so dark, and the paint was so worn and so thick in dirt, that there seemed no hope of it ever even looking clean. It was easy enough to call in scrubbers and whitewashers; the hard part began after they had departed.

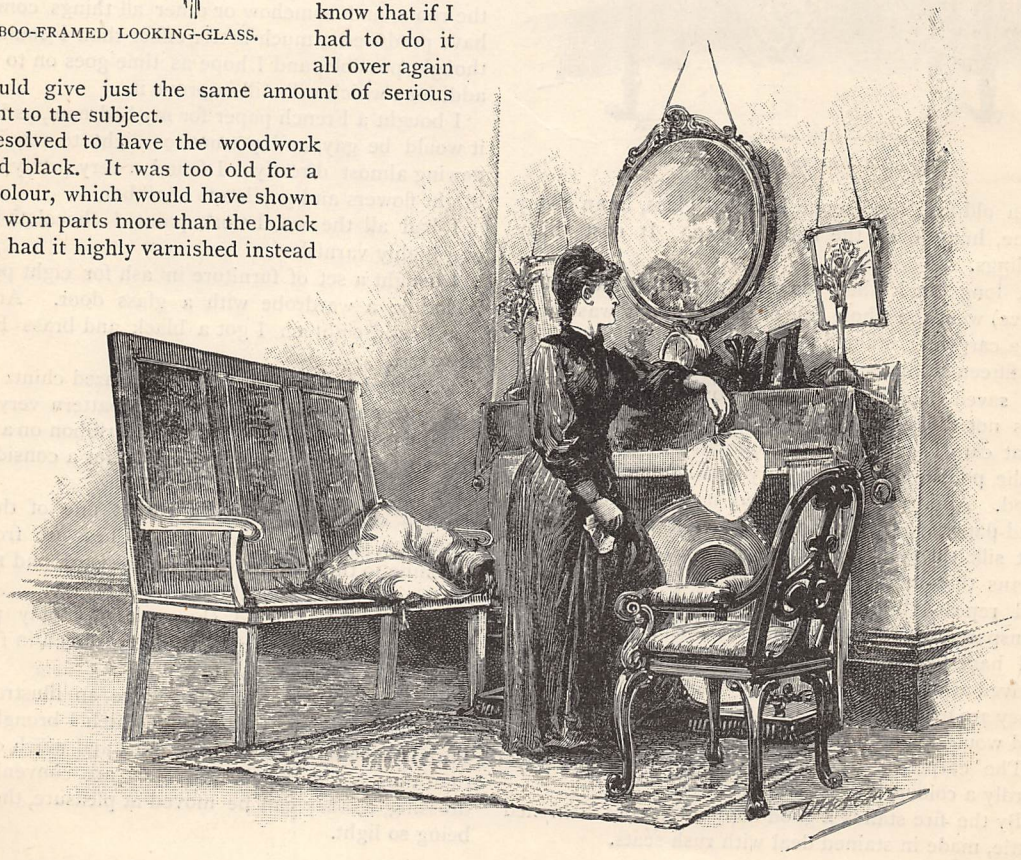
Now, when everything is done, and is so fairly successful, I wonder at the anxiety it cost me, though I know that if I had to do it all over again I should give just the same amount of serious thought to the subject.

I resolved to have the woodwork painted black. It was too old for a light colour, which would have shown up the worn parts more than the black did. I had it highly varnished instead of flatted, because I knew that the polish would give brightness to the walls.

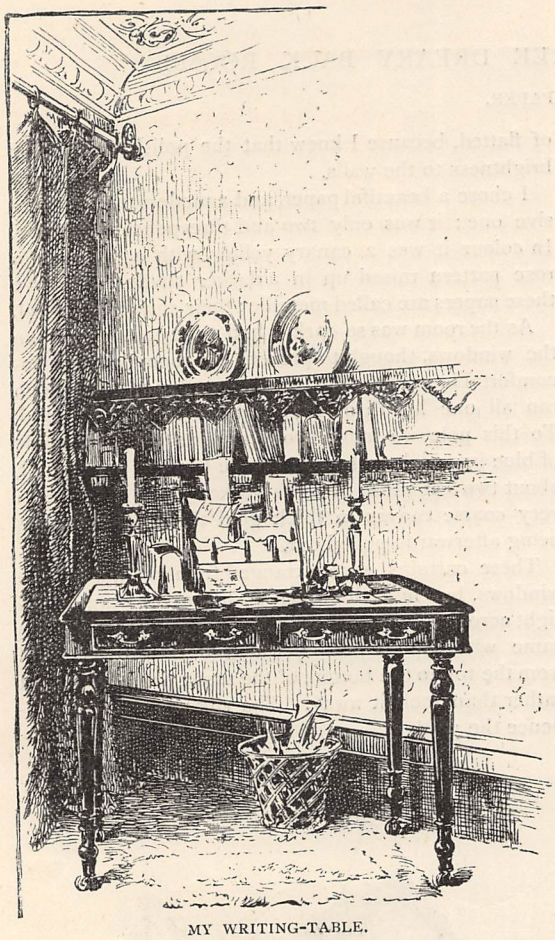
I chose a beautiful paper, and a moderately inexpensive one: it was only two and threepence the piece. In colour it was a canary yellow, with a well-drawn rose pattern raised up in a darker shade: I believe these papers are called metallic; their surface is ribbed.

As the room was so dark, I had no curtains to darken the windows, though to prevent the room looking uncomfortable at night I put up a long brass pole, which ran all one length of the room, at the window end. To this pole we hung two very wide curtains, made of blue imperial plush, with a wide band of cross-stitch about two feet wide: this was worked along the edge on very coarse canvas in thick gold thread, the canvas being afterwards pulled out.

These curtains were arranged to hang not at the windows, but in each corner, and at night were drawn right across that end of the room. Over the windows came white silk curtains, which were only fastened from the top to the bottom of the sash: these gave light rather than took it away. The silk cost one and sixpence the yard.



MY DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.



MY WRITING-TABLE.

An old-fashioned round bevelled glass, in an ebony frame, hung over the mantel-piece. It cost thirty shillings.

A long black shelf (as shown in the illustration above) went the whole side of the room ; it was made by a carpenter, stained and French-polished, and cost me fifteen shillings.

I saved pounds by learning how to French-polish ; it is not difficult when you know how to do it ; but great care is wanted in the operation. Buy a bottle of the polish, and pour a very small quantity on the wood. After you have worked it very smooth with sand-paper, you rub round and round with a piece of soft silk till you feel the surface getting sticky ; that means that more polish is required ; you put it on, and repeat the rubbing. This continues till the transparent effect of polishing is gained.

I have two beautiful inlaid arm-chairs : they are a revived art, and are made in the village of Beaconsfield. They are exquisite in design and of good workmanship, and would make beautiful presents.

The carpet is a dull faded blue-green, which is hardly a colour, it is so indistinct.

By the fire stands a good copy of the old-fashioned settle, made in stained deal with rush seats.

The couch is covered with a real Indian covering of a most lovely shade of dull red, embroidered all over in groups of white and pale yellow flowers. It was made with a frill, which covered the legs of the couch. The edge of this frill was turned up with a lovely shade of green silk worked into the material.

It cost only forty shillings, and I got it from people who have always a stock of such things to sell in aid of Indian missions.

Almost my only other expense was having a long panel of looking-glass framed in bamboo, and inserted between the two windows. It gave the much-needed light to the room.

My most useful article of furniture was perhaps too simple to mention : a writing-table made out of an old dressing-table. I had the legs shortened, and screwed in castors, and after scrubbing it well with boiling water and soda, I gave it two coats of black enamel. When dry, I bought some good brass handles and screwed them into the drawers, and covered the top of the table with a piece of natural coloured leather, or pigskin rather. I did not put it quite over the table, but left an edge of six inches all round, which was coloured with the black.

The cushions of my chairs are of different colours. Some are made of dark blue Roman satin worked in gold cross-stitch, others are of the gold printed Bolton sheeting, and of dull red velvet.

I have one Indian table-cloth, which gives colour to the room, and somehow or other all things combined have produced a much better effect than I could have thought possible, and I hope as time goes on to make additions which will still improve it.

I bought a French paper for my bedroom, as I knew it would be gay, and yet not too light to require renewing almost directly. I found a very pretty one of bright flowers and gay knots of ribbon.

I had all the wood-work painted chocolate-brown and highly varnished.

I bought a set of furniture in ash for eight pounds, including a wardrobe with a glass door. And for one pound eighteen I got a black and brass French bedstead.

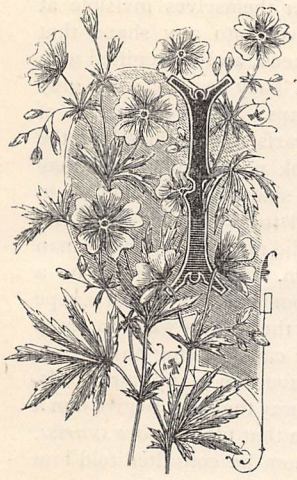
I covered two arm-chairs with a glazed chintz at one and ninepence the yard. It had a pattern very much like the paper of roses tied with blue ribbon on a cream ground. Being glazed, it kept clean for a considerable time.

I put down instead of a carpet one of the new linoleums, in plain terra-cotta. These are from two and nine to three and six the square yard, and make a soft clean covering for the floor.

The room had good shutters, so I only put up Venetian blinds, and used a folding screen in front of the windows at night.

At the head of this chapter I give an illustration of a bamboo-framed looking-glass which I brought from Paris, where they are very common, and much cheaper than they are in England. They are convenient for dressing, as they can be moved at pleasure, the frame being so light.

A CHAT ABOUT FAIRIES.



IT is a task of no little difficulty in these prosaic and hurrying days to realise the prominent position once held by Fairies and Fairy-land in the popular creed. One of the results of our higher educational achievements is that many of the old-established beliefs and fancies are disappearing, one by one, and soon their place will know them no more.

Not that we are complaining of this; indeed, there is every reason to be most thankful for the progress we have made and are still making; and for the opportunities of intellectual improvement of which our good, simple-minded forefathers knew nothing. We are writing of days when people were far less highly educated than they are at present, and when they were in consequence more credulous and prone, especially in sparsely populated districts, to superstitious beliefs, and to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

Then, in the common superstition, the visible bordered closely on the invisible, and there was but a narrow fence which divided this matter-of-fact, work-a-day world from that mystic and dim realm, shrouded from the observance of all but a favoured few—a realm which even yet has not lost its hold on the popular imagination, a realm whose denizens were of a different race, cast in a different mould, endued with additional powers, and animated with different objects and desires.

Even in comparatively recent times Fairies and Fairy-land were to a great extent real objects in the rustic horizon, but in the days of which we are speaking, we find grave old chroniclers narrating in sober fashion their doings—in terms of censure when their pranks were mischievous, as they often were, and speaking gently of them when they were obliging and kind; for not all were as evil-disposed as that house-spirit which haunted—so the local gossips said—a farm-house in Yorkshire, and who caused endless trouble to the inmates, especially to the children, against whom he seemed to have had a most unusual grudge. Sometimes, we are told, he would snatch away their bread and butter, or upset their milk, and at others he would violently shake the hangings of their beds. He became at last such an intolerable nuisance that the farmer and his wife were obliged to leave the house in which they had long dwelt and to take another and less convenient abode, in order to be rid of his presence. Vain hope! Hardly had the farmer got settled in his new house, when the house-spirit turned up again, whereupon the worthy man philosophically remarked to his wife that they might a. well go back to the old house as be tormented in one that was not so convenient. This story is given at length by Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," being abridged from a letter in the *Literary Gazette* of 1825.

Nor were poets backward in laying their rhythmic tributes at their feet, if the expression may be allowed. Witness our own countryman, Milton, who writes :—

> "Good luck betide thee, son, for at thy birth,
> The Faery Ladies danced upon the hearth.
> Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
> Come tripping to the room where thou dids't lie,
> And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
> Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head."

Witness also Spenser in his "Faerie Queen," when relating the dream of Sir Thopas,

> "Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
> From loftie steed, and downe to sleep me layd;
> The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
> The pillow was my helmet fayre displayed;
> Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
> Me seemed by my side a royall mayd
> Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay,
> So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day."

Before passing on to say something about the subject of this paper, it may be well to prefix a few remarks as to the origin of the word "Fairy." Derivations have been sought in a Greek source from the word *pher*, the Ionic form of the classical *ther*, a wild beast; a word, by the way, which survives in a restricted sense in the English word *deer*. By others the origin of the word has been sought in the last syllable of the word Italie. The Persian *peri* has been suggested as its original: the Hebrew *pëer*, to adorn, and the Saxon *faran*, to go, have all been given as derivations. To say nothing of their being far-fetched, these derivations are all open to more serious objections. The true derivation of the word is to be found in the Latin *fatum*, fate. In mediæval Latin we find a verb derived from this noun, *fatare*, to enchant. Thence the transition is easy to the French *feer*, the Spanish *hada*, and the English *fairy*.

Here a very interesting digression might be made with the object of showing the various meanings through which the word "fairy" has passed. First, enchantment, pure and simple; then, the land of those who practised enchantment; then, in a collective sense, the people who dwelt in the enchantment-land; and finally, an individual dweller in that abode. But space will not allow us to touch on this part of an interesting theme, and so we pass on to the fairies themselves; and first of

Elves. The home of the elves was originally in Scandinavia, where they were known by the name of "Alfar." In England, as elsewhere, they were divided into two classes: the "country" elves who lived in the woods, and made their homes in the mountain sides and in caverns, and frolicked by moonlight in the fields; and the "domestic" elves, more usually called hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows. Their social and domestic arrangements seem to have been modelled very much on the pattern which obtains

amongst ourselves. They were ruled over by a king and a queen, and they feasted and played very much as we do. They are reported to have been a musical race, and the learned in such matters would aver that their music was equal to that of the best musicians. They were remarkably good dancers, and the simple peasant who crossed the fields on his way to his work, and who saw a ring of grass darker than that of the surrounding herbage, would say that the elves had been dancing there. The elves were usually invisible, but it was said that children who were born on Sundays had the power of seeing them, and that they themselves could confer this power on all whom they chose.

In marked contrast to these musical and dance-loving elves were the "house-spirits." They were as much distinguished by mischievous characteristics as their cousins who dwelt above ground were by amiable traits. They delighted in playing pranks, it is true, but more often from pure fun than with any malicious motive. In the reign of good Queen Bess there appeared a little book entitled "The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow," and from this, as quoted by Keightley in his "Fairy Mythology," we extract the following specimens of their humour :— A company of young fellows who had been making merry with their sweethearts were coming home over a heath. Robin met them, and to make himself merry took the form of a walking fire and led them up and down till daylight, and then went off saying—

"Get you home, you merry lads :
Tell your mammies and your dads,
And all those that news desire,
How you saw a walking fire.
Wenches that do smile and lispe,
Use to call me Willie Wispe,
If that you but weary be;
It is sport alone for me.
Away ! unto your houses go,
And I'll go laughing, *Ho, ho, ho.*"

But they were not always mischievously inclined, but willing to help in domestic and farm labour, and do all sorts of menial work ; they expected, however, payment in the shape of a bowl of cream and curds, and were usually very angry if these were not put ready for them when their work was finished. We next proceed to consider the

Dwarfs. These, like the elves, originally came from Scandinavia, where they were known as Trolls. In spite of the original signification of the word they were not usually considered to be a noxious race. They formed their dwellings in the inside of mounds and hillocks ; sometimes a tribe together, and sometimes in parties of two or three. They do not seem to have mixed much with our species, but they had great riches and magnificent dwellings. It is related that on one occasion they were seen pushing large chests of money to and fro, and evidently taking great pleasure in opening and shutting them. They appear to have been friendly and willing to help, but they were terrible thieves. One curious point about them is the dislike they had to noise. Perhaps it was a recollection of the time when Thor used to throw his hammer after them, but so distasteful was noise to them, that the sound of the church bells was sufficient to drive them out of the country. They could render themselves invisible at will, and also turn themselves into any shape that suited their fancy or their need, and were gifted with enormous bodily strength. They usually wore grey clothing and pointed red caps. As an illustration of the evil propensity of the dwarfs above alluded to, the following story from the book previously quoted may serve : "Tis not so very long since there were dwarfs in June at Göttingen, who used to go into the fields and steal sheaves of corn. They did much injury to one man who had a great deal of corn. At length he hit on a plan to catch them. At noon one day he put a rope round the field, and when the dwarfs went to creep under it, it knocked off their caps. Being now visible they were caught. They gave him many fair words, promising, if he would take away the rope, to give him a peck of money if he came to that place *before sunrise.* He agreed, but a friend whom he consulted told him not to go at sunrise but a little before twelve at night, as it was at that hour that the day really began. He did as directed, and there found the dwarfs, who did not expect him, with the peck of money." They proved so troublesome in some parts of Germany that they were once and for all expelled.

A few concluding words must be devoted to the

Pixies. The principal home of these little creatures, as mischievous as they were small, seems to have been in Devonshire, though we hear of them in other parts. The tradition concerning them is that they were the souls of infants who had died before baptism. Handsome in form, they were clothed in green. Their chief amusement was dancing to the sombre croak of the frog, or the more lively music of the cricket. They usually dwelt in a rock. They were addicted to stealing children, and to leading travellers astray. They had no objection to vary their proceedings by blowing out the candle and to making a confusion in a house, or kissing any girls, or making noises in the walls to frighten people ; in a word, whatever mischief was done was to be laid to the account of these erratic little folk.

That they were capable of vengeance and gratitude alike is evident from the two following stories with which we must conclude this paper. In a certain town in the south of England two serving girls in a farm said that the pixies were very kind to them, and used to drop a piece of silver into the bucket of water the girls were wont to place ready for their use. It so happened once that this bucket was forgotten, and when the pixies came to complain of the neglect, the girl who had retired to rest said that she would not turn out again "for all the pixies in Devonshire." The other maid said she would go, and did so ; and on her return she overheard the pixies discussing what vengeance they should take on her companion. Eventually they decided that she was to be made lame for seven years and then to be cured by a herb growing on Dartmoor, the name of which the listener tried by every means to fix in her memory, but without avail. Sure enough the lazy girl woke up in the morning quite lame, and remained so for seven years,

when one day, as she was picking a mushroom, she was astonished to see a strange-looking boy appear suddenly, who insisted on striking her on the leg with a plant he held in his hand. He did so, and she was cured.

Here is a pretty story of pixy gratitude. A certain old woman had in her garden a fine bed of tulips. This bed was oft frequented by the little folk, and they might be heard at midnight lulling their babes to rest among them, and as long as the old woman lived the bed remained undisturbed. But at length the old lady died, and the tulips were taken up, and a bed of parsley made in its place. The pixies, however, showed their power, and would not let the parsley grow, and it all withered and died. On the other hand, they diligently tended the grave of the old woman, around which they might often be heard singing dirges and lamentations. They would not allow a single weed to grow on it, but kept it always green, and beautiful with wild flowers.

H. ORMONDE.

SMUGGLER JOCK: A NORTH-COUNTRY STORY.

"'PUT ALL THESE THINGS BACK JUST AS YOU FOUND THEM'" (*p.* 695).

"THE bonnie north countrie." It makes my old blood circulate more freely merely to write these words. As old soldiers love to fight their battles o'er again, so we, of the hills and dales, live, methinks, more in the past than we do in the dreary work-a-day present of this swirling world. The very thought of the wild northern moors and glens awakens pleasant memories. To see them but once would be to love them for life. To have been born amidst their beauties! what more could man desire than this? Every acre of their picturesque desolation is rich in stories of the past; and every

ruinous peel-house recalls the border foray, and the fierce moss-trooper of other days. Through the ravines cattle-lifters have journeyed far and wide in pursuit of their nefarious trade; while, high up the rocky hill-sides, silkies, goblins, broken men, outlaws, and smugglers have disputed for supremacy.

The glens which stretch between the North and the South Tyne, lying, as they did, outside the direct track of civilisation, were, fifty years ago and upwards, much affected by defrauders of the revenue, and others, who had but scant respect for national laws and customs. In one of the most secluded of these stood a small house, which bore a somewhat dubious reputation. Few even of the hardy residents in the district cared to approach it after nightfall; the characters of its inmates were too well known. The very appearance of the house was against it. It was, apparently, entirely cut off from the outside world. No amount of search availed to discover any direct entrance to its interior. The massive dingy walls were wholly innocent of doorways; but, abutting upon one corner of the building, there stood a dilapidated cow-house. It was through this forbidding entrance that the house must be reached, if it were reached at all. Here, after probably falling over a spitefully-disposed long-horned cow, the explorer would be sharply brought up by a midden of broken crockery, bottles, and sharp fragments of tin and iron, the accumulation of many years. Only after a safe and fortunate steerage between this Scylla and Charybdis of bovine malice and cottar rubbish, could the den of the occupant of the house be reached.

This was a single large room, in which all the Lares and Penates were exposed to view at a glance. The floor was composed of clay, the tenacious clay of the fens; not smooth and attractive, if homely, but rough-cast and angular as a newly macadamised road. The apartment boasted only of a single window, set high in the wall. This was often stopped with a tailless coat, a wisp of hay, and sacks half-filled with rubbish. Above stretched a number of roughly hewn beams, or rafters, bristling with sticks, faggots, and brushwood, upon which were stored the winter's supply of peats and turfs, with, perhaps, something more. The only means of access to this apartment, if such it might be called, was by a ladder, or stee.

In the bustling times of the Napoleonic wars, this gruesome castle of desolation was the home of a noted smuggler, named Jock Stockoe, who was welcomed, or feared and hated, according to the characters and callings of those who happened to have dealings with him. Jock was well fitted for his risky life; for he was a man of herculean proportions, and was possessed of immense strength, and a resolution of iron. He conducted a large and widely extended trade in brandy, hollands, laces, tea, and a thousand and one excisable commodities upon which he should have paid duty, but did not do so. As imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Jock had many flatterers; but he had no real rivals. His emissaries, with their hardy, heavily laden shelties, penetrated to the remotest boundaries of Northumbria; and even to Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Scotland itself. There was not a laird's dwelling, or even a lonely country farmhouse, where Jock was not known, and into which his "run goods" were not freely admitted. The morality of the time and county was such that the smuggler was rather regarded as a benefactor than as a criminal. At the same time, his reputation for daring hardihood was so great that the most resolute gauger, thirsting for promotion, feared to explore the recesses of Jock's humble home.

It so happened that the principal exciseman for the district died; and, shortly afterwards, a stranger was appointed to the post. This caused some disappointment among the members of the staff, who had looked for promotion all round; but the ways of Governments are inscrutable. The new-comer was not long before he heard of Jock Stockoe, and he resolved to bring that worthy to book. Like a wise man, he awaited his opportunity, well knowing that many a bird has been lost by a premature springing of the trap. He had not long to wait.

Tidings reached him, in some inexplicable manner, that a valuable cargo of spirits had been run, and was hidden away upon Stockoe's premises. Without a moment's unnecessary delay, the supervisor applied to the nearest resident magistrate for a search warrant.

"Let sleeping dogs lie, mon," said that worthy, when he was fully apprised of his visitor's errand. "What has the honest fellow done to you that you should want to harry him thus?"

"Duty demands it," replied the gauger pompously. "His most gracious Majesty has been robbed too long, and too barefacedly, under the very noses of his faithful subjects. It is time that these faithless loons learned that the law is stronger than they."

"But who do you think, mon, will have the impudence to serve this?" queried the worthy official, who even then had some of Jock's brandy in his cellars, while his lady openly partook of the smuggler's tea.

"That will I, your worship," answered the exciseman.

"Be it so. I suppose you know that Jock has sworn to brain the first revenue officer who dares to set foot within his doors?"

"I'll even take my chance of it. Search his house this very day, I will."

"Well, my good friend," sighed the magistrate, "if you will not be advised, you must even gan' your own gate. A wilful mon will ha'e his way; but, for your own sake, I wish you would think better of it."

The officer, however, was not to be moved by either fears or favours; so the necessary search warrant was duly made out, and he started, alone, upon what was, to say the least, a dangerous errand. Although alone, however, he had taken the precaution to be well armed, and being really a brave man, felt no fear as to the consequence of his proceedings.

On arriving at his destination he found Stockoe sitting over a peat-fire, alone, except for the presence of a young girl. Thrusting his legal document before the eyes of Stockoe, who, being unable to read, knew just

as little as he cared what it was, he announced his business.

The smuggler, sitting with his head resting upon his hands, neither looked up nor spoke. It was as if he had not heard.

Without a word, or interruption, from the smuggler, the exciseman commenced his search, going through his self-imposed task thoroughly, like one accustomed to the tricks and wiles of the smuggling crew. He ransacked the room, hunted through the closet, delved into the oatmeal-chest, pried into the cow-house, and found—nothing.

Encouraged by Stockoe's apathy or terror, the man of law next inquired "What is up there?" pointing, as he spoke, to the loft.

Stockoe jerked his head in the direction of the ladder.

The exciseman climbed this, feeling elated at his success in bullying the redoubted smuggler.

"It only requires a little common sense, with true courage," he said to himself, "and these wild fire-eaters will become as meek as mice. Who would have supposed that this huge, lumbering fellow was a coward, with no more pluck than a school-girl?"

Communing after this manner with himself, he continued to prosecute his search. Very soon a perfect shower of turfs and peat, with avalanches of straw and hay, descended into the lower apartment.

A careful investigation failed to bring to light any of the articles of contraband for which he sought. Somewhat disconcerted and chagrined at the non-success which had attended his labours, he descended and prepared to depart.

"Lassie," now said Jock Stockoe, "bring me Brown Janet."

The girl disappeared, only to return immediately with a large oaken sapling—a young tree which had been twisted up by the roots, and formed a weapon fit for a Samson.

"Now, you rascal!" he thundered to the astonished disturber of his peace and quiet, "if you will even turn an honest man's house upside down, you must leave it as you found it."

"What do you mean by this outrage?" stammered the exciseman, as soon as he could regain his breath.

"I mean that you will put back all this mess into yon' loft; or I will break every bone in your accursed body, you scoundrelly land-rat!"

The exciseman wanted not courage. He drew a pistol, but a sudden blow with the cudgel knocked it up, and, as it exploded, the bullet lodged harmlessly in one of the rafters. The next moment the cudgel was thrust full into his face, and Stockoe, with eyes ablaze with terrible anger, glared down upon him.

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife and children," gasped the terrified man, who expected nothing less than instant death.

"Get about your work," growled the smuggler, expediting the other's movements with a kick. "Put all these things back just as you found them. Quick, now!"

With a heavy heart, the supervisor set about the task. It was a novelty to him, and a painful one. Like many modern critics, he had hitherto found the work of destruction more congenial than that of construction. It had been one thing for him to tumble Jock's winter stores about the ears of their owner—it was quite another for him to be compelled to replace them. Yet it must be done—there was no escape. The eyes of the smuggler were upon him. So he worked on, groaning wearily the while. Whenever he hesitated, a shake of the club sufficed to quicken his ungainly movements. For four mortal hours he toiled on, until every square of turf and peat had been replaced and the last bundle of fodder had been put back again.

As the final signs of litter were cleared away, Jock said—

"Now, mon, be seated wi' ye."

Exhausted with his endeavours, and almost more dead than alive, the disgraced supervisor complied.

"Run, girl, and fetch us the other Brown Janet."

This time the little maid brought a grey hen—*i.e.*, a huge bottle of brandy. Filling two cups with the liquor, Jock tossed one off and then handed the other to his visitor, who drank with evident relish.

"It is good," said Jock, "very good of the kind, and never paid duty either. Now, just listen to me—I have a word to say—then go, and see that you never come here again. You are the first man who could say that he ever searched my house. I let you do so, and I forgive you, because you are nobbut a stranger in these parts; but if you ever think of playing this game again, take my advice, and get measured for your coffin before you leave home."

Nothing loth, the revenue officer quitted the dwelling of his dangerous entertainer, who was ever afterwards left to follow his Free Trade pursuits unmolested by the resident agents of the Government.

The story might have ended here, but it is universally and everlastingly true that the way of transgressors is hard. The evil-doer weaves the web of his own punishment.

Jock Stockoe, after having for many years maintained the sanctity of his well-worn habitation inviolate, paid the penalty of his rashness and his crimes. He was shot dead upon the Northumbrian shore in a bloody fight with the representatives of the law which he had so long and so successfully outraged and defied.

C. N. BARHAM.

WHAT TO WEAR IN OCTOBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THERE are few months more thoroughly enjoyable in England than October. We frequently have a second summer, and, as a rule, we see all kinds of dress worn. Children enjoy the outdoor life, and, if they have only something warm to put on so soon as they feel chilly, they can wear light woollen frocks throughout the month. Stripes are not much in favour, but they are used in so many ways on the same garment that it is often difficult to believe only one class of pattern has been employed. The figure in our vignette illustrates this point, and, moreover, is so admirable an example of what the frock of a child from six to about nine years of age should be, I am tempted to describe it minutely. The short skirt is cut on the cross, and is quite flat in front, fitting the waist with as much precision as a bodice. But the join at the back being also on the cross, great care is needed that the hem be folded in such a manner that the length is straight and even. The shirt, by way of contrast, is on the straight; it is made with a running string which ties at the waist, allowing the surplus length to fall comfortably without any belt. There is a vest of plain colour, in a V form, which apparently buttons on both sides, but actually only on one side. A row of embroidery in self colour embellishes the collar-band, and immediately below it there are square revers of the same material, ending on the shoulders. The sleeves are full to the elbow, and then have a gauntlet piece to the wrist. The hat has a low flat crown, the brim well shades the face, and there are stiff wings holding it up at the back. The hat is black, the feathers white. It is no longer thought necessary for the hat or bonnet to match the rest of the costume either for grown-up people or children; they must accord and be in unison, that is all. The colouring of this particular little frock may be either white and blue, white and brown, or white and heliotrope, or navy blue and red, fawn and brown, or black and brown, which last, by-the-by, is to be the favourite combination for the winter and autumn.

Yellow has come much to the fore, and no wonder, seeing how generally becoming it is to the wearer. We are mixing it in vivid contrasts, with brown, blue, and even green, and in the light shades with heliotrope and blue. The cloth gown in the accompanying picture is made of very fine faced cloth, of a deep dark blue, printed with sprays of yellow flowers and foliage. The style of making is simple and exactly indicates what the modes will be for some time, so that those women who are already beginning to think what they shall do for winter gowns may safely copy it. The skirt just rests on the ground, and opens on one side only from the hem to within twelve inches of the waist. The opening is filled in with a fan shaped kilt pleating of yellow cloth, matching the colour of the flowers. These printed cloths are quite a new departure. The

"GUESS!"

bodice ends at the waist; beneath the arms, the join is hidden by a pointed velvet band; at the back it is cut all in one with the skirt. On the left side, however, there is a piping inserted, which gives the impression of a basque, but it is entirely simulated. Note, again, however, the bodice. The front is a full yellow vest, with frill from neck to waist, which is universally worn on shirts and vests of all kinds. There is an upright frill also at the throat. The blue bodice opening over it is made with velvet revers. The sleeves are high and full, cut up outside the arm at the wrist for the insertion of yellow pleats, the fulness being kept in place by a velvet strap and button. The straw hat is large in the brim, but goffered at the back, with just a bouquet in the front; and one beneath the upturned brim behind.

The other gown in our picture is a more dressy one. It is cut in the new style called "umbrella," and has only one seam at the back. Note the arrangement of the hem flounce, it is the key-note for all flounces now; a graceful mode, borrowed from French upholstery. The round puffs at intervals rest on a row of lace insertion, interthreaded with ribbon. There is no drapery in the skirt, and neither this nor the blue dress I have just described needs a foundation. We are coming back to the old skirts which were cut in the same fashion thirty years ago. There are no seams at the back, but the fulness which cannot by any possible deftness in cutting be dispensed with, is caught together at the waist, and two straight untrimmed tabs fall in the centre, and are met on either side by a waist lace frill, headed by insertion, threaded with ribbon, and arranged like the foot flounce. The sleeves are the modified gigot, buttoned from wrist to elbow, a row of ribbon in the insertion appearing in the inside seam. The bodice fastens on one side, and is similarly edged, a jabot of the material finishing off the other side. The collar is high. This style is suitable for any silk or soft woollen gown, which could not be tailor-made. It is accompanied by a chip bonnet with white and coloured wings, a torsade encircles the crown, and there is a bow of narrow velvet in front.

It is early as yet to talk of furs, but wise women are already ordering, for autumn prices are much more reasonable than winter ones, and many furriers will carry out renovations more reasonably when there is not a pressure of work. Sealskin has gone up terribly in price, but some of the shopkeepers are offering it at a cheaper rate now (on account of the stock they have in hand) than they will be able to charge for the future. Persian lamb is used for trimming, and the greatest novelties I have seen are yokes and sleeves of different fur from the rest of the mantle or jacket. Short Tudor capes, made of fur with a double frill heading the flounce from the shoulders, recall the German Burgomasters' cloaks of mediæval days. The newest sealskin cloaks are just sufficiently long to reach to the top of the fashionable foot frill of the skirt.

"IS IT GOING TO RAIN?"

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

FRENCH women wear jackets, but they form a part of the dress, so that, in truth, they are worn indoors and out. If greater warmth be needed, then they have recourse to a short and generally most stylish cloak. The two accompanying illustrations give a very fair impression of the modes in this respect.

I will begin with the jacket. The whole costume is made of grey cloth and white, which admixture holds good in the jacket as well as in the skirt. The latter, you see, is perfectly simple. The front breadth is made fashionably narrow, and the side panels are fastened on with some eight buttons arranged in double sets of four. At the back there are pleats, and the hem rests on the floor. The jacket behind is quite close-fitting, with a long basque having a double row of buttons down the centre. It is in the front that the great novelty of the dress is notable. In the immediate centre there is white cloth outlined with galon; this and the grey cloth are all fulled into a waistband of velvet—like an old style which used to be very popular. The rest of the close-fitting under-front is white cloth, but from the dart seams the actual jacket falls in a straight line, the grey on white, grey buttons being introduced on to the narrow white margin.

The sleeves are not extravagantly high, for French women abjure exaggeration in tailor-made garments. There is a white turn-back cuff buttoned to match the panel, and the upright collar-band is covered by a roll collar, with a little white showing in front; a large chiffon bow beneath.

The only bright colour is a red *en tout cas* and the red feathers which blend with the grey on the hat.

The mantle worn by the other figure is grey, but combined with a red heliotrope dress, a combination now well worn in Paris. The material throughout is very soft, supple, lady's cloth. The cloak is the three-quarter fashionable length, slipped on and off in a moment, and draped with true Parisian taste. It is indescribable. I should quite despair if you had not the picture before you. The back has two side seams and one seam in the centre. It fits the waist, and the basque is pleated. In the front the actual foundation merely follows the outline, but not closely. The piece of material carried across the back, and forming a point in the centre, is drawn up on the shoulders beneath a loop, whence it falls in most graceful folds, forming a sleeve. The jacket front meets some five or six embroidered frills carried horizontally across the chest, one making a Steinkerque tie at the throat, flanked by two small guipure revers.

I think you will agree with me that the collar is most graceful with its inner lining of lace pleating. The dress beneath is severely plain, cut entirely *en Princesse*, with no trimming on the bodice, which fastens with an assertive row of grey buttons on one side, having a similar row on the other; a very shallow grey vest is in the immediate front. The skirt is caught up on the left side with three grey buttons, showing a grey underskirt with a full gathered embroidered frill.

The bonnet is new in form. The brim rests on the hair, and the crown, which is low and flat, comes forward on the top of the head, and is made of grey silk embroidery. There are pink flowers quite at the back in a close set bunch, and narrow strings are tied beneath the chin.

The umbrella skirt is most popular. Its name indicates the method in which it is cut, and, like most of the best worn ones now, it has a seam in the centre of the back. The great aim of the dressmaker would seem to be to have as much width as possible at the foot, and none whatever at the waist. During the summer, washing materials were worn, worked in the open embroidery known as *broderie Anglais*, and now that thicker stuffs are required, the same class of ornamentation holds good still. Silks and woollens are thus treated.

Corselets are universally worn beneath jackets, or with skirts without any outer covering. They need all the careful cutting of a low bodice, are boned, and fit closely. Some are covered with the very richest embroidery. Blouses and shirts in printed silks and printed woollens are a *négligé* style which suits the average Frenchwoman to perfection, because she understands how to put them on perfectly, and they need the greatest care or they become slovenly and untidy. A double frill like the shirt frills of our grandfathers is nearly always introduced down the front.

The handsome linked buttons in many kinds of stones are extremely fashionable, not only for the throat and wrists but for fastening bodices, and a good deal of money is spent upon them.

For hard wear serge is the accepted material, and a dark grey takes the place of the navy blue which English folk affect so much; but the stuffs which emanate from Great Britain are particularly acceptable across the Channel, especially when made into a loose jacket and severely plain skirt. Sometimes these are in plain solid brown, grey, or beige, but more often they are striped or checked and have a rough surface.

Bodices dissimilar from the skirt are very convenient, and most fashionable. Sometimes they are made for demi-toilette in white embroidered silk or muslin, sometimes in plain cloth, velvet, or rich brocade.

Another feature in current modes are the stole ends, which come from the throat to the hem in front, over a corselet or an ordinary bodice.

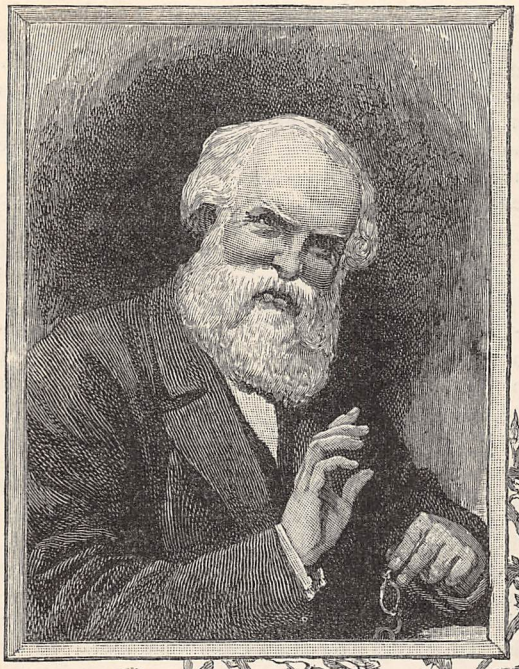
For between the seasons, when a little additional wrap is often much to be desired, I can cordially recommend the Henry III. capes. They have high Medici collars, and reach to the waist.

Picturesque dress is greatly studied here, and though much jewellery is abjured, anything quaint or antique is the rule. Sometimes as many as three small brooches fasten one deep collar. The chatelaine bags are coming in again, and women jingle as they walk from the multiplicity of knicknacks they have hanging at their sides. An *élégante* nowadays is a perambulatory warehouse of wonderful trifles, and would be well worth robbing.

English tailors find such generous patrons in Paris that they are establishing themselves here and setting a number of novel ideas before their patrons, which are faithfully followed. The natural dyed woollens (all the stronger and more durable that no chemicals have been let loose upon them) serve for shooting dresses, and they are made up for "La Chasse" with pigskin and other leather waistcoats, so highly pressed that they shine like satin. Doeskin undressed is also worn. The newest jackets for such gowns are double-breasted, but not close-fitting, the fulness drawn in at the waist with a leather waistband—an improvement on the Norfolk jacket. Leather is used as a lining to the hem, but it is found to cut the figure when placed to a great depth outside. Leather buttons are used, to the exclusion of almost any other—buckskin I ought to have said, for they are the best kind.

Some new waistcoats are of fine woollen corduroy, with silk spots—blue and red, grey of two tones, brown and gold; and these form the long highwayman's waistcoat such as Dick Turpin and his *confrères* were supposed to wear. They are also cut beneath the jacket in a peculiar way, shallow as to width at the waist, but far deeper beneath the arm, giving much apparent width to the bust.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.



XI.—Our Sage.

WHEN one who all the storms of life
Has battled through, and kept his truth,
Will give his wisdom's gathered pearls—
How rich a gift to ardent youth !

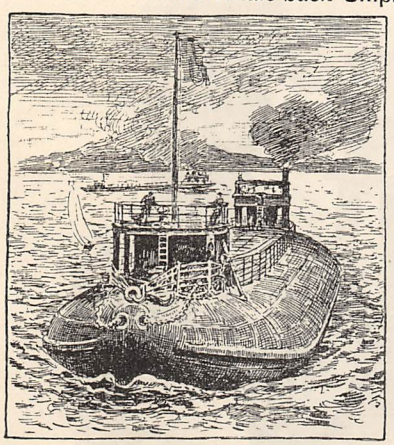
So, oft the listening circle bends
At twilight round the glowing hearth,
To hear our white-haired sage recount
His life-tales, with their moan and mirth.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the Gatherer may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

The Whale-back Ship.



The new type of vessel called the "Whale-back" (which we illustrate herewith) is built of steel throughout, and resembles a whale in shape; the bottom being flat, the back round, and the ends pointed. It is the product of American lake and canal navigation, and has a light draught for its size; but it is capable of crossing the ocean, as has been demonstrated by the dispatch of one to Liverpool and another to Vancouver Island. Some of these vessels are towed, others are propelled by steam power. The *Colgate Hoyt*, for example, is of 3,000 tons, and has a speed of fifteen knots.

Extracting Iron from the Eyes.

The magnet has long been used for extracting chips of iron from the eyeballs; but the apparatus has

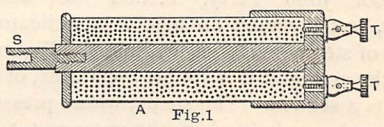


Fig.1

recently been given a very handy form by Dr. Thompson of Cardiff. Fig. 1 represents a section through

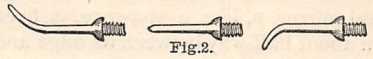
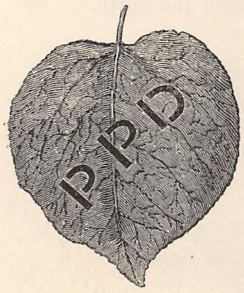


Fig.2.

this instrument where A is an electro-magnet, consisting of a soft iron core, surrounded by a coil of insulated copper wire, and fitted with terminals, T T, to convey the current to the coil. In a prolongation of the core is a female screw, into which are fitted the special probes or points shown in Fig. 2. These are of soft iron and when screwed into position form part of the core. When the current is sent through the coil the core becomes a magnet, and so does the projecting point, which being applied to the iron chip imbedded in the flesh attracts it, and enables the operator to draw it out.

Starch in Leaves.



It is now proved beyond a doubt that starch is formed in the leaves of plants by the action of chlorophyl, the green colouring matter, and probably of light. A simple experiment for showing this has been devised by M. Deherain, a French chemist, and it is based on the well-known fact that starch forms a blue pigment with iodine. As the starch which is made in the leaves by day is removed to the interior parts of the plant during the night, the experiment should be made in the early morning before sunrise. A leaf on a growing plant, by preference the *Aristolochia Sipho*, is placed between two sheets of black paper which are quite opaque and fixed there by gum arabic. The upper foil should have letters or a figure cut in it by way of a stencil, so that the parts of the leaf thus uncovered may be exposed to the daylight. After several hours of this exposure the leaf is culled, the foils removed by warm water, and the leaf bleached by steeping it in boiling alcohol, which takes away the chlorophyl. If now the leaf be dipped in tincture of iodine, the starch formed in it will show itself by marking the letters or figure of the stencil in blue. Our figure shows a leaf with the letters PPD brought out in this way by the union of the iodine and starch.

A New Engine Indicator.

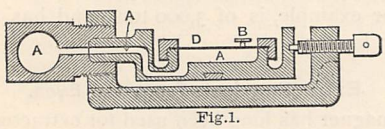
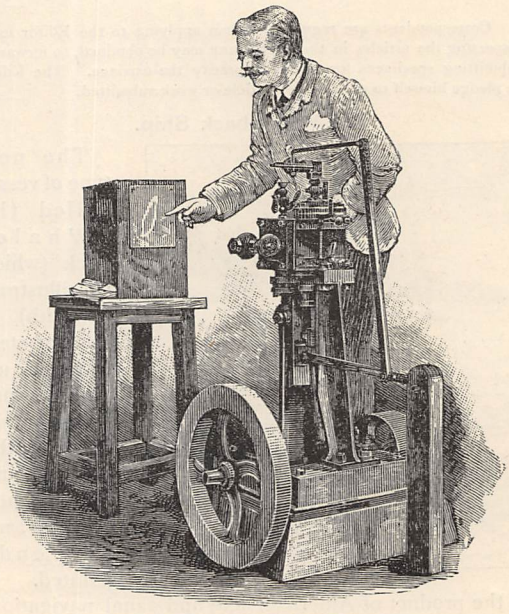


Fig.1.

Professor John Perry, F.R.S., the well-known engineer, has invented an ingenious indicator of the pressure of steam in engine cylinders. Figure 1 will explain the action of this simple apparatus, of which it represents a section. The steam, whose pressure is to be measured, is admitted by the passage A A A to the back of a thin steel diaphragm, or drum-head, D, like that of an aneroid barometer, and bulges it out. A small round mirror, B, like a sixpence, is fixed on the diaphragm about half-way between its edge and centre. On this mirror a ray of light falls, and is reflected to a screen of ground glass, where it traces out the diagram of the pressure, as shown in Figure 2. The apparatus can readily be applied to existing engines.

The Progress of the Electric Light.

We are apparently on the eve of a great extension of electric lighting in the United Kingdom. The work of supplying it has fairly begun in the Metropolis and other large towns, and is being pushed steadily forward. Thousands of lamps are added weekly to the district installations and the new illuminant has become a serious rival to the old. This result is due to the great improvements which have been effected in the apparatus for producing and supplying the light, and to the public becoming better acquainted with its advantages, not only in point of look but of healthiness. The improved means of supply have now brought the price of the arc light a good deal below that of gas, while the cost of the incandescent light is now about the same as gas, or just a little more. For example, the returns from nine of the chief towns in this country, where gas and electricity are both used, show that nine shillings per burner is paid for gas in a year, whereas ten shillings is paid for an equivalent glow-light in the same time. Most people have an impression that the glow-lamp costs very much more than the gas-jet. Some of the London companies only charge eight shillings and sixpence for a glow-lamp in a year. As regards the future, it can be shown theoretically, as was recently done by Mr. Preece, F.R.S., Chief Electrician to the Post Office, in his address to the municipal engineers, that electricity can be produced at one-third penny per Board of Trade unit (1,000 watts for an hour), which is equivalent to gas at 3d. per 1,000 cubic feet; but although gas might in some cases



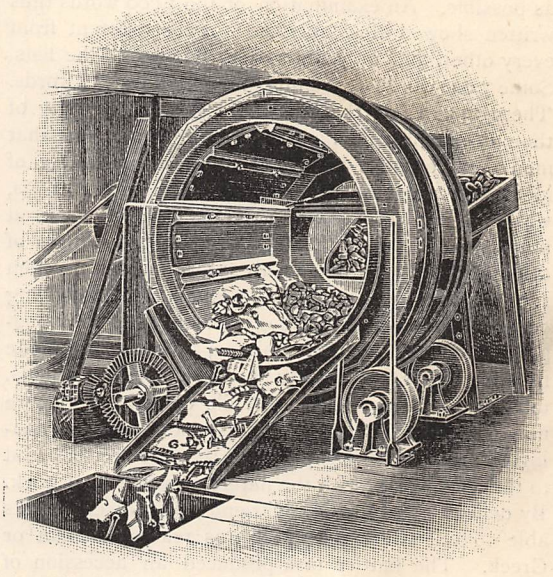
A NEW ENGINE INDICATOR.—FIG. 2.

be supplied at one shilling or even tenpence per 1,000 cubic feet, it is not easy to see how the cost can be reduced to 3d. for a like quantity. Be this as it may, we are face to face with the fact that the electric light is no longer the "luxury of the rich," as Sir William Siemens justly termed it in its babyhood. It is now in reality the handmaid of the poor, for it is precisely in the foul and ill-ventilated tenements of the slums, or the crowded work-rooms of the artisan, that it is most required, and will prove most beneficial from a sanitary point of view. The superior healthiness of the glow-light requires no demonstration, because from its very nature it cannot affect the atmosphere, the vacuum bulb which encloses it effectually isolating it from the air we breathe. A single gas-jet, on the other hand, consumes and vitiates as much air as five or six persons in a room. The light has been introduced lately into the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in the Sorting Department alone the Chief Controller estimates its sanitary value over gas as equivalent to 200 men. Again, in the Post Office Savings Bank, London, the new light has reduced the sick leave by two days per head per annum, and this, at the overtime rate of 10d. an hour, means a saving of £680 a year. As the light itself only costs £700 a year, it is practically paid for by the better service of the staff. While upon this subject, we may mention that a "solid accumulator," or electric storage battery, has recently been introduced by Mr. Niblett. The solution with which it is filled is either solid or jelly-like, so as to render it very portable and suited for ships, carriages, and so on. It is of the well-known Planté type, but instead of dilute sulphuric acid pure and simple, the electrolyte between the plates is formed of wood sawdust and plaster-of-Paris moistened with dilute sulphuric acid.

A Pneumatic Sheep-Shearer.

Fig 1.

The shears for cutting fleeces which we illustrate is worked by compressed air, and is the invention of Mr. Michael Ford of the Australian Shearer Company of Sydney, New South Wales. The shears are grasped in the hand, as shown in Fig. 1, and applied to the dead or living fleece, as will be seen in Fig. 2. The apparatus works something like a clipping machine, the triple blades, B, traversing the guard, G. Power is derived from an air compressor by means of a flexible tube, T, and works the small engine, E, of the cutter by means of a double piston, which moves the blades to and fro. No shafting or pulleys are required, and the sheep is in no way injured. The wool has a longer staple than that cut by the hand shears, and is worth ½d. to 1d. a pound more.



A Rotary Magnetic Separator.

Our illustration shows a new form of magnetic separator designed to abstract iron bolts, nails, horse-shoes, and such articles from bones, oil cake, or minerals, before these enter the crushing machine. It consists of a hollow, truncated cone having ten electro-magnetic holes arranged around it, and revolving on outside runners. The material to be cleaned is fed into it from behind by a shoot, and travels forward. Each pole is magnetised when at its lowest position as the cone revolves and attracts the iron ; holding it till the pole reaches its uppermost position, where, the pole being demagnetised, the iron drops into a tray. This action is controlled by a commutator, placed behind the cone. The electric power required to excite the magnets is 600 watts for the largest size of the machine, which is capable of cleaning four tons of bones per hour.

Uranium Steel.

It has long been known that a proportion of manganese improves steel, and it has recently been discovered that aluminium also increases its tenacity, while rendering the castings freer from flaws. Uranium is also known to increase the strength of steel, but the rareness of this metal has prevented its use for this

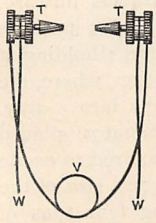
purpose. We learn from America, however, that extensive deposits of uranium have now been found in the Black Hills, near the upper reaches of the Missouri, and it is probable that we shall hear more of uranium steel.

Tests of Mind.

Professor Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, U.S., recently compared the masculine with the feminine mind through the literary faculty, and obtained some interesting results. He arranged for 50 students of his psychological class, 25 men and 25 women, to each write 100 words at random as quickly as possible. An examination of the 5,000 words thus written showed that only 2,024 were different from every other, and only 1,266 occurred once in the lists. Some 3,000 words were simply repetitions of 758 words. These facts show that there is a wide community of thought amongst men and women in general, but that men seem to have a wider range and originality of ideas, and are less apt to repeat each other. Thus, while the women only wrote 520 words which occurred but once in the lists, the men wrote 746. Articles of dress supplied the women with 224 words, and the men 129. Owing probably to the share which cooking occupies in a woman's thoughts, articles of food suggested 179 words on the feminine, and only 53 on the masculine lists. The latter showed a taste for animals, tools, and abstract terms. While on this subject, we may mention that Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, has proved by experiment that the flow of blood to the head varies with the nature of intellectual work. By delicately balancing his friend and subject, he was able to tell when the latter was reading Italian or Greek. The harder task produced an accession of blood to the head, and upset the balance, causing the subject's head to sink and his feet to rise. In the same way, he showed that dreams, or a disturbance during sleep, caused a rush of blood to the sleeper's head.

A Small Telephone.

The expiry of the telephone patents has given rise to a crop of more or less improved forms, one of which we illustrate because of its smallness. It is the invention of M. Mercadier, a well-known French electrician, and was described to the Académie des Sciences, Paris, of which body he is a correspondent. The receiver, T T, is made double, one half for each ear into which the points are inserted, and these are connected by a spring, V, of steel wire two millimètres in diameter, which goes round the head and keeps the halves, T T, pressed into the ears. The insulated connecting wires which convey the current to the receiver are shown at W W. This receiver weighs only 50 grammes, or about one-eighth of the ordinary telephone receiver, and can be fixed to the head for as long as may be desirable.

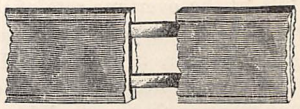


Luminous Night Clouds.

Every summer, both in the southern and northern hemispheres, and more especially a few weeks after or before the Solstice, luminous clouds can be seen in the night-sky, before and after midnight. They are very high, about fifty miles up, and they are generally seen to move from the north-east towards the south-west or thereabout. Their origin is a mystery, but recent observations on the Continent, and chiefly in Germany, have demonstrated that they appear to shine by reflecting the light of the sun while it is far below the horizon. Some suppose that electricity has to do with their brightness. They seem to follow a spiral course round the earth from the north pole to the south, and back again; and it is conjectured, from their great altitude, that they must consist of exceedingly light vesicles of water vapour. More observations on them are required, and especially photographs.

A Safety Strap.

A belt or strap for travelling bags and satchels which cannot be cut by a thief is illustrated in our



woodcut. It consists of two bands of leather sewn together at the margins over two thin slips of steel like crinoline spring, but only 3 millimètres wide and half a millimètre thick. The steel not only arrests the knife of a thief but also warns the wearer of the strap.

A Whistling Egg Saucepan.

A saucepan for the boiling of eggs has just been patented which is so arranged that when the eggs are sufficiently cooked, the surplus steam blows a whistle in the lid of the saucepan and so calls the attention of the cook. A stand for the eggs is provided in the saucepan, and they are to be placed in this and just covered with *cold* water before the pan is set upon the stove or fire. The whistle sounds at the instant when, according to calculations, the white of the egg should be set and the yoke left fluid. Of course, if harder boiled eggs are desired the warning whistle is still useful.

The Growth of Children.

Observations made on school children in different parts of the United States, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Italy have shown important differences in their rate of growth. A new England child, for instance, develops in a different way from one in Kentucky, certain of its organs growing more quickly than others. In Sweden, it is found that children grow less rapidly in winter than in summer, hence it is thought that in such northern countries the school vacation ought to be longer than in the warmer countries of the south, where the difference between summer and winter growth is less marked. The statistics of a large tailoring firm in America also

show that the average sizes of hats, coats, and other garments differ widely in different sections of the United States. These facts appear to show that blood alone is not the cause of racial diversities, but that soil and climate, as has been suspected, are also factors in the problem. Of course, the United States is a vast country, and comprises great differences of climate and soil, and it is probable that only such will tell to a noticeable degree. A great deal of historical and political capital has been made on the assumption that what has been reported of a race or people under one condition of life must necessarily be true of them under other circumstances; and the observations in question tend to show that such an assumption is by no means well founded.

New Carts.

The vehicle shown in Fig. 1 is a cart which is provided with a steelyard so as to weigh goods of itself.

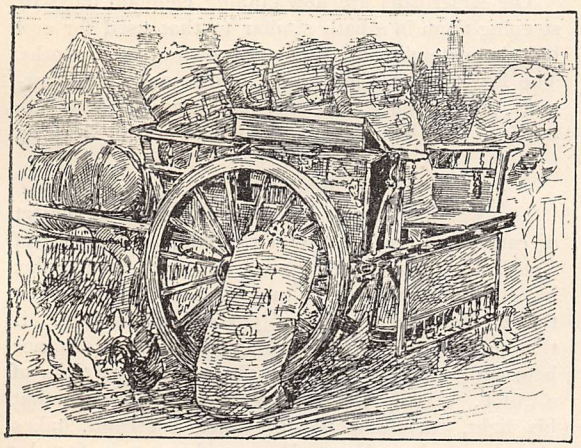


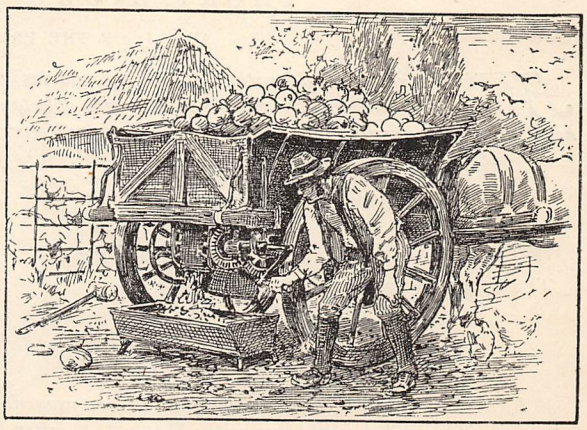
FIG. 1.

Part of the bottom, or if need be the whole bottom, is the platform of the weigher, and the balance with its accessories is mounted at the side just behind a wheel, as will be understood. The goods to be weighed may either be packed in sacks or boxes, and provision is also made for weighing hops and other bulky materials. Another new cart is that illustrated in Fig. 2, which cuts and strews turnips or mangolds in traversing the ground; and is therefore convenient for feeding sheep. The roots are simply filled into the cart, and the machine placed underneath it, working by the motion of the wheels, cuts them into finger pieces and drops them on the ground in much less time than they could be distributed in the ordinary way. If desired the roots can also be cut by hand-power, and dropped into ordinary feeding troughs.

The Phosphorescence of Gems.

The phosphorescence of gems under the electric discharge in a high vacuum which Mr. Crookes, the famous chemist, exhibited at the recent *soirée* of the Royal Society evoked much admiration. Cape diamonds phosphoresce blue; Brazilian ones red, orange, blue, and yellow; Australian ones yellow, blue, and green. Crystallised alumina, that is to say, ruby, sapphire, and corundum phosphoresce a deep red, and give a spectrum of a single sharp crimson line. One of the Burmah rubies exhibited was a plate 1¼ inch long by 1 inch wide which had been cut by Mr. Streeter from one crystal. Yellow sapphire glows with a delicate lilac colour. Two uncut specimens of phenakite in Mr. Crookes's tubes showed a yellow and blue phosphorescence; and a green emerald from Ireland glowed with a deep red lustre like that of the ruby, but did not give the crimson spectrum of the ruby. Two pieces of crystalline corundum from South Mirzapur, India, when rubbed or struck together in the dark, show a fine crimson phosphorescence with occasional yellow sparks resembling those from flint and steel. This light, in fact, might be useful as a rough test for the mineral in the field. Zinc sulphide or Sidot's hexagonal blende is the most brightly phosphorescent substance which Mr. Crookes has yet discovered. In the vacuum it glows with a green light, changing to blue as the exhaustion of the tube is increased. Should the electricity be cut off, the blue colour dies out immediately, but the green continues for an hour or more. Nevertheless, there are parts of the crystals which grow quite dark as soon as the discharge is stopped. We may also mention in this place that Mr. Crookes has made a number of new experiments on what he calls "electric evaporation." Foils of gold, silver, platinum, and other metals are dissipated in an invisible vapour, when they are subjected to the electrical excitement inside his vacuum tubes. This metallic vapour can be caught and condensed in films upon the surface of glass plates within the tubes, and these films show all the colours of the soap-bubble or the films of scum on tarry water.

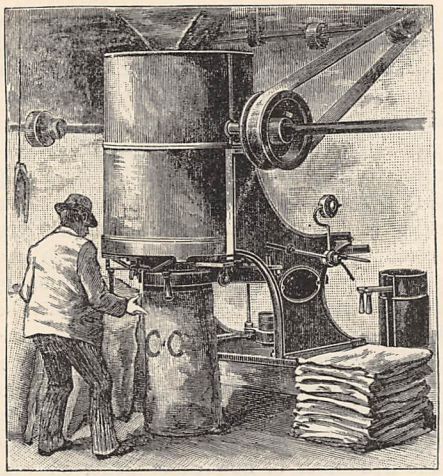
The beautiful new purple alloy recently made by Professor Roberts-Austen, C.B., the Chemist to the Mint, behaves in a curious way under such circumstances. This alloy is the only purple metal yet discovered, and exhibits crimson shades when light is reflected from one of its surfaces to another. It consists of 78·4 per cent. of gold and 21·6 per cent. of aluminium and corresponds to the chemical formula



NEW CARTS.—FIG. 2.

Al_2Au. When undergoing electrical evaporation, the gold alone proves volatile, and it forsakes the aluminium with which it has become united in the crucible. The gold is deposited on the glass plates, and the surface of the alloy exhibits the silvery lustre of aluminium. Both the alloy and the method of evaporation will doubtless be useful in the arts.

A Self-acting Flour Weigher.



A scale for weighing flour or other powdered material into bags is illustrated in the accompanying woodcut. The machine has an ordinary scale beam, to one end of which the sack is attached and immediately expanded. The material from above enters the sack, which becomes the scale pan, and its inflow is twice checked, to allow the final trickle which is necessary for accurate weighing. With the quartern size of this machine an operator can, it is stated, weigh and fold 240 bags of material in an hour.

Electric Railways and Observatories.

For months past peculiar perturbations have been observed on the magnetic needles in the Greenwich Observatory, and careful observations reduced them to a system. They began at a certain hour of the morning and ended at a certain time of night. They might have been due to "magnetic storms" in the terrestrial magnetism, or the solar atmosphere ; but a more commonplace origin has been found for them. It appears that they exactly correspond in point of time with the starting and stopping of the electrical railway from the Monument to Clapham. The electricity used in the working of the line goes to earth, and although the Observatory is several miles distant, the delicate apparatus was sensibly affected. There is a warning in this experience which may be useful in connection with other observatories.

Elephant Leather.

The Americans are now tanning elephant hides by steeping them in a bath similar to that used for cow hide, but extending the time of exposure to six months. The leather is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and is made into floor-mats, pocket-books, satchels, card-cases, and so on ; but it is very expensive, a small case costing from £5 to £20.

Arcturus.

This well-known star has recently been the subject of careful observations by Dr. Elkin, Astronomer of Yale University, United States, and from its parallax he concludes that it is moving through space at the extraordinary speed of 381 miles a second. If this be true, Arcturus would accomplish the distance between London and Edinburgh between two ticks of a watch. Arcturus is so far away from the earth that his light, travelling 190,000 miles a second, takes 181 years to reach us. We see the star, in fact, by means of light which left it in the days of Queen Anne.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD OF THE PRIZES.—FIRST LIST.

AFTER careful consideration of the 236 stories submitted in competition for the Prizes offered in our February number, the Editor is at length able to award the Prizes. The average of excellence was very high, and many stories had to be read and compared several times before the final Award was made.

The First Prize of £10 is awarded to—

ANNIE E. WICKHAM,
Raleigh,
Bideford Devon ;

The Second Prize of £8 to—

L. FROST RATTRAY,
Auckland,
New Zealand ;

And Two Third Prizes of £5 each to—

EDITH E. CUTHELL,
Oak Lawn,
Wootton, I. of W. ;
and

ADA M. NEWTON,
Killedmond,
Kilkenny, Ireland.

Extra Prizes and Honourable Mention are awarded to several other Competitors, whose names will be announced in a subsequent issue of the MAGAZINE, *after further consideration.*

THAT LITTLE WOMAN.

By IDA J. LEMON.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

SHE IS MADE HAPPY.

THE sun shone as gaily the next morning as if no tragedy had taken place. The wind had dropped, the waves had almost spent their force, and nature wore a smiling aspect.

Miss Evelyn Gaytherne sauntered down on to the sands in a—for her—somewhat melancholy frame of mind. She stared at the sea, and mused sentimentally on the lives which were like the wrecked ship, and which did not reach in safety the port for which they were bound; she meditated on broken hopes and blighted affections, and a great many other cheerful subjects: felt that men were deceivers, and that it was foolish to put one's trust in them: inwardly vowed that if ever anybody asked her to marry she should certainly refuse: and came to the conclusion that in all probability she would end her days in a nunnery.

All this meant that she had a reaction from excitement, and that she had not slept the night before.

Besides, she had another reason for feeling dreary. She had taken the trouble to discover when a certain train came in, simply because she thought it was nice when people arrived for someone to seem sufficiently pleased to see them to go and meet them. Not that she had exactly done that. It did not do to flatter people too much—most of them were conceited enough already; but having made allowances for the length of time it would take a gentleman in good health, and with a certain amount of eagerness—probably a good deal of eagerness—to walk the few yards from the station to the hotel, she had chanced to be wandering pensively in front of the latter, and had been, therefore, the first person Dr. Meredith encountered on his arrival at Birchington.

As to that gentleman, he had simply beamed with pleasure at the sight of her, and had shaken hands with absolute fervour. It appeared as if he were glad to see her—inordinately glad; but even then one does not expect a man to meander about with a Gladstone bag in his hand, and it was quite natural he should go into the hotel to deposit it. It was also natural that she should remain outside, because it was not maidenly to force her society upon him; but as he knew she was there, and as there could have been nothing to detain him in the hotel, he might just as well have hurried out. He did nothing of the kind, however, and the minutes passed. Perhaps he was hearing about the wreck from some one, but in that case he might wait and hear the details from her; perhaps, again, he had encountered Briscoe, but he could easily make some excuse for getting away; perhaps he was looking at the man who had been saved: but then he was all right this morning, they said, and could have no need of the doctor. Besides, it did not take half-an-hour to feel a person's pulse and look at his tongue. And it actually was half-an-hour since they had parted. Evidently, then, he was not anxious for her society, and she had been mistaken in imagining that he would be.

The half-hour became three-quarters, the three-quarters became fifty minutes. Well, he would think she had no pride, and he would be very much mistaken. She had a great deal of pride—a very great deal; and really she could amuse herself quite well without him if he liked to waste this beautiful weather, and stay indoors when he had come away for change of air.

Miss Gaytherne marched away, therefore, in a very determined manner; but when she had got to the distance of thirty yards she began to walk more slowly, and by and by her pace became exceeding leisurely. Perhaps it was as well not to go too far from home. She would go on to the beach, and stroll about for a little while.

She did so, and, as before said, her state of mind was not altogether satisfactory.

She vented her ill-feeling on an unoffending little crab whom she routed out with the point of her parasol from his shelter beneath a stone in one of the pools which the sea had left. This was an occupation at once lengthy and absorbing, and accounted for the fact that she did not notice that the doctor had sought her out, and was watching her through one of the deep gaps in the cliffs which are a feature in this part of the coast. She achieved her end with difficulty, and it was not until she had done so, and the little creature was sprawling on his back before her, that the gentleman came forward and addressed her.

"Are you anxious to study the anatomy of the crustacean, Miss Gaytherne?" he asked, as he raised his hat.

Evelyn started and blushed. Then she elevated her chin.

"No," she said briefly. "I do not particularly care to, thank you."

"I thought, perhaps, that accounted for your eagerness to capture the poor fellow."

Evelyn pushed it back again into the water with her foot.

"I was amusing myself," she said: "that was all."

"Is it not a lovely morning?" said Meredith. "Who would know that this was the sea which, they tell me,

did so much harm last night? It is as changeable as a woman."

"I don't see what right you have to say that," said Evelyn, with extreme indignation. "I think men are quite as—no, much more changeable. It is women who give examples of constancy. All the world knows that."

"Perhaps you are right." He gave in at once: sighed, even. "I spoke thoughtlessly. Have you been out here long?"

"I came after you left me," she said, very wickedly equivocating, and that without the shadow of a pang of conscience; for she wished him to think she had come directly he left her, and not to imagine she had waited for him outside the hotel. "But I am not going to stay here any longer," she added. "I shall go for a walk. The fresh air does one good, and it is dull here."

"I should, if I were you. It is such a beautiful morning, and Miss Gaytherne has not got her sea-side colour yet."

"I think personal remarks had better be avoided, Doctor Meredith," said the prickly young lady, with great dignity.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, who was wonderfully meek this morning. "I should be extremely sorry if anything I said could offend you. I think it is hardly necessary for me to tell you that, but I am clumsy sometimes."

And then Dr. Talbot Meredith also began to poke at the crab with his stick, somewhat viciously.

Evelyn glanced at him, and the corners of her lips gradually curved upwards. At last she smiled outright.

"I should think crabs like human beings better when they are not cross," said she pensively.

Meredith laughed.

"Who is cross? I am not. I am sorry I gave you that impression."

"I am—very. I hate everybody! I know it is a dreadful sentiment, but I do."

"Is it lawful to doubt a lady's word, I wonder?"

"No—yes! I don't know. How stupid it is to stand still when we might be walking on! You are ruining the happiness of that crab."

They went on in silence for some time, picking their way between the pools. Evelyn's ill temper, always of very short duration, was oozing away from her under the influence of the fresh air and motion, and perhaps something else. She forgot even her little airs of dignity.

"I wish," she said, "you would talk to me. I want to be amused."

The doctor did not seem to have much conversation that morning.

"I was thinking," said Meredith, "how full real life is of romance."

"Of course it is," said Evelyn. "Who can doubt it? Ah well! perhaps a doctor might, or a butcher, though I don't mean to imply that there is any connection between the two. I love—I have great respect for doctors. May I ask to what your remark was due? What gave rise to it?"

"Have you ever heard of your Uncle Geoffrey?" asked Meredith.

"How enigmatic you are this morning! Yes, I have heard of him. My mother did not often speak of him, though, and she never liked me to ask questions about him. He did something to disgrace his name, I believe."

"We were young men together, he and I," said Meredith. "I knew him very well, and——"

"Did you?" said Evelyn, surprised. "Oh, tell me about him! I have always felt so sorry for him. I have often thought it must be so dreadful to be cut off from one's family like that, and people are very hard on each other. What was he like?"

"In appearance, like you exactly. When I saw your face you reminded me at once of him as I knew him first."

"You never told me so. Why did you never mention him?"

"There would have been no advantage in it. I did not even know if I ought to speak to you about him."

"And why should there be any difference now?"

"I know you better, for one thing, and for another——"

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

"You will see him yourself before long, I expect. He has come back to England."

"Come back! And you have seen him? I should like to meet him, poor man! I would visit him, and be friends with him. It must be so sad to come back to your native land, and find no one to welcome you or be glad to see you. Where is he?"

"In Birchington."

"*Where?*" she exclaimed, beginning to get quite excited about him.

"It was he who was brought to the hotel last night."

"Uncle Geoffrey! But that was an old man."

"He looked old. He is not so really—unless you think me old."

"You!" she laughed. "Not very, except when you have your professional manner on. But tell me some more about Uncle Geoffrey. Does Uncle Thomas know he is here? My mother told me he and Uncle Thomas were enemies, and that I must never mention Uncle Geoffrey to him if I wanted him to be kind to me. I think my mother thought gently of him when she was ill. She looked back to the time when they were boy and girl together; she had not seen him since. Perhaps she wished she had written to him sometimes. And he has come home? How did you recognise him?"

"I did not; but there was someone who did."

"Who was that?"

"Someone who had loved him years ago," said the doctor.

"Someone who had loved him years ago!" Evelyn repeated. "In the hotel? Who could that have been? Surely, surely not"—a light flashed on her—"Miss Loveridge?"

"Miss Loveridge. Who else should it be?"

"Oh!"—she clapped her hands—"now I understand ever so many things—now I see why she was so interested in me directly, and why——" She broke off. "And it was she," she said, in an awed voice, "who cried out this morning! Was she unhappy to see him so altered? He must be altered, of course. Poor Miss Loveridge!" She was silent a little while. "And it was of this you were thinking when you said life was full of romance? So Miss Loveridge looked upon me as a sort of niece! And I thought——" Her expression changed again. Her face dimpled all over. "If I tell you something, you promise you won't tell anyone?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose I had better leave it unsaid, but I feel I must relieve my mind of it. Promise you won't ever allude to it to anybody, and not even to me again."

"I promise."

"I thought Uncle Thomas and Miss Loveridge meant to make a match of it. Don't laugh. And I made opportunities for them to be alone, and I praised them to each other; it seemed so suitable. Oh, how unkind you are to laugh! I wish I hadn't told you."

"Forgive me. But it *is* funny. You, at your age, indulging in match-making and selecting two such people. Mr. Briscoe! Well, at least you couldn't do much harm to him at that dangerous game, Miss Gaytherne. I should think Mr. Briscoe is not inflammable."

"Leave off laughing. It isn't so funny as all that. Tell me some more about Miss Loveridge and Uncle Geoffrey. How did she know him?"

"He was a friend of her brother's, and he went to their house a great deal. He did not get on very well with Mr. Briscoe. I don't think they understood one another. Geoffrey was always high-spirited and rather reckless, and Mr. Briscoe, even in those days, was cold and reserved—most upright, but hard too, and somewhat exacting. But I am sure he was fond of Geoffrey. He was very good to him."

"And then?"

"Geoffrey betrayed his confidence. He had a position of responsibility in the office. He—no, the past is past. Perhaps it is as well to leave that unsaid."

"I like you for not telling me what he did," said Evelyn impulsively. "Was he engaged to Miss Loveridge?"

"Not until after he was in prison, but she knew he loved her. When he was sentenced she wrote to him telling him of her love, and that she would be true to him till he came back, however long she had to wait, and that in no case would she marry anybody else."

"How beautiful of her! And she has kept her word?"

"Yes. She has had many offers, but she has refused them all. I know of someone who loved her, and to him she told all her reason for refusing, and that is how I came to know it."

"Oh!" cried Evelyn. "I am glad to hear there is such love which can endure through everything. And now do you think they will be married? Perhaps he is very poor. Oh, let us go back quickly. I want to see them."

"Don't you think it is a pity to go back so soon? Your uncle will keep. Are you tired?"

"No, I am not tired. We have come such a little way, really; and you have made the walk so interesting. Thank you for telling me. It does one good to hear such things. It gives one a confidence in people. It makes me feel I love all the world."

"Which just now you hated. Your sentiments have changed. May I ask if I have been included in both cases?" the doctor said, being very desirous of learning a fact, and therefore taking advantage of this excellent opening, and this auspicious state of mind.

She laughed and blushed, and turned round.

"I am certainly going back," she said.

"Won't you answer my question?"

"It is not—oh! I wish people would not have such good memories—of course, everything one says isn't meant—isn't meant to be taken literally. It is absurd to take things literally."

"Yes, of course it is. But some things one wishes to, I want to take that literally. I am willing even that you should hate me at first if you will only love me afterwards."

She did not speak, but walked on rapidly, her face averted. Proposals are really very uncomfortable things.

"Miss Gaytherne," said the doctor, "this morning I have been thinking of those two lives of which we have spoken—of those two and another. I have learned many things as I reviewed the past, and saw—or so it seemed to me—God's workings for the good of His creatures, teaching them by denial of their wishes, and turning present loss to future gain. Evelyn, I have learned too that I love you you only; that I desire nothing so much as that you should be my wife. I am older than you, dear, and somewhat stained by contact with the world and the world's ways; but even so, perhaps you can love me a little. Can you, Evelyn?"

She stopped. Her eyes were downcast.

"Can you, little girl?" Meredith repeated.

"Will you despise me," she said softly, "if I yield so easily: if I tell you that——"

"That you do care?"

"Oh, I can't pretend not to. Life is so serious, love is so sacred. I cannot trifle with you. I love you—truly."

"Tell me," said Evelyn presently, lifting her fair young face from his breast—"tell me you have never loved anyone before."

Meredith was silent. That is a question most girls ask of their lovers, and it is seldom that the latter can give the reply which they would desire. Alas! Meredith could not.

"Ah!" cried the girl, interpreting the meaning of his silence. "You do not answer me. You cannot. I give you all my heart, but you—you have said to someone else what you say to me to-day."

She drew herself up, but he still kept his hold of her hand, and he looked her straight in the face, with eyes that were as honest as her own.

"I dread your charge of inconstancy, Evelyn," he said. "But you are quite right, my dear, and I will not even attempt to deceive you. I think you are too generous to resent what I am going to say. I have loved another; I love her still, but now in a different way. If I had not once wished to be worthy of her, I should be even more unworthy than I am of this pure young heart of yours, for which I dare to ask."

"Is—is she living?" Evelyn whispered.

"Yes, I am glad to say. Shall I tell you who she is? You know her."

"I know her?" said Miss Gaytherne, with determination. "That is impossible! For I dislike her cordially, and I don't dislike anyone that I know."

"It is Marion Loveridge," Meredith said.

For a moment Evelyn was silent. Then she said, smiling.

"No, I don't dislike *her*, but she has fallen in my estimation, because she did not love you. Or perhaps—Uncle Geoffrey must be a very fascinating man indeed. Ah well!" she added, "I think I can forgive you for having loved *her*, Talbot, and I am not—no I do not think I am—jealous of her, or of anyone, in all the world."

After that they wandered away very amicably together, oblivious of time or the rest of the universe. There are golden hours in life which come sometimes between the clouds and the tempest, but for these two there was more sunshine in store than falls to the lot of most men and women. Talbot had had his times of darkness, but Evelyn was a creature of light and brightness.

They were not the only two, however, who were perfectly happy that day.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

AT first after the recognition of Geoffrey, both he and Miss Loveridge were in that state of rapture when articulate speech is hardly possible, and indeed he was for the time physically incapable of exertion. Even the great joy of this meeting did not suffice to combat successfully the claims of exhausted nature. Before very long he fell asleep again as calmly as a young child.

It was then that Miss Loveridge, creeping out of the room with a face that told its own tale, encountered Dr. Meredith, who was entering with his bag.

"Well," he said, interrogatively, "you have had news of his arrival? I have only to look at you to see that."

She nodded affirmation.

"Better than that," she said: "far better."

"Ah! you have seen him then? He is in England, perhaps."

"He came to England last night, and I was the first person that he spoke to; more, I am the only person he has spoken to."

"Well I never! How was that?" Meredith inquired.

"Come here," she said, taking his arm with one hand while she furtively wiped her eyes with the other; and she led him to Briscoe's room.

And that was how it came about that Meredith was able to tell Evelyn her Uncle Geoffrey had returned, and also why he had kept her waiting.

He was very much interested, and, it must be confessed, forgot all about that young lady while he sat by Miss Loveridge, and she told him in a whisper that which had happened last night, and how Geoffrey had come by a different vessel from the one she had expected, and been nigh to death so near to home and her, and how he had been rescued and brought to the hotel, and laid in the bed of his enemy, Thomas Briscoe. And she also told him part of the conversation which she and Mr. Briscoe had had concerning him only the day before; adding triumphantly, "Things are coming right, you see, after all. I knew they would."

And then Geoffrey awoke once more, and now he was, he declared, quite restored, and anxious to get up; hearing which, Meredith, whom he had not observed, came forward, and said in a rather choked voice:

"Hadn't you better take a little professional advice first?"

Geoffrey looked at him curiously and inquiringly.

"You don't recognise me, old fellow?" asked the doctor.

"I seem to know your face. By Jove!—it's—it's 'Methuselah' himself! Why, you look younger than you used to, I declare! Well, this is something like coming home. I *am* glad to see you again."

And he gripped his hand so hard that Meredith said:

"You are strong enough to dispense with me at present, I can see," and walked off hastily, feeling a desire to be alone for a little while before he saw Evelyn, and asked her to give him the happiness the possession of which he could not help envying these two.

For more and more he realised, this learned man, that human affections are the best things in the world, and keep one cheerful and natural and pleasant, and outlast the hardly-attained knowledge which some are tempted to place before them. Ambition within bounds is right, but he who has only ambition is generally utterly selfish, and does not find many to regret him when he makes his exit—not even the books or tools he loved.

The other two were left alone once more. Geoffrey watched his departing figure, then turned to Marion.

"Is all the world here?" asked he, smiling.

"Pretty nearly all your world," said Miss Loveridge; and she explained to him briefly why it was they were all at Birchington, and so prepared him to meet his brother and his niece, of whose existence he had had no recollection.

"And why does Meredith come?" he inquired.

"Ah!" said Miss Loveridge, smiling: "that you must ask him."

Of the matter nearest their hearts they did not speak at first; it seemed easier to talk of others than

of themselves. But later on, when he had breakfasted, and his now dry clothes had been brought to him, they slunk out as secretly as two naughty children, to avoid meeting any of the many people who were about, and instinctively turning away from the sea, walked in the direction of Minster. When they got a little way off they held each other's hands, though the one was a woman getting on into middle life, and the other a careworn man, with the white hair of age, albeit there was still a subtle touch of youth about him.

"So you did not know me, Marion," Geoffrey said then.

"Ah!" she answered: "not at once, dear, but I should have known you very soon—certainly when I heard your voice say my name! But I had not realised that time or trouble would have altered you. How often have I pictured your home-coming! I have looked up from my work a hundred times, expecting to see you at the door, and I have always seen you as you *were*. I have tried to imagine you by my side, in the streets, at the fireside, but I imagined you always as you *were*. It is I who was changed—I whom I feared you would not recognise; and many a time I have tried to be joyful in adversity, lest the touch of care should steal something more from the face which must be kept young for you. You see, I have succeeded; for you knew *me*," she added joyfully.

"The face I saw when I lost consciousness was that

"'ARE YOU ANXIOUS TO STUDY THE ANATOMY OF THE CRUSTACEAN, MISS GAYTHERNE?' (*p.* 705).

of the Marion I knew. I opened my eyes to see the face still. I noted the likeness, not the change. You look the same to me."

"That you should be really here again, Geoffrey, seems too wonderful to be true. I feel that all my life will be too short a time in which to praise God for His mercy."

"Dear heart!"

He raised the hand he held to his lips, which trembled.

"I would," he added, "that I were less unworthy of your great and constant love. I have striven to be, indeed."

"Do not talk of unworthiness," said Miss Loveridge. "Let that word never be heard between you and me. It is not fitting that it should be spoken by you, whom I have promised to marry. If you have done wrong, you have had enough suffering to expiate it. Oh, my dear! my dear! how you must have suffered! I cannot bear even to think of it."

"God knows I have, as I know how great a consolation He has been to me. In these hard years I have learned to rely on Him. Sometimes when I have looked back it has seemed that what I could endure in reality I could not in remembrance. At the time one thought deadened all others, but when I was alone and quiet, and my mind was unoccupied, I seemed to hear the voices of those who said hard things of me—the world is very cruel, Marion, and you know I was always sensitive. I seemed to see poor old Briscoe's face, and I remembered all the little kindnesses he had done me, and forgot our quarrels. I seemed to behold you with sad eyes——"

She looked up into his face.

"Forget the past!" she said imploringly. "Forget the past, dear. Your future shall be happy if I can make it so."

"Marion!" He paused in his walk, and his voice was low with deep feeling. "You mean it? You mean it, really? Tell me I am not a coward to take advantage of a woman's constancy. See, dear, what I am whom you loved in the days when to love me might have been more possible. What am I?—A broken man, who has been convicted of forgery, who has associated with the outcasts of the earth, who has worn the prison clothes till they were familiar garments, who has gazed on prison walls till he knew beauty and freedom only by remembrance and regret—who has been a ticket-of-leave man, who has worked like a common labourer for his bread, branded among men. The prison taint is upon me: it will be all my life. I have nothing to offer you, neither riches, nor fame, nor any advantages. Am I to take your free, respected, happy womanhood, and drag it down in the world's eyes?"

"Hush! I love you, Geoffrey." Her voice came like a cry, and she put up her hand imploringly.

"Forgive me if I hurt you, the noblest and the best of women. I fear lest in my eagerness for the precious gift you offer I should take advantage of your goodness. Think again, Marion. Through these years of waiting you have loved a memory—a memory, maybe, made more tender through pain, and with its imperfections eradicated through pity. So after the fashion of such gentle hearts as yours—such brave hearts—you have glorified by your own love what is in itself but common clay. Will you not awaken before the reality? Look at me! See these toil-hardened hands, this white hair, these sunken cheeks. Woman," he cried passionately, "is not your dream shattered? Am I—am *I* the Geoffrey Carnthorpe whom you love? Am *I* the man to whom you will link your life?"

The sunlight shone on her upturned face, the love-light in her eyes.

"My husband," she said softly.

"What? Thank God! Thank God!" He fell on his knees before her.

About them was the silence and stillness of the spring morning, above them the overleaning sky.

"Geoffrey"—her voice came tremulously—"if we had been made man and wife at the altar, there could have been no question such as this: if I had taken you for better, for worse, you would have come back here"—she touched her breast—"as to your haven, whatever your fate might have been. Neither sin nor suffering could have kept us apart. It would have been God's task to judge, mine to forgive and comfort. It is so now. I am your wife in heart. Your joy is my joy, your sorrow my sorrow. Nothing can alter this. And if you have gone astray, have you not atoned? Is it not my part, who cannot share your sin—since each must bear his own—to share its punishment, to help you to live henceforward as He would have you live Who is the atonement for all sin?"

She ceased. He rose and lifted his hat before he stooped to kiss her. There was a long silence; then he spoke.

"There is something you shall hear. But first understand, I regret nothing. It is all best as it is. I have learned many a lesson I needed to learn, and you have had the opportunity of proving how grand a thing a woman's love can be. And in any case it is vain to look back and lament now. My dear, can you bear to hear something which I feel it is my duty to tell you? I have sinned, as all men have sinned, and more than many. I lay no claim to greater virtue than the rest of mankind, but I am innocent of that for which I have suffered punishment. The man whom you will marry, dear, is a convict indeed, but I rejoice to say he is no forger."

"But, Geoffrey—" Her lips could not say the words which she strove to utter. She was amazed.

"I pleaded guilty, you would say. That is true."

"And yet you were innocent? I cannot understand you, Geoffrey. You bewilder me!"

"I do not know if I were right or wrong. I have often wondered till I went almost mad from thinking. But the step once taken, no turning back was possible. Only last night, when death looked me in the face, when I thought I should go down into the waters and never more see her who had summoned me home, my life flashed upon me in a moment's space, and I realised that I had brought suffering on one whom I had sought to spare: that in my headstrong manner,

following the impulse which seemed to lead to good, I had perchance done only harm."

"Explain yourself," Miss Loveridge said. "What does it mean?"

"Come." He drew her to his arms, supporting her. "I will tell you. You remember, dear, at the time when Charlie and I were such friends we were both very extravagant——"

"Indeed, yes. How often I reproached you!" she smiled.

"You did. I have not forgotten. We were in debt more or less heavily, and I don't think we realised then as I realise now that debt is another name for dishonour. But we did not have much money either of us, although Thomas Briscoe was good to me. If he was not liberal, at least I had no claims on him. And I must have been a villain indeed if I could have been guilty of the ingratitude of which he suspected me."

"Go on," Miss Loveridge said.

"One day Charlie came to see me at the office. He was very depressed, poor fellow! He was telling me of his complications, and that he meant to get away for a time into hiding. I begged him to consider you, who were dependent upon him for a home, for, though we were not engaged then, I loved you as you loved me, and more than I knew."

"Yes, yes; I felt that, Geoffrey."

"I was called out of my room by a clerk. I left the cheque-book in my unlocked desk: I had the power to sign cheques for my brother. You know the rest."

"It was Charles, then—*Charles* who forged that cheque!" Miss Loveridge cried in dismay.

"It was Charles," Geoffrey repeated.

"My brother! Oh, my brother!" She hid her face.

"Dear, I think he did it on the spur of the moment. The temptation was great; he did not realise——"

"Charles! And he let you bear the punishment all those years? Oh, Geoffrey! it is I who ought to kneel at your feet, not you at mine."

"Never. Perhaps if I had seen all I had to pay for it, I might not have been guilty of even that act of mistaken generosity. When the forgery was discovered I was the man to whom suspicion and probability pointed; I was accused. At first, as you know, I denied it, but when it flashed across me that were he taken you would be left alone, when I pictured your desolation and misery—you were always so proud and fond of Charlie—in a moment, forgetful of consequences, and that by so doing I should lose you, I warded the punishment off from him. I said I had done it. I put temptation in his way by so acting. It was not till afterwards, not even when my brother delivered me into the hands of justice, not even when he cast me off, as he said for ever, not even when I was put into prison, that I realised fully all I had incurred, all I had foregone; it was only when my dearest girl let me know that she loved me, and that she would be for me, though all men were against me, that I saw I had made a sacrifice indeed. Oh, my darling! if I had not loved you before, I must have for that; it was only then, I say, that I found I had wronged you as well as myself."

"As well as yourself. Oh, Geoffrey, it was like you, like you! It is not for me to blame you. But it was not right, dear. Put me on one side, put Charlie on one side, it had the effect of hardening your brother's heart and shaking his trust in all the world."

"Which you have restored, I am sure, in these months of intercourse. What a wonderful coincidence that was."

"Don't call it coincidence, Geoffrey. And did you never regret this act of yours? Did you never wish it undone?"

"I do not know. My feelings were of a mingled nature. The step once taken, there was no looking back; no one would have believed me even had I asserted my innocence, and so I had to take the consequences. The hardest was that you should think me guilty. I hoped sometimes that Charles would tell you. When you wrote me of his death, I thought, surely, now she may know; but it seemed so cruel to heap dishonour on the dead. Only last night, as I say, all seemed clear to me, and I knew that my first duty was to the living."

They had walked on and on, heedless of the way. Now they stood on the brow of a hill, and round them stretched a marvellous view, steeped in the morning sunshine. In the distance, beyond the marsh country, were the towers of Canterbury, which had flung off their veil of mist; in front of them were the spire of Ash Church and the tower of Eastry; to the left the walls and mound of Richborough, with Sandwich forming a background; and further on the white cliffs of Ramsgate and East Kent, where Augustine first set foot in England.

They paused, and looked in delight and wonder at the picture. In the hearts of both was a great peace and a great joy. It seemed that they had left behind them the stony paths and the lowlands where the mists rested: through tribulation and loneliness and weariness they had come into rest. To neither did the world present attractions: they were not in tune with its gaieties, nor ever could be, partly because those who have suffered and been elevated thereby know nobler joys, partly because both cherished that hope which is said to be the hope of fools, and for that reason could despise pleasure, so called, and live for labour. Because they were happy themselves was the more reason for trying to lift the burden from weary shoulders—a fact which too few people realise. Those who are in the vineyard are the men and women with shattered hopes—rarely the glad-hearted, who have given of the best of their youth, and love, and hopefulness.

"See," said Miss Loveridge, "how all about us are the effects of God's might and power. From this little island, hundreds of years ago, His missionary work flowed forth. How slight a thing seems one human life, yet He who has guided the destinies of nations is careful of the individual, for with Him there is neither great nor small. Let us here, on this consecrated ground, vow likewise to dedicate our united lives to His

"'THREE CHEERS FOR HER—*THAT LITTLE WOMAN!*'" (*p.* 716).

service, let us be brave and earnest and cheerful, let us do a little good before we die, let us try to grow nobler and to make others so. If we are despised by the world we will cling closer to each other, and if we are hated we will love each other more."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

IN the verandah of the hotel, beneath its red and white striped tarpaulin, Mr. Thomas Briscoe sat and smoked his cigar, and as he smoked he ruminated. Most of the chance visitors had gone off to their destinations, for it was now well advanced in the afternoon; the bustle of the night before had died away, and in the hotel all was comparatively still. Even the stranger for whom he had inconvenienced himself had departed without a word of thanks; Miss Loveridge and Evelyn had betaken themselves off somewhere: doubtless in company with Dr. Meredith, who, he learned, had arrived. He felt neglected, and perhaps he had reason to do so, and it was not so very unnatural that the state of his spirits should be distinctly low. He was tired of his own company, and he was not the sort of man who derived pleasure from conversation with those whom he casually encountered, or no doubt he could have had society for the asking. The hotel-keeper was a very nice man, and his busy, energetic, cordial wife the best company in the world. He heard her singing to herself somewhere not far off.

Suddenly, however, Miss Loveridge appeared. She

looked so fresh and beaming and contented, that, being in a dejected frame of mind himself, he was inclined to resent it, and he purposely regarded her in a stony manner, and whistled a low, melancholy, tuneless air to himself.

But she appeared not to notice—although she did, of course—but took it for granted that he would be perfectly amiable—which is the best thing to do when one comes across a person who is evidently the reverse.

"Ah! here you are," she said. "You are the very person I wanted. I have seen nothing of you this morning, but I have been very particularly engaged. Will you come and sit outside with me for a little while? It is so sunny and bright that it will do you good. Is your gout bad to-day? You look like it. Lean on me. Come."

He rose and accompanied her out as she desired, though he still wore an injured look, and was determined to be very dignified indeed. Strolling up and down at some little distance was a gentleman; as they came out he was walking in the direction of the beach. His back was towards them, but even had it been otherwise, it is probable Briscoe would not have recognised in him the stranger of last night.

"Mr. Briscoe," said Miss Loveridge, coming to the point at once, "I have a favour to ask you, and I want you to promise beforehand that you will grant it. Will you?"

"It depends what sort of a favour it is," said Briscoe.

"Oh, very easily granted. I must tell you, I suppose? I am going to London on Monday, and in a month's time I am to be married. I want you to promise to come to my wedding."

Briscoe stared at her in amazement.

"You are the strangest woman," he said then, irritably. "Till yesterday I knew nothing whatever of this, and now——" He shrugged his shoulders. "So I am to be a guest, am I?"

"The first who has been invited. They will be few."

"I am honoured, then. May I ask when the day was fixed?"

"Certainly you may. It was arranged this morning."

"This morning! And may I then inquire who the gentleman is?" he said, with a wild fleeting thought of Meredith.

"Mr. Briscoe," said Miss Loveridge, "prepare yourself for a surprise. The man whom I am going to marry is your step-brother—Geoffrey Carnthorpe."

He grasped her arm, and actually shook her.

"Geoffrey?" he exclaimed, and added, with more vehemence than politeness: "What are you talking of, woman? Are you mad?"

"Not unless happiness has turned my head, as indeed it might. Dear Mr. Briscoe, it is to Geoffrey I have been engaged for the last ten years, though no one knew it but he and I, and one other: Talbot Meredith. When Geoffrey came out of prison he went abroad at once, in order to try, before he claimed me, to make a home in a strange land. He has not been very successful, but—well, we shall marry on prospects, and both work, which is the fairer way."

"You are going to marry Geoffrey," repeated Briscoe slowly, as if he took in the fact with difficulty. "And you know all? You are aware of his past, you say."

"I know all. I knew it before you enlightened me."

"But you said nothing. Why did you not tell me you knew?"

"Too weak-minded," she said, laughing. "I meant to, though. Perhaps I was afraid of you. Who knows?"

"Pshaw! You are not afraid of anyone. And—Geoffrey is in England, you say? You have seen him?"

"He is in England. After our Christmas Eve together I wrote to him. Do you remember I would not let you post the letter? I knew who you were when we put the wreath upon the picture; I knew all you told me when we came together from the church; I knew all you spoke of yesterday. I care for you for your own sake, but I wanted to make your acquaintance for his. If I have taken liberties, you must forgive me. My only excuse is that I loved Geoffrey, and I wished to see you reconciled. And now he is in England, and it is in your power to accord him the forgiveness which you said you felt."

Briscoe was silent; indeed, he was too amazed to speak. He remembered his wish of last night, and did not know if he were glad or sorry to know a meeting was so near; only he realised that the life he had planned could never be. He and Geoffrey would never resume the old relations now. That is always the way: that which we have desired is sometimes granted us, but never in its entirety, never quite in the manner which we have longed for; sometimes its bestowal is accompanied by a corresponding loss, as in this instance, when the return of Geoffrey meant the relinquishing of Miss Loveridge to him. It behoves us to be philosophical in this life, and to realise, what we are slow to do in spite of constant lessons, that perfect happiness is not to be obtained for any length of time in either eastern hemisphere or western.

"There is a regular gathering of the clan, is there not?" Miss Loveridge said. "First Evelyn turns up promiscuously, and now Geoffrey comes home. It is very nice!"

"And you expect me to open my house to them all?" said Briscoe, with an anger which was a blind for emotion; and indeed a perfect battle was raging in the usually imperturbable breast of the poor gentleman: whole battalions of feelings had come forth and were fighting against each other with terrific vigour; the musketry of pride was doing deadly work; the arrows of love flew right and left, and jealousy kept flinging about exploding balls. So fierce was the conflict that Mr. Briscoe was quite pale, and a moisture gathered on his bald brow.

Miss Loveridge answered his question.

"I have not been mistaken in that expectation before," she said. "Shall I be now? I think not."

"Pshaw! Where is the fellow?" said Briscoe gruffly.

"Not so very far off. You have already had the opportunity of doing him a kindness, and, what is more, you have done one. You gave up your room to Geoffrey of your own accord, and last night he slept in your bed."

Mr. Briscoe started up with amazement.

"Can this be true?" he cried; and he added a forcible expression, which Miss Loveridge prudently pretended not to hear.

"Yes, it is true," she answered. "Dear Mr. Briscoe, your brother remembers you with deep gratitude and affection; he longs to see you, and to shake hands with you."

"I cannot see him," said poor old Briscoe, who was shaking like a leaf on a windy day.

"You can; you must. Is it the remembrance of his old sin which is holding you back? I will tell you what ought to have been known long ago. Geoffrey is innocent of that of which you suspected him."

"What are you talking about?" said Briscoe. "He said himself that he was guilty, and he was convicted. This is nonsense!"

"He suffered for the sin of another. Mr. Briscoe, the only drop of bitterness in my otherwise happy lot is the knowledge that it was my brother who forged that cheque. From a mistaken impulse, that was yet a noble one, Geoffrey took the guilt upon himself, and the step once taken, he could not very well turn back. Mr. Briscoe, if it is any comfort to you to know it, I will tell you that I think my brother was a sad, a broken-hearted man. I believed his constant depression was a part of his disease, but I can see now that it was his mind which acted upon his body, and that he brooded and brooded upon the past; I can see, too, why he had such a strange antipathy for me to talk about the man I loved, and who had been his greatest friend—a better friend even than I knew. Poor Charlie! he is beyond our blame now, and he stands in no need of that forgiveness which has been so generously accorded him by Geoffrey, which I trust will be accorded to him also by you."

"I cannot understand it all," said Briscoe feebly; "I cannot understand it," he repeated.

"And no wonder," said Miss Loveridge, smiling at him through her tears. "I am not sure that I do altogether. It is all so overwhelming, and everything seems upside down. But we shall get used to it."

Mr. Briscoe swallowed a refractory lump that had taken up its position in his throat and caused him a momentary discomfort. He then signalised its departure by a series of grunts, and took two or three hasty turns up and down, with his hands behind his back and his head held high. Miss Loveridge watched him. She sympathised thoroughly with his state of mind. He stopped before her presently.

"Where—where is he?"

"Shall I fetch him?"

"Yes."

She was rising, when he put out his hand to stop her. Then he regarded her uneasily for a few seconds, and coughed in a peculiar manner.

"He does not know—of—of——"

"You are thinking of that which occurred yesterday? No, he does not; neither is there any need that he ever should know anything about that which concerns only you and me. And we shall very soon forget all about it when we are—as we shall be—brother and sister."

Miss Loveridge moved away, and Mr. Briscoe sat holding the arm of his seat and feeling exceedingly nervous. He wished the meeting were well over. He had a detestation of anything approaching a scene, and—and he didn't know that he was altogether sure of himself. He was decidedly agitated.

But after all he need not have feared. The whole thing was quite simple. A very short time after Miss Loveridge had taken her departure a man came striding along towards him with outstretched hands, and said in a tone of great affection:

"Old Tom!"

And he answered rather tremulously: "Geoffrey!" and then up came the lump again, and prevented his saying any more.

But Geoffrey atoned for his deficiencies. In spite of that white hair of his and the deeply-marked lines about his mouth, Mr. Briscoe recognised the old "Geoff" in him. There was the same cheery voice, the same hearty laugh, the same ready, affectionate, kindly manner that had always made him so intensely popular. He even had not lost the trick of laying his hand on your arm when he spoke to you, and before half-an-hour he had addressed Briscoe by no less than seven different names, not one of which belonged to him, but which he had invented on the spur of the moment, as he always used to do in the old times.

Neither made any allusion to the years of separation or its cause. They tacitly avoided the subject. But Geoffrey asked a thousand questions about Briscoe himself: his health, his business, his life, and Evelyn; and he spoke very affectionately of his dead sister, the girl's mother. It pleased him to find that Tom had found a place in his heart for the young American, and he was eager to see her himself. When he asked where she was, Briscoe said he imagined she must be out with Meredith, as neither had been seen for some time. At this Geoffrey laughed and muttered something about "Old Talbot"; and then he added, "I am sure Evelyn is a flirt. It is in us. There isn't a Carnthorpe of the lot that isn't; and what can you expect when our father was a sailor, and his father to boot? I must give Talbot a hint not to be inflammable, if it is needed: which I doubt."

Briscoe looked at him reprovingly.

"You see," said Geoffrey, "I am just as frivolous as ever. It's a good thing I shall have that little woman to look after me."

"That little woman," said Briscoe; and he sighed. "That is my name for her."

"Of course it is," said Geoffrey. "And what other name could you give her? She *is* a little woman, and

she always will be a little woman; and, what is more, the dearest little woman in the world."

And after that it was only natural they should talk of Miss Loveridge, and praise her to one another until she came to them in person.

"Ah!" said Geoffrey, rising to meet her; "it is lucky you have come back, my dear, for we were just taking away your character; and old Scatterbrain there pities me so much, that I believe he would be unselfish enough to take you off my hands, if I would let him. But I won't."

And at this Miss Loveridge and Briscoe both blushed and looked uncomfortable, for he had come nearer the truth than he imagined—as is very often the case when we speak most thoughtlessly.

"We shall have to live close together, so that he can see us occasionally and keep us steady," said Geoffrey. "We are not young, my dear, but we are flighty. You see, I have forgotten the manners and customs of the eminently respectable world, and you never troubled much about them, so we are sure to shock Mrs. Conventionality, especially if we go in for trying to benefit our kind; for that's a thing she can't forgive, unless one does it by Dorcas Meetings; and if you have Dorcas Meetings, Marion, I shall get a judicial separation. The virtuous persons who go to Dorcas Meetings cut up a dozen characters to every frock: so I have heard. I do not speak from experience."

"How you rattle on!" said Miss Loveridge, smiling at him.

"Of course I do. There is lost time to make up for. I don't mean to stop talking for one instant, except to let you. There was a certain dean whom Sydney Smith said deserved to be preached to death by wild curates. Your fate will be a similar one—bar the curate. By the by, I haven't a vestige of a profession to decently cover my poverty."

"There is the old place in the office, Geoffrey," said Briscoe slowly.

"There is?" He grasped his brother's hand. "I shall be glad to fill it, Tom, but—will you let me have a more comfortable chair? The old one was *so* high and *so* slippery, and I'm older now," he added plaintively.

Briscoe smiled in spite of himself.

"You shall have an arm-chair, if you like," he said.

"Marion," said Geoffrey, "my work in life shall be to bring about the abolition of the office-boy's stool, and to provide him with a suitable resting-place during his hours of labour."

At this moment Meredith and Evelyn, who, it will be seen, had not hurried home, and had evidently found something to talk about, came in at the gate. They both looked supremely self-conscious, but Evelyn was absolutely ravishing with the half bashful, wholly sweet expression which she wore.

She came forward directly she saw the stranger.

"I am not going to be introduced to you," she said; "because I know perfectly well who you are, and I am very pleased to see you, Uncle Geoffrey. Welcome home!"

"I don't believe you *can* be as pleased as I am to see you," said Geoffrey, regarding her with undisguised delight. "My dear, I am a reverend person, and a relation—not that that is always a commendation, by the by. May I take the liberty?"

And without waiting for her consent, he kissed her.

"Geoffrey," said Meredith, "you have found a niece. What would you say if I introduced a nephew? Did you ever think you would be my uncle? I expect not."

"My word!" said Geoffrey, and he "pump-handled" him. "You always were a lucky fellow, Talbot, and you will be to the end of the chapter. I shouldn't be surprised now to hear you were a royal commissioner, or that you attend the Princess of Wales when she has a chilblain. When I marry I shan't have more than enough to buy my wife a brass ring; and Success flies from me as if I had the mumps, and she feared to catch them if she came too near."

"But you have spirits enough for a dozen," said Talbot.

"Couldn't get through this hard world without," said the other. "My digestion's good because," with a twinkle, "I have had my meals regularly, and you may take it for granted that that is the reason. As a doctor, you will understand that. There was a time when a beef-steak pudding made me think tenderly of the grave, and when I hated my dearest friends; but since I have been under treatment and led a quiet life, I have been capable of loving my enemies, and if a man cut me in the street, I really believe I could forbear boxing his ears. Have you ever been cut, Talbot? No, I suppose not. But don't tell me you're a man without enemies. You've got too many ideas for *that*. Ah! you *have* some foes: that's consoling. Well, when they make fools of themselves, and you can't feel sufficiently incensed because you have this child to comfort you, ask her to order a dish of underdone potatoes, eat them all, and then go and meet those men. You'll find you have plenty to say, I assure you."

The two friends fell into conversation, Evelyn and Miss Loveridge standing near them, also indulged in confidences and embraces. They all looked pre-eminently happy. Briscoe, somewhat apart, watched them with a little envy perhaps, but with pleasure too. He did not feel exactly an outsider, because he was aware that he had a place in the hearts of three of them at least, and after all, they were not going away from him: they would be a part of his life in future.

The two women, observing him, moved presently towards him. Perhaps they were sympathetic enough to divine his thoughts.

"You mustn't think I am not grateful for your shelter because I shall have a home of my own now," said Evelyn, as she patted his hand; "because I *am* very grateful indeed, sir, and I always shall be. And, please, you will have to give me away, because you are the only father I have."

The old man smiled, but his eyes were dim.

"And shall I have to perform the same service for you?" he said to Miss Loveridge.

"I should be honoured," she answered. "Why, you will have enough people asking for favours now, what with Evelyn and Evelyn's husband, and Geoffrey and Geoffrey's wife. And a few months ago no one had any claims upon you."

"It's too bad," said Evelyn, rubbing her cheek against his arm.

"Or too good," said he, unable to resist, patting the said cheek.

"What is too good?" said Geoffrey, overhearing him, and coming forward.

"My family," he answered. "I have quite a large one, eh? Well, it is to be hoped I shall do my duty by it."

"We shan't be *very* extravagant in our requirements," said Miss Loveridge. "Two of us, at any rate, are nearly fogies, eh, Geoffrey?"

"I have a feeling that *you* ought to be the one who is responsible," said Briscoe, "for my present position seems somehow to have been brought about by you: how, I hardly know."

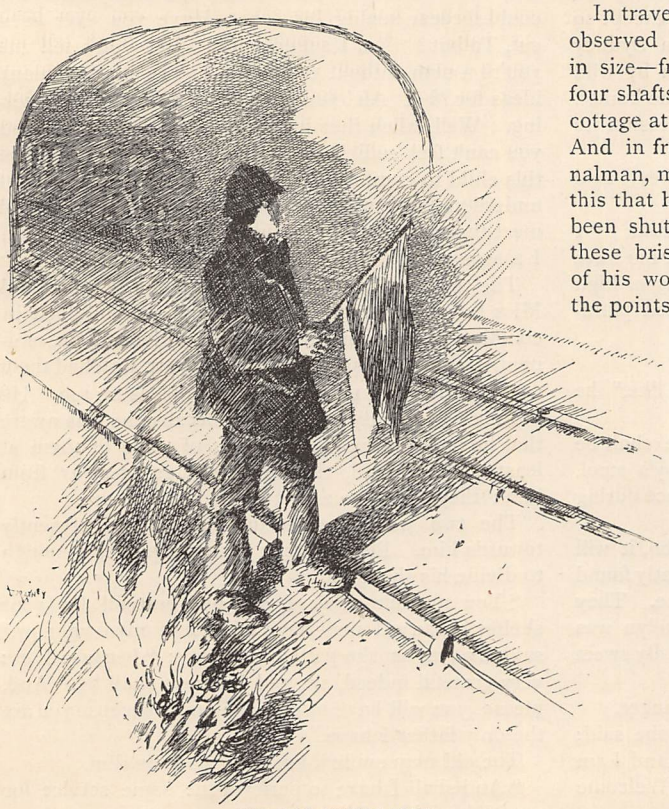
"Why, yes," said Geoffrey; "I believe it has. I should really like to give three cheers for her—*that little woman!*"

THE END.

RAILWAY SIGNALLING.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.

RECENT lamentable accidents bring vividly before the mind the vast responsibility resting on an obscure pointsman, or signalman, and the destruction and suffering and sorrow that may result from the slightest lapse on his part. They also will inevitably recall the mind to the system under which such accidents are possible, and, no doubt, lead not a few to fancy that want of system is as much to blame as the forgetfulness or mistake of an individual.

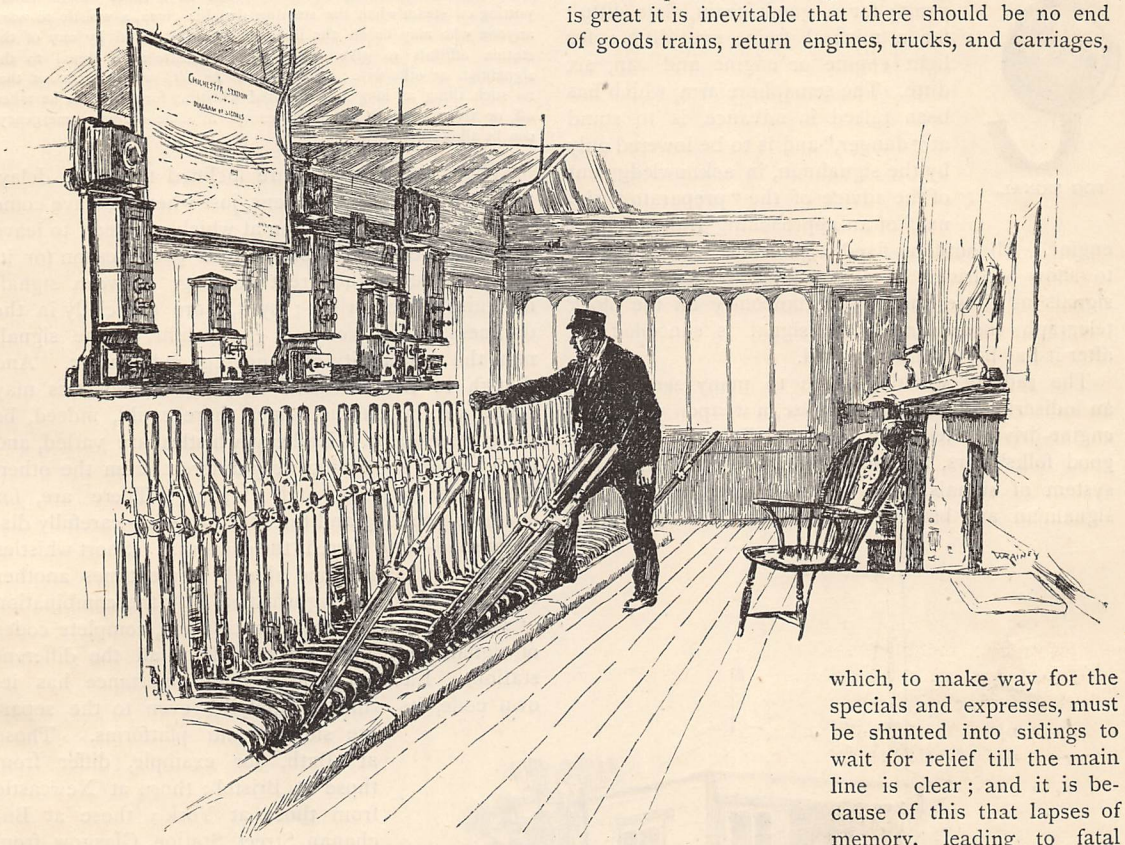


THE FOG SIGNAL-MAN.

But that this is hardly so we hope to make very plain before we have done. The system is highly developed — well-nigh perfect, indeed — and accidents are, generally speaking, only possible through lapses of memory and departures from rules very plainly and completely laid down. To show this we shall try, in the shortest manner consistent with clearness, to lead the reader round the whole system of signalling on railways, and this we shall do, as far as possible, in a descriptive and narrative manner.

In travelling in a railway train, everyone must have observed the signal-boxes, which differ very much in size—from that of a small hut, with its three or four shafts or steel handles, to that of a considerable cottage at a junction, with thirty, forty, or even more. And in front of this glistening line stands the signalman, moving backwards and forwards, now closing this that had been open, now opening that that had been shut. But the mere opening and shutting of these bristling steel handles form but a small part of his work, though these shafts communicate with the points, and open or close them. In every signal-box—at all events, in every box of great extent—there are two clocks of somewhat peculiar construction right in front of this row of handles—clocks which can be seen immediately on looking up. Then near at hand are telegraph dials and bells for receiving messages, as well as telegraph-despatching desks, and a writing-desk in the corner, on which books of record are carefully laid out. On this desk, too, is sure to be found a copy of the "Working Time Tables" of the company, with its appendix of rules and regulations. This the signalmen are expected not only to study, but, in fact, to commit to memory, so far as it applies to the station or junction at which they are placed. Now this time table is very different from a time table as supplied to

the public, and is really a large document. It tells everything about the stations on the main line and branches; gives the law of regulation of clocks in signal-boxes, and a list of the stations and signal-boxes connected with the Message Telegraph Circuits; classifies all these stations and signal-boxes which perform train signalling; sets forth in due order all main telegraph arrangements, and presents a list of leading



INTERIOR OF A SIGNAL-BOX.

stations in regard to which there are any special points to be attended to; then follows a long catalogue of "whistles for engines," then drawings of route-indicators, with the arms in position for the various signals, and this is followed by a list of all route-indicators. Then come "points of inclines," duly tabulated, for intercepting railway vehicles.

The signalman's *vade-mecum* is thus intricate, and to the outsider, some points seem as puzzling as the study of a "Bradshaw." And, more than this, changes are constantly being made, which the signalman must grasp, in relation to the rest. I confess that when I look at a "Working Time Table" for one of the great lines, or pass a signal-box, I never fail to have strengthened in me a sense of the great responsibility and importance of the signalman. Whether his station is worked by what is known as "train tables" mostly in use on single lines, or by the "block system," which is now usual on double lines, he must be always on the alert.

The main end of the block system is to prevent more than one train or engine moving between two signal-boxes at the same time. Every one knows the semaphore signal—up for danger, down for clear line; and this summarises the signalman's primary duty.

Where this alone is the requirement, the work is much simplified and straightforward, but where traffic is great it is inevitable that there should be no end of goods trains, return engines, trucks, and carriages, which, to make way for the specials and expresses, must be shunted into sidings to wait for relief till the main line is clear; and it is because of this that lapses of memory, leading to fatal issues, are most likely to arise. For it has to be remembered that the signalman must give the same attention to a single engine, or to an engine with one luggage van, as to an express train; he must signal to the next station what it is that he has passed, and whether it bears a lamp behind it, and of what character, so that the next signalman may be certain, whether in dark or light, that he has passed all intact that his predecessor did, and that nothing has slipped or parted from the engine.

Everything that passes the signal-box has to be duly and correctly entered in the record book, with the exact time at which it passed, and with any remark that it is necessary the signalman should make.

The signalman in all important stations must be an expert telegraphist, and this even where telegraph boys are kept, that he may be able to supervise and direct them. It is a common direction in Working

Time Tables that telegrams must be very distinctly transmitted, especially to smaller stations, where the signalman may not be very expert and have no telegraph boy.

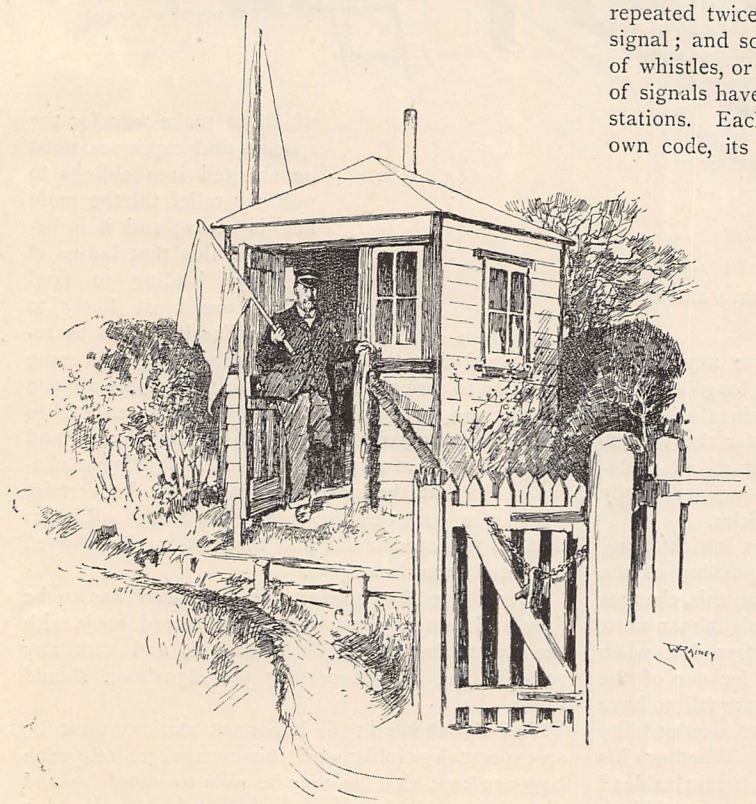
The block system is really worked by bell and gong. The bell is for up trains, the gong for down trains; and there is here, too, a complete code of signals by arrangement of beats. For a passenger train, three beats on bell or gong; for a goods train, four ditto; for a mineral train, five ditto; for light engine or engine and van, six ditto. The semaphore arm, which has been raised in advance, is to stand at "danger," and is to be lowered only by the signalman, in acknowledgment of the advice of the "preparatory signal," of an approaching train or light engine. All outdoor fixed signals are so worked as to show to drivers of approaching trains the same signals as those shown simultaneously on the block telegraph instrument. No signal is cancelled till after it has been acknowledged.

FOG SIGNAL.

The railway whistle, which to many seems only an indiscriminate maker of noise, a weapon which the engine-driver wields in sheer delight of torturing good folks' ears, is really a most carefully arranged system of signals, by which the engine-driver and signalman are brought to an oral understanding when the train has come within a certain distance of the signal-box and signals are visible. Nothing is more specific than the directions in all Working Time Tables "that the whistle is not to be used unless when absolutely necessary." This is a common form of direction :—

"The signalman at ———, guided by the time table, by indicators on engines, and verbally by the station officials, being in possession of information as to the trains for which points are to be put in position and signals cleared, drivers are not to sound the engine whistle more than is absolutely necessary—such as a short whistle before putting on steam when the starting signal is given, a whistle to warn anyone who may be on the line, or when instructed by any of the station officials to give any particular whistle as a signal to the signalman or otherwise; *and it must be distinctly understood* that no such thing as long and repeated whistling for signals to be taken off, or from any other motive, except in some extreme emergency, can be allowed."

When, therefore, we are inclined to fret at delay, as not infrequently happens, just when we have come within sight of the station at which we mean to leave the train, we may be sure there is good reason for it. The whistle is the great language between signalman and engine-driver; by it, more especially in the darkness, the driver can gently hint to the signalman the desirability of "moving on," etc. etc. And though to the outsiders' ears railway whistles may sound very much the same, there could, indeed, be no greater error. Railway whistles are varied, and each means something very different from the other. There are whistles and whistles. There are, for example, the long and the short whistle—carefully distinguished—and there is the cockcrow. Short whistles repeated twice are one signal; three times another signal; and so of long whistles. By the combination of whistles, or the repetition of them, complete codes of signals have been elaborated for all the different stations. Each station of any importance has its own code, its whistles applying even to the separate sidings and platforms. Those at Bath, for example, differ from those at Bristol; those at Newcastle from those at York; those at Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow, from those at Waverley Station, Edinburgh.



A WAYSIDE SIGNAL-BOX.

This may be set down as the ordinary daily duty of the signalman. He must open signals the moment any train is telegraphed to him, and enter the same with the exact time in the proper columns of his record book. Then he must set his points where this is necessary, and when the train has passed he must telegraph to the next station, enter the time and fact in another column of his book, and then relieve his points again, and be ready for the next train. The signalman's record book is an absolute index of all the traffic of the company that passes the point where he is.

And there is no end of extra and special work to which the signalman

must attend. For example, there is the fog-signal, which in the dark of winter is most important. The fog-signal stands to him what an engine indicator is in the daylight. When he has cleared one train out, he goes a little distance up the line and affixes to the metals by a sort of wire a kind of slightly raised band, containing an explosive material.* He can hear when he cannot see, and this is the means by which he makes hearing do the work of sight. To give some idea of the work that falls to the signalman in special cases, we may quote the following :—

"In the event of a line being blocked near a telegraph box, information must be sent along the circuit at once, stating the time the line is likely to be blocked, and the stations on the circuit must be advised when the line is clear again."

Over and above the duties we have named, in most cases the signalman has to enter in his record book the numbers of all engines that stop at his box. In some cases, as we have said, there are at large stations as many as forty or fifty shafts, which have to be constantly in use. These are separated from each other by a space of six or eight inches.

ENGINE HEAD BOARDS.

The mere putting of the hand on one instead of the other might lead to a fatal accident.

Considering the amount of attention and care required from the signalman, and the great responsibility resting upon him, it has often struck us with surprise that he is so poorly paid, compared with the driver. The most he may hope to get is from 25s. to 30s. a week; the drivers may easily earn, with Sunday work, from 50s. to 60s. We do not wish the drivers to have less; we would fain see the signalmen have something more.

* At large stations and junctions, however, this duty is largely done by porters.

"PARDS."

"CYCLONE!" laughed our driver, 'way back to his yellow "wisdoms." "Lor, no! Why, this here's only a genteel seffer. Don't you never git fussy 'bout a cyclone till you don't find yourself nowhere. Cyclones don't stop to say 'beg pard'n' 'fore chuckin' a feller into 'Kingdom come!' See that there barn?"

We saw it: the only frame building within ten miles.

"Well, 'taint two weeks sence I sed to my woman: 'looks kinder droll yander.' I hadn't more'n got the words off'n my tongue 'fore that there barn throwd off all its shingles, and went a waltzin' straight inter that there slew. In two minutes the slew was full o' roofs and winders, with the walls all broke up, and the cattle a-looking out of the doors after their hind-quarters, which was a skippin' along somewhere towards Helena. But *that* warnt a cyclone! Lord, no! A cyclone don't leave hair or horn. I tell *yew*, a sod house is a heap safer'n a palace in *these* diggins!"

That was a bit of comfort, at any rate. But why did the old settler strive to score our "tender feet" * so?

The thing before which we three women dismounted was of extraordinary aspect. Unwarned, we could scarcely have guessed what it was, or why. Two lurid eyes glared at us, hot and fierce. It looked like some crouching monster, with back humped and legs drawn under for a spring. We might even have imagined it ready to spring upon us, had we not recognised that fiery stare as the reflection of a westering sun upon panes of glass, set deep in a bank of brown earth.

"The 'Maidens' Burrow'!" cried "Pard."

And so it was from that day forth; and he who miscalled it "Maidens' Bower" was straightway sat upon and corrected.

We "Pards" were to keep the letter of the law by living each upon her own "claim." We did not break its spirit in having our burrow half upon each one's territory, each conscientiously bunking upon her own land, although eating, drinking, and making merry, or otherwise, upon limits undefined. Dill, our third partner, "took up" no acres from the Government, but agreed to work for us for a portion of ours, and an undivided right to the "Burrow" when we and it parted company. Dill had a Joe "back east" whom she intended to establish as lord of the manor, provided he "didn't sozzle hisself into a brute beast" before she could do it.

The "Maidens' Burrow" squatted a few rods from the *Boulevard des Vieilles Filles*. Weeds grew in that boulevard; the foot of man almost never trod it; wild beasts ranged it; the owl hooted over it; the bat flapped its ominous wings, just as over Balbec and Palmyra, yet not because its doom was sealed, but because its story was scarce yet begun in a faint waggon track on the sward. Rough sods climbing each other's backs like summer-rifted ice-flots, were the "Burrows'" protection against prairie fire. They

* "Tender foot" is "Western" for new comer.

enclosed us in a black, mystic circle, which, for a time at least, seemed to me one of doom.

I could almost touch the roof of the Burrow by standing upon my toes. The walls, like the roof, were of prairie sods, and about three feet thick, making the hut cool in summer, warm in winter. The flat roof was of boards covered with tarred paper, and then with thick sods. Loose dirt was scattered last to fill all the interstices of the sods.

Later, I flung ripe daisy-heads up there, in pensive memory of Alice Pyncheon and her dainty foreign blooms upon the "Seven Gables." How far, and faint, and cool, Puritan Salem seemed as I cast the flowers up: a tremulous vision of antique things, like a dream of a pinnacled and gabled mediæval city after an evening of old romance, old poetry, old songs. The daisies dropped their seeds, grew, and bloomed in time, so that we "slept 'neath the daisies."

Outer walls of earth did not put inner ones to shame for being mud, plastered directly upon the sods. Those inner walls were comfortable, but unutterably hideous. "Pard" used grimly to amuse herself with Heinesque imaginings of a "mattress grave" in one of our bunks, with only those mud walls to gaze upon. "Could I ever remember roses of Shiraz," she wailed, "though only to compare them with the smell of hot towels?" In time we did away with the hideousness by papering walls and ceiling with newspapers, after paring all white margins away.

The resulting effect was a soft, low-toned "silvery-grey"—as "Pard" decided to call it. We pinned our few sketches up. Then our mud walls exhaled faint dreamy fragrances of penny-royal, wild tansy, and briar roses, mingled with breath of the sea, as those walls expanded into vistas of billowing ocean, sombre forests, and barren pastures.

There was among them an Italian "bit" or two: sketches in a Turneresque riot of colour and the Neapolitan glare of Leopold Robert. These we hung amid grotesque cross-lights and in disdainful obscurity. Heat, sharp forms, vivid atmospheres—away with them! We thirsted for mists and vapours. As the hart panteth for the water-brook, we longed for sea fogs, for the poetry of transfused light and tender shadow, for the imaginative mystery of rocks and trees only spectrally revealed, but as they did not exist on that over-bold prairie. The Burrows' space was divided by muslin, drawn taut and papered. Aged rugs, well-darned, covered the coarse board floors. Before our bunks fell imperial magnificence, or what seemed so, of old gold *portières*: studio "props" gone to seed almost as long ago as earth's morning stars sang together. The bunks were airy, being open to the roof. Outside they were banked up till the Burrow appeared as strongly buttressed as any feudal fortress.

Perish the inhospitable thought of window curtains, save of tall prairie grass pencilling fantastic figures on our panes! Blessed be a peeping face, should there be one, even though of veiled prophets unveiled, or of what Dill was pleased to call "goffic gargle."

Why fear gargoyle or gorgon: we who had Nebuchadnezzar?

"Neb." had been a "colt" during "the late unpleasantness:" *i.e.*, the Civil War. We regarded him as a war-horse now, albeit still coltishly inclined to kicking. He had received his name *apropos* of certain stains about the mouth, by Dill pronounced to be "verdy grass."

"Lucky we aint got no bullets," remarked that damsel. "He'd bust with one insider him. *I'd* pour hot water on to 'em."

The whole water capacity of the *Boulevard des Vieilles Filles* was two barrels, full only twice a week. Hence "Pard's" idea was quite superior to both Dill's and mine—that we should hide in barrels. "I should give them that pound of red pepper bought for the ants." But no tomahawking savage ever sought our scalps.

What is home without a chimney? What would the Burrow have been but an aggregation of angles where goose-flesh grew, but for our chimney of glitter and glory, shining from afar as if set with precious stones. Hans Bloch made it, between sheepish glances at "Pard" and muttonish eyeings of "Pard's" partner. Fireplace and chimney were of tin cans filled with mud from the "slew" (slough),* and thickly muddied o'er with a pale cast of mire. There were hobs *à l'Anglaise*. The grate, in antecedent links of evolution, had been a dripping-pan. Now, well punctured with wounds not dishonourable, and crutched upon clay-filled cans bound with iron hoops, it was crowded with ruddy gnomes, hauled twenty miles at twelve dollars the ton. And as if that grate had not had stupid Hans for creator, but by invisible necromancer been summoned from mystic regions below the earth, or far away in eternal fire-realms of the sun, it seemed a bit of goblin-world full of fantastic imps and fiery afrits, and of such weird landscapes as are miniatured upon antediluvian fossils, and nowhere else on earth.

"Do you see that venerable enchanter with white beard and flaming eye?" murmured "Pard," when the prairie wind howled about the Burrow.

"Nay, I see no bearded necromancer," I softly breathed reply. "I see only soaring spirits of rose-tinted flame harping upon shining harps, and singing, singing, singing——"

"D'yer want Johnny cake or Jimmy for breakfast?" interluded Dill.

"Johnny" and "Jimmy" were one in substance. Their only difference was that Johnny was sweetened corn bread, and Jimmy sugarless. We kept up this fiction of two pretty men, for a variation of our *menu*.

When summer came to the *Boulevards de Vieilles Filles*, other things came too. Some of them were sinuous and scintillating, no less terrifying that they were guileless, gliding into our work-boxes and coiling upon our books. The whip-poor-will came, and vexed our souls with a nameless sadness, and mosquitoes to deafen, gnats to nip, ants to devour. Where the spider swane not, and the caterpillar did

* Western people pronounce slough as "slew."

not creep, the trail of the Colorado beetle was over all. And all to the eternal swish of the tireless wind!

It blew hot from Tophet. It parched everything it touched, and it touched everything, shrivelling

The domed sky was unflecked; the great prairie stared upwards without one single wink of modesty; and the whole wide world seemed accursed. Only at certain hours, or fractions of them, the mean, cat-like shadow of the Burrow cringed a yard or two

WHEN SUMMER CAME OTHER THINGS CAME (*p.* 720).

even kid gloves packed away as useless relics of an effete civilisation. It dried three "glorified spinsters" till the kinky-haired one wept over the flabbiness of her tissues, and the others smiled like mummied daughters of Pharaoh.

For weeks we were haunted by a mysterious hunger and longing. It gnawed at our hearts with waxen edgeless teeth, with pain not poignant; but it gnawed subtly and deep, till all our buoyancy was consumed. When at last we knew the secret of it all, then we would have bartered our souls for *Shadows*—only shadows, nothing more.

upon the hot grass. It cowered and crept like some hunted creature, as it was. "Pard" and I hunted that shadow, and haunted it while it lived; following its shifting, caressing it, seeking with might and main to idealise it: to imagine it the phantom of "a great rock," the illusion of a chanting pine, even of fantastic gables, but only to be always cheated by its cheap and narrow spirit, its skurrying span.

The treeless prairie wimpled with heat. Beneath its yellow shimmer the tall grass is weighed down with countless insects, maddening us with incessant

clamour. It is our only comfort to remember that the noisy wretches are industriously shrilling their own requiems.

What a relief to hear Dillandario argue with her "bunnit." Dill always wore a bonnet while she worked. My conviction is that she was never without it. Once I called her from her bunk at midnight, and she came to mine with her bonnet tied under her chin. "Carn't help it, Miss Margit!" she answered to my laugh. "This climate is jest awful for the complexion. Don't know what Joe'll say when he sees mine."

So Dillandario lived, moved, and had her being in a huge paste-board scoop, except when she and the wind engaged in a controversy upon the subject.

"Thought there was a killing bee to your house," a caller said, "but 'twa'nt nothing but that nigger o' yourn hollerin' 'whoa' to her bunnit!"

When winter came again Dill did not shed her bonnet. The prairie winds, she said, chafed her face and coarsened its texture every time she went "out dore." "Pards" went "out dore" unseldom. All we needed was under the turf, and that white awful immensity, lonely and glittering, like glacial worlds, was painful for our eyes and thoughts to rest upon. Nothing, nothing, *nothing* but that bristling glitter, the stab and flash of untold myriads of keen javelins thrust forth from infinite loneliness into our faces.

Nothing but a void, without rising smoke, with no burdened fence, no fleecy gable, no shrouded pine dreaming of distant palm; not even a footprint in the snow. Prate of sweet solitude and sing its charms who may, only let those praters test it to its full upon a western prairie! Even the anchorite on the mountain top sees a distant steeple or the smoke of far camp-fires. The hermit in the valley knows by blooming orchards and winding roads that he is not alone in the universe.

For us was no such proof. Even the stars seemed icily to hate us for intruders in their ancient and solitary world, and the infinitely remote sky to be between us and a frozen heaven.

Shuddering, we hid ourselves, and hybernated under snug warm sods, as a million other prairie creatures did.

It was not a thrilling existence. Still, we were not of sluggard habits. In summer we strove with Nature in the guise of droughts, beasts, and birds, and won from her our winter's beans—scarce aught besides. Every week we went to the slough and washed under umbrellas and over a bonfire. Occasionally Hans called, and occasionally 'Lish and Pat, our bachelor neighbours seven miles away. We always knew their footways strewn with withered hopes when one and another of our callers sighed: "Wall, s'pose I might as well toddle." Hope never "toddles"!

In the winters two novels were written, and German and French lessons exchanged. I mended with needles while "Pard" made with hammer, and the Burrow broke out all over with an eruption of book-shelves, mantel-pieces, and brackets—uncouth Lares and Penates evolved from packing-boxes.

But once or twice in our lives before had we tried to sing. Perhaps we were saddest when we sang, but decidedly the listeners were hilarious. We tried again now, and mingled our voices, with effects that would have startled Echo, had that sweet maid ever dwelt on a prairie, with not a rock or dell to hide her.

We taxed ingenuity for a change of diet. Sometimes a portion of dressed beef or hog lay buried in the snow, and Dill's chopping expeditions were called "going to market." There had been now and then a fowl in our oven, had not the wings of a "genteel seffer" blown them, one August noon, to a bourne from which not a feather ever returned.

Codfish, bacon, herrings, hams, and "canned stuff" we had galore. We tried to "cream" the eternal codfish, but with condensed milk the result was saccharine, and loathsome. There were no eggs, and there was pre-Adamite butter. We emptied our cans with such speed that Nausea claimed us for her own, and we fell upon *cannophobia*, of which the symptoms ever since are wild glassy eyes, and shiverings, at sight even of an empty can.

But ah! the thrill came about twice a month. A waggon or an equestrian drew up before our door, and unloaded nearly a peck of mail matter. With such sudden affluence we had rioted and wantoned among magazines and papers, only to be clutched by gaunt famine again, had we been foolish virgins. Having oil to our lamps, we separated a magazine apiece, and two papers from the mass, locking the rest carefully away from each other—and ourselves.

Then to eyeless Chance was entrusted the key. Every day before breakfast one of us, not including our sable attendant, took her turn in searching for the key in the tall grass or deep snow.

The quest was less easy than if the hunter herself had cast the talisman away, even though eager eyes always keenly watched where it fell. Thus we had the advantage in some respects, of a daily mail, for every morning, with "Johnny" or "Jimmy" and our coffee, we had a fresh magazine or a new paper.

Twenty miles at times from a lemon, at other times three hundred!

Pomegranates and cocoa-nut trees seemed less remote than the strawberry beds and currant bushes of our natal clime. Yearnings unspeakable were for the exquisite accessories of "biled dish" of turnips, cabbage, canok squash, and potatoes. Unfortunately, we never learned to take advantage of that fleet-footed climate till we were about leaving it. In consequence, vegetables, summer and winter, were rare as gold of Ophir, both climate and soil being of such fecund disposition that, scarcely were the seeds in the ground than they sprouted, rushed upward, matured, and were gone. The Burrow could not eat fast enough to keep up with them. We remembered the laughing children of Tieck's "Elves," who stamp a cone into the ground, which quickly springs up a brave fir-tree, and rises toward the red sunset, with the happy children swinging on the topmost branches.

"Very easy to imagine ourselves branch-swung

children," sighed "Pard," "but how can we imagine ourselves clean pre-emptors with no more water than this?"

She was tipping over one of our "cisterns." In the bottom, perhaps, two gallons of semi-liquid infusoria wabbled to and fro. "Pard's" expression indicated sorrow sore that we were not still islanded as in mid-winter, with a meltable white ocean. The heaviest downpour helped us but little, for turf roofs drink and do not drip into gutters or run into cisterns. But one day a bright idea fell upon me from a shower. Ever afterwards, when the gates of heaven were opened, two fantastic figures in draggled "tea-gowns" and naught else rushed from the "Maidens' Burrow" out into the revivifying element, skipping through puddles, dancing beneath torrents, frolicking like delirious water-fowl.

"Lor' a mussy!" cried Dill from the Burrow's shelter. "You two aint got no more rispict for your complections than Red Injins!"

Margaret B. Wright.

A NOVEMBER RAMBLE.

THE Dunchester Autumn Flower Show was a thing of the past, and so also was the lawn tennis excitement at Hollybush Manor for 1891; for a joint petition to old Mr. Singleton in favour of the construction of an asphalte court could not be entertained for a moment; neither, indeed, was there room for it. Yes, summer was gone; but it was by no means a very miserable day, considering that it was November, and that November was nearly half gone already.

Seated in the bow-window of the noble old dark oak library at Hollybush Manor were Amy and Nelly Singleton, busily engaged with their fancy work, while Tom had come to anchor upon the table, on which he sat swinging his legs, and gazing somewhat moodily on the faded chalk lines upon the smooth lawn, which all the rain that had recently fallen had somehow failed to obliterate. George, pipe in mouth (for smoking was not forbidden in the library), had taken up his position behind Amy, and was gently drumming on the back of her chair. In fact, it was an after-breakfast "council of war," as the old gentleman was heard peacefully humming in the distant greenhouse his operatic snatches.

And perhaps, before giving any account of the debate about to be held by this little domestic parliament, something further should be said as to the members of which it was composed. Amy, the eldest of the party, had not long entered her twenty-third year: of a gentle and affectionate disposition, she was rightly called Amy, her very name betokening her amiable character, for which she was universally beloved; nor can it be said that a pair of china-blue eyes, and refined as well as defined features, surmounted by a superabundance of fair waving hair, in any way detracted from her general charms. Her brother George, a fine sturdy fellow of twenty-one, was next to her in point of age, and with his brother Tom, who was barely nineteen, was reading for a Civil Service appointment, under the able tuition of the Rev. James Haredale, with whom we are already acquainted. Nelly, the youngest "member of parliament," had just seen "sweet seventeen." A bright merry girl was Nelly Singleton—not perhaps unlike her sister, but of more sturdy build.

Only one sorrow, as yet, had Nelly ever really known (for her parents had both died in her infancy), and that was, that she was a girl. Her brothers, in fact, had all along induced her to be a boy as long as she could; indeed, it was but a few months since Amy had positively forbidden her to vault over any more stiles and to climb any more trees in the orchard. Were any piece of mischief discovered, Nelly was always at the bottom of it; were the pigs let out, it was "Oh, Miss Nelly, how *could* you?" Were they caught in a thunderstorm, Nelly was somehow the most soaked; or was it a blackberrying day, such as they had only a fortnight or so ago, Nelly was the most empurpled, while in July she could bowl round-hand and keep wicket almost as well as Tom himself. Such then was the interesting group that was busily discussing some past and future pleasures on this bracing autumn morning.

"Didn't Uncle John want you, Tom, to walk into Dunchester to-morrow to ask Kimpton about those rose stocks?" said Amy.

"Oh yes, of course he did. I had quite forgotten. I shall go on after leaving Haredale's."

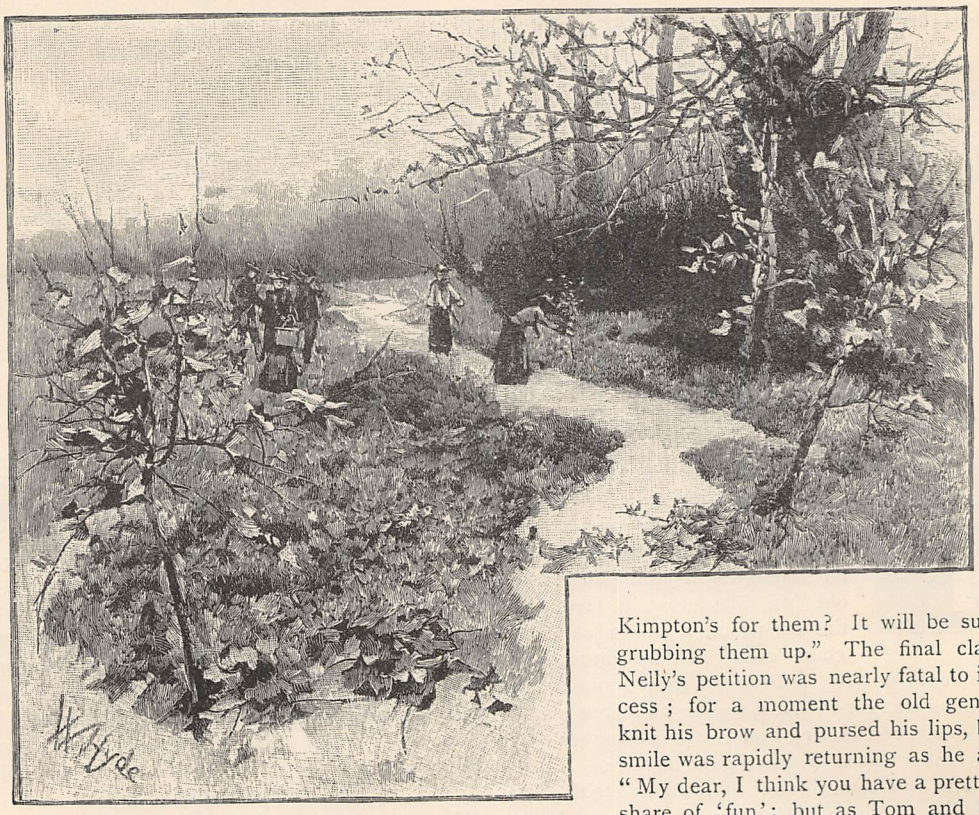
"That will be rather slow, though, for you, Tom," put in Nelly. "Couldn't we all have a morning in the woods soon, and find the stocks ourselves?"

"Good idea, Nell," said George. "Old Dobbin up the lane turns over a tidy penny every year by grubbing up stocks for Kimpton and the other Dunchester florists; he'll tell us where best to find some, I know."

"Hardly fair, though, to old Dobbin," said Amy, "if he makes his living out of it."

"That Dobbin's a regular old screw," pouted Nelly. "He has a harvest all the year round; he goes gleaning and harvesting in August, mushrooming and ketchup-making in September, acorning in October, and now it's the dead leaves and the rose stocks. Next month you'll see his donkey-cart going about crammed with cut holly for the churches."

"I don't see that that makes him an old screw,



SEARCHING FOR ROSE STOCKS.

Nelly. I know he's a very industrious old fellow, and there's no cottage garden to touch his in the village."

"Yes, Amy; but if a fellow turns a penny out of everything, as Dobbin does, why then I call him an old screw."

"But, my dear, he *has* to turn a penny out of everything in order to live, and a great credit it is to him to see him and his granddaughter labouring all the day as they do."

"Oh well, then, Mother Sheepy, I dare say you're right," said Nelly, as she tumbled over her fond sister and smothered her with kisses. And a very pretty tableau it was: all Nelly's fancy work had been flung on the carpet, and her fair tresses were flying over her shoulders, so that the merry struggles and laughter of both girls quite drowned for them the noise of the suddenly-turned door-handle. Yes, there in the entrance stood, not a little astonished and amused, old Mr. Singleton, and by his side Mr. Haredale. Amy was for a moment confused, and the more so as there was a wretchedly uncomfortable look about James Haredale as of one who would have had no objection to share in the entertainment they had just witnessed. Nothing, however, abashed Miss Nelly. "Oh, Uncle," said she impulsively, "can't we go into the woods to-morrow, and get some briars for your rose stocks, instead of Tom going all the way to Kimpton's for them? It will be such fun grubbing them up." The final clause of Nelly's petition was nearly fatal to its success; for a moment the old gentleman knit his brow and pursed his lips, but his smile was rapidly returning as he added: "My dear, I think you have a pretty good share of 'fun'; but as Tom and George know what I want, I do not see why you might not go together into the copse, and ——" This was enough for them, and as a general clatter of tongues ensued, Mr. Singleton raised his voice above the din and called out to Tom, who was moving off, that Mr. Haredale wanted to see him about his Latin prose paper. The two fair dishevelled heads, then, had won the day, and Nelly, at a hint from Amy, was rapidly gathering her locks together into a more orthodox form. Of course Mr. Haredale had to make one of the party on the morrow's excursion.

The next morning, just before they were starting, Bailey called out to George: "You be sure, sir, and get me the stocks *straight*"; and Mr. Singleton, who was walking with the party to the gate, said, as he went along: "Besides being straight, boys, I want the stocks pretty well rooted and compact. You will find them, I dare say, mostly in the hedgerows, or the girls will tell you where they have gathered the best or the most of the wild roses that Nelly is so fond of. Take care, too, not to ramble too far: I mean don't go on any of Sir Henry Crabby's land, for you know how particular he is as to any or the least infringement upon his rights. But you will find plenty of the old familiar dog-rose briars in the hedges, and these are the best to bud upon; get them up by the roots, and some three to four feet in height. I see you have a couple of strong trowels with you. Your collection as you come home will look like a bundle of walking-sticks with roots to them."

On their way, Amy thought it would be kind to leave a shilling with old Dobbin in case he should feel aggrieved at not having the stock operation assigned to him. "Why, bless you, Miss! there ain't yer like in——," but Amy did not linger to hear the conclusion of Dobbin's benediction, but ran after the rest of the party. And though in search of rose stocks, their pathway could not certainly be called "a bed of roses." Muddy lanes, stiff clay and stiffer fences and hedges are but a source of mirth when encountered only by the boisterous spirits of healthy youth. Amy and Sophia Haredale kept mostly together, and appeared to be acting as pioneers of the rest, while George, Tom, and Mr. Haredale naturally accomplished the practical part of the day's work, and a large collection of dry leaves in a sheltered corner of the wood they had nearly gone through afforded an admirable opportunity for opening the luncheon basket. A fine mushroom or two fell to Nelly as her part of the day's work, for the season was yet a mild one; but was she trying to keep near Mr. Haredale in the walk, or was he trying to keep near her? Once, however, Amy looked round and called her, and once, half-an-hour afterwards, George gave Tom a look, but said nothing. Nonsense! it was too absurd! Why, Nelly was only a tom-boy, hardly out of the schoolroom.

"THEIR LIVING TO GET."

THE STORY OF FOUR GIRLS AND THEIR START IN LIFE.

BY THEIR MOTHER. SECOND PART.

WHEN I broke off the thread of my discourse upon my daughters a few months ago, it was at the point where Janet was deliberating which particular line of work she should take up. As her predilection was decidedly for the artist's pencil or brush, we continued to scan the horizon in that direction.

Allied to the art of wood-engraving, as used for the purpose of illustrating books, there is that of lithography and its twin-sister chromolithography. In these two branches of picture-making we found much to encourage the student, much that gave hope of a steady supply of work and of reasonable remuneration for work when done.

The ground for hope rested on these facts:—It appears that hitherto the art of lithography has been but little practised in England. Although books published in this country have been illustrated by this method, in black and white, and with coloured pictures, the publishers have hitherto been obliged to send the illustrations to other countries to be copied by this process. Germany and France have supplied the artists. England is now making an effort to struggle to the front, and publishers are giving employment to those schools which can show good work; for, naturally, they will not care to send their illustrations abroad when they can have them copied satisfactorily at home.

The well-known school of art in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, has added a studio for the purpose of teaching and executing chromolithography, and the experience so far has been, plenty of orders for work to be done, but a lack of students qualified and capable of doing it.

I could quite imagine that there was employment for very many hundreds of hands. In the mass of children's books which appear every year, coloured pictures abound; the enormous number of advertisements of all kinds, and of all sizes, which come before the eye in the house and in the street, which are scattered broadcast all over this country and also sent abroad, these facts alone, not to mention others, show us the demands made on chromolithography.

Before presenting herself at the studio, the would-be student must have gained a certificate in drawing from the antique or the life from a recognised School of Art. It takes a pupil three years to learn the art of chromolithography. The fees are twelve guineas a year, or thirty guineas for the three years if paid in advance, and there is an entrance fee of one guinea.

You may perhaps ask, as I did, what are the distinctive features of the art of lithography? I will therefore mention, briefly, that it is the method of printing from stone instead of from type. The stone used is a fine-grained limestone; when this has been prepared for the purpose, the drawing is traced on its surface with chalk or a fine pen. This is the method used for pictures termed black and white.

In the case of chromolithography, or colour-printing, a separate stone is required for every separate colour; the number to be prepared for a picture depends upon the number of colours introduced by the artist into the original picture. Infinite care and skill is required to produce a true copy of the original, for the slightest deviation in lines or in colour would mar the effect. The pictures are prepared in miniature, for large stones would be cumbersome; by a chemical process the pictures are transferred to larger stones, and finally they are printed by steam.

Janet spent a few days in considering the *pros* and *cons* of each line of study; and then she elected to pursue the art of wood-engraving, as she thought it offered more scope for the artist, and gave more opportunity of taking a higher flight than that of

lithography—so she entered a class at a technical school, and she finds the interest in her study grow as her aptitude increases.

From her childhood and early girlhood, Susan, my third daughter, was always fond of dolls. I don't think that she felt any warm affection for the waxen and wooden little creatures; her chief interest seemed to be centred in their attire, in the devising and fashioning and making of their garments, and in this matter she had displayed much skill and taste and ingenuity before she entered her teens. These childish amusements had, of course, been put away when she grew older, but her needle and scissors had not been unused: they were employed for the benefit of her mother and sisters, and in this way we were able to present a good appearance on a small outlay. It came into my mind one day that this gift or talent might perhaps be made yet more productive.

Dressmaking and millinery are always required; good dressmaking and tasteful yet inexpensive millinery are often difficult to obtain.

How constantly we hear the plaint, "I cannot get a dress made to fit me," and also the anxious question, "Where shall I find a pretty bonnet and hat a a reasonable price?"

Susan was at first appalled with my idea; she saw in imagination an army of sewers all requiring her directions and their payments at the end of each week; and then she saw a large shop-window filled with hats and bonnets, and a bag of sovereigns which must be ready for rent at the end of each quarter—the very idea of such an undertaking was overpowering. To which I replied, "You must walk before you can run, Susan; we will look at the matter more closely and on a much smaller scale.

"With regard to dressmaking, you would have to learn the business—for we will call it by its plain name—before you could begin one on your own account.

"A couple of years at least would have to be spent in this way, and I dare say you would find your work at this stage not particularly interesting or pleasant; you might, indeed, be inclined to speak of it as a species of drudgery.

"You see, Susan, when making dresses for us and for yourself, you have had the agreeable part of designing and of executing each part, together with the triumph in the whole when complete; but when learning the business from first to last in a workroom, you would have many small details to master, as you passed by degrees through the different departments of knowledge and practice: it might be the making of button-holes or the sewing-on of buttons, or any of the small details which are very apt to become wearisome. I know that very many ladies have given up and retired from the workroom because they found their work at this period irksome and monotonous. The only way to succeed is to have your eye and your mind fixed on the future, and to regard the mastery of each detail as a bit of knowledge which can be piled on the top of other pieces; if you did not perfect yourself in one thing before passing on to another, you would be utterly unfit to cope with your business when you assumed the head of one.

"In the millinery business there are fewer difficulties to overcome, and therefore much less time has to be spent in learning it. Were I in your shoes, Susan, I should be inclined to turn to millinery, and for these reasons:—

"The fees asked by those who give instructions in dressmaking, in the arts of cutting-out and putting together, are somewhat large; but that difficulty we might get over, seeing that I have not had to disburse much for the training of Margaret or Janet. It is the future that I fear—the weight of the rent, of the workroom, and of the payment of its occupants; but more than all, the anxiety: that one great cause of anxiety which weighs on the mind of the dressmaker, at any rate for the first years of the outset, when she is dependent upon her earnings—I mean the uncertainty of receiving the payments due from her customers. So many, oh! so many, there are, who let month after month, and even years, go by without paying their dressmaker her just dues.

"The same may be said with regard to the milliner, but in a less degree. The bonnet is there, with its price attached, and often it is paid for when bought; but the bill of the dressmaker has to be sent, and too often it is put aside and, if not forgotten, it is unheeded.

"In millinery a few lessons suffice for one who has a talent for it, and these instructions can be had for a small sum at a technical school.

"I should begin in a small way; I should not take a shop, but should have a room for this purpose. I should select my stock with judgment, and I should charge a reasonable price. There are some ladies who will give two guineas for a feather tip and a bow of velvet; but there are many more in number whose limit is one guinea, and who fairly may expect a hat or bonnet for less than that sum."

Susan started her venture, and, so far, it has met with success; she has the wisdom to buy a small stock of materials, and to select two qualities; she adds novelties from time to time, so that there is always a degree of freshness apparent in her exhibits. Her aim has been to get a connection, small though it might be, among her acquaintances; and now the circle is widening. There were times when Susan felt impatient, and other times when she felt despondent. I could but repeat those valuable maxims, "Know how to wait," "Be satisfied with small beginnings."

My little Grace was now the only lamb for which I had to find a pasture. I looked upon her and spoke of her as a mere child. A parent is apt to regard the youngest of the flock in that light long after it has emerged out of childhood. But Grace was no weakling; she had plenty of backbone and a decided will of her own. Books had always been her chief companions, and she seemed to derive great pleasure when she was swallowed up in their contents. I imagined that she would continue to pursue her studies, and that her aspiration would be to become eventually a

A GAME OF CHESS.

(*See p.* 727.)

mistress in a High School. Newnham and Girton Colleges, Somerville and St. Margaret's Halls, were beyond our means, but there were other avenues through which the girl could pass when the time came. There was the Training College in Skinner Street, Bishopsgate, established some ten years ago, where students are taught how to teach, and I found that a certificate gained at this college—which is under University inspection—gives the student a good chance of obtaining high scholastic appointments. The cost of this professional training amounts to about thirty pounds yearly. Students do not reside in the college and cannot enter under eighteen years of age.

A distinction which holds a high place is that of obtaining a degree at the London University. Students come there for examinations only, therefore they can study and be prepared for the ordeal in any part of the provinces where it may be convenient for them to sojourn.

Imagine my feelings when, on propounding this course to my girl, Grace said with great decision and firmness of tone, "Mother, I have made up my mind what I shall be; please don't forbid it." "Nay, child," I replied, "I am not likely to set my face against it." "Oh! but you have no idea of what *it* is," said Grace in pleading accents. "Well, end my suspense and tell me," I said; and Grace said, "A lady doctor." I was truly astonished at the notion of my little Grace—her smallness of stature made that adjective still applicable—assuming such a position. I had no actual reason for opposing this ambitious scheme, beyond that of the expense of the preparation and the uncertainty of gaining even a scanty livelihood when fully fledged. On our penetrating into what seemed in our ignorance the mysteries which enveloped "medical women," we found that the path had been greatly cleared and made much smoother since the early days of the movement.

There are now about a dozen scholarships attached to the London School of Medicine, which, of course, are a help to those who need pecuniary aid, and which also, of course, have to be gained by hard work. This school, which is to be found in Handel Street, Brunswick Square, provides all the training, theoretical and practical, required for a complete medical education. The course of study covers a period of four years, and the expense in fees for that period amounts to about £180; this includes the medical and surgical diploma as well as the fees at the school and hospital, but it is outside all the expense of maintenance during these years of study.

There are about ninety registered medical women. Of these, thirty have taken up their residence in different parts of the world—in India, China, Canada, Australia, but mostly in India; twenty-two of the number have appointments of various kinds in England, such as lecturers, inspectors, medical officers, or in dispensaries, and hospitals for children. The remainder of the number have begun private practice or are continuing their studies.

There can be no doubt that the widest field for medical women is in India, and that there will be no difficulty in getting a post there. While Grace is pursuing her study of medicine with all her energy, I often ask myself, Shall I be called upon to part with my youngest-born? will her footsteps turn to that far-off land? and I feel in my own mind that her future work will be there.

Statistics tell me that there are one hundred and twenty-four millions of women in India; and I read from time to time how gladly the medical women are being welcomed and their services appreciated by Hindoos and by Mohammedans, and how ignorance and superstition are gradually giving way before the superior knowledge which the "lady doctor" brings into the secluded abodes into which she is now permitted to take her art of healing.

It has been said of the women of India that they are unwelcome as infants, untaught as children, enslaved as wives, despised as widows, and unwept when dead. If it lies in the power of my Grace to make happier the lives of even but a few of these women, can I withhold her?

A GAME OF CHESS.

IMPENDING mate—'twas whispered so,
With confidence, a year ago!
Love's tender secret, as they played,
In tell-tale glances was betrayed;
The fair young face, his soul adored,
With sweet eyes bent upon the board,
Made him forgetful of the game!
He moved at random. Who can blame
A lover in a case like this,
Or fail to envy him his bliss?
The pieces won were only part
Of Lucy's gains—he lost his heart!

Mated—and Lawrence views with pride
The baffled forces of his bride,
Whose smiling looks and charms untold
Seem dearer now a thousand-fold!
He thinks of all the long attack,
And feels new joy in looking back.
The knight, with countless checks between,
Bent on the capture of the queen,
Had proved resistless in the fray;
And Lucy, too, recalls the day—
Whose advent she has cause to bless—
When first they played a game of chess!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE HEROISM OF MARK LESLIE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY C. E. C. WEIGALL, AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THERE are few things that irritate a man more than the consciousness that he is forgotten by the world. He has, perhaps, had visions in his youth of a future career of ambition and success, when, like Atlas, he should bear the world on his shoulders.

Good looks, or a talent for neat epigrams, have won for him a certain position in society, but in the end everything has somehow failed.

His looks lose their charm, his epigrams savour of monotony, and he wakes one day to find himself shouldered out of his place by younger and smarter men.

Mark Leslie was just such a man. In his early youth he had earned a certain amount of fame by two or three brilliant articles written for a well-known Review, and a comet-like series of leaders for a London Daily. His delicate touch of cynicism had added a spice to their flavour, and he had fancied himself on the high-road to becoming a second Carlyle.

But it had all failed. He seemed to lose the power of attraction, his articles grew tame, and he realised at last that his apples of Sodom were very dust and bitterness. So here he was, at forty years of age, in a melancholy chamber in the city, a literary drudge, working almost night and day to keep body and soul together.

He had been, in the freshness of his youth, a handsome man—as his well-chiselled features and keen dark eyes testified. But there were furrows and lines on his broad low forehead, and streaks of grey in his dark hair; and his lips were set in a firm hard line, that spoke of a continuous struggle with misfortune, from which he did not always emerge victorious.

Ten years before, when his success had been at its height, Mark had had a brief love-story—if silent devotion on his side, and apparent indifference on the other, could be termed a romance.

He had been introduced to Elsie Manners at a big afternoon party at the house of one of his acquaintances in the fashionable world.

He was by way of being a social celebrity; and she, the belle of her first season—a girl of seventeen, with a fresh innocent face, and bright clear-blue eyes, that had looked his heart away as soon as their glance fell upon him.

They met many times and in divers fashions, and Mark was just beginning to hope that his love was not as indifferent to her as she would have it seem to be, when his feet began to totter down the ladder of success, and he knew that in her radiant future failure and disappointment could have no part; and he left her without a word.

They never met again after their brief parting under the trees in the park, when the brilliant summer weather was warning the fashionable world to be off to Norway or the breezy moors of Yorkshire and Scotland. Mark had only said—

"Good-bye, Miss Manners," in a tone of stunned despair; for he knew that when the next season filled the great city again, his face would be missed among the crowd—for he would have gone down among the throng of those who clamour for bread, whose voices are not heard among the tumult of the abyss in which they struggle.

Elsie had just turned her face towards him, and had touched his outstretched hand with cold, unwilling fingers.

"Oh, really! is it good-bye, Mr. Leslie? Ah, well! till our next merry meeting."

He remembered the delicate colour of her gown, the very fragrance that was hanging about her from the flowers at her throat. He took in the whole scene with one despairing glance of farewell, and turned away from the Paradise of his dreams.

No doubt, by this time she was a wife and mother, and, at any rate, utterly lost to him; but no news of her had penetrated the monotony of his toilsome existence from that day henceforward.

His trouble had not roused his nature: it had merely accentuated the despondency that was his natural characteristic, and he had become a Pessimist with the principles, though not the reasoning powers, of Schopenhauer.

He was sitting, with his head resting on his hand, at an ink-stained escritoire, gazing out of the window that afternoon with an air of abstraction. Two or three printer's slips lay before him, representing his work of the past week, which he had been correcting in mechanically neat fashion.

The fire of genius had long ago died out of his soul, leaving him a moody, silent man, oppressed with a sense of what he might have been, and what he was not.

A square of London garden—black and dreary—stretched outside his window, where a few grimy sparrows were chirping on the stone coping of what had once been a fountain, and which was now a small stagnant pool.

Perhaps a thought of the grim changes of time

crossed Mark's mind as he sat and mused, for an unaccustomed smile curled the corners of his mouth.

He watched the dirty sparrows, and a few melancholy clothes hanging out on a line to dry—which were now the only signs of life in this desert of dust and deadness. Beyond the garden door the noise and roar of the huge city made itself heard, weaving itself into his throbbing heart and brain.

Here he was still. His purse was generally empty, and his friends seemed to have totally forgotten him; but he lived a drearily contented life, and had ceased to look for the change and excitement that never came.

As he sat there, in his dull room, that bright September afternoon, the postman's knock woke no echoes in his mind, for his letters were never numerous, and, at the best, not the sort to raise speculation or interest within him. So he took no notice of his landlady's heavy step as she mounted the long flight of stairs that led to his room, stopping to pant on the landing, for she was a portly dame, and would never have thought of emerging from her underground domains, if it had not been that Mark was a prime favourite.

She put down the letter beside him, with a cheery remark or two on the weather.

He was always punctual with his rent, and she pitied his lonely condition so much that she had even been overheard to suggest that "Hanna Marier was a rare good manager, and played beautiful on the pianner, and she'd have a nice bit of savings coming to her some day."

By which tokens it was generally supposed that she would have no objection to him as a son-in-law, though he did live, like a spider, very near the sky.

He sat still for some time after she had left him, and then, with an impatient sigh, roused himself, and took up his letter.

He was convinced that it was a dun, as it lay there in its stiff, uncompromising blue envelope addressed in black, clerkly handwriting to—

"*Mark Leslie, Esq.,*
"*Green Court Chambers.*"

And he pondered in his mind as to how he was going to meet it, for it was the end of the month and his funds were low.

As he opened it he became conscious of a strange sensation in his ears—of a mist that seemed to be floating before his eyes.

He looked round the room, and became suddenly aware of the sordid nature of his surroundings: his coat was old and thread-bare, there was a fresh patch of ink upon the grimy red-baize cloth, a spider was spinning its web upon the window-curtain, and he began dreamily to speculate upon the probabilities of its being swept away next morning by the broom of the maid-of-all-work.

"HE HAD BEEN INTRODUCED TO ELSIE MANNERS AT A BIG AFTERNOON PARTY" (*p.* 728).

Then he slowly took up the paper again, and as he did so the mist rolled away from his brain, and he sprang to his feet.

He was trembling in every limb as he took the letter nearer to the window, to scan its every syllable. Yes, there it stood, in black and white: that he—Mark Leslie—was at last a happy man. For by one turn of fortune's wheel he had become possessed of a few hundreds a year and his uncle's little estate in Yorkshire.

Like a dream flashed across his mind the memory of his childish days, when all his holidays had been spent at Throxby Manor.

He remembered the ponies he had ridden, the hurdles he had jumped, and, above all things, the strange affection with which his uncle—a lonely man whom trouble had soured—had regarded him. Where was the need of drudgery now? And with a smothered cry he sank on his knees, and buried his face in his hands.

Trouble and poverty he had met with tearless eyes and a sullen bearing, but the sudden relief of joy brought a rush of unaccustomed tears to soften the tension of his brain.

The dusty chattering sparrows fluttered on to the window-sill, attracted by the stillness of the room and its inmate. And the September sunlight, struggling through the smoky atmosphere, shot a sudden arrow of light on to his bowed head.

But Mark Leslie—though the relief of his thankfulness was too great for words—was echoing a bitter cry in his heart. Ah! why did it all come too late? Why did it not happen ten long bitter years ago, when he had first met Elsie Manners?

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

SEVEN days later, Mark Leslie stepped out of a first-class carriage on to the little platform of Birkstead Station.

If his outward demeanour corresponded with his inward frame of mind, he was an altered man. He looked round him proudly, with a conscious air of being perfectly dressed and appointed, and he walked with the firm decided step of a man who is on friendly terms with the world.

He was met by a civil groom, anxious to ingratiate himself with his new master.

"*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" seems to come naturally from the lips of the nineteenth-century world.

The man touched his hat with a smile of welcome, and conducted Leslie to a neatly sober "turn-out" that stood beyond the station gates.

He noticed with a throb of satisfaction the bright trappings of the harness, and the sleek, well-conditioned chestnut cob, as he climbed into the dog-cart, proudly conscious that this was all his own—the first fruits of his good fortune. No one seeing him for the first time as he was whirled swiftly up the long white road that led to Throxby, could have guessed that his most dignified conveyance had been an omnibus, and that even the luxury of a hansom had been a forbidden thing for the last few years.

The road along which they were speeding was a gentle incline for some way, bordered on either side by a high stiff hedge, above which could be seen glimpses of a long undulating line of hills, blue with the soft September haze that lay over all the world that late afternoon.

Presently the hedges gave place to a stretch of moorland dotted with clumps of golden gorse and tufts of yellowing bracken; and as they turned an abrupt corner in the road they caught the first glimpse of Throxby Manor, lying isolated in a green hollow, almost hidden from sight by a belt of thick elm-trees, in whose "windy" boughs the rooks from time immemorial had made their noisy home.

It was a quaint house, long and low, built on the site of an ancient Hospital of the Knights of St. John.

The gravel sweep encircled the house, and gave a glimpse of pointed windows and low-ceiled rooms on the ground floor. There was a well-preserved air of antiquity about the whole place, which was carried out in the ivy-covered walls and grotesquely-carved gurgoyles that grinned down on the passer-by from each stone mullion.

And yet, in spite of its appearance, the greater part of Throxby Manor did not date further back than the beginning of the present century, and it was as if the spirits of the Knights of St. John still hovered round their ancient dwelling-place, and preserved the solemnity of their Order from slipping into the commonplaceness of every-day life.

Mark sprang down from the dog-cart, and shook himself together, trying to realise every stick and stone about the old place which he saw again, after five-and-twenty years of absence.

The old housekeeper and the gardener were dead, and they were strange faces that met his eyes, and looked so curiously at the new master who had sprung, as it were, from nowhere; and after a courteous word or two he passed on, inwardly regretting that there was no one to look at him with a friendly eye, or to remember him as a desolate little orphan child playing about the old-fashioned garden of the manor.

The drawing-room, too, into which he peeped, was distinctly depressing, every chair and sofa being swathed like a mummy in brown holland cerements, and the black oak of the walls being unrelieved by anything, save a few pictures veiled in black gauze.

He retreated hastily, and was met by the apologetic housekeeper, who told him that in the absence of further orders she had made tea in the smoking-room; to which snuggery he repaired, and dreamed away the evening over a crackling wood fire.

Mark spent the next few days in thoroughly investigating every hole and corner of his small estate, and in devising wonderful plans for stocking with trout a small stream that ran through the meadow in front of the house.

But after a time even these pleasures began to pall upon him, and he felt how intensely necessary human society is to every thinking being, and wondered if there was anyone in the neighbourhood who would consider him worth calling upon.

People round Throxby were, in reality, very shy of strangers; and as old Mr. Holmes had been a complete hermit for the last few years of his existence, they took it for granted that his successor would be either uninteresting or a recluse, and made up their minds to wait and see if Leslie developed any tastes that would stamp him as a typical country gentleman and an acquisition to society. If he were a fair shot, or rode well to cover, or even if he were bitten with a mania for golf, he might run a chance of being "Hail fellow! well met" with the neighbourhood, and be honoured by receiving their visits.

He was walking one day in one of the lanes about Throxby, thoroughly enjoying the soft heather-scented air, and every now and then stopping to gather a cluster of ripe luscious blackberries—the taste of which reminded him of his boyish days—when he heard the

clatter of horses' hoofs behind him, coming down the road at a round trot.

As the lane was decidedly narrow at this point, he turned a little aside to allow the dog-cart and its inmates to pass him, and in doing so his eyes suddenly met those of his old love—Elsie Manners—who was driving, with a smart groom seated behind her.

The recognition on both sides was instantaneous, and she drew up at once.

"Mr. Leslie—by all that's wonderful! How on earth did *you* get to Throxby? and where have you been for these last ten years?"

There was an eager look about her bright, flushed face as she sprang lightly out of the cart, and, telling the groom to drive home, faced him with outstretched hand.

Mark was so overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion that he could say nothing for the first few moments, and stood holding her hand, looking into her face in utter silence.

She had altered but little. There was a graver expression on her features, a more wistful droop of her beautiful lips, but the same innocent blue eyes were looking into his, unspoiled at twenty-seven, as they had been at seventeen, by the realities and trials of the world.

"Why, I don't believe you remember me, after all," she said, biting her lip with a petulant gesture of annoyance. "Of course, I must have altered a great deal in ten years, and you have probably entirely forgotten that such a person as Miss Manners ever existed."

"*Forgotten!*" he said, hoarsely, and then, laying a sudden check upon himself, he added, with an effort to appear at his ease, "you have not changed in the least, Miss Manners. I knew you at once, but—perhaps—I ought not to say *Miss Manners?*"

She blushed scarlet, and looked away from him at a bank of rosy cloud on the horizon.

"Oh, dear, yes, I am Miss Manners yet, and I also have no intention of altering my name. I suppose you did not know that when my mother died my father sold our London house, and bought a place about a mile from Throxby? We shall hope to see you there if you are staying for any time in the neighbourhood."

"I—I am living here now—at the Manor," stammered Leslie. "It was left me by Mr. Holmes, and I mean to settle here for good."

A look of surprise and pleasure came over Elsie's face, but, as Mark was gazing moodily at his boots, he never saw it.

"*How* funny! Then you are the Mr. Leslie about whom all the neighbourhood is talking?" she answered with a laugh. "Why, how nice that is! Papa will want to see a great deal of you now that we are such near neighbours."

Mark thanked her in a few words, and as they walked slowly homewards she chattered away to him of her home-life, giving him no opportunity of getting in a word edgeways: which, perhaps, was as well, seeing that he was almost too stunned to collect his thoughts for any coherent speech.

But when they parted at the Manor gate, he found that he had engaged himself to go up to Wikeham Court to tea the following afternoon.

All the next morning he was extremely fidgety about his costume—wondering if his coat was too much of a Park cut to suit a country gentleman, or if Elsie would laugh at him if he sported a buttonhole. He tried every flower in the garden, discarding each bloom as too showy, and at last adopted a sprig of white heather—which he fancied had something to do with good luck, and which he came upon in a shady corner of the shrubbery.

He was afraid of arriving too early at Wikeham, and therefore sat with his watch in his hand, positively counting the moments till he might, with decency, start for his short walk across the fields; and when he reached the gates of the avenue his heart began to beat so rapidly that he almost lost courage and turned tail to creep home, like a beaten dog.

Elsie was sitting in her boudoir with her father when he arrived. She was looking as young and beautiful as ever, in a plain dark-blue gown, with a suspicion of cream-coloured silk about it; and when Mark was shown in, she was having a game of play with a fluffy grey kitten, wildly excited by the vagaries of a cork which she was dangling from a scarlet ribbon.

At the first sight of her his excitement died away, and the old touch of despondency fell upon him.

How could this radiant girl ever care for him—a man whose life had been a failure, and whose best days and looks were over? The very idea was an absurdity, but still the old love for her throbbed in every pulse.

"Father," she said, as she shook hands with Mark, "this is Mr. Leslie. You remember him ten years ago in town?"

Mr. Manners was a fat old gentleman, with a red face, and a perpetual air of suspecting a joke.

"Mr. Leslie? Oh yes," he said heartily. "Very glad to see you, I'm sure. Let me see—barrister, weren't you? Counsel in that Foyle case? Oh no; to be sure, I know now. Leslie?—oh yes—cunning dog you were: knew what was what in the Derby that year. Might have just hinted it to an old friend, though."

And Mr. Manners went off into a spasmodic fit of chuckling, and executed sundry sly pokes in the direction of Mark's ribs.

Leslie, who had never in his life had a penny on the Derby, and did not know one racehorse from the other, looked across appealingly at the girl.

"You are quite wrong, father dear," she said, laughing. "Mr. Leslie was a famous writer in those days. Don't you remember his articles in the *Terrestrial?*"

"An author!—oh law!" was all Mr. Manners vouchsafed in reply, as he sank rather gloomily back in his chair.

Authors had no charms for him, for he never opened

a book—save on Sunday—from one year's end to the other, and he felt distinctly aggrieved that his daughter should have taken so much trouble to renew their acquaintance with a mere scribbler.

Leslie recognised with keen sensitiveness the slighting way in which his profession had been received, but he was transported to the seventh heaven of happiness to find that Elsie remembered the articles which had gained him such brief fame. He felt relieved, however, when she proposed a stroll in the garden after tea, and followed her through the French window with alacrity.

They walked along demurely until they were out of sight of the house; then, suddenly, Elsie lifted her eyes to his face, pushing back, with an attempt at carelessness, the ribbons of her garden-hat.

"Mr. Leslie, we used to be rather friends once upon a time, and I want you to tell me honestly something."

"I will tell you anything you choose to ask me," said Leslie fervently.

"Well, then, what have you been doing since that day when you said good-bye to me in the Park?—for from that day to this I have never even heard your name mentioned, either in praise or blame. Not wasting your life, surely?"

Mark looked away, sick at heart with pain at the humiliation of his confession; but he never thought of hiding anything from her clear eyes.

"I will tell you the truth," he said simply. "I have just failed in everything. When I said good-bye to you that day, I knew I was going down hill, and that I should probably never see you again. Since then, until a fortnight ago, I have been starving on a pittance as a journalist in a London lodging—just earning enough to live from day to day. I cannot see that this came about through any fault of mine, but merely that I am naturally unfortunate."

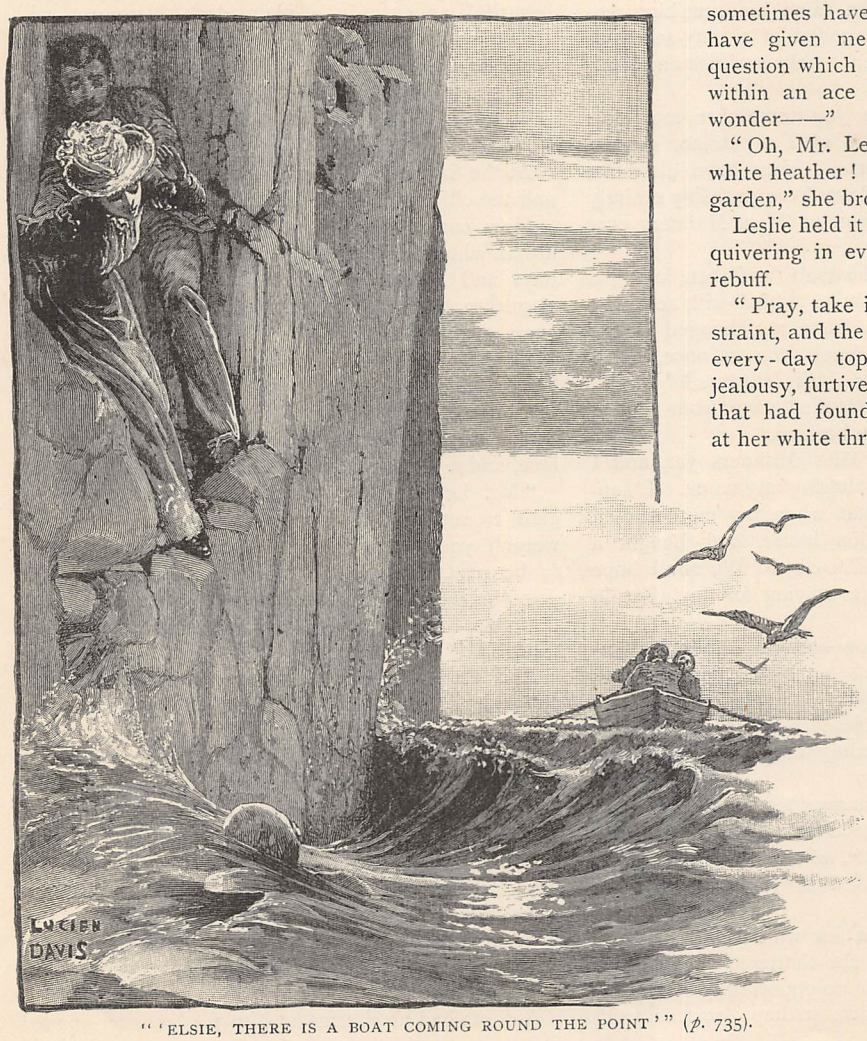
He was examining, so closely, the petals of a late gloire-de-Dijon rose, that he did not see the tears that flashed for a moment in his companion's eyes—or, if he had seen them, he might, in his morbid despondency, have misunderstood them.

"I might have been a happy man if all had gone well," he continued musingly. "For I sometimes have thought that you might have given me a gracious answer to a question which a dozen times at least was within an ace of crossing my lips. I wonder——"

"Oh, Mr. Leslie, what a lovely bit of white heather! We have got none in our garden," she broke in nervously.

Leslie held it out to her without a word, quivering in every nerve with a sense of rebuff.

"Pray, take it," he said, with cold constraint, and the conversation slipped into every-day topics, while he, with mad jealousy, furtively regarded the tiny sprig that had found so warm a resting-place at her white throat.



"'ELSIE, THERE IS A BOAT COMING ROUND THE POINT'" (*p.* 735).

When he returned to Throxby that evening, he found a letter waiting for him which bore the London postmark. He opened it with curiosity, for it was from an old friend of his, who had been spasmodically faithful to him during his ten years of poverty.

It ran thus—

"EXCELSIOR CLUB,
"*Sept. 26th.*

"DEAR LESLIE,—I am coming to look you up in your new diggings, so expect me to-morrow. Country air will do me a power of good just now, and I know you'll give me a welcome; and, besides, I really am curious to know what the

humble journalist looks like when transformed into a landed proprietor; something like the grub and the moth, I should think.

"Yours ever,

"JOHN SAVERNAKE."

Leslie heaved a half-impatient sigh as he read it, and realised that his good-looking, brilliant friend would invade his solitude on the morrow. And then, rebuking himself for his churlishness, he gave orders to the housekeeper to prepare the best bedroom for his self-invited guest.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

JOHN SAVERNAKE duly arrived at Throxby by the afternoon train from town, and seemed at once to take the house and its owner under his protecting wing. He was a handsome young fellow, with a gay, light-hearted manner, and a very good opinion of himself and his belongings, which carried him on very cheerfully through life.

"My dear fellow," he said, as he pressed Mark's hand in warm greeting, "I'm awfully glad to see you. I was delighted to come, you know, to see you play the swell, and to put you up to a wrinkle or two. Very nice little place this," as he looked round the pretty hall with a critical eye. "Rather small, you know, but a very fair shooting-box. Rather different to Green Court Chambers, eh? Thanks, I like my coffee '*noir*,'" as Mark handed him, with a slight degree of nervousness at the honour of entertaining so gracious a friend, an old-fashioned Dresden china cup, full of that beverage.

Savernake, after a tour of inspection round the house, during which he suggested several improvements, and pulled down—mentally—two partitions to enlarge the billiard and dining rooms, settled down, with a cigar, in the most cosy chair in the smoking-room.

"Well, now that you are really settled in life, and remarkably improved in appearance, old man, how are you getting on in society? Has anyone noticed you? and is there anyone worth knowing in the neighbourhood?"

From anyone less privileged than John Savernake the latter speech might have seemed a distinct impertinence; but to Leslie the utterances of the man who, through all his adverses, had kept faithful to him, though he moved in so utterly different a world, and had money and society at his command, were not things to be lightly esteemed. So he paused for a moment, and then, with a distinct effort of unwillingness, answered—

"Oh yes, there are some old friends of mine living not far from here—the Manners—I know them."

"Manners? Manners?" said Savernake, musing. "Surely not the people who had such a jolly house in Rutland Gate four or five years ago?"

"The very same," answered Leslie, flicking away the ash of his cigar into the fireplace, and abusing himself for the red flush that he felt mounting from chin to brow.

"Good gracious! What a small world this is, in very truth!" said Savernake, smiling, quite oblivious of his friend's confusion. "Why, Elsie Manners was dead nuts on me her last season in town. She was a pretty girl, and no mistake, and I'll go over and call first thing to-morrow; for, unless she has gone off in looks, it wouldn't be a bad match for me; and the poor little girl was a sweet little thing, and very much in love."

A storm of passion shook Leslie's frame with sudden force, and he got up abruptly and walked over to the window. Could his friend's words be true? and had Elsie never married by reason of her hopeless love for him? It hurt him cruelly to hear her spoken so lightly of—the Elsie of his adoration; the girl he believed as far removed from him in perfection as the stars themselves. Of course he had known that his own love was hopeless; but to have this supplanter of all his hopes close to him—an inmate of his house—was almost more than he could bear, and his voice was sharp with pain as he replied—

"In that case, Savernake, you had better find out Miss Manners's present feelings before stating her case so broadly."

Savernake smiled a little contemptuously to himself. It never even struck him that this friend of his could have lifted his eyes already to the beautiful Miss Manners; and the idea of any girl refusing the offer of his own hand and heart was simply ludicrous in its impossibility.

"Not much difficulty about *that*, my dear fellow. Why, bless your heart, I'll see her to-morrow, and pop the question before I leave. It will be something definite for me to do down here."

"Very well," said Leslie, with numb resignation. "We dine at seven; perhaps you would like to see your room now?"

"Well, of all the unearthly hours!" began Savernake; but his host had left the room, and he followed him with a silent shrug of contempt.

The next day Savernake started for Wikeham Court immediately after luncheon. Mark made some excuse for not accompanying him, for he felt utterly incapable of watching the triumph of his rival, who looked so young and good-looking, striding across the fields with the fresh elastic vigour of youth instinct in every movement.

Leslie cast a disgusted look at his own figure in the mirror, noting every wrinkle and grey hair, and the drooping slope of his shoulders—the effect of so many years of drudgery at a desk. What chance could *he* ever have had against so gifted a rival? Things had gone against him all his life, and why should he ever have hoped that Dame Fortune should have been gracious to him concerning his love affairs? He pictured to himself how well young Savernake would get on with old Mr. Manners. His profession would be received with no gesture of scorn, for he had none, save that of a man about town. And so Mark settled down to his book, feeling perfectly certain that his guest would not turn up for dinner, but would be cordially pressed to stay on at Wikeham.

However, about two hours later, Savernake, spruce

and smiling, strolled in, with a white rose in his button-hole.

"Back again so soon?" said Mark, with an effort at cordiality.

"Yes, here I am, you see, decorated with a flower by the lady of Wikeham, who is prettier and sweeter than ever, I declare!" answered Savernake, touching his rose with airy finger.

"And am I to congratulate you?" said Mark, a little awkwardly.

"Oh, thanks, old man, not yet: how precipitate you are! I shall claim your congratulation in a few days' time, however, no doubt. In the meantime Elsie wishes us both to come to a picnic which she is getting up to-morrow somewhere on the coast. Shall you come?"

"Of course, if Miss Manners wishes it," said Leslie gravely; and the conversation closed.

The picnic party consisted of a few chosen friends of Miss Manners, and they set off in two open brakes early next morning for the coast.

It was a drive of several miles through picturesque scenery, and when they drew up at the little inn at the top of the cliffs Leslie forgot his troubles for a moment in delight at the magnificent prospect that lay spread at his feet.

The grey cliffs sheered down to the water's edge, precipitately rugged. The tide was half-way out, and in the sunlight the rock-pools and brilliant seaweeds were gleaming above the reach of the white breakers. And round where the bay curved away to the north, a red-roofed fishing village lay nestled against the blue sky-line.

The party straggled away into knots of twos and threes, and Miss Manners, when luncheon was over, made her way down to the shore, followed by Savernake and Leslie—the latter silent and moody, while his friend was chattering gaily on every subject that came uppermost in his thoughts, and flirting spasmodically with his pretty hostess, who seemed amused at his words and gestures, and, as Leslie thought, quite as if she appreciated his attention.

"For goodness sake, let us sit down and rest," she said at last, sinking on to a rock boulder under the cliffs, sheltered on either side by a jutting crag that formed a land-locked bay, and shut out every view save the blue expanse of water that broke a few feet below them on the shore—more tempestuously than usual, owing to the abnormally high tides which had visited that coast during the last few days.

Elsie amused herself by throwing pebbles into the rock-pools, and watching the dimpling circles that grew out of the splash. Savernake had assured her that they were far above high-water mark, and that when they were tired of watching the water, which he was also certain was on the turn, they would quietly walk back by the ridge of rock that ran round their picturesque seat.

He whiled away the time by telling stories of London life in his most inimitable manner, and Elsie's light laughter rang out, startling the sea-gulls from their perch, so often that Leslie at last, with a throb of pain, got up in sheer desperation, and walked away round the sharp curve of the cliff.

He was so silent and depressed that Savernake made some jesting remark to Miss Manners as to his friend's uncouthness, and was much surprised that she did not respond to his witticism.

The next instant Leslie had returned, coming quickly towards them, with a sudden change of front, his head erect, and his eyes full of keen anxiety.

"I am sorry to tell you," he said, "that we are caught by the tide—the water is up all round the cliffs, and the only thing we can do is to stay quietly here until our shouts bring someone to fetch us off. I believe that this ledge is safe."

"You fool! why didn't you tell us so before, instead of letting us come here, like rats in a cage, to be drowned?" cried Savernake, starting up, and rushing to the edge of the cliff, only to realise the truth of Leslie's words.

He returned very pale, gnawing his moustache with a nervous distress, which contrasted strangely with Mark's quiet calmness.

"Mr. Savernake," said Elsie—and the clear notes of her voice took a proudly scornful ring, while with a mute gesture she moved a little nearer to Leslie, and laid her hand for an instant on his arm—"you have no right to speak in that manner to Mr. Leslie. I trust myself to him with complete confidence, knowing that I alone am to blame for having placed ourselves in this predicament."

Mark, with a sudden rush of feeling, thanked her with a look for her ready sympathy, and the three lifted up their voices in a shrill shout for help. But it produced nothing save an echo from the cliffs and a wild whirr of sea-gulls' wings as they flashed across the waves, and they sat down to look their situation in the face with a strange sense of helplessness.

"The waves are encroaching upon us," said Savernake at last, with a gasp, as he flung his hands up to the sky, utterly unnerved by the danger which was every moment increasing.

Mark's quick eye caught sight of a tiny cleft in the rock about nine feet above them, which bore no mark of seaweed or stain of water, and he looked at Elsie.

"We will put her up there, so that at least she may be safe," he said; "and there may possibly be room for you too, Savernake."

"And what shall you do, Mr. Leslie?" said Elsie, setting her lips in a firm hard line. "Why should you be the one to be left in danger? Can you swim?"

Mark paused. In sight of her clear eyes it was impossible to deliberately tell the lie that would relieve her mind. He had never been able to swim a stroke in his life, and, what was more, had that innate horror of the water which is born with some men, and which is as impossible to overcome as any other physical infirmity. It was impossible for him to gain the shore in any way, for in his brief glance

he had realised that the water was washing deep over every point of rock below them.

But he stood looking down at Elsie with a quiet reassuring smile on his face, certain that death was every moment approaching nearer to him, but anxious for nothing save that he might place the man she loved in safety at her side.

It was Savernake who answered for him, with a return of his easy composure now that help was within reach.

"Swim? why, of course he can, Miss Manners—like a fish! But as for myself, I am absolutely no use in the water, especially in a heavy sea; so let us get into safety at once."

And he shivered as the waves, lapping against the ridge of rock, splashed up against his foot.

Leslie, without a word, made himself into a ladder, and from his shoulders Savernake pulled himself up into the cleft, and received Elsie in turn from Mark's arms, holding her close to himself as they crouched down in the narrow place that was just big enough for *one* full-grown person, but scarcely for the two who were clinging for safety to its precarious foothold.

Leslie, with his back against the cliff, and his arms folded, stood beneath them, looking out to sea. He was wondering what death would be like.

Its shadow was very close to him now, and he breathed a prayer as the water washed up to his waist. Then, with the most complete self-mastery, he sent up a cheery word to his companions between the shouts for help which he every moment despatched ringing across the waste of water.

"Thank God!" he said at last, fervently. "Elsie, there is a boat coming round the point. They are waving to us—hold on, my darling, for a moment longer."

He seemed to be beside himself with relief, and Elsie, looking down upon him, saw as he turned towards her that his face was radiant with a new and noble light. He had given his life for his friends, and now in the world there existed for him no one but the girl he loved.

For one brief moment she was his, and afterwards the golden gates of Paradise were opening for him.

His words rang through Elsie's brain, above the noise of the waves. What had he said? What had he done? He loved her—for he had called her "darling."

But at that moment she was blinded by a sheet of spray from a breaker that dashed triumphantly at the cliff; and when she looked again—he was gone!

"Mark! Mark!" she shrieked—"Oh, Mark, I love you!"

And darkness fell upon her, and she knew no more.

* * * * * * *

When Mark Leslie came to himself in the little parlour of the inn, he looked around him with bewildered eyes.

He did not at first realise that the boat had rescued him just as the wave flung him across its track. He only remembered the rock ledge, and the words that still rang in his ears—"Oh, Mark, I love you!"

What wonderful words they were—of course, the outcome of his highly-wrought brain, for it was absurd to think that Elsie, with Savernake at her side, could have ever thought of him, save in pity.

But as his eyes wandered round the room, they lighted on a figure with fair bended head, crouching near the end of the sofa, sobbing, with her face buried in her hands.

"Elsie?" he said, in a tone of dreamy surprise. "Are you glad that I am not drowned?"

He held out his weak hand, and with reverent fingers touched a stray lock that fell across her forehead. She looked up through her happy tears.

"Oh, Mark!" she whispered, "I have loved you ever since we parted that day in the Park, ten long years ago." And with a smothered cry he caught her to his heart.

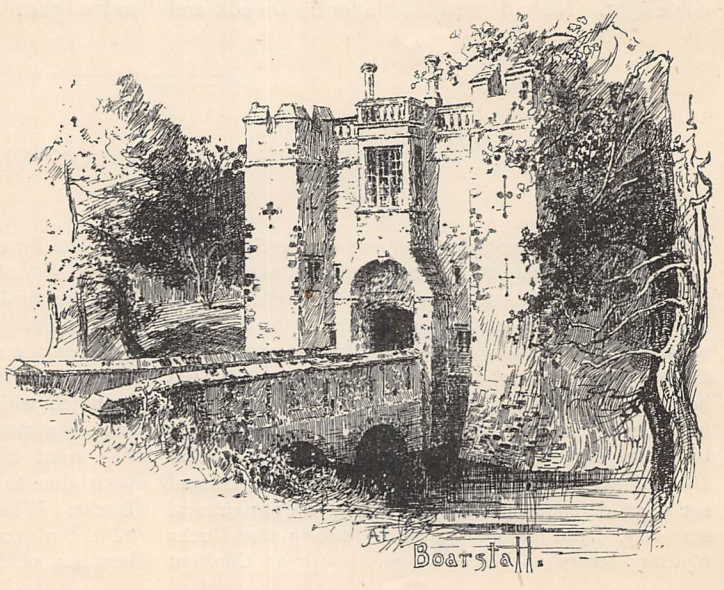
NEW LANDS FOR LONDONERS.

THE persistent development of the St. John's Wood extension of the Metropolitan Railway promises soon to open up to dwellers in the great city a county of which in the majority of cases they know little. Buckinghamshire has hitherto been merely a name to many. It has had a certain admitted title to fame in the fact that it has given more than its share of Prime Ministers to the service of the State. People are aware that Lord Beaconsfield boasted of the circumstance, and set it as defence against the charge of agricultural stupidity. And for the rest, it was known that Bucks had its literary shrines—Milton's house at Chalfont St. Giles for one—and that capital dairy produce was a speciality of the district round about its county town. But practical acquaintance with the shire remained very slight.

When the new line has its trains running regularly through the Missenden Valley into Aylesbury, and is in touch with sleepy branches beyond, transforming the sluggishness that came from lack of a direct outlet, this want of appreciation must pass away. It has been due to the long-continued isolation of sylvan Bucks. Whereas every artist and admirer of dainty "bits" of scenery has a familiar catalogue of the beauties of Surrey and of rural Sussex, few have

properly explored the shire of the great chalk downs that give their name to the Chiltern Hundreds, and incidentally afford the chance of appointment to an obsolete office to M.P.'s who wish to retire. There is much new ground to examine, and it cannot be doubted that pleasure and inspiration will be the result of a greater familiarity. Close at hand, convenient for a single day's outing or for many such days, here are indeed fresh roaming lands for jaded city prisoners.

Many tastes will be met in these easy tours. Those who care only for freedom and fresh air and the charm of wide sweeps of undulating country, with wood-crowned heights and meandering streams, can find exactly what they desire no farther out than Wendover. The man with the sketch-book may descend haphazard at any station and follow almost any road and obtain vistas of far distance and quaint twists of leafy lanes (in summer-time) and old-fashioned clusters of village houses for his blocks. And the wanderers who are glad to have pleasant scenes linked with noble associations will have their interest quickened on every hand. Bucks is peculiarly rich in historic memories, and the quiet and the loveliness of its sequestered valleys have been grateful to not a few eminent workers. The great poet of the Commonwealth has been mentioned. But with his name, in the region bordering on Middlesex, goes that of Friend Ellwood. Thoughts of a still more notable Quaker, William Penn, who planted his fame undyingly in a mighty State over the seas, come to the mind as lonely, out-of-the-way, tree-embowered Jordans is reached, at no difficult distance from Chalfont. The stories of Cowper and Newton belong to Olney, in the Bucks wedge that runs up between Northampton and Bedfordshire. Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin were residing at West Marlow in 1817. Recollections of Waller, Edmund Burke, and Disraeli, of the "Curiosities of Literature," and of his brilliant son, cling to Beaconsfield. The lover of science will remember that Sir William Herschel is buried at Slough, and the politician that the acres on which obstinate John Hampden refused to pay ship-money are in Stoke Mandeville borders—the new line runs past—and that the patriot sleeps well after the turmoil of the momentous conflict in the church of

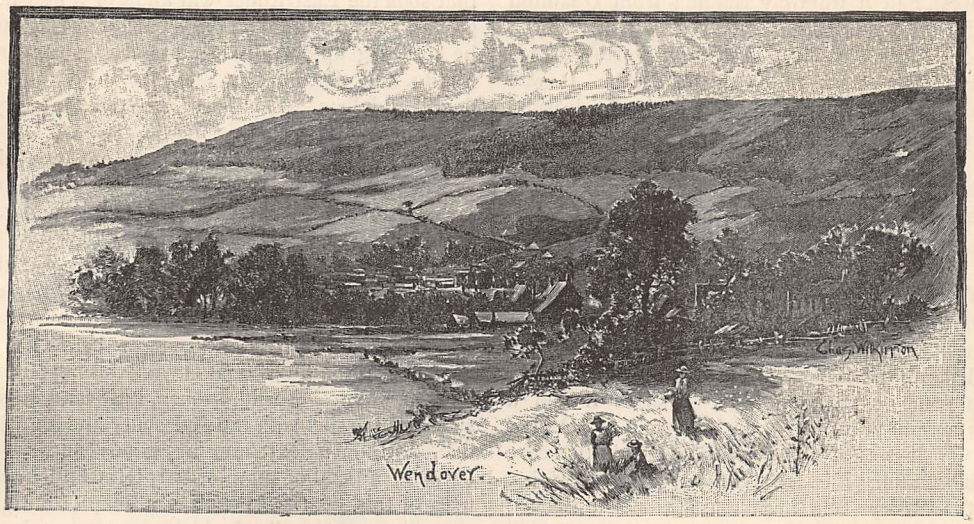


Great Hampden. But it is enough to show how varied and striking is the roll of notable Bucks names, and of notable Bucks events. The county has played its part in the making of England.

Londoners long for novelty, for excursions out of the beaten track, for glimpses of a panorama that custom has not staled. And very little more than an hour's run from Baker Street will set them down at Wendover, and behind the quaint, huddled, heterogenous roofs rises the highest point of the Chilterns. A dark belt of woods, welcome to the eyes when it is a summer day of cloudless sky, sweeps round the summit and away out of sight beyond and dips to meet the climber. How steep the hill is, and how thick the carpet of leaves along the path. The drifted autumn glory of not one year only lies here dry, and soft and yielding to the foot. And the turf on the down above—where sheep are browsing—is short and springy and pleasant to tread likewise. A comfortable homestead, "Peacock Farm," peeps through the great tree-boles behind. But the stranger's gaze will not turn first in that direction. It will go out over the fair wide valley. Fields and meadows intersect each other with hopelessly irregular boundaries, like the careless ordered pieces of a child's puzzle. And many contrasted tints of green and brown are there, and as a low wind sways the grass or the unripened corn, subtle grades of colour come and go like changing lights of sea waves. It is unspeakably refreshing to eyes dulled through long months by the prose of sombre town streets and the cares that cling to ledgers and invoice sheets. And the roofs break the continuity, but destroy no beauty in the centre of the picture. They are not incongruous with the scene, oddly jumbled as they may be. Turn to the right, and a sparkling sheet of water reflects heaven's azure, and further yet is a great house, one of the many mansions of the Rothschilds.

Surely on these breezy hillsides the city arab might say, as in Mr. Punch's picture: "What a big sky you have here."

And round by Halton, the palatial building so much in evidence, are other downs, and dipping into the valley and mounting the wave-like crests of the Chilterns again to the south-west there is the great stretch of gorse-clad height frowning over Ellesborough and the two Kimbles. So soft and rich is the turf in the fair demesne of the fine old house not far from the crest—the Chequers—that all South and Mid-Bucks holiday-makers know it as Velvet Lawn. A flag-staff shoots up into the clear air, and countless are the picnic-parties that have toiled hard to reach it, and panted in the time of success, and turned to marvel and express delight at the view which opens up the wide extent of the Vale of Aylesbury. But at every summit,



and at many a bend and curve of this barrier of hills from Aston Clinton to Risborough, there is reward for a ramble and for a stiff pull up the brae.

Striking northward, a few more miles bring the traveller to Aylesbury, much more truly than many English county-towns the heart of the shire. People who live in the hamlets on Bucks heights, north and south, talk with just pride of the fatness and plenty of "the Vale." With its well-tilled fields and meads, where sleek cattle crop the luxuriant grass, with its well-stacked granaries and jovial-faced farmers, it resembles in some marked features those rich, corn-growing districts of the Lothians which are not much farther off from the Scottish capital than this is from the English.

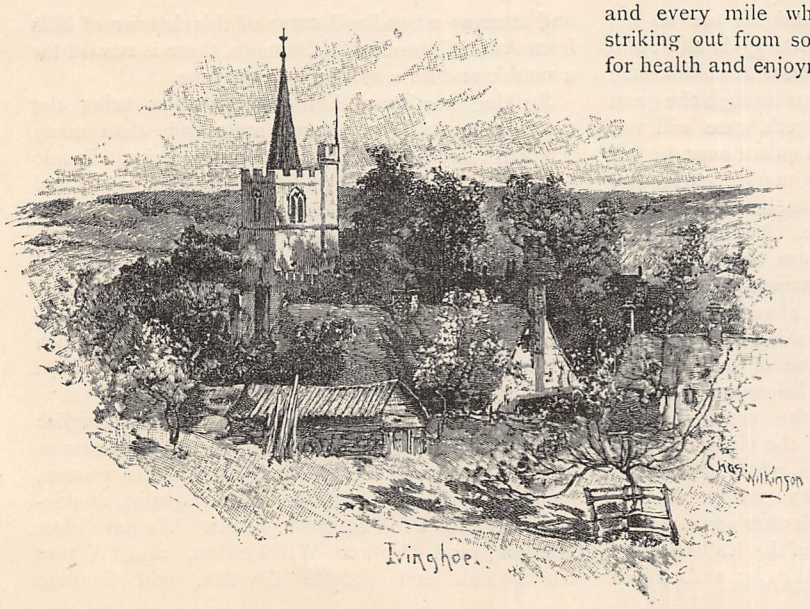
Diving deeper into a land where the true English rustic is still to be found, holding fast to his traditions, and using a broad dialect humorously critical of change, many villages offer examples of the quaint, double-barrelled names so frequent in Bucks. We have Fleet Marston, and Nether Winchendon, and Wotton Underwood, and Steeple Claydon, and Drayton

Parslow. At the foot of a fine hill, in the centre of a rough circle which these names indicate to a native, is Waddesdon, a village found in mean estate and made into a modern model of village perfection. The zeal and liberality of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild have effected the transformation. And Waddesdon Manor, built after the pattern of a château of the Loire, crowns the lofty crest beyond. The great park is a marvel of man's power to change the homely face of Nature. Deliberate, determined art has brought the beauty of copse and lawn and of swelling green pastures, where very recently were only ploughed fields. And once a year the Vale turns out and Waddesdon is like a fair, and visitors from far and near climb the slopes and revel in the view, and talk of the wonder of great trees transplanted bodily with tons of their mother earth and flourishing in their new home.

Another Bucks "foot" pushes out into Oxfordshire, to the west, and a tramway running from Quainton Road affords access. Here also are new lands for the *blasé* Londoner to explore, and quite worthy of his attention. The tram rails end at Brill. It was "generally received," says White Kennet, the learned Bishop of Peterborough, "that Brill was one of the seats of King Lud." This is surely a special title to the consideration of the inhabitants of the metropolis, for the semi-fabulous monarch is the mythical founder of their city. And Brill need not rely on tradition to attract. Most Bucks towns nestle in the valley, the builders choosing sites that were obscure and hidden from an observation that might have its dangers in wild times. This old-fashioned place breaks the rule and is defiantly planted on the table-land, an eyrie on a steep spur of the Chilterns. Charles I. had a garrison here in 1642, and John Hampden attacked it in the early days of civil strife. The hero in this case was unsuccessful. Edward the Confessor, King John, two of the Henrys, and imperious Thomas à Becket, are names that belong to the record of old Brill Palace, now a few mounds and crumbling ruins. And the panorama from these hills of Brill, Ashendon, and Muswell can only be described as magnificent. There is a spot from which the eye can roam into nine counties. Boarstall, with its stories of ancient Bernwode Forest, and with its fortified mansion, fought for so bitterly centuries ago by Roundhead and Cavalier, is close by on the one side, and Dorton, once in some vogue for a Spa which was to rival Bath and Tunbridge Wells, but somehow never did, is as near on the other.

And what glories of flower and of foliage clothe the hedgerows and tempt to the woods on all these lines of road and rail. Devon itself can show no richer verdure, no more dainty carpet, no more delightful winding ways of living green, than half a day's jaunt into a real Bucks dale will reveal. Roses in lavish profusion, in huge thickets, and harebells, and scented thyme, and countless meadow blossoms: the pity is that soon the East-Ender will know of a new hunting-ground and will rifle the full hands of spring, and will be grubbing up every root that cheap fares can bring him to, and that he can make to yield a profit on a day's vandalism. There are drawbacks to every boon conferred on a class or on the multitude.

Once at Aylesbury there is communication with the superseded county town, named of the shire, and jealous to this day of its rival and supplanter. And from Buckingham it is not a far cry to stately Stowe, a noble house which the Queen once passed through Bucks to visit. The double-barrelled names are plentiful again hereabouts; and some of them are like echoes of old legend and remote conflict. Maids Moreton and Lillingstone Dayrell are instances, perhaps, in point. A wild, broken, hilly land it is which stretches parallel with the Aylesbury and Buckingham line, and darts out into a curious narrow tongue between a bend of more orderly Hertfordshire. The map of this central section is a map of dark, horse-shoe like curves, all of which mean rugged combes. But beauty and quaintness surround each rough crest, and every mile which the pedestrian may make, striking out from some minor station, will be worth, for health and enjoyment and sense of freedom, a half-dozen tramped-on lower levels.

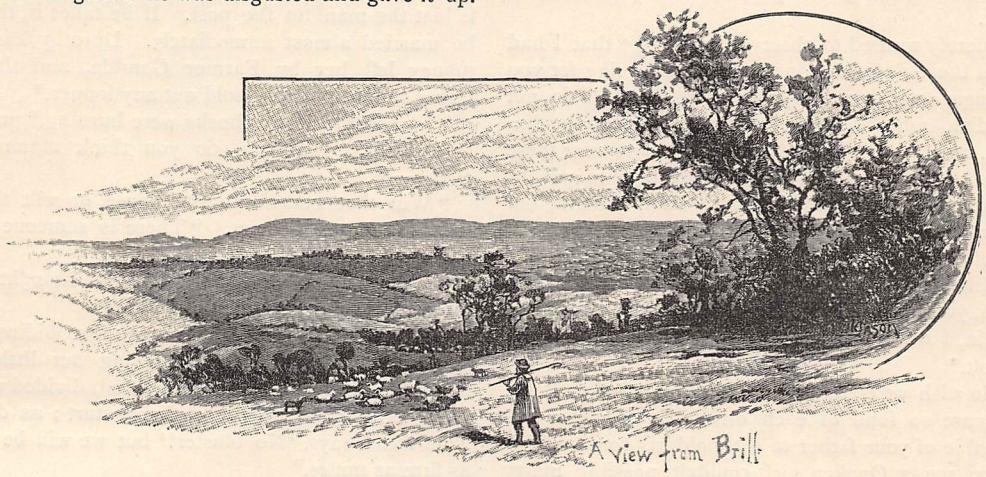


In the straggling eastern corner just mentioned, and to be reached within two miles of Cheddington Station, is the bur-like hill of Ivinghoe and its old-world town which has shrunk to the dimensions of a village. It leisurely climbs the slope and curves round a breezy green and straggles down on the far side towards Pitstone. It is a place of idyllic peace, where Washington Irving might not unfitly have located his Rip van Winkle. But the calm and the exhilarating air and the sweet country scents, and the pleasant look-out to

the opposite heights of Dunstable, will have their charm for any escaped captive of city bustle and anxiety.

To return, briefly, to the first station of the new route within Bucks boundaries. An easy stroll from Chalfont Road brings the visitor to Chenies, where the Russell family are buried. The village is simply embowered in flowers in the summer-time. It is as much a model village as Waddesdon, and is too comfortably built and continually repaired to please some folk. In the old pre-railway days a coach ran through, and the fame of Chenies brought in the tourist one day with camera and intent to take the place right through. But on investigation he was disgusted and gave it up. "I thought you had a real old English village," he said. A moss-grown congeries of thatched cottages and picturesque ruins was what he looked for. Chenies was too spick-and-span, even under its trailing wealth of blossom, to lead him to set up his tripod.

But Bucks has its tumble-down hamlets as well as its smart ones. It is a county of many contrasts; of plain people and of sturdy independence; of fair sylvan scenes and frowning uplands; of smiling valleys and lone woods—remnants of great forests. Perhaps chief of its charms for those who may now explore them will be their novelty. W. J. L.



A QUAKER GIRL.

By GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

"NOW for it!" says Gideon to his betrothed. "We will beard the lion in his den, the Doug—. But I beg your pardon. I must not speak of our future mother in this way."

"She is my mother already," says Bella; "but if you treat her in this disrespectful manner I cannot guarantee that she will ever be yours."

It is Bella; but what a different Bella from the wan pale girl weeping in the summer-house for the lover she thought never to see again. Her cheeks are rosy with health and delight. Happiness is a great beautifier, and Bella has been very happy lately. It has been impossible to break the news to Mrs. Lockwood. She has been travelling about for some time under the delusion that her health has sustained a severe shock, owing to Bella's undutiful conduct in not admiring Holcroft. That Holcroft does not admire Bella is only a minor detail. Bella ought to have made him admire her. The day after Gideon's return to his ancestral halls, her state of mind might have been aptly described as dangerous. She sat in her boudoir, and added up the butcher's bill with the air of a martyr at the stake. She discovered that they must immediately retrench, and, as the most practical way of putting this reform into execution, started off the same afternoon for Homburg, thinking that Bella, if left in solitude, might come to her senses. Bella saw her off at the station, and then returned to dream of Gideon. They had constantly met since the eventful evening of their *rencontre* in the summer-house. Gideon had taken her down to Geddes Hall, and formally introduced her to his relations. He did not condescend to give any explanations as to how the engagement had come about, but simply asked them to consider it as an accomplished fact. Bella was so sweet and winning to her new friends that she stole into their hearts with incredible rapidity. Dorothy was too much engaged in nursing Miss Melmerby to have very much time to spend with Gideon and his betrothed, but at length Bella helped her in the sick room, and then Miss Melmerby (Miss Melmerby was rapidly recovering) took a great liking to the happy girl. Not that her

affection swerved from Dorothy in the least, but Bella's happy laughter roused the old lady from her despondent ways. She never spoke to Dorothy of that dreadful afternoon and evening. In her own mind she was convinced that the sunstroke was responsible for her mad act. Miss Melmerby had not felt the slightest inclination to repeat it. This second escape from death left her too shaken to be quite as masterful as before. She wanted to live for years yet, and declared somewhat less vehemently than of old that she meant to do so.

Gideon does not answer Bella's remark. He is occupied in searching his pockets with business-like gravity.

"I merely wanted to observe," he says, "that I had some of those depised stones made into a ring for you—an engagement ring. Quakeresses as a rule do not wear diamonds: they are too retiring—not the diamonds, but the Quakeresses; I want you to wear these always. It will now be a good opportunity to put the ring on before we encounter our 'stern parient,' our unrelenting mamma."

"I must confess to being a little nervous about it," says Bella.

"Oh, you need not be; it won't take long. Before we go in, I want to speak to you about Dorothy and Holcroft."

"I do wish we could make them happy," says Bella. "They are so fond of each other. It is rather unreasonable of your father to withhold his consent."

"You see, a Quaker girl couldn't possibly marry what my father calls a 'man-of-war,'" returns Gideon. "It would be contrary to all our principles. He has given up his post because he loves Dorothy better than he does money. Now, I do not know how you feel about it, but before I came home I made up my mind that I would not stay in England—it is too mouldy, too cramped, too small. Why, you can't go into a field without having to ask permission; I don't like it. I bought an interest in a Canadian lumber firm—Jack Symes's people. Jack is my chum, but he didn't do as well as I did at the fields, and so he resolved to return to his native haunts once more. The parental Symes straightway called a meeting of the family, and killed the fatted calf for him. Then they promptly agreed to take me into the business in consideration of a certain cash equivalent. That cash equivalent has been paid, and we (yourself and myself, that is) are the proud part proprietors of numberless acres of forest in the Saguenay district. You know the place where the Princess Louise used to go fishing? Splendid fishing it is, too. Jack says the salmon are more like whales than anything else. Do you know anything about Canada, its ways and resources, and so on?"

"Only 'Evangeline': 'This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic.'"

"Ah yes! but that is Nova Scotia. They don't call it 'forest'; it is always known as 'the bush.' We shall go in for spruce, and soon get the great garments on the Druids of old. It does seem wickedness, but I suppose people must have wood, and the supply is almost limitless."

"I see," cries Bella excitedly. "You want to find something for them, so that they can be near us. It is very good of you to think of it all, and I love you more than ever."

"Well, 'near' is a very elastic term in Canada," says Gideon, dubiously. "It would probably be ten miles from us at the least. Jack writes they must have an agent to look after things up there, as I shall be in Quebec the greater part of the year. Holcroft is just the man for the post. If he takes it, they can be married almost immediately. Dorothy has some money left her by Farmer Gamble, and then my father cannot possibly hold out any longer."

"I—I feel as if my cheeks were burning," presently says Bella. "Gideon, do you think mamma will ever——"

"Wilt thee come into the house, or wilt thee retire?" enquires Gideon. "There is someone at the window."

"It is mamma," declares Bella. "I thought I had more courage. Where shall I hide?"

"There is not going to be any more hiding about this matter," says Gideon, tucking her little hand under his arm. "Together we stand, divided we fall. Now, let us give the procession a start; as dear old Tom Pinch says, 'No bluster!' but we will be firm—as firm as mules."

"Aren't you ashamed of me?" asks Bella.

"Very much. It looks like it," returns Gideon. "Now then. One, two, three!"

"Oh!" says Bella; but the start is effected.

Mrs. Lockwood is at the window, but, being rather short-sighted, does not distinguish who is her unknown visitor. It cannot be Holcroft, for he is engaged to that prim Quakeress. Still, there is something about that manly well-knit figure which is strangely familiar to her. Where has she seen the man before? He must be some intimate friend, or he would never be alone with Bella at that hour of the morning. But how did he get in? She rings the bell. "Jane, how did that—eh—person get into the garden?"

"Through the 'edge, ma'am," returns the smirking Jane, who has known all about the affair for some time, and takes a friendly interest in the lovers.

"Edge," echoes Mrs. Lockwood in a bewildered way. "What edge?"

"Not the edge of anything, ma'am," returns Jane, in confusion. "I don't mean the edge of anything, but the 'edge at the bottom of the garden."

"Who is the gentleman with Miss Lockwood?"

"That's young Mr. Geddes, ma'am. He's just come back from the diamond fields. He's made of money, ma'am."

"That will do, Jane," says Mrs. Lockwood, sinking back into her chair. "You may go."

As Bella and Gideon enter the room, Mrs. Lockwood catches sight of the diamond hoop on the girl's finger. This settles the question. If the man can

"'OH, THIS IS GIDEON!'"

afford to give Bella such presents as that, he must be wealthy. Perish all hesitancy! Away with doubt! Bella will probably insist on having her own way in any event, so she will make a virtue of necessity.

"This—this is Gideon, mamma," falters Bella, very much as if she were offering her mother something choice indeed.

"Oh, this is Gideon!" returns Mrs. Lockwood benignantly, as if she knew all about it, and still calculating the value of the ring. "And what does 'Gideon' want in the garden? and how did he get there at this early hour of the morning, when we do not usually receive visitors?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Lockwood?" says Gideon coldly. "I wanted to find Bella, so I came through a hole in the hedge. Now that I have found Bella, I have brought her here to ask your consent to our engagement."

"And if I withhold my consent?" asks Mrs. Lockwood.

"Then I shall tell Bella the details of a certain interview I had with you before I went away. She would scarcely res——"

"That will do, my dear Mr. Geddes," says Mrs. Lockwood, still more benignantly than before. "You always were impetuous. I am very glad to see you back again, and to find that you have not outlived the illusions of your early youth."

She kisses Bella, and gets herself gracefully out of the room. If the man chooses to be hard with her, it is very natural. She will not grudge him his hour of triumph, now that he can pay for it. And the girl is so happy. After all, Mrs. Lockwood considers she has only done her duty, although she did tell a few ladylike (?) fibs in doing it. Gideon will soon cease to be resentful; he will ask her to stay with them; she will become a model mother-in-law; she will be indispensable to the proper ordering of his household. Meantime, she must make arrangements about the trousseau, and write to her lawyers. Really it will be quite a pleasant little piece of excitement to relieve the *ennui* of Bettenham life. When the brougham returns, she will call on the Rector's wife, and watch her mortified face at the news. The Rector's wife has four amiable daughters, who are

"Lean and lank and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand."

These four amiable girls wear green spectacles, and are still unwed. How the Rector's wife will suffer!

There are many women like Mrs. Lockwood. We meet them every day. They generally manage to secure an unreasonable share of the good things of this

world. In course of time they die, and the death-bed is not a pleasant sight to witness. Something of all they have missed comes before them in those last awful moments; they would give what they call their souls to undo the past, and to live their lives over again. In the meantime, it is rather irritating to see them so full of patient long-suffering and amiable forgiveness with regard to others for wrongs which they themselves have inflicted.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

ALL Geddesden is alive—very much alive—although it is only ten o'clock in the morning.

At the beginning of the village there is a tall green arch, with "Welcome to the Brides" displayed from a lofty flag. A little way beyond the arch is the entrance to the quaint meeting-house, set in a protecting cluster of lofty limes.

The factory is largely represented. Now that Holcroft is going away, many of the discontented hands are very sorry. His rule has been an eminently just one; the new manager will not be popular. He is reported to be a military martinet—a man who will show no mercy in his attempts to restore discipline. Filled with regret for their past misdeeds, they come to give their former chief a good "send off," and to bury the hatchet in an illuminated address, the purport of which may be briefly summed up in the Turkish saying, "May you live a thousand years!" Many of them are wearing the sashes of their various societies. The Foresters in Lincoln green are decidedly picturesque as they move about under the trees.

The meeting-house is a plain, square, unpretending building, with raised cross-benches opposite the door. People come quietly and soberly in, with their hats on. Some Quaker ministers (men and women) take their places on the cross-benches. Below the benches is a table covered with green baize. Some flowers in a glass bowl decorate the centre of the table. Of a verity, the preparations are not very extensive.

As Dorothy comes in on Holcroft's arm, the whole place is lit up with a sudden burst of sunlight. Bella, following behind on the arm of an elderly lawyer, whose thin lips are wreathed in a stereotyped smile, looks almost commonplace for a moment. Her lips part in a smile of welcome as she sees Gideon. Some of the roses thrown by the children have caught in Dorothy's pretty white dress, and cling to it as she moves across to the baize-covered table. Dorothy has a few white flowers in her hair, and Bella is enveloped in a diaphanous veil.

A black-coated official reads out a long document, filled with "whereas" and "aforesaid" innumerable times. After that, there is a dead silence. Presently Holcroft stands up, and in a few simple words pledges his faith to Dorothy, holding her hand meantime. She repeats the words, and they sit down. Bella and Gideon do the same, and the spiritual part of the ceremony is nearly over. One or two kindly-hearted Friends deliver homilies full of quaint wisdom. Sundry documents are signed in the meeting-house, the man with the blue bag pockets his fees, and goes out at a side door. It is all over. Dorothy Geddes has ceased to exist. In her place stands a grave young woman with shining eyes and tremulous lips, the former Dorothy, but in a different guise.

Holcroft leads her out of the meeting-house. As they come down the narrow pathway, the little children again strew flowers before her. The workmen, guided by Jinks, who wields a Forester's bow like a conductor's bâton, break out into three cheers. There is an opening of carriage doors, a dash of twinkling hoofs, and Mr. and Mrs. Holcroft are whirled away to Geddesden Hall as fast as the horses can take them.

Gideon and Bella are also enthusiastically received. They look so young and happy that the sympathies of the crowd go out to them. After a time, the crowd, fired by its own enthusiasm, cheers everybody, including Miss Melmerby and her ear-rings, for the old lady still clings to her little buckets. There is a tradition among the villagers that should anything happen to those mysterious little buckets Miss Melmerby will be "a goner." But the little buckets twinkle so brightly in the sunshine that it was evident they are still well preserved.

At the house, Dorothy and Bella divest themselves of their bridal finery, and appear in travelling dresses at the breakfast table. The hall is partially blocked with huge cases, labelled

MR. AND MRS. HOLCROFT,
Passengers S.S. *Sarmatian*,
Quebec.

These are to be sent on to Liverpool. Holcroft and his bride intend to spend their honeymoon at the Lakes. Gideon and Bella go to Wales.

Everyone wants to make a speech at the breakfast. Jinks, without the fear of Selina before his eyes, comes out amazingly. He confides to the youngest Miss Lapp that it is not so dreadful a thing to be married as he had imagined. That young lady is not to be mollified. Rumour has it she is disappointed that Jinks's choice has not fallen on her. She rebukes him for his unbecoming levity, and turns the subject to inquests. Jinks feels a cold chill run down his spinal cord, and departs to see an imaginary patient, but really to come back and shake his fist at Miss Lapp from a dim recess in the hall. This done, he feels better, but is much depressed to find Jiffkins surveying him with a broad and appreciative grin. "You will not betray me, Jiffkins?" he asks anxiously. "You may remember when you had that tooth out I let you off very easily. If you say a word about this—this little incident, there will be another inquest, and you will be there, but not in a condition to give evidence." Overcome by this dire threat, Jiffkins pledges himself to secrecy, and Jinks feels better.

Towards the end of the feast Dorothy retires with her mother. They are closeted together for a few last loving words. "If I have ever seemed harsh and stern to you, my dearest child," the old lady says, "you must remember it is because I have loved you so well that I feared you might discover it. You are now

really beginning to live. You have married a good man, and he will cherish you. Ah, my dear! my dear! there comes a time to all parents when their children pass away from them, and form new ties and affections and friendships, and the empty home they leave behind alone remains to testify that they have lived and grown up in it. You and Gideon are both going, but we are too old to take root in a new country. All we can ask of you now is to think of us lovingly and tenderly, and to pray that we may one day meet again where there are no partings. May the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and bless thee, and comfort all thy ways; may He order all thy doings and bless thee, and bring thee to His perfect rest. Bless thee, my child, bless thee! I am as Rachel mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted."

She strains Dorothy to her heart, and gently pushes her from the room. And Dorothy goes to the little nook which has long been given up to Jonathan's sole use. There she finds him waiting to give her his blessing. And so, doubly blest, she comes forth into the sunshine of a new world to join her husband.

ENVOI.

It is the depth of winter. But what a strange, bright, crystalline world it is. This is the forest primeval. All around silence—silence and snow. There are no roads visible to the naked eye. The snow has been packed down by the passing of numerous men and horses until it is a hard compact mass, as smooth as the surface of a billiard-table. This trampled-down mass makes the finest road in the world; there is nothing to equal it within the resources of civilisation. The track goes winding its sinuous length on and on from a little village in the plain. All the wooden houses are half buried in snow. The tall glittering tin spire of the little church alone stands out as a landmark. Here and there a blue wreath of smoke curls lazily up into a lapis-lazuli sky, and is gradually, dreamily lost in space. The icebound river of the Saguenay, its terrible gloom hidden by the all-embracing mantle of snow; the track from one side of the river to the other marked out with pine boughs; the clustering little wooden shanties, and away in the distance a dark solemn mass of foliage dimly outlined, all its irregularities softly rounded off as the edges melt into the blue sky. Imagine over all this a genial sunshine which fills the whole world around with sparkling gems. It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and yet this bright pretty little village seems almost deserted. There isn't a dog about, or a horse, or sheep, or cow, or even "the harmless necessary cat," for it is Canada, and though the sunshine is bright, animals of all kinds prefer to remain under cover.

Should the casual traveller enter the village, he will find a most imposing structure next to the church. There is even a wing to it, with "Office" painted on the door in bold characters. Should he enter the garden in front of the house, he will discover a little wooden porch concealing the door. Here, if he is a traveller of a well-regulated methodical habit, he will divest himself of his overshoes, and step inside into the spacious hall. In the centre of this wide hall is a great stove filled with huge billets of wood. A black pipe goes up through the ceiling, and other pipes carry the warm air into the rooms on the ground floor. There is no going out of a warm room into a cold passage. The same temperature is maintained all through the house. Consequently, no one ever catches cold.

Surely there is something familiar in that unwieldy figure descending the staircase. It is enveloped in a huge sealskin coat reaching down to the feet, and in its hand it carries a sealskin cap and blue veil. There is no mistaking those familiar little buckets as they bob up and down in her ears with every step she takes. It is Miss Melmerby—a metamorphosed Miss Melmerby arrayed more like a polar bear than a human being. There is a ruddy glow of health on her cheeks; she seems years younger than when we last saw her. There doesn't appear to be a trace left of that attack of sunstroke.

Miss Melmerby enters the sitting-room and looks round for her overshoes. "Bother that girl!" she says, in the old familiar tones. "I wish I had a little more variety in my French. Now I shall have to try Ollendorf on her again. 'Celimé, Celimé, venez ici, s'il vous plait. Donnez-moi mes overshoes dans un jiffee.' I wonder if she will understand what 'jiffey' means."

Celimé, a bright, pleasant-looking French-Canadian girl, appears on the threshold with the overshoes.

"Ah bien," says Miss Melmerby approvingly. "Comme vous etes une good girl. Vous me comprenez facilement, don't you?"

"Yes, Madame, I understand perfectly," says Celimé quietly.

It is a rooted delusion of Miss Melmerby's that but for her excellent French the household would go to rack and ruin. Celimé has been brought up with English and Scotch settlers' daughters, and speaks English as easily as she does French, but Miss Melmerby spends an hour every morning with Ollendorf, and is perpetually asking poor Celimé has she seen the newspaper of the good gardener or the potted shrimps of the pawnbroker's cousin? Celimé invariably assures Miss Melmerby she hasn't seen either the one or the other, but that ancient lady is not discouraged, and plods laboriously through Octave Feuillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man," with occasional aid from Celimé when the tenses of the verbs become rather refractory. She flatters herself that she is educating Celimé. The bright-eyed swarthy Canadian girl is too polite to dispel the illusion, and, except when she is in a hurry, hides her French as much as possible.

"Celimé, Célimé," cries another voice in the distance. "Please order the horses to be round in ten minutes."

Hark, what is that? Only a sweet voice singing, and gradually drawing nearer.

"'When willow buds are yellow,
And the full brooks loudly sing,
And thrush-notes wild and mellow
Through the budded thickets ring,

Then leaps my heart within me,
As a lark that soars to the blue:
And the sounds of springtime win me
To look the seasons through.'"

Nearer and nearer it comes as Dorothy descends the staircase.

"Auntie, are you nearly ready?" she asks. "We haven't time to look the seasons through to-day. Horace will be expecting us."

Is this Dorothy—this radiant-eyed, beautiful woman, her soft cheeks flushed with glad anticipation, and her step as light and springy as a fawn's?

Miss Melmerby is struggling with her refractory overshoes. Dorothy kneels down beside her. "Why didn't you let Celimé do it?" she asks. "You know she is only too pleased."

"If I can't put my own shoes on, I will go without any," declares Miss Melmerby in the tone of other days. "When I became a bushranger I expected to have to do things for myself."

"But, Auntie, a bushranger is an Australian."

"Isn't there what they call the 'bush' here?" demands the old lady.

"Yes, Auntie."

"And I go into it sometimes, don't I?"

"Of course you do."

"Then I don't see why I am not a bushranger," triumphantly declares Miss Melmerby. "It is a great thing for a woman to have a logical mind."

Dorothy, meanwhile, is busily engaged in buckling the straps of the old lady's shoes. "Now, Auntie, where is your comforter?"

Miss Melmerby puts it on, and stands looking at herself quizzically in the glass. "What do you suppose Jinks would say to me if I walked down Geddesden in this costume?" she asks.

"But you are not going to walk through Geddesden in it," declares Dorothy. "I have no doubt Mr. Jinks would be much struck by it."

"And so would the boys," declares Miss Melmerby, "especially that oilcake limb who lured me into the brickfield. Why I only require a parrot and a goat and an umbrella to be a regular Robinson Crusoe. Still, I don't want my ears frozen, and so must put up with it. The worst of going out here is that one always becomes so hungry. The air, too, makes me quite tipsy."

There is a jingle of sleigh bells as the horses come dancing round to the door. Miss Melmerby gives a little shriek.

"What is the matter, Auntie? Are you quite ready?"

"Everything is the matter, and I am *not* ready. There is that ebony fiend on four legs which Celimé calls *un bon cheval* trying to bite the grey one's nose off."

"It is only his play, Auntie. He will be as quiet as a lamb after we have gone a few miles."

"Well, why don't they give him a few miles first?" demands the irate old lady. "You know the last time we drove out with him he stood on his hind legs and waltzed nearly all the way. The Queen used to have her horse exercised first just to take the 'play' out of him. I have always thought her Majesty to be a most sensible woman, and now I am sure of it. Little did I think that I should ever lay my bones in the trackless wilds of a Canadian forest. Ah, well, it is no use saying anything, and if the worst comes to the worst you will have my earrings buried with me, won't you Dorothy?"

Dorothy puts her arm round the old lady. "Now, Auntie, you know that you are dying to jump into that sleigh and enjoy yourself. If we do get upset it doesn't matter. The snow cannot hurt us."

"I know when I am once behind that prancing beast I shall want to get out again," declares Miss Melmerby. "And as for being upset, supposing you lost your false teeth—if you had any—in the snow, what would you do? Good-bye, Celimé, in case anything happens, and don't forget to put the hot water bottle in my bed to-night."

"Au revoir, Madame," says Celimé, as she helps the old lady into the sleigh.

Dorothy is a good whip, but the black is wild with delight at being out after a long rest. The sober old grey, however, declines to indulge in any antics, to Miss Melmerby's great relief. For the first two miles she keeps her eyes shut, and only opens them to inquire if there are any rifles in the sleigh.

"Rifles!" says Dorothy. "What do you want rifles for?"

"I don't suppose you carry your peace principles so far as not to want to defend yourself if you meet a bear," snorts Miss Melmerby. "Life is very precious—oh, mind that stump; you drive so recklessly—to me, and I don't propose to give it up to any occasional bear which comes sniffling along."

"We will run over it if we do meet one, Auntie. Now we are going up-hill, and I want you to drive. They can't run away."

"I suppose my education isn't complete until I learn how to manage this animated coal-scuttle," says Miss Melmerby. "May I shut my eyes?"

"Certainly not. Take the reins like this. So: that is it. Why, you are doing splendidly. I always knew you could drive."

"Why does he keep turning his head round?" asks the old lady.

"Only to look at you, Auntie. You were pulling on that rein too much. Just feel their mouths, and keep their heads straight."

"We shall be lucky if we don't feel their heels," observes Miss Melmerby. She is really enjoying herself immensely, and is filled with pride at the idea of mastering "the coal-scuttle," as she terms the black horse. Still, it wouldn't be Miss Melmerby if she didn't find something to growl at.

They are now fairly in "the bush," and dash along the narrow track, the only sounds to break the stillness being the merry ringing of the bells, the cracking of the trees through the intense cold, and the occasional muffled tap-tap of the woodpecker in the distance. The black quietens down despite the contumelious remarks hurled at him by Miss Melmerby, and they speed onward beneath the crystal-laden branches. When they are once fairly into the bush it is as if they were altogether shut out from the world. This wonderful stillness can be felt. It folds

them round as with a garment of peace. The sparkling boughs hang over them in a protecting way. There is no wind to catch the tips of their ears or noses. This pure, dry air is as intoxicating as champagne. Even Miss Melmerby declares that she would sing if the place were not so like a church.

And so they speed on. Suddenly the black horse gives a bound which nearly takes him out of the harness. It is only the crash of a falling tree. Another, and another, and another. Dorothy seizes the reins and the "coal-scuttle" subsides. The grey jogs quietly on. They are nearing the logging camp. He knows much better than the black horse does what these noises mean, and gives a contemptuous twitch of his ears at the flightiness of his companion.

Soon they emerge into a clearing of about an acre in extent. There is a long narrow shanty in the centre. It is fitted up inside with berths, like a ship's cabin. There is a stove in the middle of the shanty, with a pipe to carry off the smoke, and a few slabs of wood for seats. Nothing else, with the exception of some tin pannikins and dishes. The kitchen is a mere shed with open sides. An old pork barrel, wrong side up, serves for the cook's throne. The cook, an Irishman, comes forward to take the horses, and the ladies enter the shanty.

"Horace will be back directly," says Dorothy, "and then we can have something to eat, and return together."

"I wish we had met that bear," says Miss Melmerby; "I am hungry enough to eat him up. So we are to stop here?" She sits down by the stove on an inverted tub. "I could have desired a softer seat, but of course, now that we have come down to this level we must make the best of it. No one shall say that I repine."

"Now confess, Auntie," says Dorothy, kneeling by the stove, and taking Miss Melmerby's hand: "are you not very happy?"

"No, I am not. Horace promised me some pemmican, and he hasn't found me any. No one has heard of it, even. I don't know what pemmican is, but he has no business to lure me into these savage wilds under such false pretences. I insist upon having my pemmican."

"Oh, very well, Auntie. I will read up about pemmican, and you shall have some if it is possible to make it."

"Served up hot in a 'wampum,'" insists Miss Melmerby.

"You will have to put up with venison and pork and beans," says a manly voice, as Holcroft enters the shanty.

Holcroft is "bearded like the pard," and wears a fur coat with a picturesque red sash. He takes off his mitts, kisses Dorothy, and lifts Miss Melmerby up on the tub until her head is level with his own. "Miss Maria Melmerby," he says, in a tone of mock gravity, "you have been found guilty, without the idle formality of a trial, of turning up your nose at pork and beans. The sentence of the court is that you remain on this tub until you consent to eat pork and beans."

"Then, to use the vernacular of this savage land, I will climb down," says Miss Melmerby, suiting the action to the word. "And now let us have something to eat, for I am famished."

Baskets are produced from the sleigh. Miss Melmerby's own particular imported tea is carefully made by herself, and they sit down to their meal. In a couple of hours, the loggers will return from their day's work and demolish huge quantities of pork and beans and molasses. Then, the fiddles will be produced and mirth and merriment prevail. With the first spring rains all the timber will be floated down to Quebec in order to satisfy the ever-increasing demands of foreign countries.

It is a strange scene. All without is enshrouded in snow, and within, the dimly lit shanty is filled with shadows. Every now and then, there is a sound as of a gun in the distance. It is only the death-knell of another falling tree. It seems to Dorothy as if the attendant sprite in every tottering trunk must be wandering through the silence of these eternal woods, seeking in vain for another home. It is all so very different to the old uneventful, placid calm of a little English village. Here, distance is nothing. In the midst of this primeval solitude they are still in touch with the whole world. There is a glamour about this strange half-barbaric land, with its endless space, its limitless suggestions. It is as if, scarred and maimed by their struggle for existence in other lands, the wounded toilers in life's battle came to the outstretched arms of this mighty new world to live afresh.

When the meal is finished, the horses are again brought round. They glide homeward through the brilliant starlit night, every pulse tingling with delight, every nerve braced and invigorated by the keen crisp air.

Celimé awaits them at the porch. "Welcome home, Madame," she says, helping Miss Melmerby to alight.

It is a good opportunity for Miss Melmerby's French. "Ah bien, nous sommes chez nous encore, Celimé, n'est ce pas?" she asks, carefully getting out of the sleigh.

"Oui, Madame," replies Celimé; and Miss Melmerby disappears with a parting blessing on "the coal-scuttle," who is as fresh as if he had never left the stable.

Dorothy and Holcroft linger a moment. "Home," says Dorothy thoughtfully. "Yes, it is home; and yet, how unlike Geddesden."

"I cannot have you moralising in the moonlight," says Holcroft, taking her hand in his. "Come in, dearest. It is only home to me when you are there."

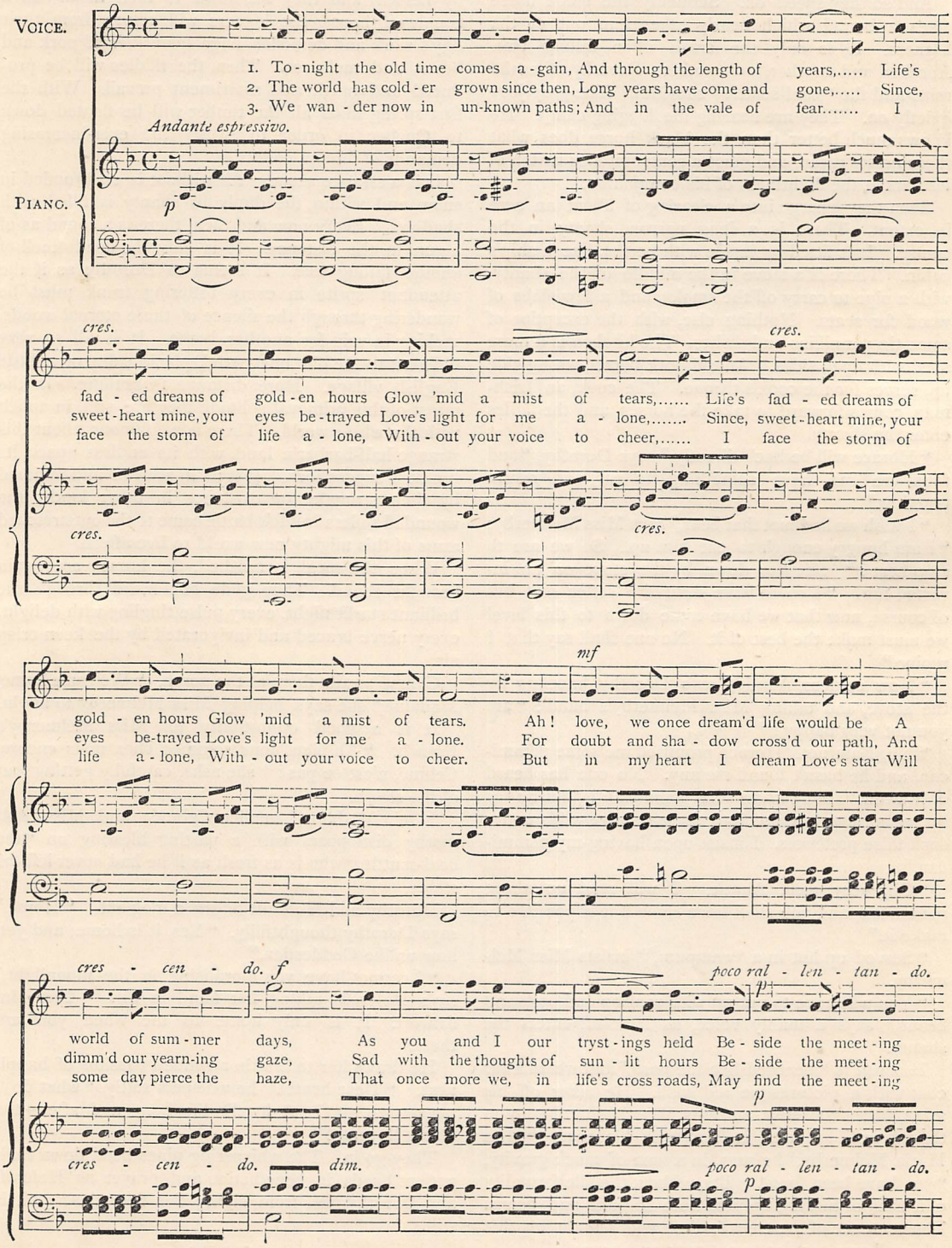
He draws her to him in a sudden passion of happiness. "Dear heart!" he whispers softly, "what do I not owe to you? A lovelit life here, and after—the Great Beyond!"

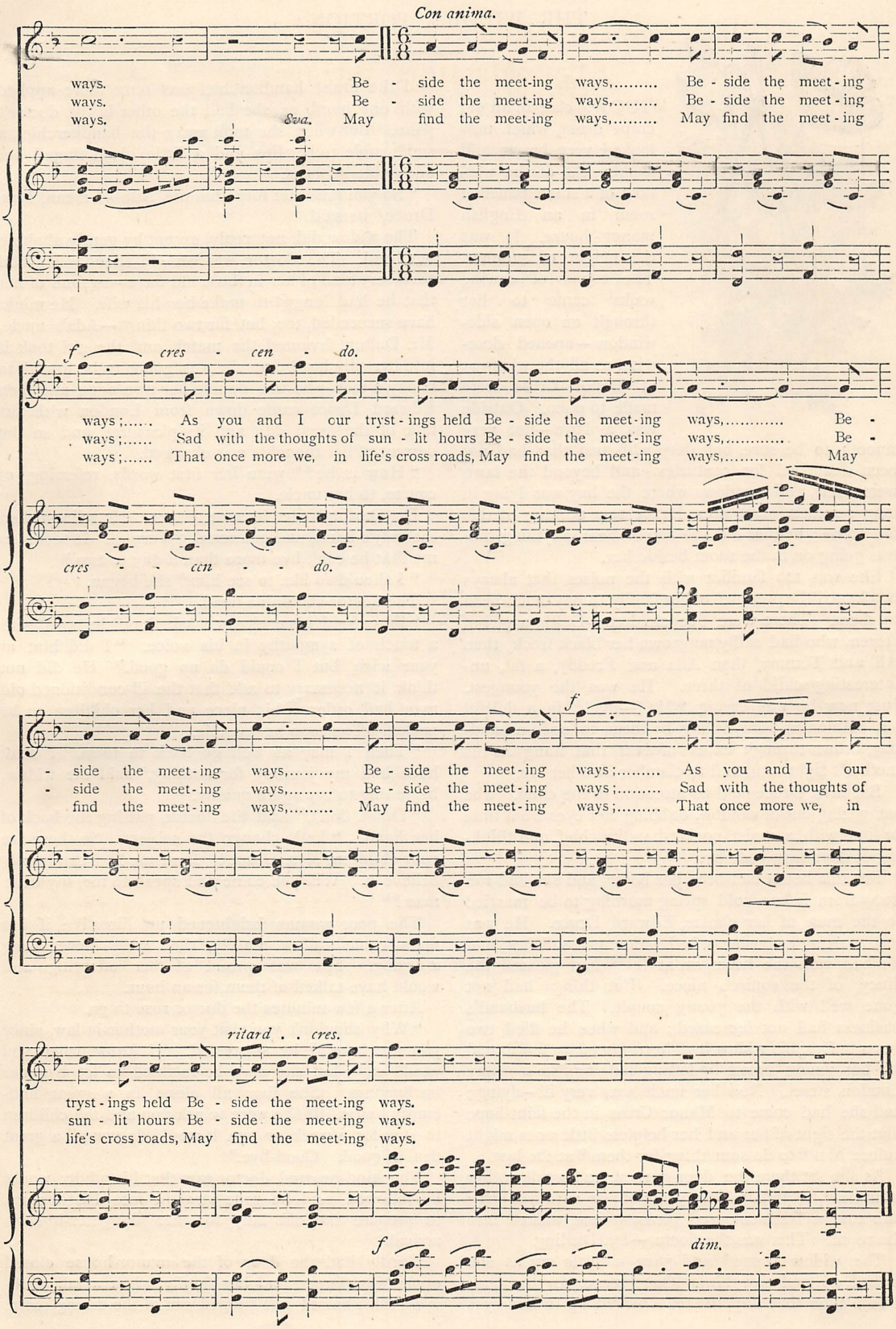
They go in. The whispering pines bend down their patient heads in benediction and prayer as Holcroft and Dorothy pass from sight; the door closes; all is still.

THE END.

The Meeting Ways.

Words by H. S. WARWICK and F. PEEL. *Music by the* REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus. Oxon.

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THE WIDOW'S PORTION.

I.

A WIDOW, clad in an old crape dress, which now looked very brown and shabby, sat at the window of a small panelled room in an English manor-house. It was the height of summer. The sound of cawing rooks came to her through an open side-window—opened door-wise, as all the windows at Manor Cross were made to open. Outside was a lawn—not very smooth, to be sure, but deep with turf that had not been disturbed for centuries—and beyond the lawn were elms, and meadows where the hay was lying in long swathes. But Mrs. Druce saw nothing of this fair scene; neither did she see or hear anything that was going on in the room beside her.

She was too familiar with the noises that always betokened the presence of her family to pay much heed to them. There were five children—Edith, a girl of eleven, who had sadly outgrown her black frock, then Alf and Tommy, then Ada and Freddy, a fat, uninteresting child of three. He was the youngest. Just now he was crying "Ma!—ma!" in a doleful yet clamorous tone, trying by turns to open a hand-bag, brown through excess of wear, that hung on his mother's right arm, and to clamber into her lap.

But Mrs. Druce paid no attention to the child. She sat gazing out of window, dabbing her eyes from time to time with a moist pocket-handkerchief, and thinking of days long gone by.

For this house had been her home, and she had run away from it one cold spring morning to be married to the man of her choice, Edward Druce. He was just starting in business in London as a solicitor, and he had won the heart, or, at least, had pleased the fancy, of the squire's niece. But things had not gone well with the young couple. The husband's business had not increased; and when he died, two years before, his widow had been forced to find bread for her young brood by letting lodgings in a grimy London street. Now her uncle was very ill—dying; and she had come to Manor Cross in the faint hope that the sight of her and her helpless little ones might induce him "to do something for them" at the last.

As she sat there the door opened, and a tall, rather stout man, of perhaps fifty years of age, with iron-grey hair and a fresh-coloured, pleasant face, walked into the room. This was the doctor—Dr. Darling.

The widow started and gave a little cry as she looked up and saw him. Once more, for the hundredth time that day, the tears welled up to her eyes and the moist handkerchief was once more applied with one hand, as she laid the other in the doctor's palm. But when she took away the handkerchief, a smile stole to her lips and a little blush tinged her unwrinkled cheeks.

"So you have not forgotten me, Ada—I mean, Mrs. Druce," he said.

The widow did not reply, except by gently shaking her head. The doctor was an old friend. He had been very fond of her in those old days—so fond of her that he had longed to make her his wife. He might have succeeded, too, but for two things—Ada's uncle, Mr. Dalton, favoured the match, and the girl took it into her silly head that she was going to be forced to marry a man who was double her own age; and then Edward Druce came down from London with his talk of the great city and its pleasures, and so the current of her thoughts was changed.

"How is he?" were her first words, referring, of course, to her uncle.

Dr. Darling's face became graver. He relinquished the lady's hand, and answered, "Very ill. It seems to me that he can't live more than a day or two."

"I should so like to see him," she began.

The doctor shook his head.

"I'm afraid it's useless to ask that," he said, with a touch of sympathy in his voice. "I did hint at your wish, but I could do no good." He did not think it necessary to add that the ill-conditioned old man had ordered his niece and her children to be packed off as soon as possible.

"Then I may as well go back to town. I shall have had my journey for nothing," said the widow, beginning to cry again quietly.

"Don't, don't," said the doctor, patting the back of her hand. "Let's change the subject. So these are your children, Mrs. Druce! Dear me! I can hardly believe it. Will you come and speak to me, my little man?"

The poor woman brightened up directly; if her tears came rather readily, they were never long a-drying. She was proud of her offspring and would have talked of them for an hour.

After a few minutes the doctor rose to go.

"Why shouldn't you visit your mother-in-law, since you are here?" he suggested. "I know what you would say; but she may be inclined to let bygones be bygones. She lives all alone, in a great half-empty house. If she were to ask you and the children to stay for a week or two, it would do you all a great deal of good. Good-bye."

The kind-hearted doctor saw that his advice would be followed, and he rode straight into Blatherwick to prepare the old lady for her daughter-in-law's arrival.

Hardly had the door of the manor-house closed upon Mrs. Druce and her family, when a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl peeped out of the dining-room,

and then walked out into the great stone-paved hall. There she met a young man, as unlike herself as he could possibly be; for Mr. Walter Grigsby was small, light-haired, almost feminine in appearance. They were both connections of Mr. Dalton. Georgiana Hawkins—that was the girl's name—had lived at Manor Cross for the last twelve months, and Grigsby was her accepted lover.

"Have you see them, Georgie?" said the young man in a low voice.

"THE DOCTOR GALLANTLY LED HER OUT OF THE ROOM" (*p.* 750).

"No," answered the girl with a shudder; "that is, I saw them as they got into the fly. A dowdy, ill-dressed, middle-aged woman, and a whole troop of ill-mannered, gawky children. What can they want here?"

The young man smiled.

"I fancy she wanted to see your uncle." (The word uncle was a courtesy title merely, the connection being in reality much more distant.)

"The idea!" exclaimed Georgiana, her dark brows contracting as she spoke.

"I suppose she really hoped to make him alter his will. But there's no chance of that, is there?"

"I should think not! I would never allow such a thing—that is, I think I have influence enough to prevent such an act of injustice as that. She took her own way when she married that London attorney, and it is simply mean of her to try to sneak back into uncle's good graces now."

The young gentleman said nothing, but he looked pleased, and shortly after left the room.

No other visitors came to Manor Cross that day, except grooms who rode over to inquire politely for the squire. The Daltons were "new" people in the neighbourhood (though they had been there for the last twenty years), and had not been altogether accepted by the county families.

It was in the year 1857 that Simon Dalton, a retired soap-manufacturer, had bought Manor Cross and the adjoining estate, with the intention of setting up as a country gentleman. His wife had been dead for many years; and his family then consisted of his two sons, both well advanced in life, and a little baby girl, the infant daughter of James, the younger of the two brothers, who had lately lost his wife.

James Dalton was even then in consumption, and he died within six months of the family settling down at Manor Cross.

The old man did not survive his son many years; and when he died his eldest son, Jonathan, reigned in his stead. Jonathan had never married, and, especially since his niece's marriage, had lived a very lonely life. Twelve months ago, however, he had sent for Georgiana Hawkins, who was a second or third

cousin, to live with him, on the understanding that she would inherit the Manor Cross property. Her engagement with young Grigsby had been formed soon after this change in the young lady's fortune. Mr. Dalton had given a kind of grumbling assent to the match; but it was quite understood that there was to be no wedding until after the old man's death.

II.

THANKS to Dr. Darling's arguments, Mrs. Druce, senior, consented to invite her daughter-in-law and the children for three or four weeks. Her husband, like her son, had been a solicitor; and she still lived in the large, old-fashioned house in Blatherwick in which the legal business had been carried on. There was room enough in it for any number of children.

On the third day after this visit began, Mr. Jonathan Dalton died.

At Dr. Darling's suggestion, Mrs. Druce was invited to attend not only the funeral, but the scarcely less important ceremony that was to follow—the reading of the will. The widow would gladly have declined these invitations, but the doctor advised and finally persuaded her to accept them both. Old Mrs. Druce "for the sake of the family," as she openly avowed, bade her daughter-in-law go to Miss Easy, the Blatherwick dressmaker, and get a new mourning bonnet and dress; so that, after all, the poor woman was able to present a respectable appearance on the occasion.

After the funeral the late squire's lawyer, Mr. Pusey, his executors, Georgiana and her lover, with Mrs. Druce and her staunch friend, Dr. Darling, assembled in the library at the Manor House to learn what Mr. Dalton had done with his property; and, after a fitting silence had been obtained, Mr. Pusey took out the will, and began to read it.

Mrs. Druce, who expected nothing, was hardly listening to the lawyer's words. She looked very nice in her new black clothes. Her silky, fair hair shone like gold under her bonnet; the country air had brought a tinge of colour to her smooth cheeks. "She would grow quite plump, I believe, if it were not for her poverty, poor thing," said the doctor to himself with a sigh, as he glanced at her, and thought how like Mrs. Druce was to the Ada Dalton whom he remembered.

Suddenly he heard her name spoken by Mr. Pusey. The widow herself had heard it, and started. *Was* she to have a thousand pounds after all? Georgiana and Walter Grigsby were listening with all their ears, a look of undisguised anxiety on their faces. Mrs. Druce was very pale; her heart was beating so that it hurt her. The dry, monotonous tones of the lawyer's voice went on—

"And I bequeath to my niece, Ada Druce, who has married against my express command and desire, the sum of one shilling sterling."

The insult might have been spared; but Jonathan Dalton could not foresee that Ada would come, a forlorn widow, to listen to the reading of the will.

The poor woman trembled visibly, and burst into tears. The doctor rose, marched up to her, and gallantly led her out of the room. There was much that was pathetic, but there was also something a little comical in this incident—something which made the people who remained in the library cover their lips with their fingers and look downwards, that they might not be seen to smile.

Dr. Darling led Mrs. Druce into the little parlour where he had seen her eight days before.

"Oh, Dr. Darling!" she cried, "I *am* so ashamed of myself! What will they all think of me?"

"Never mind that, Ada. It was natural that you be disappointed."

"It's very hard to bear. He *might* have left me a thousand pounds, don't you think? It would have been a great thing for me and the poor children."

"Why should I not?—Why should I not?" That was what the doctor was saying to himself. Why should he not surrender himself to the influence of Mrs. Druce's presence, of her mild, beseeching eyes, of the old associations round her? Why should he not take her and her hungry brood home to the shelter of his ivy-covered house, and—But there was such a lot of them! And, then if they were to have a few brothers and sisters, how should he find roast mutton and potatoes for them all? That had to be considered.

"Bah! This isn't the time for love-making!" said the doctor to himself. He tried to console his companion by pointing out to her that, after all, she was no poorer than she had been before; and then, leaving the widow in the parlour, he hurried back to the library, to hear whether he himself was to have a legacy or not.

In a few minutes he returned.

"The property goes to Miss Hawkins," he said gravely. "The house, and the land, and everything. She will be very rich."

"And you, doctor?"

"Oh, I'm to have a hundred guineas," he answered. "And really that ought to have gone to you rather than me, Mrs. Druce Do let me pay it into your bank account for you."

"Oh, no, Dr. Darling!" cried the lady, drawing herself up a little. "Thank you very much; but I couldn't possibly take your legacy. It would be taking money out of your pocket. Will you kindly see if my fly is there."

She blushed a little as she spoke, and the doctor, as he uttered some indistinct apology, blushed too; but he was pleased to think that Ada Dalton—he always thought of her as Ada Dalton—had not lost her old spirit.

III.

ABOUT a week after the squire's funeral Dr. Darling called on Mrs. Druce, not for the first time since she had gone to stay with her mother-in-law. As the two sat together, Alfred, the widow's eldest boy, burst into the room with a sheet of parchment in his hand.

"Where did you get that, Alf?" asked his mother.

"In grandpa's old office. I'm goin' to make a drum of it."

"Indeed, you mustn't! It might be a will, or something."

"*That's* not very likely," said the good doctor, with a laugh. "By the way," he added, "I meant to have asked you before—Did your father leave any will?"

"He had nothing to leave," was the reply. "He had been an invalid more or less all his life, and held an allowance from my grandfather. Neither my grandfather nor my poor father made any wills. I have heard my husband say so."

The doctor nodded. He had hoped that something might have been due to the widow under her father's will; but her answer destroyed all hope.

"Ah! my poor lad," she continued, laying her hand on her son's shoulder, "if my father had happened to be the elder brother instead of the younger, what a difference it would have made to you!"

"The younger!" exclaimed the doctor, starting up from his seat. "I always thought it had been otherwise. Did you say that your father was Simon Dalton's *youngest* son?"

"Yes, unfortunately for us, he was."

"And his father, your grandfather, left no will?"

"None. The estate went to his eldest son, my uncle Jonathan, at his death."

"As I live!"

"What is it, Dr. Darling? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—only an idea. I must think it over—and—good-day, Ada—Mrs. Druce, I mean—good-day."

The doctor overturned his chair in his hurry, and was gone before the widow could recover from her surprise.

On the following morning at a quarter before nine—they are early folks at Blatherwick—a loud knock was heard at the door of Mrs. Druce's house—a loud knock twice or thrice repeated. Mrs. Edward Druce, being used to late London hours, was not yet out of her room; and she peeped from behind the blind to see who the early visitors might be. To her amazement, she saw her friend, the doctor, and a stout white-haired gentleman whom she did not know.

As the doctor was about to salute the door for the fourth time, he glanced up, and saw her.

"Oh! it was you we wanted to see," he called out. "Tell me, Ada, *how old are you?*" Her window was open at the top, and she heard quite plainly enough.

"He must be mad!" thought Mrs. Druce. "To bawl out such a question in the street! Thank goodness the street is quite empty, yet——"

"Do tell me, *how* old are you? You are past thirty, aren't you?"

Mrs. Druce blushed furiously. She was very angry. She would have dropped the blind; but she knew that her blue dressing-gown was very becoming, and then—what *could* the doctor mean?

Meantime the doctor's companion had remonstrated with him, and the street-door had been opened; but Dr. Darling shouted out—"You must come down *at once*, for Mr. Lamb must catch the nine-thirty train to London, and we haven't a minute to spare."

"I'll be as quick as I can," said the widow, as she dropped the blind.

"Now please, Ada, *how* old are you?" were the words with which Dr. Darling greeted her when she entered the room in which the visitors were standing. "*Are* you thirty-three?"

"I don't know why you ask," began Mrs. Druce with some dignity, "but——"

"You will drive me mad!" shouted the doctor. "ARE YOU THIRTY-THREE?"

"No—not till the day after to-morrow."

"That'll do," said the white-haired old gentleman, nodding like a toy mandarin.

"Hurrah!" cried Dr. Darling, waving his hat frantically round his head.

"Don't be too sure! There's many a slip, you know. We're not out of the wood yet," said Mr. Lamb. And therewith he departed.

"Now, doctor, *do* tell me what all this is about, or whether you have taken leave of your senses," said the little widow.

"Did you ever hear, Mrs. Druce, of the custom of *Borough English?*"

"Never in my life. What is it?"

"It's a grand old English custom, my dear—that is, I *beg* your pardon, I'm sure—a fine old English custom, Mrs. Druce. The English law follows the custom, if it is immemorial; and there are certain places in England in which the old custom of Borough English prevails. The borough of Blatherwick, within the ancient boundaries of which your grandfather's property lies, is one of them."

"But you haven't said what it is!" cried Mrs. Druce. In her impatient curiosity the meek little woman absolutely stamped her foot.

"It is a custom," said the doctor, solemnly, "by which the real estate of a man who dies without making a will descends, *not* to the eldest son, in the common place, jog-trot way, but (by a grand law of contraries) *to the youngest son!*"

"Is this—possible?"

"It is more than possible. It's a fact."

"Then?"

"Then *you*, not your uncle Jonathan, were the real heir to your grandfather—ah!"

Mrs. Druce had fainted.

Of course there was abundance of help at hand; and in a very few minutes the newly-discovered heiress opened her eyes.

"She will do very well now; joy *very* seldom kills people," said Dr. Darling. "Good-day; I'll look in again to-morrow, perhaps——"

"Doctor!" said Mrs. Edward Druce speaking in a very faint voice, "Don't go yet. I want—to know—why you wanted so much—to learn—my age!"

"Oh, I see! Well, Mr. Lamb—that's our solicitor here, you know—was from home yesterday. I knocked him up early this morning, and told him what I thought. He agreed with me on the main point, but was afraid that some horrible Statute of Limitations might be "a bar," as he called it, to your claim. It is a long time since your grandfather died; but the time, twelve years, would only begin to run, he said, from the day you were twenty-one years old. Twelve and twenty-one, thirty-three—do you see?"

"But I thought," said the widow, hanging her head, and speaking in a voice that was fainter than ever—"I thought you knew my age exactly."

The doctor looked a little embarrassed. "I had very little doubt myself," he said, nervously; "but Mr. Lamb—I did not wish him to think—to——"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Druce, as she turned away her head.

* * * * * *

That very day the writ was issued. An action at law followed; and it was decided in Mrs. Druce's favour. Before Christmas the widow, her sons and daughters, were installed in the Manor House. Mrs. Druce's happiness was so great that it was a pleasure to watch her. The change from a life of wearing anxiety and sordid care to one of comfort and dignity had transformed her into a new creature.

Her first act, after entering upon her inheritance, was to settle three hundred a-year on Georgiana Hawkins. That young lady had insisted on fighting the case; she could not be made to understand that the late squire's will could avail her nothing, for the simple reason that, beyond a few hundred pounds in the bank, he had nothing to leave her. The Manor Cross property had never by right belonged to him; and as he had systematically spent the rents in improving and enlarging the estates, he had but little personal property. Georgiana took the three hundred a-year, and went on abusing her more fortunate cousin behind her back. As for Mr. Walter Grigsby, he prudently and deftly backed out of his engagement at an early date after the serving of the writ in Mrs. Druce's action of ejectment.

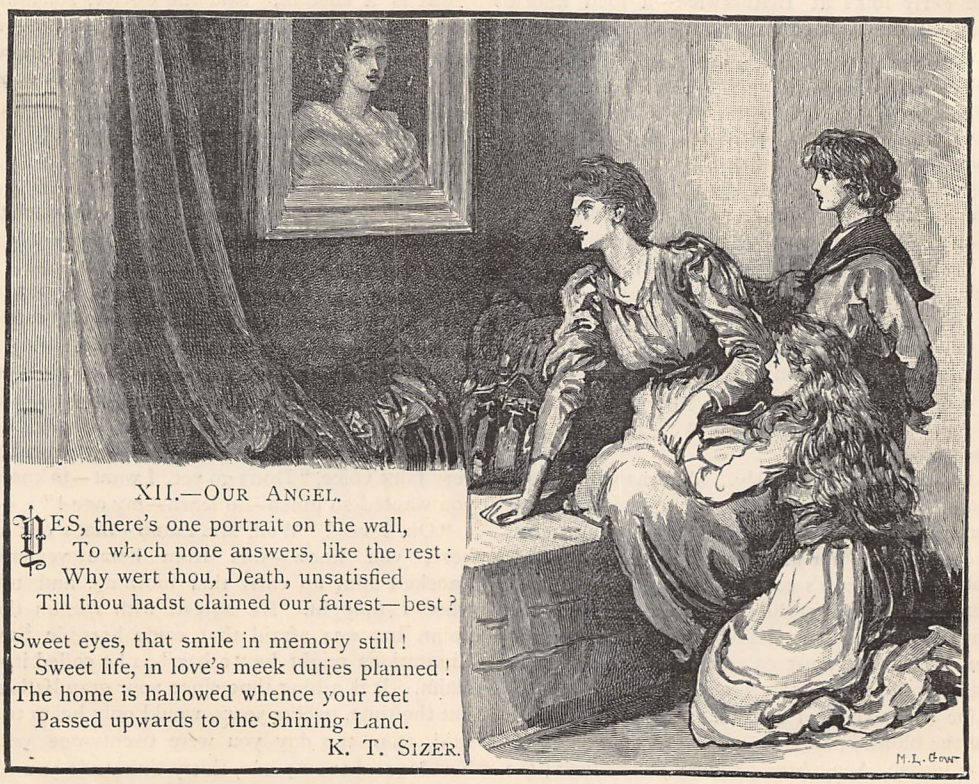
Curiously enough, the health of Mrs. Druce's children, which had been vastly improved by their stay at Blatherwick, seemed to deteriorate after they were removed to the Manor House. At least, it was remarked that Mrs. Druce was constantly sending for Dr. Darling to look at Edith's throat, or plaster Tommy's broken head, or something of that sort. The doctor was a shy man, and his old sweetheart was now a great lady; and it was some time before he could be made to understand that the lady of the Manor wished to return to the *status quo ante*. At length, however, he was compelled to understand it.

"I wish you would stay here, always, Dr. Darling," said Ada the younger, with whom the doctor was a great favourite, one day, as she stood at his knee.

"I should be very glad if he did," said Ada the elder, hanging down her head.

After that there was but one thing to say; and Dr. Darling said it like a man.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.



XII.—OUR ANGEL.

YES, there's one portrait on the wall,
To which none answers, like the rest:
Why wert thou, Death, unsatisfied
Till thou hadst claimed our fairest—best?

Sweet eyes, that smile in memory still!
Sweet life, in love's meek duties planned!
The home is hallowed whence your feet
Passed upwards to the Shining Land.

K. T. SIZER.

WHAT TO WEAR IN NOVEMBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

A STRAW hat this autumn is rather the exception, and consequently all the more to be desired. The one that heads this chapter is large and cleverly twisted in the brim, thereby ensuring that it proves becoming to its wearer. Note that it is slightly arched over the face, turns up to a good depth at the back, and is trimmed outside with ostrich feathers and osprey. The jacket worn with it is after the Russian pattern. It is braided in a bold design with tubular braid, not only on the waistcoat, which is of a light leather-coloured cloth, but on the jacket also. This latter is made of a dark tone in the shade of brown, which accords best with beige. The revers are of mink, tapering at the waist, the fur also borders the tight gauntlet piece at the wrist; one large puff extends from the shoulder to the elbow.

Princess dresses and Princess coats are much worn, but the ordinary mantle is three-quarter length, and only travelling cloaks (veritable wraps) reach to the feet. These are the essence of comfort; they fit the figure loosely, and are supplemented by a deep voluminous cape, cut on the cross and reaching to the knee. This cape is movable, so it can, if desired, be put on separately and worn apart from the cloak.

The Princess dress in the picture is elaborately braided, and falls in triple box-pleats at the back. In order to ensure firmness, many such dresses are lined to a great depth from the hem upwards with horsehair. The finest silk braid has been used in the ornamentation of this particular gown. The sleeves are elaborately worked on the outside of the arm, from the high shoulders to the wrist. The Medici collar and the upper part of the bodice, back and front, are almost hidden by the intricacy of the design, which is repeated on the pointed pocket, with its deep jet fringe. Fringe, by the way, is much in fashion, especially the kind composed of fine jet beads, threaded in single strands. It is to be had in widths varying from four to sixteen inches, and sometimes deeper still. The short mantle is made of brocaded velvet, intermixed with feathers. It fits into the back and has no sleeves, but merely a sleeve piece let in at the shoulders, through which the arm passes. The collar is high—there appears to be no diminution of the fashionable height. The skirt is as plain as it can be, and the hat is of the new sailor form, but trimmed so that no indication of its original shape meets the eye. The brim turns upwards, and a rosette is cunningly introduced between it and the crown in the immediate front; at the back a tuft of ostrich plumes droops from the crown to the hair, but is placed sufficiently high to show in front.

Some of the new mantles are gathered to a yoke with a deep heading, and fall thence in ponderous folds. "Knife-pleats"—as the Americans call them, to distinguish the single from the box-pleat—are turned towards the centre of the back, and additional width is given to the figure by a deep fall of chenille fringe

A TIRESOME ACQUAINTANCE.

from the yoke. Any one uniform style of trimming is not now considered essential, and on some of the most costly cloaks jet, chenille, and feather garnitures are blended.

Long jackets, that is, the fashionable three-quarter length, are more elaborately worked than they used to be. Small floral scrolls in silk and beads are introduced all over them, black on black, or gold on black, and the leather coloured cloths with jet embroidery look stylish and are well worn.

Crochet has come back into favour under several tempting guises. Many handsome black silk and other trimmings used on mantles are worked in this style, and broad bands for trimming underlinen are crocheted in quite new patterns, closely allied to lace, such as torchon and other makes. This is a step in the right direction, for no lace wears half so well.

The new woollens of the season are quite unlike their predecessors. Rough surfaces are the fashion. Many woollens have such long upstanding hairs that they can be combed ; from an inch to an inch and a half is no unusual length. Sometimes these hairs are a creamy white, but occasionally they are red, brown or other colours on white, or on a contrasting tint. Shaggy borders have been applied to several of the smoother makes of woollens, and many dressmakers are utilising these rough selvedges. Black and white, shaggy ovals, Oriental letters, and other devices decorate the surfaces of some of the new fabrics. Very large checks are the fashion. They need most careful making-up, especially as regards the bodice, which could be soon spoilt if the lines were not properly united.

Rep is one of the best looking and best-wearing woollen cloths worn in our century, and now this has once more become popular. Many of the newest have a scintillating wavy pattern in silk, of a bright and contrasting colour. Stripes are not quite gone out of date, but they are mostly formed with curled rings on the surface. "Bouclé" is the term for this somewhat curious effect. Astrachan patterns and stripes are worn, likewise original plissé cloths having the appearance of close set corded stripes or narrow pleats in contrast to the ground—mauve or red, brown or fawn, and so on. Such cloths are often made up with the stripes running one way for the skirt, and another for the vest, thus doing away with the necessity for any trimming. Corduroy cloths are very fashionable still and they wear well.

Neutral colours are the dominant ones in winter woollen gowns, but pink and black checks are much worn, and many browns, especially those combined with black. Dark plum is also to be recommended and any of the leather-coloured tones, trimmed with mousse green, which form a charming contrast.

Blouses and jerseys are much improved in style. Many of them are of serge silk with deep lace basques, and if intended for evening wear they often have lace sleeves. The basque frills remain the height of fashion, and many new laces have been specially made for them with a heading to enable them to be gathered on to the bodice without any additional trimming.

Jerseys, pure and simple, are made in thin and thick stockingnette, with deep basque and much beading and embroidery. Wherever it is possible a band is introduced, for it keeps them better in shape. But this cannot be done in the three-quarter length jerseys that are cut in one piece, which, after all, is the make of the most serviceable ones for daily wear.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

NO one visiting Paris at this season can fail to perceive that the style of dress in fashion here is totally dissimilar in many points from the modes as interpreted in England. To British eyes the toilettes are exaggerated, the hats excessively large, the skirts narrow to the verge of meagreness.

I would direct your attention to the two figures here illustrated, as they show the two dominant ideas in the make of skirts. The festoons in the one are edged with knotted fringe. The fabric is a plain soft woollen of a grey tone, made up over a brown velvet petticoat and caught up with rosettes of brown ribbon velvet. If you can make a rosette well you are in a position to prepare a most important adjunct to both dresses and millinery. The grey skirt fits the figure closely, with barely any fulness, being gored. The cape is cut on the cross, lined, and edged with a double rouleau of the velvet. Fur and feather bands are introduced in the same style far apart. Over this cape there is another reaching only to the shoulder, where it ends in a double frill, one falling over the other. It is gathered at the throat, and the fulness radiates thence to the shoulders, where it is adorned with rosettes. A close collar of feathers encircles the throat immediately below the chin, and is very soft to the face. The hat is of grey velvet, standing up like an aureole above the face. On the outside it is covered with brown velvet, and cord of this colour is sewn at the edge. Ostrich feathers constitute the crown and stand up well in front, a bow of the darker velvet resting on the hair. This is exactly the style of hat French women are wearing.

Equally popular, but of a totally different style, is the accompanying brown gown of plain lady's cloth. It has a wide cross-cut band round the skirt, piped at each edge and headed by a vandyke formed in cord. This is carried up the side, which is apparently drawn to the waist in order to show an under velvet petticoat. The caught-up skirts promise to find as much favour as did those in the time of Mrs. Primrose, when the vicar's wife drew all the extra fulness at the back through the placket hole, showing a quilted skirt beneath. The bodice and skirt in the picture appear to be cut in one ; at all events, the bodice ends at the waist and opens thence in a V form in front, the aperture widening towards the top. The collar is lined with velvet, which also fills in the vacuum in front and finishes the sleeves at the wrists. These sleeves are very close-fitting at the lower portion of the arm, and are gathered full into the shoulders. The cord beading borders either side of the front, but it is a simple costume in its way. The hat matches the dress, is wide in the brim, which is pressed up-

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

wards at the back, and outside it is liberally trimmed with feathers and bows.

Great efforts are being made in Paris to bring silk gowns to the fore once again. There is every temptation offered to the public to follow this suggestion, for the prices per yard are low and the patterns unusually pretty. Brocaded velvets assume a new aspect. The ground is satin, of light and beautiful colouring, and geometric patterns are thrown upon it in black velvet. Toilettes composed entirely of black do not find any special favour, but black with colours is all-important. Many of the newest and richest silks—or rather, satins—have black grounds, but the sombreness is relieved by the colouring of the brocaded design thrown upon a shot, which gives them effect mingling with the black.

Silks of this class have nearly always floral brocades with flowing ends of ribbon. The bows of the Louis XIV. and XV. periods have been done to death; now we have adopted another idea from the same date, viz., the pretty paysanne baskets suspended by ribbons from the arm, with flowers falling from them. The shape is perfect, and the belles of those days approved of them so much they used them for hats. Some very charming white silks display these baskets woven in black with blue ribbons and multi-coloured flowers overflowing from the long oval lips of the black baskets. The ground of these white silks is not plain but brocaded in white, and some of these fabrics have just one spray of blooms in natural colours at sparse intervals.

Plain poult de soie has yielded to bengaline and rich supple-corded silks which show up the new and lovely colours to perfection. All these silks pull a little at the seams, but the new Florentine bengaline less than any other I have yet seen. It is exquisite in delicate peach. Yellow is the particular tint which the Parisians delight to honour, from the deep tone of a buttercup to the lightest corn shade.

The new colour of the year is grasshopper green, vivid but pure, and it is blended with rose pink and other positive contrasts. The ombré silks and ribbons show the most remarkable combinations of tones. In one breadth vivid green, through many gradations, tones into heliotrope, which from light to dark shades again merge into brown, or rosy pink. Five such ribbons are treated in the same way, and the result is a most remarkable feature in fashions. Magenta has also come once more to the fore, so aniline dyes are not abjured. Scrolls and garlands are likely to be more generally adopted than these remarkable ombré effects. The Cupids which seem so naturally associated with the floral festoons have been boldly introduced into the Chantilly lace patterns, as well as birds and figures of various kinds.

Dress caterers have this season been bold and original in their introductions. Some of the most beautifully embroidered lisse dresses, besides flowers in silks and gold threads, display birds formed of feathers which have a great element of beauty, especially when the plumage is pure white, the faintest pink, or light grey, the birds' heads, outstretched wings, and tails are clearly visible. A large cobweb is another new notion applied to the fronts of dresses. Crêpe de Chine is brocaded in self tints. Chiffon has been brought out with a crêpe finish which gives it solidity, and gauzes and mousselines de soie are printed with such fresh, charming bouquets they cannot fail to make up into pretty toilettes.

WHERE'S SAM?

WE live, and soon our race is run :
And still, for golden miles,
On paths we trod, the ageless sun,
The unworn morning, smiles.

Where's Sam ? Where is the child I knew,
Bright, resolute, and gay,
The elder, bolder of the two,
My champion in our play ?

That nursery floor is now unstrewn
With toys we used to share :
May laughter echo, late and soon,
And mirth be always there !

Where's Sam ? Where is the daring boy,
My faithful chum at school,
Who swam with me—a fearful joy—
The river deep and cool ?

Who fought for me the common foe,
Who cheered me, dull or sad—
Alone, companionless, I go—
Where is that happy lad ?

Where's Sam ? Where is the gallant youth,
With purpose in his face,
High honour, loyalty, and truth,
And bright ingenuous grace ?

Who struggled to attain the prize,
Nor paltered with a doubt,
But spent his splendid energies,
And carved his fortune out ?

Where's Sam ? Where is the thoughtful man
Of large and kindly deed,
My comrade since my life began,
My truest friend in need ?

He comes no more from day to day,
The steadfast, strong, and brave :
And love and grief can only lay
Their garlands on his grave !

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

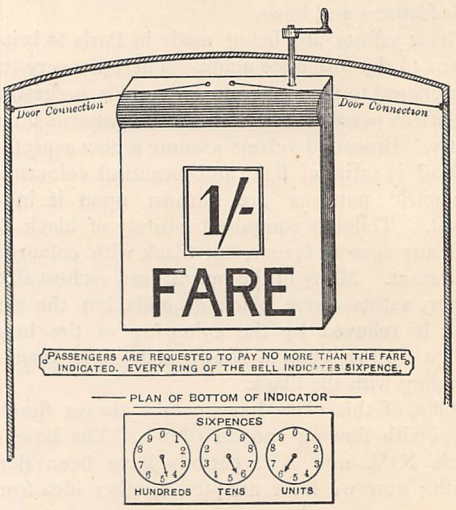
Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Electric Saw.

MR. H. N. WARREN, a chemist of note, has found that a platinum wire of moderate thickness will cut the hardest wood if it is heated to a bright red by the electric current. There is nothing new in this ; but Mr. Warren was led by the frequent breaking of the platinum wire to prefer a steel one coated with platinum to prevent its oxidation. His method of coating the steel wire is to heat it red-hot by the current, and immerse it in a chemical solution of platinum chloride.

A Cab-fare Indicator.

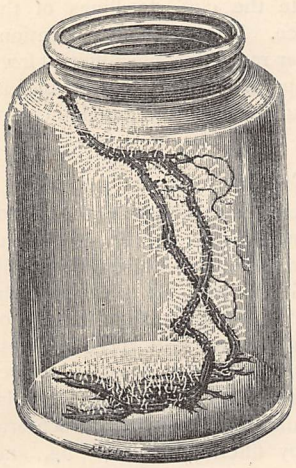
Our illustration shows a small indicator to be put in cabs in order to tell the correct fare to the passenger. The mechanism consists of a narrow tape on which the fares are printed, and which is caused to travel past the aperture in front of the indicator by means of a drum and coiled spring manipulated by turning the handle. The tape is worked by the cabman, every revolution of the handle augmenting the exposed fare by sixpence. At the same time a bell rings for every additional sixpence. Any backward movement of the handle is prevented by the mechanism, but when the passenger opens the door of the cab to leave, the tape is brought back to zero, where it remains until another passenger enters. Should the driver cause a



passenger to pay more than his right fare the excess would be returned on reporting the matter to the proprietor of the cab. Having no interest in overcharging, the cabman would probably not attempt to do so.

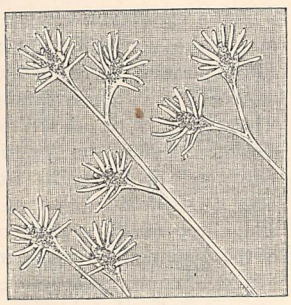
A Discovery in "The Broads."

In some of the rivers and "broad waters" of Norfolk, a small hydroid has been taken this summer, living under conditions which, if maintained, will cause considerable modification in the generally received views concerning it. This little animal is *Cordylophora lacustris* (the "club-bearer" that lives in lakes), so named by Prof. G. J. Allman in 1844. These animals form tree-shaped colonies, from one inch to three inches in height, springing from a base something like the root stock of a fern. At the end of the branches the polyps, or hydranths, bearing sometimes as many as sixteen tentacles, are situated. With these tentacles the prey is seized and conveyed to the mouth at the upper extremity. Prof. Allman, in his book published by the Ray Society (1871), says that Cordylophora "is a light-shunning animal, delighting in such obscure places as the under side of a large log of floating timber, and always avoiding exposure to the direct rays of the sun."



COLONIES OF CORDYLOPHORA ON STEM AND LEAF OF POND-WEED.

This statement was founded on the habitat of all the animals whose capture had been recorded up to that date, and no one seemed to doubt its correctness. Of late the animal has been met with from time to time in Norfolk, and this year it has been found in vast quantities in the Thurne, not only on submerged roots and stems, but in innumerable colonies on stalks and half-decayed weed, floating on the surface of the water, exposed to the full power of the sun. Strange to say, these colonies appear much cleaner and stronger than those growing in what was formerly supposed to be the normal habitat. Those figured were taken from the top of the water near Potter Heigham Bridge, and were sketched from life. They are now living in the three-pound jam jar in which they were brought from Norfolk, and a Toynbee student has some (taken at the same time) doing well in an ordinary bell aquarium.



HYDRANTHS OF CORDYLOPHORA, SHOWING TENTACLES, GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

An Automatic Tram Starter.

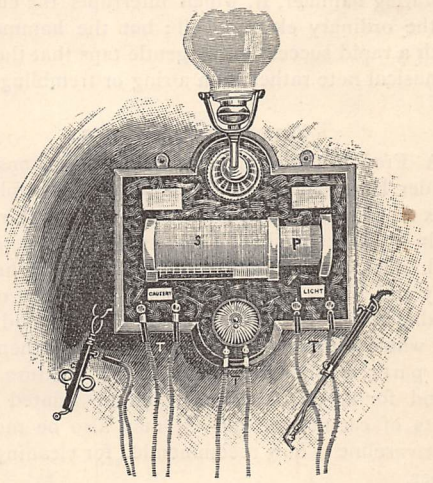
An ingenious device for assisting horses to start a tram-car has recently been brought out and tried successfully at Chiswick. It consists of coiled springs, which are wound up by the action of the brake in stopping the car, and then stored energy is afterwards applied to the wheels to force them round in starting the vehicle. The starter is applied by the brake handle, and has sufficient energy to propel the car thirty yards on a level. Part of this energy can also be utilised in helping the car round a sharp curve.

Coffee as a Germicide.

According to the experiments of Dr. Luderitz, an infusion of coffee made of 5 to 30 grains of the berry in 10 cubic centimetres of distilled water has the property of killing the germs of typhus, cholera, anthrax, and erysipelas. Periods, varying from two or three hours to as many weeks, are required to effect the purpose. Dr. Luderitz does not attribute the result to the caffeine, but to the products obtained in roasting the coffee.

A Surgeon's Transformer.

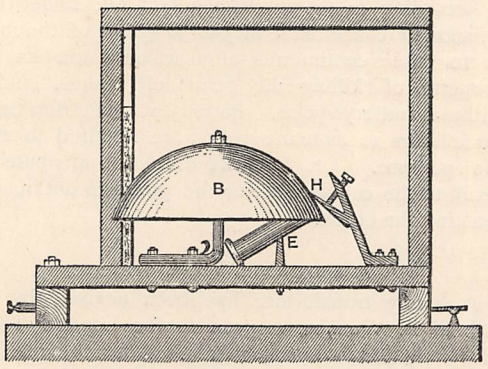
A handy transformer has been devised by Dr. Arnold B. Woakes, surgeon to the London Throat Hospital, and is specially adapted for the needs of medical men. It is shown in our engraving, and is designed to convert a continuous or an alternating current as the case may be, so as to light a small glow lamp for examinations, to heat a wire for the cautery, or to give "faradaic" shocks. To this end the transformer has three pairs of terminals, T T T, answering to three circuits from which the different currents required for such purposes are obtained. The outer ones are marked "cautery" and "light," the inner one for the shocks. An incandescent lamp of eight-candle power is fixed above the apparatus, and by its light shows when the current is passing through



the primary circuit of the transformer. The primary circuit or coil, P, is seen drawn partially out of the secondary coil, S. By regulating its position with regard to the secondary the strength of the induced current is controlled. For the purpose of the cautery a maximum current of twenty ampères at an electro-motive force of six volts can be obtained. When a continuous current is supplied to the primary it is first interrupted by a special key. In dentistry as well as surgery the apparatus will be very convenient.

The Palsiphone.

M. Guerre, a French experimenter, recently exhibited the germ of a new musical instrument before the Academy of Sciences, Paris. It consisted of a



series of sonorous bodies– for example, bells, gongs, or rods—rapidly struck by a small hammer, vibrated by electro-magnetism, after the manner of an electric bell, but much faster. The tone of the bell or sounding body is thus rendered more musical and graver. It is, in fact, like the note of an organ pipe. Pending the development of his new instrument, M. Guerre and his collaborator have brought out a modification of it in the shape of an "avertisseur chantant," which we illustrate: It is simply an electric bell, B, having an electro-magnet, E, fixed under it so as to actuate the vibrating hammer, H, which interrupts the current as in the ordinary electric bell; but the hammer gives such a rapid succession of gentle taps that the tone is a musical note rather than a ring or trembling peal.

Waterproofing Boots.

A French process for making a composition to render boots and shoes waterproof is the following: Mix of soda, 20 parts, oil of turpentine 50, tar oil 160, resin 25, linseed oil 16, isinglass 16, gutta-percha 125, and glue 25 parts, and apply it to the leather. We may add that a waterproof blacking can be made by mixing 60 parts of bone black, 45 of syrup, and diluting the whole with 12 parts of strong vinegar, then adding 12 parts of sulphuric acid. The mixture should stand for seven days, and then be diluted with 12 parts of caoutchouc oil. It may also be mentioned that vaseline is now recommended for cleaning rubber shoes.

An Underground City.

About sixteen miles from Kachar, on the Shahyar river, and in other parts of the same district, there are remains of subterranean towns. Some of the houses are still to be seen, either in tunnels through a hillside, or clinging to almost perpendicular cliffs. The walls of the underground dwellings are plastered and ornamented with geometrical patterns. Their origin is at present a mystery. We may add that Herr Lumholtz has gone to investigate the cliff dwellings of the Barranca, in New Mexico. These curious habitations are tenanted by a singular race of people, different from the Indians, and perhaps a remnant of the ancient Aztecs who built the "pueblas," or communal towns, of Arizona.

Cradina.

The ancient Greeks believed that a part of the fruit of the fig-tree had a digestive virtue, and Dr. Mussi has now isolated the digestive principle in question, calling it "cradina," after the Greek *krade.* It is a yellow substance, insoluble in water, but dissolving in acid or alkali. The liquid thus obtained will speedily digest moist fibrin. Cradina differs from pepsine by preserving its digestive properties in alkaline liquids, and from papaine by maintaining them in hydrochloric acid. It is obtained by filtering, evaporating, and treating with alcohol the juice of the fig-tree and its fruit.

The Comptograph.

The Comptograph is simply a calculating-machine in the form of a type-writer, which prints the results of every calculation which it makes and thus saves the time of users. It is likely to be serviceable in banks and offices where calculating-machines are required.

An Ideal Electric Light.

Some remarkable experiments which promise a new and more convenient kind of electric lamp in the future, have been made by Mr. Nikola Tesla, a well-known foreign electrician now resident in America. They have been described by him, in a lecture delivered before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers at Columbia College, and without going over the whole ground of his investigations we will give three of his leading results. The improvement of the dynamo has placed in the hands of electricians a new and powerful source of "alternating" or see-saw currents, that is to say, currents which rapidly reverse their direction, and some curious effects have been obtained from them. Mr. Tesla has devised a form of dynamo which yields a current having more than a million reversals in a minute. Such a current in a wire may be compared to a "surge" of electricity, rather than a continuous stream. When passed through the primary wire

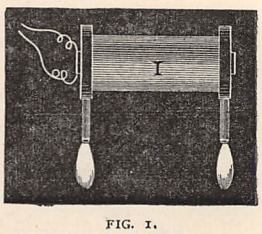


FIG. 1.

of an induction coil, the terminals of the secondary wire become tipped with light, as shown in Fig. 1, where I is the coil. They are veritable electric torches or candles, and the flames are hot as well as brilliant, yet nothing is consumed. We have in fact an intensified "brush" discharge or artificial

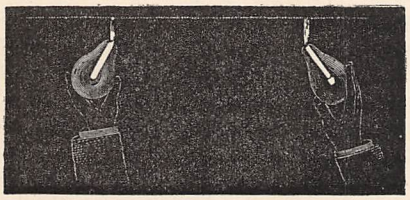


FIG. 2.

St. Elmo's Fire. Again, when a vacuum bulb or glow lamp containing a block or filament of carbon is brought in contact with one of these terminals, as shown in Fig. 2, the bulb lights up, and the carbon glows to a white heat, although there is no circuit for the current as in the ordinary incandescent lamp. Moreover, with the same current Mr. Tesla has produced what he calls an ideal method of lighting a room, by means of vacuum bulbs or tubes devoid of any electrodes or connections with the current. This method is illustrated in Fig. 3, where D is the dynamo generating the see-saw currents ; C is a condenser, in circuit with the dynamo and the primary wire of an induction coil or transformer, T ; and P P are two metal plates connected to the terminals of the secondary wire, as in the case of Fig. 1. Now the space between P P is found to be in such a condition that when a vacuum tube, especially if it contains a slip of metal foil on its inside or outside, is brought into it the tube is seen to glow with light, as shown in Fig. 3. Wherever the tube is placed between P and P it is illuminated, so that if a room had plates of metal in two opposite walls and these plates were charged with electricity in the manner indicated, a light could be had in any part of the room from a vacuum tube placed there.

Lignite Briquettes.

Experiments are now being made in Victoria with a view to utilise the lignite fields of the colony as fuel. Briquettes have been made of it, and found serviceable for locomotive and general purposes. One specimen gave 44·5 per cent. of volatile matter, 31·7 of fixed carbon, 9·8 of ash, and 14 of water.

Food for Castaways.

The copepoda is a minute inhabitant of the sea, which forms the principal food of the Greenland whale, and, according to the recent researches of Professor Herdman, it is capable of supporting human life. Captured with a tow net or trawl of a fine mesh, and served with butter, it was found to be quite palatable. The information may be useful to persons who are cast away at sea, or to the Irish peasantry of the west coast during a potato famine.

Mists on Hills.

Mr. John Aitken, whose researches on dust in the atmosphere have shown that fogs and clouds are formed by the collection of water vapour on the dust particles of the air, has now discovered that whenever mists are seen on hills, it means that there is an abnormal quantity of dust particles in the atmosphere there. He also finds that clouds often dissipate themselves in a steady shower of minute drops which do not reach the ground, they being evaporated by the radiation of the latter.

The Wild Horse.

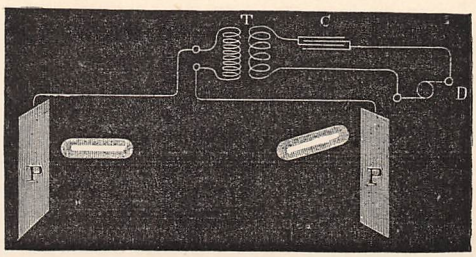
The so-called wild horses of the pampas of South America, and the mustangs of the Texan prairies, are merely Spanish horses, or rather ponies, run wild. But in the great desert between the Altai and Tian-Shan Mountains, Central Asia, a variety of the horse was found by the late General Prjevalski, which had the appearance of being a real wild species. It differed from the domesticated horse in that the long hairs of the tail did not begin till about half-way down, the mane was short and erect, there was no fetlock, the legs were thick, and, while the body was comparatively small, the head was large and heavy. This species, called the *Equus Prjevalskii*, after its first discoverer, has again been found in Central Djimgaria by the brothers Grum-Grzimailo, two Russian travellers.

Ocean Rollers.

The great waves or "rollers" which break on coasts in calm weather, have long been believed to indicate a distant gale ; and Professor Cleveland Abe, an American meteorologist, has come to this conclusion after a study of them on the coast of Ascension. The Ascension rollers are the deflection of the windward swell on the leeward side of the island. "Double rollers" are, he states, produced by two sets of rollers coming round the right and left sides of the island and interfering with each other.

"Beggars All."

Under the above title Messrs. Longmans have published a very readable story of some 460 pages, by a



AN IDEAL ELECTRIC LIGHT.—FIG. 3.

promising young writer, Miss L. Dougall. The story turns upon the marriage of a well-educated and refined girl—reduced, through the failure of a bank, to very poor circumstances—to an intelligent self-taught man, who, left an orphan at an early age, was brought up at the expense of the parish. We will not go further into the plot but leave our readers to follow the couple through the vicissitudes resulting from so unusual a marriage. The story certainly possesses the merit of originality and the only thing to desire is that its ending had been a little less abrupt.

For the Young

Despite the many well-known and established fairy-tales, and their many versions, old and new, Mr. Fisher Unwin has decided to publish another series, the first volume of which is now before us, entitled "The Brown Owl." In it the author—Ford H. M. Hueffer—gives us a very pretty story, told in a simple manner, which is sure to delight the children. Dainty in appearance and attractive in reading, it deserves to be popular, and if its successors reach the same standard of excellence, we venture to predict that this series will become a favourite with young people, and, indeed, with their parents also. Turning from amusement to instruction, we have to notice another contribution to Messrs. Longmans' useful series of "Elementary Science Lessons," by Mr. W. Hewitt, B.Sc. This is adapted for Standard III., and is in every way a worthy companion to the volume for Standard II., which we mentioned some months ago. This series would form a valuable acquisition to the library of any teacher.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

FURTHER AWARD OF PRIZES.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

AS announced in our last issue, additional Prizes, under the general conditions of the Competition, have been awarded to several competitors whose stories, though failing to obtain one of the three prizes originally announced, are far above the average.

Special Prizes of £4 each have been awarded to :—

ANNIE Q. CARTER,
24, Heaton Road,
Withington, Manchester ;

EMMIE NICHOLSON,
Woodford, Acton Homes,
Natal, South Africa ;
and
L. SHARP,
2, Coltbridge Terrace,
Edinburgh.

Special Prizes of £3 each are awarded to :—

W. P. M. BLACK, Glasgow ;
A. MARSHALL BOSWORTH, Sherborne ;
BESSIE E. DUFFETT, Redhill ;
WILLIAM J. FOSTER, Bishop's Lydeard ;
CHARLOTTE FRY, Chobham ;
HELEN HARDIN, Montacute ;
NORA M. MARRIS, Birmingham ;
FLORENCE E. MCLAREN, Manchester ;
A. C. MURRAY, North Kensington ;
CAPTAIN CHARLES OZANNE, Chatham ;
MARY PRENDERGAST, Kingstown ;
ILSA REID, Edinburgh ; and
ETHEL L. SALMON, Bristol.

The Editor also considers the stories by the following competitors worthy of

HONOURABLE MENTION.

C. J. Blake, Worcester ;
K. de B. Bruce, Pallas Green ;
F. Cassin, Antigua, West Indies ;
E. G. Elliott, Dublin ;
G. Frankland, Liverpool ;
M. Gidley, Surbiton ;
R. Henry, Canfield Gardens, N.W. ;
R. Jenkins, West Ham Park ;
J. Kirkwood, Glasgow ;
Lieut.-Col. McCausland, Bournemouth ;
Mrs. Beaty-Pownall, West Kensington ;
C. Pullein, Crowborough ;
L. M. Rice, Crieff ;
E. W. Robinson, Leeds ;
L. K. Trotter, Edinburgh ; and
E. A. Wright, Cork.